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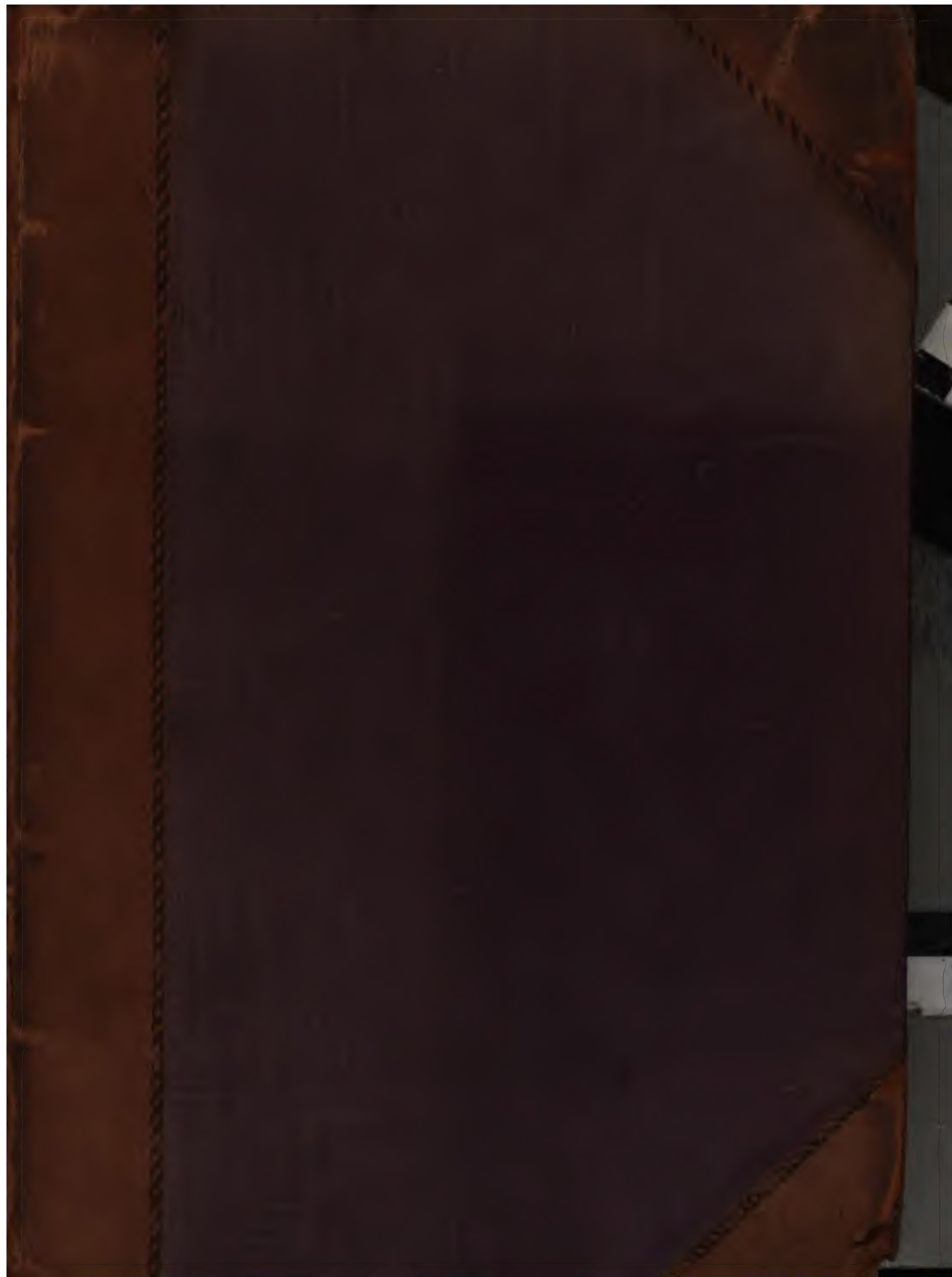
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# Our Own Fireside.

EDITED BY THE  
REV. CHARLES BULLOCK,

RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;  
AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," "SIN AND ITS CURE," ETC.

VOL. III.

"God setteth the solitary in Families."—PSALM lvi. 6.

"That mystic circle which surrounds,  
Comforts and virtues never known  
Beyond the hallowed limit."

ANON.



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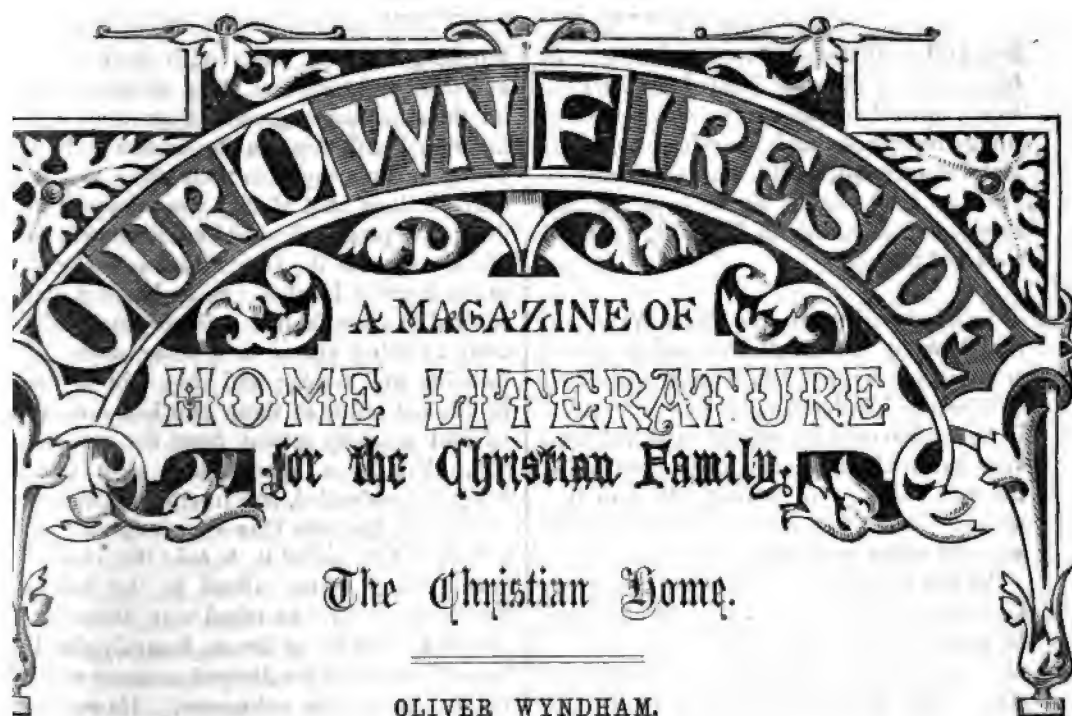
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BRAHMIN LADIES.



A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

CHAPTER I.

**EX**ACTLY two hundred years ago a heavy cloud hung over this our native land. It might truly be said, "All faces gathered blackness," and "men's hearts failed them for fear, and for looking after those things that were coming on the earth."

The Great Plague was raging in the metropolis, laying low its hundreds and its thousands of victims, and the fell disease was spreading like a cancer over the land, bringing terror and death into many of the happy homes of England, and leaving desolation at many of its once peaceful and joyous firesides.

Since that time many plagues and pestilences have visited our comparatively favoured and healthy island; but on no occasion have the judgments of God been laid so heavily upon our country, nor has the destruction ever been so awful. God of His great mercy grant that such a woe may

never visit us again! But let us not feel too confident, or deem that our national and individual sins are not now marked as formerly by His all-seeing eye, or that His thunders may not again be heard, and the strokes of His chastisement again be felt, as heavily as ever, when He sees it needful. Do we not even now perceive a gathering cloud, and hear a distant threatening sound?—and have we no cause to fear?

We know of old that "when the judgments of the Lord are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness;" and wisdom has now been given to our rulers to direct that special supplications and special confessions should be offered up unto our God for the removal of those calamities which have already fallen on the land, and for His gracious preservation from the still heavier calamities with which some neighbouring nations are now visited, and which are threatening our own borders.

At such a time it may be interesting, and it may also be profitable, to direct our atten-

tion to the sufferings of our countrymen in bygone days, when the hand of the Lord lay heavy upon them, that so we may be stirred up to repentance and amendment of life, and led on to such faith and confidence in God as may enable us to hope for His mercy, and to submit to His will, whatever that will may be.

Two hundred years ago, Oliver Wyndham sat alone in his small but well-furnished study, in one of the streets of the district called Whitechapel, in London. It was an evening in the month of July, and the heat had been very great all day; and even now, when the red ball of the setting sun had disappeared from the murky horizon, the air was still sultry and oppressive.

All day long Oliver had endured the heat, shut up in his close room. Not once had he gone forth to breathe the outer air. And all day long he had listened in gloomy silence, and with sad reflections, to the unceasing noise of waggons, and carts, and coaches, and horsemen, and foot-passengers, as they hurried along the thoroughfare in which his dwelling was situated. The traffic and the rush had greatly subsided; but still the sound of wheels was heard ever and anon—only now it was the rattling sound of empty vehicles, instead of the heavy rumble of loaded ones. The vehicles came up the street instead of down, for they were returning to the town to carry away more goods and more passengers at the dawn of day from the plague-stricken city to the yet uninfected hamlets in the neighbourhood.

For several weeks—ever since the dreaded disease had begun to show itself more decidedly and more widely, and the terror of the Londoners had become more overpowering—Oliver Wyndham had witnessed the same sights, and listened to the same sounds, from morning until night: the gloom on his countenance had grown deeper, and the depression of his spirits had increased; and still he remained sad and undecided.

Sometimes he went out into the streets, for he was by no means a timid or fearful man; and he spoke with many who were

hurrying from the town with their wives, and their children, and their servants, and all their moveable goods. Sometimes also he argued with them on the useless folly of trying to run away from their *fate*; and he assured them that if they were doomed to die by the plague, it would follow them, and find them out at the Land's End as easily as in the heart of London. Some laughed and sneered at these fatalist opinions, and some tried to bring Oliver to a wiser mode of thinking and acting; and they told of the health and safety of those who had already effected a timely retreat from the infected city. And some again there were who, being yet undecided, and having no families to care for, fell into Oliver's views, and resolved, as they called it, *to take their chance*.

But though Oliver talked in this daring way to others, his own mind was often sorely troubled; and he, at times, heartily wished himself in one of the distant counties where yet the disease was unknown. He was not at heart so complete a fatalist as he chose to appear. He did not, in fact, altogether disbelieve the overruling providence of God, nor did he altogether despise the use of precautionary measures; for he sometimes repeated a prayer which his mother had taught him in his childhood, asking for the protection and the blessing of the Almighty; and he always carried about him certain nostrums which were declared by the sellers to be unfailing preventives of infection.

Nay, more, he did at one time become so bitten with the prevailing anxiety to escape into the country, that he actually repaired to the Lord Mayor's dwelling for the purpose of getting a certificate of health, and a pass to enable him to enter any other town, or lodge at any inn or house by the way.

But when he came near the door of the great City magistrate, he perceived that it was already so thronged by persons who had gone before him on the same errand, that it would be vain for him to hope to obtain admission before dark. He was also assured by some of the neighbours that the same scene, and the same struggle for admission, occurred every day; and he turned away in disgust, and said to himself,

"It is my fate to remain in London. I will think no more of leaving it. If I am to live, I shall live, and if I am to die—why, there is no one to mourn for Oliver Wyndham."

But there was one—and Oliver knew it well—one lowly and devoted friend, who would have very deeply mourned for his death, and who did now mourn bitterly for his blighted life, and his aimless and unprofitable existence. Elsie Crowther had known and loved him from his birth—yes, loved him dearly, in spite of all those peculiarities of character and disposition that had rather repelled than attracted affection in others. She had nursed him in his infancy; she had watched and tended his mother during her sad married life, and in her declining health; and she had received from her dying lips a charge to take care of her only child, and to protect him, as far as might lie in her power, from the ill effects of his father's violent temper, and his heedless, improvident ways.

Mary Strafford had herself been early left an orphan; and she knew what an orphan's feelings must be; and she also knew the dangers and the trials to which orphans are often exposed. It was to escape those trials that she had, when yet very young, consented to marry the son of Alderman Wyndham—a handsome young officer, who promised her every happiness that devoted affection and affluent means could secure. But his love had soon become cold; his patrimony had been wasted, and his natural character and evil temper had then been manifested. Poor Mary had had much to endure, but she was a Christian, and as a Christian she bore her trials. She ever met her husband's violence with meekness, and his reproaches with gentle replies; and she never ceased to pray for him, and to hope for happier days.

But those days were not granted to her on earth. She was *taken away from the evil to come* when the little Oliver was only six years old, and before her husband had fully shown the depravity of his character. She died in faith and in peace, but it was a trial to leave her delicate and suffering child

behind her, with no mother to tend and to sympathize with him, and only a father who looked upon his weakness with contempt, and treated him with harshness.

A severe fall, which occurred two years before Mrs. Wyndham's death, was the cause of Oliver's suffering and infirmity. His hip had been seriously injured, and he had continued a helpless invalid, entirely dependent on the tender care of his mother and his nurse Elsie.

Major Wyndham had been proud of his boy's beauty and strength previous to this sad accident; and he had often declared his intention of bringing him up to the military profession. But when Oliver's continued lameness, and the weakness that accompanied it, forbade all hope of his ever distinguishing himself as a soldier, his father's heart was hardened, instead of being softened, towards him; and he treated him with neglect, if not with cruelty.

Nor did the death of his wife draw forth any greater affection towards her desolate child. On the contrary, he absented himself more and more from his comfortless home, and left his boy to Elsie's care; and in that Oliver was a gainer. After a time, he changed his place of abode; he took a cottage in a distant county, and there he left the child and his nurse, and went abroad with his regiment, where he died of fever.

A small pittance was settled on Oliver, and he was left, by his father's will, to the sole charge of Elsie Crowther, with an injunction to keep him away from his mother's relatives, who had wisely and strongly opposed her marriage. So greatly had they also been displeased with James Wyndham's after-conduct, that Mary's uncle broke off all intercourse with him, and very seldom saw his niece—who had found out, when it was too late, that her friends had judged more wisely for her than she had done for herself. But she never owned it; she never complained of her husband, and she only shunned all society, and devoted herself to her child, and to works of active and Christian charity.

Mary Wyndham left one only sister, who



would have loved and cherished her child; but she had gone abroad with some friends who traded in the Levant, and there she had married and settled, and Mary had heard little of her since. Communication in those days was slow and uncertain to a degree that we of the nineteenth century can hardly realize; and those who went to dwell in foreign lands were almost entirely out off from their English connexions. So it came to pass that the uncle of Mary and Susanna Strafford died with a very imperfect knowledge of the fate of his nieces or of their children; and he bequeathed much of his property to other relatives, leaving a certain portion in trust for the descendants of Mary and Susanna, if any such should ever appear and prove their claim.

Of this bequest Elsie Crowther knew nothing. She did her best to support the orphan boy—who was as dear to her as if he had been her own son—on the small income which his father had left him, and also by the work of her own hands. When he was old enough to be educated with other boys, she used to draw him every morning to the grammar-school of the town in which they resided, in a little carriage, and go again every evening to bring him home. And if, as was often the case, he looked sad and weary and dispirited, her unfailing cheerfulness and her tender affection were his only solace.

Oliver was a very sensitive child. He inherited his mother's disposition, and he required love and sympathy to draw him out. But he met with very little of either, except from his mother and Elsie, during all the impressible years of childhood; and when that loving and beloved mother was taken away from him, no one but his faithful nurse ever seemed to understand him.

His diligence and his desire for information won the approval of his masters; but they were not his companions; they did not constitute themselves his individual friends. And his schoolfellows envied him his success and the marks of approbation that he earned; and they were cruel enough to taunt him with his infirmities, and take advantage of his weakness.

So Oliver shut up all his youthful feelings, and all his yearnings for the sympathy of his fellows, in the depths of his own heart. He became proud and gloomy. He resolved to excel all his schoolfellows in his studies, and to maintain, in this way, his superiority over them; and he succeeded. But this did not make him happy, or open the fount of enjoyment in his breast, for no one rejoiced with him—no one but Elsie.

Often would he go home with her, silent and sad; and there, in the retirement of their own little parlour, he would tell her of what he had done, and show her the prizes he had gained. And then he would throw his arms round her neck, and burst into tears of bitter grief, and say,

"O Elsie, I felt proud and glad when I was called up before the whole school, and praised by all the masters; and when I received the prize, I was glad, because it set me above them all. But how thankfully would I give it all up, and take the lowest place in the school, if I could but feel as the others do, and take my part in their games and amusements!"

"Dear Oliver," she would reply, while tears of pity ran down her cheeks, "why should you say so? You are more good and clever than any of them. And remember all that your blessed mother used to say to you—how she told you of God's love and mercy, and exhorted you to be resigned to His will, and to strive to do your duty, and be useful in the world, even though the Lord had suffered you to be a cripple. O Oliver, my child, think of your sweet mother in heaven, and try to join her there; and do not grieve so much for the disappointments of this present time."

"Oh, if my mother were here with me, I should care for nothing else! You are good—very good to me, Elsie; but no one can be like her. I do think of her, and of all that she said to me in those sad, dark days, just before she went away. But I cannot feel as she did; I cannot pray as she taught me to do. I am hated and despised; and why should I live any longer?"

Vainly would Elsie try to calm and comfort him when these dark moods were upon

him. But her love and devotion did more than her simple words could do, for he felt that in her he had at least one true friend—one who loved him beyond all else on earth, and who cared for him and his welfare far more than for her own. And there was comfort in this.

Years passed on, and Oliver gained health and strength. His lameness greatly decreased, and his figure, with that exception, became good and manly. His features had always been regular, and his eyes—like his mother's—large and expressive, and of a rich brown colour, as was also his thick waving hair. Long before he left school, his appearance had ceased to be remarkable, except for greater delicacy and refinement, and for an expression of more sadness and deeper thought than belonged to his companions. But if they had been willing to receive him among them as a playmate, he would not then have joined them. His young spirit had been chilled by unkindness, his sympathies had been checked by neglect, and he could never be like other boys, or ever forget the past.

He resolved to enter the legal profession, and for that purpose he removed to London, accompanied by the faithful Elsie—now his housekeeper, and always his friend. He sought no society, except such as was absolutely necessary. His books were his chosen companions, and with them he passed most of his time.

Had they been well chosen, he might have found them as profitable as any living associates; but it was not so. Oliver delighted in deeply reasoning and speculative works; and he cultivated his intellect to the neglect of his spiritual faculties. It followed, therefore, as a natural consequence of such exclusive studies, that the pure and simple faith which had been instilled into his mind in his early childhood, quite died away, or rather became choked and overgrown by doubts and objections and difficulties which *reason* could not solve or remove; and Oliver was virtually an infidel.

Unhappily, the only man with whom he cultivated any terms of intimacy was one who strongly encouraged this unhappy turn

of mind, and who continually started fresh doubts and fresh occasions for cavilling at the words of Scripture, and the holy and elevating doctrines of Christianity.

Guy Egmont was a man of abilities equal to those of Oliver, and he was also of the same inquiring and reasoning disposition. In the course of their professional occupations they often met, and a certain degree of familiarity grew up between them. We will not call it *friendship*, for Egmont was incapable of that exalted sentiment, and Oliver could not feel it for one like him.

Sometimes Egmont came to Oliver's dwelling, and held long discussions with him in his study; and Elsie observed with concern and sorrow that her young master—or rather her *adopted son*—was always more gloomy and unsocial after these visits, so that she learned to dread the appearance of Guy Egmont as of an evil spirit—which, in fact, he was.

When the plague first made its appearance in London, Egmont, with multitudes of others as foolish as himself, made light of it, and ridiculed the precautions of some, and the prayers and humiliations which were resorted to by others. They defied the disease—and it spread so slowly for many months, that they became utterly indifferent to its existence in the town, seeing that they were themselves safe. But in the summer of 1665, the dire malady increased with awful rapidity; until, at the time when our story commences, thousands were laid low every week.

Then it was that Oliver Wyndham sat at his study window, and looked out into the street; and once more resolved to abide where he was, and to *take his chance of life or death*.

## CHAPTER II.

THE fearful summer of 1665 was drawing to a close, but still the virulence of the disease did not abate. On the contrary, it increased to such an alarming degree that many feared the whole city would be utterly desolated, and that all who either could not or would not fly from the plague-stricken metropolis would become victims.

As early as the month of June, the Court had removed to Oxford, where they remained untouched by the fell distemper. Almost all who had the means to do so followed their example, and retired to some uninfected spots. But this did not always prove a safeguard. Frequently the disease had been imbibed already; and many left London, supposing themselves and their families in perfect health, only to sicken and die in their new residences, and to carry the fatal malady where it had hitherto been unknown.

But it is with London, and with those whom either duty or foolhardiness detained there, that we have chiefly to do; and especially it concerns us to know what Oliver Wyndham thought and felt and did during the continuance of the pestilence.

Elsie Crowther would not leave him, although he frequently entreated her to do so if she felt any alarm, and although she had friends in Hampshire who urged her to go down and dwell with them.

"No," she replied to Oliver's repeated proposals, "No; as long as my life lasts, I will never desert the son of my dear departed mistress. It is clearly my path of duty to remain with you, Oliver, and to do all in my power to save you from the disease, or to nurse you in it. If you decide to stay here, I will stay with you. When you see good to move, I will follow you. No one on earth has any claim on me except yourself; and if I perish by your side, I shall only fall in my proper place."

God bless you, Elsie!" replied Oliver, with more of warmth and earnestness than it was his wont to express; "you deserve to be preserved, and I feel confident you will escape. As to myself, I am almost indifferent. No one will ever love me again as you do; and if you were indeed to leave me, I should be a solitary and a reckless being. I will urge you no more, my dear old nurse; we will abide together."

"Then you must allow me to take more careful precautions than you have submitted to hitherto, Master Oliver," said Elsie. "I have a friend a chemist, who has given me full directions for the prevention of the

disease, and even for its cure, if the remedies can be applied in time. He told me that it is considered to be now at its greatest height—indeed, it can hardly grow worse. And he assured me that the only safe course was to remain strictly shut up, with closed doors and windows, first fumigating the whole house with strong drugs or with gunpowder. Will you consent to this, Oliver? Will you promise to abide indoors until the disease has abated; and no longer to tempt Providence by going out into the street, and speaking to the passers-by, as you have hitherto done?" •

"I will do a great deal to please you, Elsie," answered Oliver, with a kindly smile. "I will even try to submit to a temporary imprisonment, if it will set your mind at ease. But, mark me, my captivity must not be of long duration. You call me unsocial—and so I suppose I am—but I like to see and know what my fellow-creatures are doing. I like to observe the effects of this calamity on different characters and different orders of men. And I also like—perhaps more than you give me credit for, Elsie—to do what little I can to relieve the dire distress that has fallen on many families and individuals in our neighbourhood. I believe I have a charmed life," he added, in a careless tone that jarred painfully on the ear of his pious nurse; "I believe I might go where I pleased throughout this infected city, and be unharmed. I have already tried my luck rather boldly, and you see I am safe."

"O Oliver, Oliver, do not speak thus daringly. Our times and our lives are in the Lord's hands; but if we are not to doubt His care, so neither are we to tempt Him by uncalled-for rashness. I know the kindness of your heart better than any other living being does; and I have guessed that you have exposed yourself to danger of late. I have seen it in your worn and anxious countenance, and in the weariness of your whole aspect. You are not wont to feel much anxiety concerning yourself, or to be wearied with mere bodily exercise. Promise me, Oliver, that you will go out no more until better times; and, if you desire

to send aid to any sick or destitute neighbour, let me give it to the watchman that patrols the street. He will be faithful to the trust. I know him well."

"As you will, Elsie," he answered wearily; "I will not go out to-day, or to-morrow, or the third day. I can promise no more. Go now, and take all the precautions you think needful. And here, Elsie, take this purse; it is not well filled, but there is enough in it to pay the weekly pittance that I have given to three poor families in the alley at the back of this house. You know them—the same that we helped last winter. Go now, Elsie—dear, kind Elsie—and I will rest."

Elsie looked at him very earnestly. There was something in his tone and manner that perplexed and disturbed her; and yet she dared not express it. So she left him alone, and went to follow out all the directions which she had received from her friend the chemist.

She had already laid in, by the help of the street watcher, a supply of all necessary provisions to last her master and herself for many days; and she now proceeded to execute Oliver's commission, and to charge the watchman to knock frequently at her door, to enable her to send him on any further errands. Then she set herself, as it were, to fortify her dwelling against the deadly enemy without; and she did not forget also to implore the aid and protection of Him, without whose blessing all precautions and all defences are in vain.

As soon as she left Oliver's room, he hastily tore open his vest and shirt. Even while Elsie had been speaking to him, and just after he had boasted of his charmed life, he had felt a sickness and giddiness creeping over him, and he knew too well of what these signs were the frequent precursors.

Yes, he tore open his clothes; and there, upon his breast, were the dull, livid marks of the fell disease.

Did Oliver Wyndham tremble, or swoon, or give way to despair and lamentations, as so many did when they made the appalling discovery that either themselves or their

friends were stricken? No; he sat down calmly, and leaned his head on his hand, and began to reflect on the future after the manner in which he and Guy Egmont were accustomed to think and to reason. How was it that all the arguments that had formerly seemed so satisfactory, and so well calculated to give peace in the prospect of death, had now lost their power and efficacy? How was it that Oliver's stoicism began ere long to fail him, and his almost fatalist belief gave way to doubts and fears, and distressing anxieties? It was because he had no true ground of confidence—because he had never laid hold of that "anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast," which can alone steady and sustain the spirit in the dread hour when death, and all that follows death, seems to be approaching.

Oliver Wyndham was a brave man. Hitherto he might be said to have never known fear. He possessed in a remarkable degree the noble quality of *natural fortitude*; and he might have rivalled any ancient Roman citizen, or any proud Indian warrior, in his contempt and endurance of suffering. Had he been a soldier, he would have been a hero. But his human courage failed him now; and he shrunk from the prospect before him, for he had not the far higher quality of *Christian fortitude*.

And what is *Christian fortitude*? Surely it is not to make light of death. The brave and true-hearted apostle Paul could feel and confess to the shrinking of our nature from entering on the disembodied state,\* and leaving all that we have loved on earth to go forth a lonely spirit. Friends walk with us through life—friends may go with us to the confines of the grave—but there they must leave us; and we must pass through "the valley of the shadow of death" alone. And whither? Not to take what has been called "*a leap in the dark*"—a plunge into some unknown region. No, blessed be God! Christ has "brought life and immortality to light;" and he who with the eye of faith sees Christ, even in the dark valley, will feel the sustaining presence of death's Conqueror. But all do not see

\* 2 Cor. v. 4.

Christ, and this it is which makes death really terrible. Immortal I am, may each one say; but *where*, and *how*, will my immortality be passed?

No mere human courage can make such questions indifferent or unimportant. Human courage may nerve men for the trials and dangers of this material life; and it is wonderful how some merely worldly characters are sustained under such trials and dangers, who have no other stay to rest on. But it were utter foolhardiness to brave the *eternal fate of the soul* with any mere human powers. Only as the soul is united to Christ—only as it is *in Christ*—in Him who tasted death for us, that, whether living or dying—whether clothed or unclothed by the mortal or by the glorified body—we should never be separated from Him, and from His love and sympathy; *only thus* may death be calmly faced by a rational and reflecting being.

Oliver had not that Divine knowledge and support; and he sat in his lonely study, with the plague-spot on his breast, and with sad and heavy anticipations pressing on his heart.

There he remained all the while that Elsie was busied with various preparations; and at length he sank into a sort of stupor, and became utterly insensible to all around him and within him.

Elsie marvelled at the stillness in Oliver's room, which lasted so long that she grew uneasy; and as evening was drawing on, she carried in the lamp, by the light of which he frequently pursued his studies to a late hour in the night.

Her entrance did not arouse him, and she approached nearer to the easy chair in which he seemed to be slumbering. Then the full light of the lamp fell on his uncovered breast, and Elsie saw the fatal mark. She started, and a faint cry of terror escaped her lips. As she set down the lamp, Oliver opened his eyes, and instantly his whole countenance assumed an expression of intense suffering. He gazed wildly around him; and when his eyes met those of his faithful old friend, and read the alarm depicted on her features, he turned away his face, and attempted to rise.

But a deadly sickness and giddiness came over him, accompanied by violent headache and palpitation of the heart; and he sank back into his chair with a groan of agony that he strove vainly to suppress.

"It is the pestilence," he said faintly; "I boasted too soon."

"The Lord preserve you, dear Oliver!" replied Elsie, taking his burning hand in hers, and endeavouring to speak calmly.

Oliver drew away his hand.

"You must not touch me," he said. "Elsie, I cannot let you stay near me—I cannot be the cause of your taking this fearful disease. Go and call the watchman, and send him for the proper Examiner of Health. He will provide me with a nurse, or remove me to the pest-house."

"To the pest-house!—never!" exclaimed Elsie; and, stooping over the sufferer, she pressed her lips to his pale brow. "Now," she continued, "it is useless to bid me leave you. I will send for the examiner, and all shall be done that he prescribes; but I remain by your side."

"Ah, well," said Oliver, in a wandering tone, "you were ever wilful, Elsie. Take me to bed; I am very cold;" and he shivered violently. "Send for my mother, Elsie; I should like to see her before I die. She loved me—and you have loved me too. No one else on earth has ever cared for me; so I will go away—yes, I will go away—but *where*?"

As he uttered the last words, his eyes glazed fearfully, and he clasped his hands convulsively over his heart.

"It is agony, Elsie!" he groaned out, "it is burning agony; but I will try to bear it. Go now and get help. You must not be here alone."

With rapid but trembling steps, Elsie hurried into the dark street. At some distance she saw the watchman with his dim lanthorn standing at the door of an infected house.

"Rupert!" she cried, as she ran towards him; "Rupert, run quickly!" and she gasped for breath.

"Where to, Dame Crowther?" replied the man, with irritating composure; "you

must tell me where to go before I can run."

"To the doctor, Rupert—to Dr. Graves. Tell him that my master is stricken; and implore him—force him—to come instantly!"

"Yes, Mistress Crowther, I will do your bidding, for your master's sake as well as your own; for he has been a good friend to me and mine. But the examiner and the searchers must be summoned."

"I know it, Rupert—but the doctor first. For God's sake, seek him first. I cannot stay. My dear Oliver is alone. Be quick, and you shall have your reward."

And she turned and fled back to her home.

"I want no reward to induce me to do all I can for that good old soul, and for Master Wyndham too," said Rupert to himself, as he set off at a rapid pace towards Dr. Graves' residence. "I only hope I may find him."

He passed through many gloomy and ill-lighted streets and alleys—now utterly deserted, except by the appointed watchman, or a few individuals who were hurrying, like himself, in search of help or medicine; or, at stated intervals during the night, by the dead-cart, of strange and unwieldy form, that passed along the streets—the very emblem of terror, and pestilence, and death!

This fearful vehicle was no new sight to Rupert; but every time he saw it slowly moving in the distance, and heard the ringing of the signal bell, followed by the deep hoarse voice of the conductor, crying, "Bring out your dead!" he felt a sensation of horror and of pity; for he was not, like many others, hardened by the danger and the misery that surrounded him.

He cast one shuddering glance at the hearse-like waggon, with its grotesque adornment of emblematical figures painted in white on its sides, and the attendants in their long black robes, as it drew up at a door on the opposite side of the street. He saw a coffin borne out and placed on the cart, which already contained many others; and then the driver urged his powerful dray-horses forward again, and resumed his melancholy cry, "Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!"

Onward he sped. He had to follow the

doctor from place to place, from one infected house to another; and it seemed very long ere he found him, and saw him hasten towards Whitechapel. Then he proceeded to the dwelling of the Examiner of Health of that district, to give the required notice of a fresh case of plague.

Still longer did the time appear to Elsie Crowther, while she waited for the doctor. On her return to Oliver's room, she found him quite delirious, and in fearful agony. It was impossible for her to hold him, and she feared that he would injure himself by the violence of his unconscious struggles. Of her own danger, either from his convulsive movements, or from infection, she scarcely thought. All her attention was absorbed in the beloved sufferer, and her soul was lifted up in fervent prayer for his preservation.

The arrival of Dr. Graves was an unspeakable relief to her, and she watched his kind and earnest countenance with breathless anxiety while he rapidly examined the patient.

The usual symptoms were soon discovered—the torturing tumour had already shown itself, and Dr. Graves proceeded promptly to use his lancet, and then to apply the necessary dressing. The operation was intensely painful, but it recalled Oliver to his senses, and then his resolution and self-command enabled him to endure his sufferings in silence and stillness, but Elsie knew by his countenance that they were very severe.

The benevolent physician remained as long as possible; and, when he left the house, he assured Elsie that with due care and attention to his orders, there was every probability of her master's recovery.

"God be praised for this hope," exclaimed Elsie, raising her tearful eyes to heaven. "The care and attention shall not be wanting, doctor."

"I am well assured of that," replied Dr. Graves. "Farewell, and expect me early to-morrow morning."

He departed, and Elsie returned to her patient. But she was soon disturbed by the arrival of the Examiner of Health,

attended by two searchers, the latter bearing red wands, as the insignia of their irksome and dangerous office.

A very slight investigation was requisite in this instance. Oliver's case was only too evident, and there were no other inmates of the house to be examined except Elsie, who was pronounced to be in perfect health.

The examiner therefore took his leave, followed by the searchers, and Elsie heard the former lock the door outside, and deliver

the key to Rupert, with the usual charge to be careful and vigilant.

Yet a little while they lingered at the door, and when Rupert opened it the following morning to admit the doctor, and Elsie met him at the threshold, she beheld on the door the terrible sign—a red cross of a foot in length, painted on the centre panel, and above it, in large characters, these words of sad supplication, "LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON us!"

(To be continued.)

## THE LAST NIGHT OF THE OLD YEAR.

MDCCCLXV.

BY R. H. BAINES, M.A.

I WATCHED the Old Year as it lay a-dying ;  
The moon's cold light fell on the darkened  
bed ;

I heard the winds their *Requiescat* sighing  
Over his weary head.

His work was done ; and like a warrior olden,  
The hard fight o'er, he laid his armour down,  
And passed all silent through the portal  
golden,

Where gleams the victor's crown.

What a strange life it was ! Oh, if the story  
Of all its joys and sorrows could be known,  
How would dark shadows, mingling with its  
glory,

Round its whole course be thrown !

How many tears have fallen hot and thickly !  
How many wounded hearts, with anguish  
sore,

Have uttered the deep longing, " Oh, come  
quickly !

Our buried hopes restore ! "

How many blessed gifts of truest gladness  
His own dear hand has scattered on our way !

How oft His voice of love, amid our sadness,  
Turned darkness into day !

Old dying Year, thy memories are dearer  
Than any of thy grandsires' gone before ;  
I feel as though thy waves had brought me  
nearer  
To the Eternal Shore.

So here I bring its every sin and sorrow,  
Its deeds accomplished, and its work undone,  
To His dear Cross, and wait the bright to-  
morrow,  
And the unsetting Sun.

Therefore, Old Year, farewell ! I watch thee  
dying,  
Struggling in weakness for thy latest breath ;  
I catch the lessons thou wouldst teach me,  
lying

In the calm sleep of death ;

And these thy last faint words, while morn  
doth brighten :

" Up and be doing ; lay in golden store  
Till the great harvest of the world shall  
whiten,

And Time shall be no more."

**THE BRITON'S PRAYER, For Three Voices.\***  
Dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. The PRINCE of WALES, K.G.

Music by S. G. HATHERLY, Mus. Bac.  
Composer of the Oratoriette "Baptism."

Save The QUEEN O GOD of Glo - ry! Crown Her

with fe - li - ci - ty. Let no trai-tor think to se-ver Ties that bind us

to Her e - ver, But let ev'-ry one en-dea-vour To up-hold the Throne: O! pro-

tect the con - sti - tu - tion; Bless us with pros - pe - ri - ty.

Give to ev'ry heart true courage  
To defend our country's cause.  
May posterity's enjoyment  
Of our rights without alloyment,  
Spur us on in our employment  
To support the Throne:  
O! protect the constitution,  
That great bulwark of our laws.

Bless The PRINCE in heart and household,  
Heir of ALBERT's great renown:  
England's hope in darkest hour,  
Adding strength when perils lower!  
Choicest gifts upon Him shower,  
And protect the Throne:  
O! protect the constitution,  
Ever bless our QUEEN and Crown.

\* Published also in Music folio with prelude, interludes, and diverse accompaniments,  
by J. Shepherd, 20, Warwick Lane, E.C. Price 2s.

† For the last two lines use the same Alto and Base as at commencement of stanza.



## A BIBLE WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there."—GEN. xxxv. 1.

WHAT a variety of pleasing and painful thoughts and feelings does the recollection of bygone years excite in the mind! Days of prosperity and gladness, days of adversity and sorrow, pass before us—a moving panorama painted by the faithful hand of memory.

God has given us this faculty of memory with a beneficent purpose. The life of the present ought to be materially and practically influenced by the retrospective view of the life of the past.

Turning over some of the pages of Jacob's history, we shall see how often he had occasion thus to call into exercise the faculty of memory; and the retrospect of his life will serve, not unsuitably, to introduce the practical exhortation to ourselves at the beginning of a New Year, "*Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there.*"

Jacob's pilgrimage had been an eventful one. Providential interpositions had especially distinguished it. From his birth he was marked out to be the possessor of peculiar privileges. Not that these privileges were indications of Divine partiality, irrespective of character—they involve, as privileges always involve, corresponding responsibilities; and whilst the purposes of God in appointing the servitude of Esau, his brother, were accomplished, the sins of Jacob never failed to meet their due punishment. The birthright obtained by transgression proved to him personally a birthright to sorrow. It introduced envy and enmity into his family. Whilst it acted as a test of Esau's character, revealed the hidden springs and principles of his conduct, and convicted him openly of guilt, it also brought to Jacob a heavy load of anxiety. The fierce anger of his brother meditating vengeance rendered flight necessary. He departed from the home he loved so deeply, severed the ties that bound him so closely in affection to his parents, and went forth an outcast and a wanderer. This was severe

discipline—chastisement which must have been "grievous to him." Well was it for his best interests that he was enabled to regard it as *discipline*—and, as such, intended ultimately to conduce to his real welfare. When the hand of the Lord was upon him, he did not forget to seek Him earnestly. The first night he tarried on his journey at a certain place. He took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down there to sleep.

We are not told what his reflections were on that memorable night. We may imagine, however, that they were directed towards "the old familiar place"—the scenes of his early life; and we can well conceive that his feelings, saddened by the sense of a first separation, would indeed intensify the emotions, the painful emotions, with which he must have contemplated the future.

When those we love are far removed from us, we generally obtain a more correct impression of the faults committed when they were with us. So with Jacob: we can readily understand that, compared with the previous view he had entertained of his transgression, its heinousness would now seem greatly magnified; and, doubtless, on that stony pillow there fell tears of godly sorrow, the evidence of a softened heart, working the "repentance" which "needeth not to be repented of."

In visions of the night a message was sent to comfort and encourage him. "He dreamed, and behold a ladder set up upon the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy

seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

What wondrous assurances!—how *gracious*—how *overflowing* an exhibition of the Divine goodness! The fugitive might have expected threatened judgments—he received promised mercies. God had "brought him into the wilderness," and He "speaks comfortably unto him." He gives him "vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope." "Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not":—"I laid me down in sorrow—my heart was burdened—my conscience awakened; my sin distressed and disturbed me—I felt *alone*. And behold the Lord is in this place":—"And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven."

Truly, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Not the fear—the slavish terror—of the sinner, aroused by some unprecedented manifestation of God's presence and power, but the holy, reverential awe of the humble and contrite spirit, trembling, yet rejoicing, as the precious words of Divine grace and favour fall upon the listening ear! Such was Jacob's fear; and his wisdom was speedily seen in the act which followed.

"He rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place *Bethel*," the house of God—the place of the Divine manifestation. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God; and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?" "Here am I, send me." "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" These are the expressions of different individuals, but they all breathe one and the same spirit, and the words of Jacob are in perfect harmony with that spirit.

He went on his journey; he left the hallowed spot of self-consecration; and he took with him from that desolate and dreary resting-place a treasure of inestimable price—the favour and blessing of God. In the house and service of Laban, God prospered him. He made even unpromising things to work together for his temporal good, as He had before done for his spiritual good. When, on one occasion, he signified his desire to return to his own country, "Laban said unto him, I pray thee, if I have found favour in thine eyes tarry, for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake." How many worldly parents have since had equal cause to bless God for the boon of a pious servant! What blessings have such been the honoured instruments of introducing into families where God was before a stranger!

At length the God of Bethel gave the command, "Arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred."

Jacob obeyed; he went on his way, and was encouraged again by a vision of angels at Mahanaim. He needed this encouragement, for, humanly speaking, he was venturing on a dangerous experiment. He was about to meet a powerful and angry brother, whom he had grievously wronged, and from whose threatened vengeance he had fled. Years had elapsed, but he had no assurance of a change of mind in Esau. Revenge once nourished in the heart is not easily extirpated. Brooding meditation upon old wrongs is fuel for the angry passions of the soul. Jacob's resource, in the anticipation of this meeting, was PRAYER. He sought His aid who alone can "order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men." How earnestly he pleaded for that aid: "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto

me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee; I am not worthy of the least of all Thy mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray Thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude." Rising from his knees, he adopted practical measures to propitiate, as far as he could, his brother. He understood that it is our duty to pray as if all depended upon God, and to act as if all depended on ourselves. Then, alone, in the silence of the night, "there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of day." His fervour kindled as the night-watches sped, till it could only find expression in that emphatic, bold, and stirring entreaty, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."

Pattern of believing prayer!—not presumptuous self-will dictating to God, but the language of humble confidence, simple childlike reliance that could not doubt when God had promised. How seldom we thus pray! We have not faith to believe that God's purpose respecting each of us *is* to bless us. We ask; but we scarcely expect to receive. Not so was it with Jacob; his name was changed to "Israel": for, "as a prince he had power with God and prevailed." "He blessed him there."

On the morrow, "Jacob lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold Esau came, and with him four hundred men." If faith in the promise wavered when this armed force drew near—and we have no evidence that it did—it could be but for a moment. "Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him: and they wept." Sacred tears—not grievous, but joyous tears. "Blessed are they that" thus "mourn." "Behold, how good, how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

The reconciliation completed, the brothers parted. Esau dwelt in Seir, and Jacob

journeyed to Shechem, where with pious zeal and gratitude he erected an altar to the Lord.

Whilst he was abiding at this place the command of God came to him:—"Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there: and make there an altar unto God, that appeared unto thee, when thou fleddest from the face of Esau, thy brother." No special reason is assigned in the inspired record for this change of residence; but we may not unreasonably surmise that it was intended to bring to his remembrance the former loving-kindness of the Lord, that he might "remember all the way the Lord his God had led him for many years in the wilderness." Can we not, in some measure at least, appreciate the recollections of the past which would rush through the mind of the patriarch with torrent-like rapidity, when he received the charge, "*Arise, go up to BETHEL*"? How would the life of the past, the memory of its sins, its trials, its dangers, and its unnumbered mercies—mercies undeserved—excite within him inexpressible gratitude! Can we not fancy we hear his voice, which once pleaded so earnestly for a blessing, now uttering the tones of joy and thankfulness?

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise!"

But it is time the history of Jacob, briefly as we have sketched it, should suggest to us some personal lessons. His experience has certainly points of contact with our own. Standing as we now do on the threshold of another year, may not the exhortation fitly fall upon our ears as it fell upon his: "Arise, go up to BETHEL, and dwell there"?

I will not suppose that I have one reader who would ask *where* his Bethel is. Poor must be the heart—poor beyond any power of description—in which no chord of gratitude vibrates at the memories of the past. But I *may* venture to say we are none of us *too grateful*—none of us too sensible of the debt we owe to the Great Giver.

And therefore I would urge each reader

to make an effort to calculate that debt, to count up the mercies of the departing year.

There are *common* mercies which we have all received.

A poor lunatic, manifesting a momentary flash of intellect, once asked two visitors at the asylum in which he was placed, "Have you thanked God this morning for His gift of reason?" The answer was a negative. "Oh, then," exclaimed the afflicted sufferer, "do it directly—for I have lost mine." Ah, how true it is, mercies lost are valued! Reason, and health, and strength, the bread we eat, the raiment we wear, the daily provision made for our wants, these are Bethel blessings; they should continually remind us of the God of Bethel.

And, then, *peculiar* mercies; who cannot enumerate some of these? Have you never had a narrow escape from danger? The restive horse, who restrained it, when, rushing impetuously along, you anticipated each moment a terrible catastrophe? The fall of that tottering wall, why was it delayed till you had safely passed? The vessel shipwrecked, how was it you were not, as you intended to be, on board? The railway train, what hindered you that you were not on your journey when a collision hurried others into eternity? All evils escaped are mercies conferred—mercies which surely admonish us, "Arise, go up to Bethel!"

Then, again, there are *family* mercies which we may recount. Is it not a cause for thankfulness, if no "vacant chair" is seen by your fireside? if no loved Isaac has been required at your hands? Perhaps, during the year hurrying to its close, some of us have had a different experience. We *have* felt a tie severed; we have been mourners, and committed some dear one to the dark tomb; but if it has been even so, let me still ask, *was all dark*? Did not the God of the widow and fatherless, the God of all consolation, comfort you in your distress? "Not lost, but gone before," is true of all who die in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Let the loved ones speak to you from their home above. They can trace God's merciful dealings with them now—trace where once, like you, they were

obliged to *trust*. It may be that they will direct you to that quiet, solemn room, in which the last scene was enacted, and say, even respecting *that*, "*Arise, go up to BETHEL.*" Remember all that was done there: the earnest entreaty—the faithful warning—the affectionate prayer—the closing blessing, breathed with the very lips that death was sealing. THEN there were solemn vows registered by the recording angel. In the presence of the dead, you resolved to make the Lord your God, and Heaven your home; to be no longer "conformed to this world," but to be "transformed by the renewing of your mind." You knelt, and the *heart* prayed rather than the lips. You "*wrestled*" like Jacob, and "*prevailed*." "*Arise, then, and go up to BETHEL!*"

There have been *special* seasons, too, in life—in every Christian's life. There is the covenant season, the season of self-dedication to the service of our God! Jacob thus covenanted with God at Bethel, and he never forgot it. Have *we* been parties to such a covenant? Have we heard, and recognized, and obeyed the Divine call, to come out from the world, and confess Christ before men? If so, that was a *Bethel* season. God spake graciously to us. We felt the love of Christ "constraining" us, and "manfully we resolved to fight under His banner." On whose side are we *now*? The world, or Christ—the pleasures of sin and and folly, or the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore—which has the heart? Is prayer now a privilege? The Bible—is it increasingly precious? The house of God—is it a spot endeared to us—to which we are glad to resort? And the table of the Lord—are we constant guests there?

Oh, if it be not thus with us—if there has been a departing from grace given, let the exhortation *now* awaken the slumbering conscience: "*Arise, and go up to Bethel.*" Plead with the God of Bethel, and He will hear your prayer. Begin the new year by again dedicating yourselves to His service, who "loved you, and gave Himself for you." Present your bodies and souls, "a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable in His sight."

And you, who have long *dwelt at Bethel*, I cannot conclude without a word to *you*. God has preserved you, provided for you, guided you, and "done all things well." You might have been left to spend your years in ignorance, pride, and folly; but, in the tender mercy of the Most High, you have been made acquainted with the way of life, and peace, and everlasting blessedness. A greater enemy than Esau threatened you—threatened you with eternal destruction, the death of the soul that never dies; but God appeared on your behalf, in the person of His Son—God manifest in the flesh. He wrought out for you a "great salvation." Bethlehem, and Calvary, and Bethany, are Bethels to you. Journey frequently thither. Gather motives from the spectacles presented in the Manger, at the Cross, and on the Mount of Ascension!—motives impelling to active devotedness, personal self-denial.

You remember Jacob's vow: "Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give *the tenth* unto Thee." Have you made such a vow? And have you been enabled to keep it? I do not mean simply, have you bestowed the tenth of your means? You might give *all* you have, and your bodies to

be burned, and yet make no real sacrifice to God. But are you rendering the sacrifice of the *life*, the anxious service of one who acts on the principle implied in the words, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" Not, observe, how *little*, but *how much*, shall I render? How much money, how much time, how much labour?

Review the year past. What have we done for Christ with the talents we possess? Many can point to a fair balance-sheet, indicating an increase of worldly means; what have we done to advance our spiritual interests, to increase the treasure laid up in Heaven? Alas! how much of life has been wasted—is wasted—by even the best of Christians, in *doing nothing*! How much of it has been spent in speculations, fancies, vain purposes, and inefficient resolves! We have all cause for deep humiliation. Too little prayer! too little study of the Bible! too little zeal for God!

Let us "*Arise, and go up to Bethel*"—the Bethel of Providence and of Grace—and let us  *dwell there* all the year. Let us meditate upon what the Lord hath done for us, and, constrained by His love, devote ourselves unreservedly, more faithfully, to His service!

## THE WIFE THE SUN OF THE HOUSE.

A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER.

(Translated from the German.)

"I must find fault with thee because thou art still sad. This ought not to be, my child. It is forbidden; it is contrary to thy calling, and it is very dangerous.

"According to God's holy will, thou shouldst be thy husband's 'helpmeet.' What does that mean? There are many women who know it not, and it concerns many women who take it not to heart. I hope the contrary of thee: but I will remind thee of what thou knowest, since thou dost not appear to consider it sufficiently.

"Many women take the word 'helpmeet' much too indefinitely. They think if they

understand how to keep their husband's home, that no more is necessary. That is required certainly, but it is far from being all. A faithful housekeeper can do that. A clever, intelligent maid-servant can do that. But a wife should do more than a maid, and more than a housekeeper; therefore is she called the man's 'helpmeet.'

"She must be to him, not only something for his house, but for his *heart*. She must be a helpmeet of his joy, and sympathize in his labours; for no greater help can be given in any work, or in the accomplishment of the hardest day's labour, than joy. The

one who makes us bright and cheerful in our work does us the greatest service: and for this service has God joined the woman to the man.

"How rich and happy was the first man in the presence of God when in possession of Paradise, and how light his day's work in cultivating and keeping it! And yet he could not attain to full joy, for he was alone. There was no one who could fully understand him, who could partake in his joy, or who could help him to more enjoyment. Therefore God gave him the 'helpmeet.'

"After leaving Paradise, the man lost a home, and was obliged to seek a shelter in a land of thorns and thistles. He must in the sweat of his brow eat bread, and in many ways experience that human life is full of sorrow and labour. Yet he must still be *cheerful* in his daily toil, otherwise he sinks down into a spiritless worker, or becomes degraded in some way or other. The duties of the wife are now more difficult, but she must perform them—she must be his 'helpmeet.' And first of all she must be the helper of his joy.

"Therefore, my child, I have before written that thou must not be sad. It is forbidden. It is contrary to thy calling, for thou canst be no helper to the joy of thy husband if thou art sad thyself.

"He sees thee sad, and must think that thou art not happy in thy union with him, and in thy calling. He cannot then be happy in his life and labour. Thy sadness will be a dark cloud over his life's way.

"There are many unhappy unions, because there are many bad men, and not a few bad women. And there are unions, alas, which cannot be called happy, although the man is good, and the woman too. I have known such, but almost always I have found that the woman was in the wrong. She has forgotten to be careful about the expression of her countenance in the presence of her husband. She has forgotten, when in his presence, to wash from her face all spots of caprice, discord, anger, and sadness, and to anoint it with *kindliness*. She can do this in the presence of strangers, or before people who live out of the house. Then

she can hide bad things, and anoint her face, but when she ought most to do so, she forgets it.

"In the presence of her husband she has no power to restrain herself. Every little annoyance he must know. Every passing sadness must have its shadow thrown over him. Before he hears it from her mouth, he must see it on her face.

"But the wife must be 'the sun of the husband and of the house.' These are not mere words—she must be nothing less than his 'helpmeet.' As one always looks at the sun and rejoices over it, so will a good husband at the countenance of his wife. If it be ever so cheerful outside the house, and her countenance is troubled, so is his home dark. And if it be ever so dark outside, and her face is lighted up, then is his whole house bright, and in this light he will go forth joyfully to his daily work.

"I will give him a helpmeet for him.' So runs God's Word on the calling of the wife. How important is the addition 'for him.' That which is continually bound to us, always around us, has a constant influence over us. It can either oppress us heavily, or can greatly add to our happiness. A wife can be like a cloud over the household, or she can be like the bright sunshine, and both through her countenance: therefore she must learn to wash and anoint it. She is then always beautiful to him for whom she ought to be beautiful, and she always pleases him whom she ought to please. She is then a continual 'helpmeet,' simply because she is near to him. But if she cares not for her countenance, she neglects her duties. She, her husband, and house have heavily to suffer.

"Certainly no woman is exempt from pain and sorrow. The days come when man and wife must weep with one another. But such sorrows are sent from God's hands. They are heavy rains, which are as necessary to blessing and growth as sunshine: and if man and wife together weep, such weeping will bring rich blessings into the heart and into the house.

"But because sorrow will not stay away, we must not make it ourselves. The self-

made troubles do not bless. And if sometimes thine heart is so sorrowful and heavy that thou knowest not how to prevent thy countenance being overshadowed, then thou knowest where thine help is. Many things must be battled with and overcome in the closet, of which it is said, 'shut thy door.' There speak with thy God 'in secret:' He

will 'reward thee openly.' When Moses had long spoken with the Lord, his 'countenance shone.' It is always so, my child.

"I hope in thy next letter thou wilt tell me that *thy* face is lighted up with joy and love for him who most looks at it, as well as for thy whole house."

## TIME: ITS LESSONS AND WARNINGS.

### A HOMILY FOR THE COMING YEAR.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF CLERKENWELL.

"I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me—  
For now hath Time made me his numb'ring clock;  
My thoughts are minutes!"

#### THE VALUE OF TIME.

THE character and nature of Time will best teach us its real value.

Time is aptly described as a mighty river, whose current, ever fed by the fountain, continuously flows until that fountain ceases. The minute particles of water constitute the length and depth of that river. And even so particles or moments constitute the current of Time.

One of the best definitions of Time I have ever seen is that of Archytas: "Time is a continued flow of *nows* or instants." Yes, while I write, another "*now*" is passing; and already it is passed! And another comes, and it, too, is gone. Thus Time flies.

How important, then, rightly and duly to appreciate and use the present "*now*"! That which is now present is the only one we can count upon. The past is not *now*; the future is not *yet*. The past is dead; the future is still unborn. The present "*now*" is all that is available; the only proportion of Time that is in our hand or at our disposal.

"Not a moment flies,

But puts its sickle in the fields of life,  
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares."

Man lives in this continuous succession of instantaneous "*nows*." This is his period of Time; and hence man is limited in power, in life, and in thought. But God, to whom the future and the past are as the present, dwells in an "Everlasting Now." Hence His Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence.

Some one has said that "moments are the younger children of their old father, Time." And 'tis true. There they flit and dance and

play about him as he passes; and they ring the merry chimes and changes to the swift motion of his onward footsteps. But wait! a day shall yet come, when the last of his children shall live, to die, and then the aged man shall himself stand on the crumbling verge of his allotted span—a precipice of darkness abruptly terminates his path, and in a moment he plunges off into the chasm of his fall, into the grave of his decease, into the abyss of eternity. This shall be Time's catastrophe; and then shall Heaven take an oath of the Eternal "that Time shall be no more." Therefore "Redeem we Time; its loss we dearly buy."

The hours are laid to our account. If the stars of the heavens are numbered; if the sands upon the seashore are numbered; if the very hairs of our head are all numbered; much more are the days of our life written in God's Book of Remembrance, and every one of them laid to our account. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

This is a solemn thought. Each moment!—What is it? The breathing of a breath; the beating of a pulse; the throbbing of a heart. Yet what do men think of these things? To the exchange, the bank, the merchant's office, the counting-house. See the busy throng all intent on business, courting mammon, labouring for the meat that perisheth, and them, What is Time? In comparison of the care bestowed on earthly things, there is but little anxiety, if any at all, about their spiritual interests. To see the way most men live, one would almost suppose the order of things to

be transposed—that Time was Eternity; and Heaven and Hell—that awful Future—a mere vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. So much more do men seem to care for the perishing things of Time than for the abiding things of Eternity!

#### THE WASTE OF TIME.

Time is a treasure, a valuable commodity, and it is scarce. Then buy up all you can, and use it well.

So brief is its space, so narrow is its span, so rapid is its flight, we marvel how small account is taken of heavy losses in the wasting of Time. Men lose money, and the loss turns their brain; but they lose Time more extravagantly, and yet seem not to give the matter a thought. In comparison to the age of patriarchs, our Time is but an handbreadth. Jacob lived to twice the age of our old men, and yet he said, "*Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been*" (Gen. xlvii. 9). How much more ought we to value the present briefer span of human life!

There is a vast difference between Time and Money, as commodities entrusted to the custody of man. There are but few men who have Money (I mean money worth talking of); but every man has Time. There is an Aristocracy of Money, but there is no Aristocracy of Time. Money lost can be recovered; but lost Time it is impossible to recall. The good housewife in the parable, when she had lost one piece of silver, did light a candle and sweep the house, and her diligent search was rewarded with success; but the foolish virgins in another parable lost something more valuable than Money—they lost Time. And while they went to make up the loss, the Bridegroom came; and on their return, they found that "the door was shut."

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer!"

Moreover, you may have money accumulated in capital, to trade upon; but Time is given only in continuous dividends, to be used in the giving of them; and a large percentage of profitable returns may be derived from the proper use of the dividends of Time. Time is the poor man's currency; his Time is his Money; whereas his capital is his industry, sobriety, and thrift.

Again, there are no savings' banks for Time, as there are for Money. If you have, now and then, a sum of money for which you have no present or profitable use, there is a savings' bank near you in which you may put it by in safety, with these three advantages: 1, You

have it put out of harm's way; 2, You have it to draw upon in the hour of need; 3, You receive your own with interest. But none of these are to be found in connection with Time; neither savings' bank, nor lodgment, nor interest, nor future use. Your Time is dealt out to you *now*—to use it or else to abuse it. It passes, and in a moment it is gone—irrevocably gone; but it is laid to your account.

If, therefore, you sometimes feel that you have half an hour or an hour hanging loosely on your hands, uncertain what to do with it, remember you cannot save it for another occasion. It is passing away from you for ever! How valuable would such an accumulation of Time be esteemed by most men when they draw nigh to the gate of death! If they could but recall or recover their lost days and hours, how much better they would use them when the King of Terrors is in his terrible advent and ascendancy! Voltaire, after a life of scepticism and outrageous infidelity, would have given all he was worth for even a small accumulation of Time past and neglected, by which he might stave off the shaft, *until* he had made his peace with God! Alas! alas! it cannot be. Like most of our blessings—health, comforts, family, and friendships—never so highly prized as when they are lost; "so we take no note of Time, but from its loss."

The habitual use or abuse of Time is already interwoven in the language of ordinary life. We commonly use such phrases as these: We "gain Time," "lose Time," "throw away Time," "spend Time," "anticipate Time," "redeem Time," "speak against Time," "waste Time," "kill Time." Strange treatment this! That the self-same gift should be thus differently employed! And, stranger still, that any man should be found deliberately intent on "killing" Time! Well may Time utter his plaintive accusation—

"Still, man's my foe! Ungrateful man, I say,  
Who meditates my murder every day."

The Decalogue commands, "Thou shalt not kill." And, perhaps, we are all inclined, however we may charge ourselves with the breach of other commands of God, yet to hold ourselves guiltless in the matter of *this* law. But we are verily guilty in this respect, for most of us are in the daily habit of killing Time.

This awakens some very solemn thoughts on a very solemn thing. *Time is Eternity!*—is Eternity to us! Think you, that Eternity has ceased to be, since Time has been? Nay!



Time is Eternity in embryo. All the dread issues of Eternity—the issues of life or death—are wrapped up now in the womb of Time. Time is pregnant with all the solemn and weighty interests of man,—interests that shall live and work and never die throughout Eternity. Therefore the language of the poet—

“Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth  
A power ethereal.”

Indeed, our conduct with regard to Time is full of inconsistencies. For example, we all more or less complain of the shortness of Time; and yet we all have on our hands much more of it than we know what to do with. We give frequent utterance to the theory that our days are very few; but we proceed in practice as though our days would never end. We oft deplore that Time is so short, and yet there are many and large portions of our life that we would be glad to escape from.

“The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years of his life could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of Time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most part of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.”\*

The great waster of Time is that oft-quoted thing called “To-morrow.” It wasted yesterday: it wastes to-day; and it will waste itself. To-morrow promises many things, and very fair, but the day of its promise is the day of its death; and “To-morrow” never comes. Most

truly has it been said that “Procrastination is the thief of Time.” Yea, it is the greatest Time-killer of all; and thus, by putting off, and still deferring, it comes to be likewise true that Procrastination is the thief of *Souls*. For many a man goes down into the grave with “To-morrow” lingering upon his lips.

Time ought to be computed not by the length of our days or by the number of our years, but by the *use* we make of them. A man may be very young in age, and yet be esteemed old in experience; while another may have grown old in years, and yet, to all practical purposes, be a very child, inexperienced, untutored, and untaught. One man may be more matured and ripened at twenty than another at sixty. 'Tis not the quantity but the quality of our years we must look to—the actual use to which they have been applied. A landed property is not reckoned according to the mere extent of ground, which may include vast tracts of wilds, and wastes, and moors, but by the state of its cultivation, the amount of its produce, and the sum of the yearly rent it yields. One man may be more rich with five acres than another with a hundred, for he may by cultivation make it yield more than the uncultivated land of his neighbour.

But there ought really to be no waste expanse or barren intervals in our possession of Time. Yet there is a great deal of waste. And if our personal properties had as much waste as our Time presents, they would be worth but little. A good adage is that, “Waste not; want not;” and to those who neglect the adage there is nothing but the hard experience of that other which saith, “Wilful waste makes woful want!” Very wasteful, indeed, is our expenditure of Time. We must, therefore, take the consequences: “What a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

We can never come to a thorough understanding of the true value of Time until we learn to form a right estimate of the loss of little things. It is the accumulation of many little losses that constitutes great losses. A moment—'tis but a trifle! So you say. A few minutes—they are of no consequence! So many persuade themselves. But, all the time, these moments and minutes are mounting to the dignity of hours, and gradually accumulating to the majesty of days. “I have lost a day!” Is that nothing? *Pereunt et imputantur!*

Little things become very great. Rain-drops, weak and powerless in themselves, yet constitute the overflow of the desolating flood;

\* Addison: *Spectator*, No. 93.

and it is a similar combination of moments lost that deluge the soul in the flood of perdition. Take care of little moments.

There is many a mechanic in our metropolis who would be very glad to-day to have the sum of thirty shillings in hand, to lay out on the comfort of his home or family; but he has it not. Now, suppose that mechanic begins at once to save a penny a day, the sum is more than completed this day twelve months—not counting the interest, if lodged from time to time in a savings' bank. And on the same principle, a minute a day would mean something like six hours in the course of the year; but this, as I have said, we cannot accumulate; therefore, let us use the fleeting moments while we have them. The proverb is good, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves!" So would I apply the remark to my theme, and say, "Take care of the minutes, and the days and the years are safe." The moments are the outposts and advanced sentinels of Time; let them be destroyed, and Time itself must be undone in its very citadel!

Some one has said, with experience to support the saying, that "we waste our time in minutes; we waste our money in shillings; and we waste our happiness in trifles." All little things!

#### THE DOMINION OF TIME.

Time is a master, and must be obeyed.

What is anything without Time? The wise man says, "To everything there is a season, and a Time to every purpose under the heaven." There is day-time for the active duties of the day; and night-time for rest, retirement, and repose. There is the morning for preparation; the noontide for labour; the eventide for home, and family, and study, and profitable recreation. What is a house without a clock but a scene of confusion? What is a man of business without a watch but a man out of Time? A public clock that is always wrong is a public nuisance. A railway negligent of its Time-tables is a vexatious inconvenience. A regiment of soldiers on the march, without keeping Time, is an undisciplined mob. We must all keep Time; clerks, and secretaries, and officials, and public men, must all keep Time. The sun keeps Time in his rising; and the sun also knoweth his going down. Music without Time is a very discord of jangling sounds—

"Music, do I hear?"

Well, then, keep Time. How sour sweet music is When Time is broke, and no proportion kept!"

Time is a Governor who holds dominion here; and in a world like this you must be up to Time, or you are of no use at all. Time introduces all upon the stage of life, and when "Time's up," he strikes his bell and bows us off again. He has seen, in his day, strong towers and temples rise, and he has seen them crumble into dust. He has seen thrones and dominions exalted and cast down; has witnessed the rise and fall of nations. And he himself outlives all change and chance, vicissitude and care. You may escape from foes, or baffle a sickness, but you cannot cheat Old Time, or resist his sway.

"I am a monarch, whose victorious hands  
No craft eludes, no regal power withstands!"

#### THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

His conflict and his career terminate in triumph.

He ever moves. Onward! onward! is his ceaseless cry. He stops not; he stays not. His mowing sickle—how it reaps! His harvests—how great and plentiful!

He spares not age, nor sex, nor condition of life. With unsparing hand and unrelenting heart he pursues his deadly conquests, subduing all without resistance or reverse. The sand-glass runs, and must exhaust itself; implacable and unmerciful is this aged man! The tender mother weeps beside the child of her affection; but he cares not for her tears, and with a merciless hand he plucks the fair flower—oh, with what rending!—from the soil of the human heart! The afflicted wife wrings her hands in agony of care, and lays hold on the skirts of his clothing to beseech him yet to spare the husband of her hope and love. Old Time with one hand flings her from him, while with the other he reaps down the strong man! The husband, in calm and measured speech, prays him off the threshold; but Time is not a man to feel, nor is he a God to grant a supplication; and so he enters and ruthlessly rends away the desire of our eyes! Those poor children look imploringly—they are orphans in anticipation; yet he heeds them not, but onward to his work, and with a cruel hand uproots the hope, the stay, the prop, the sole support in life, and leaves the remnant as a legacy to the world—a widow with an orphan family!

There he goes, Old Time! If we say, "Go up, thou bald head, go!" for mocking him the bears of the wilderness will rend us. We must submit; we must obey; for Time must fulfil his perfect work, and attain a final triumph.

Suppose I propound you a riddle :—

"Ever eating, never cloying,  
All devouring, all destroying;  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last."

What meaneth this? This is **TIME**! Until he hath subdued all, his mission is not accomplished. He must triumph!

#### THE DEATH OF TIME.

Yes, Time itself must die. Short-lived shall be the triumph to which he shall attain. Only himself shall live to enjoy it, for he shall have outlived all. Then they that have used Time and not abused it shall see him die: and from the high watch-tower of the Heavens beholding his final catastrophe, they shall bless the Lord of Eternity that they had been enabled, by God's grace, to walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise men, redeeming the Time. In that day Time shall be no more!

Live in Time as a preparation for Eternity—waiting for the end of your pilgrimage. Here is the time and place for your work; your rest is not here; there will be time enough for rest in Eternity. Continue in earnest expectation, looking up, "for now is your Salvation nearer than when you believed." Wait, then, for Eternity!

I have somewhere read this narrative:—

A gentleman once passing through a street in London, observed a large crowd of people, hooting, jeering, and laughing. A young woman had attracted the attention of the crowd; she was dressed in white garments, coarse but clean. She passed through the crowd as though she observed them not. There was a frantic smile playing upon her lips, and a wild look of expectancy in her eye. Her story was this: She had been espoused to one whom she dearly

loved. The wedding-day arrived. She and her friends were already standing before the altar of her God, when the sad news was brought to her that the bridegroom had died on the very threshold of his own house! Reason reeled beneath the blow. Hence her peculiar dress. Her mental affliction had obliterated the melancholy fact from memory, and there she was still expecting the bridegroom. Full of this expectation, she was ever in readiness, and heeded not the scoffing of the multitude. Her hope sustained her.

So let us be; but with a better hope, a glorious hope, a hope full of immortality; waiting upon the Lord; looking for His appearing; "having our conversation in Heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." The world may mock and scoff and jeer; but never mind! Say to the multitude, as Paul said to the Roman governor, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." Make use of Time as a preparation for Eternity. Be ready dressed for the bridal; and, behold, the Bridegroom cometh!

"Time's a handbreath; 'tis a tale;  
'Tis a vessel under sail.  
'Tis an eagle on its way,  
Darting down upon its prey.  
'Tis an arrow in its flight  
Mocking the pursuing sight.  
'Tis a short-lived, fading flower;  
'Tis a rainbow in a shower.  
'Tis a momentary ray,  
Smiling through a winter's day.  
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;  
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream.  
'Tis the closing watch of night,  
Dying at the rising light.  
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;  
Be prepared, O man, to die!"

#### STUDY TRIFLES.

"Straws show which way the wind blows."

*Old Saying.*

"Oh! many a shaft at random sent,  
Finds aim the archer never meant;  
And many a word at random spoken,  
May heal or wound a heart that's broken."

*Scott.*

**MANY** well-intentioned people take great pains to instil the notion that we should think

nothing of trifles. Against this doctrine we must enter our protest. Because some touch-paper folks would "fire up" if a sunbeam happened to play upon them at an inconvenient moment, or—for want of any exciting cause—would go off with spontaneous combustion, we get a habit of saying whenever two people differ about a matter in which we are not personally interested,

"Don't quarrel about trifles!"

Now the puzzle would be to find any pair of disputants who *do* quarrel about trifles. A trifle, it is true, may lead to a dispute, but it is the extraneous matter subsequently introduced which, acting like a fan, brightens the veriest embers into inextinguishable flame.

An old aunt of ours, in impressing upon our youthful mind the sin of disputing about trifles, used always to close her lecture with a personal reminiscence, which is about as ludicrous, as it certainly was discreditable and unchristian.

"Ah, my dear," she would say, "I know its folly and wickedness from sad experience. Never were there two more affectionate, devoted sisters, than your poor dear obstinate aunt Tabitha and I; but for thirty years we never exchanged a syllable, and all through differing about the first cut of a leg of mutton!"

Now our venerable aunt Rebecca was very impressive upon the subject of the *first cut*, but she never said a word about the *last*, or who gave it. She had lived to repent of her folly, and truly lament its consequences, but like many others, her confession was only half a confession after all. We had the curiosity to coax the whole affair out of an old and disinterested friend of the family, from whom we learned that what commenced with an objectionable incision in a leg of mutton, ended with a point-blank stroke at family honour, running the gamut of an antiquated dispute in a most inharmonious manner. The assertion of "want of tact" resulted in an accusation of "want of honour." Quite losing sight of the original food of discussion, they set to work raking up everybody and everything, till, roused to a pitch of ungovernable fury, the grave charge was made by one that the other was living upon the produce of plunder: the outraged Tabitha being at that time the recipient of the annual produce of a legacy bequeathed by the lineal descendant of a cavalier who had been presented by Charles the Second with the confiscated estate of some unfortunate roundhead, who had in all probability acquired it through Oliver Cromwell from some equally unfortunate loyalist on the fall of Charles the First!

Our dear but mistaken aunt Tabitha was right in her notion of carving, but wrong in her notion of law. However, as the first blow is generally set down as the hardest one, the "poor dear obstinate aunt Tabitha" laboured under the imputation of having quarrelled with her sister, and refused for thirty years to shake

her by the hand, merely because the ill-used aunt Rebecca, to borrow her own words,

"Wouldn't be taught how to cut a leg of mutton the wrong way!"

The fact is, few people take the trouble to think what *are* trifles; still less, that most things become, or cease to be, trifles, from the manner in which they are viewed, and the matter with which they come in contact.

A spark is, in itself, a trifle, and a very pretty trifle too: apply it to stone, and it remains a trifle—that is to say, for the little time it *does* remain; but plunge it in oil or turpentine, and we are astonished by its power.

So it is with a jest, which falls lifeless upon one, calls a repartee from the second, and a rebuke from a third. The spark of wit is no duller with the first than the last, but it falls on different materials—the first, ashes; the second, touchpaper; the third, gunpowder!

Learning from experience the wonderful variety of temperament with which man is endowed, it becomes necessary to study the character before we attempt a "light" experiment. It is, therefore, the only safe course, in mixed company, to avoid such subjects as may affect personal prejudices. Many sensitive minds, instead of boldly attacking in turn, conceal the wound till an opportunity occurs of returning the chance blow with interest. Thus an unintentional thrust may bring an intentional stab, and all from never troubling oneself about trifles.

Many say, "Don't argue about a trifle; it is sure to cause a quarrel." If it *does*, the fault rests obviously with the one who does *not* argue, for to argue—strictly speaking—is to reason; and who can quarrel with reason in his mouth? If a debate become void of reason, it ceases to be argument, degenerating into simple assertion, or losing itself in positive vituperation, so that he is the *non-reasoner* who flies off in a tangent and then blames the unfortunate trifle for his own erratic course.

Once leave the highway of argument for the byways of assertion or innuendo, and one is sure to get into a maze as inextricable as the famous Woodstock labyrinth. One who reasons never makes an assertion, direct or indirect, which he cannot back with proof, and never descends to personal expletives; while the one who, from ignorance or from the want of facile arrangement of ideas, is defeated, yet lacks the moral courage to acknowledge it, instead of beating a retreat and retiring from the field in good order, uses missiles so offensive to the

laws of good-breeding and the usages of society, as to soil the hands in attempting to bespatter an opponent. Take this as a rule. Those who are incapable of informing, yet unwilling to be informed, are best avoided altogether.

Some, again, say, "Avoid trifles."

The difficulty of avoiding trifles is, as we before observed, that of knowing them when we come across them. We would rather take a contrary view, and say,

"STUDY TRIFLES."

Not actively, but passively: not for the sake of carping at a word, but with a view of ascertaining what will most delight, and what will least offend those with whom we are thrown in frequent contact. An atom is a trifle; yet what is the world but a collection of such trifles? A *moment* is a *trifle*? yet what is eternity but a succession of such trifles? If, then, what is in itself so minute may sum up to a result so vast as to strain, and even overthrow, reason herself in the attempt to dive into its mysteries; let nothing be considered insignificant which may, by the ministry of affection, be used in the structure of domestic happiness.

We cannot all minister in the same way; but we may each, when kind ideas are dropped, like gold-dust, into the crucible of the heart, study the best and most enduring form in which the new coin shall circulate from the loving mind. Gold—actual gold, hard and senseless—may do a world of good when carefully applied; what then, may not that moral gold purchase, which is calculated to preserve the health of the body, through the sweetly palatable food of the mind.

To the fair reader who has thus far accompanied us, we say—pause, reflect upon our axiom; search your *heart*, and then acknowledge, if it would not some time or other have been spared a pang, or saved from inflicting one upon another, if you had only studied a trifle?

Suppose an irritable husband (perhaps rendered so by the world's harassing, but too loving to chafe the gentle heart to which he is united, by the diurnal recital of business vexations), suppose, we say, an irritable husband complains about some matter of even small importance to either; if he be really unreasonable, let the wife point it out dispassionately; if *not*—let her remedy it with a smile.

To the wife we say—when any trifle occurs to put your husband out of temper (we mean

such as might have been avoided without serious trouble, or imposing anything derogatory upon yourself), instead of dark looks and peevish retaliation—fretting in his absence—or, worse still, indulging in that dangerous experiment, reposing your fancied sorrows in the breast of a dear friend—NEVER LET IT OCCUR AGAIN!

Depend upon it that male eyes are as *sharp*, if not as *bright*, as the kindred orbs in woman: if he observe the change, he is sensible of the motive, and payment will surely come, even though its motive be unexplained. If, on the contrary, he thinks no more about it, is your care thrown away in removing a source of possible vexation? If it is a trifle for him to have been vexed about, is it not equally a trifle for you to hang ill-humour upon?

Again—some small matter, harmless in itself, and easy to procure, amuses or interests; it is but a trifle, but by acquiring a *habit* of studying trifles you perceive and chronicle it simultaneously and without effort. Certainly both parties should read from the same book; for if one always exacts and the other always yields, the result is a species of quiet tyranny equally galling and unworthy: but the mind must be weak, indeed, that descends to such a pitiful exercise of power.

If disastrous events succeed a trifle, so do also glorious results. It rests with ourselves, in the great majority of cases, whether the match shall explode a mine of inquietude, or light a new train of happiness: whether it shall consume to ashes the hopes of a lifetime, or light up that purer fire in the breast which sheds its ray upon kindred hearts, keeping up the soft glow of affection when the less pure fire of youth has departed.

And let the sterner sex be careful to regulate its conduct by the same rules. "Straws show which way the wind blows." A good general never despises trifles: let civilians take the hint if they would win the battle of life. Every one, for instance, knows the value of trifles in a sick room. It is our essential rule in political economy to study trifles: why not also in domestic economy? But things are better thought of in the aggregate; thus—any one can tell that a penny a day yields £1 10s. 5d. in a year; so, a kind word a day will make, at the year's end, a very respectable figure in the item of happiness.

A silly habit—a peculiar phrase—a mannerism—(each a trifle)—may, from a variety of causes, annoy or be distasteful, indulged in at home. If the usual smile be absent, or change

to even the semblance of a pout, avoid its recurrence. What though it is but a trifle? Is it wise to occasion displeasure by that which affords little or no pleasure to one self? "It was done thoughtlessly." "Who would suppose it would cause annoyance?" "So mere a trifle!" If so mere a trifle now, remove it, lest it grow by discussion, and, like the bright truths of many a little book, be lost in the fog of its commentaries.

If we see a bee coming towards us, do we give it battle? Should we not smile at the child who risked an encounter with so splenetic a little foe for the boast of conquering it? Let us apply this to ourselves: let us typify the bee in the trifle wherein lodges both honey and a sting. *Avoid* the bee, and though we escape the sting, we lose the honey; but study this useful little insect, and we find that by care and attention we may not only manage to

approach the little bristler, without fear of its weapon, but extract so many sweets, that when we know its service, we wonder how any one on earth can be so silly as to quarrel with it!

Reader, at the risk of wearying you, we have ventured to tell you of a general fault—a *great* fault—for "great events from little causes spring;" but if we cause *one*, out of the many thousands who will glance over this sketch, to say, "I will profit by the lesson," we shall not have wasted either *your* time or our own. If (in a critical vein) you object that our sketch is in itself but a *trifle*, still we say, "study it," boldly asking you to question your conscience as to its value, and predicting an acknowledgment that there *have* been occasions when your time has been less profitably employed than in devoting ten minutes to the STUDY OF TRIFLES!

## THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE POSITION AND CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

BY THE REV. W. KAY, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, CALCUTTA, AND FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

In the last chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul sends his salutations to various members of the church at Rome through Phœbe, a Christian lady of Cenchrea the bearer of the Epistle.

Perhaps some of my readers have thought this a tedious chapter, and passed it over as one from which they could gather no religious instruction. This is far from being the case. Many profitable lessons may be drawn from it, and in particular one of a very interesting kind to which I would invite attention.

We find *twenty-eight* members of the Roman community mentioned by name in this chapter. Of these *nine* were females. I will give their several names in order:—

"I commend to you PHŒBE, our sister, who is a servant (or *deaconess* it might be rendered) of the church which is at Cenchrea; that ye receive her in the Lord as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you; for she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also."

We then have—

In verse 3, PRISCILLA: "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks; to whom not I

only, but all the churches of the Gentiles also, give thanks."

In verse 6, "MARY, who bestowed much labour upon us."

In verse 7, JUNIA: "Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsfolk and my fellow-prisoners, who are of note among the apostles; who also were in Christ before me."

In verse 12, "TRYPHÆNA and TRYPHOSA, who labour in the Lord;" and "the beloved PERSIS, who laboured much in the Lord."

In verse 13, the MOTHER OF RUFUS, to whom St. Paul looked up with filial affection: "Salute Rufus," he says, "and his mother and mine."

In verse 15, two more—JULIA and NEREUS'S SISTER: "Salute Philologus and Julia, Nereus and his sister."

We observe that out of the ten ladies here referred to, no fewer than *seven* are spoken of as having laboured for the promotion of the Gospel. Phœbe had been "a succourer of Paul, and many others;" Priscilla had risked her life to save Paul's; Mary had "bestowed much labour" on the apostle and his companions; Junia had shared his imprisonment; Tryphæna and Tryphosa "laboured in the

Lord;" Persis, the beloved, "laboured much in the Lord."

Such was the influence of Christianity on the female character from the very beginning. Woman was at once reinstated in her original position as the "helpmate" of man—no longer his slave or plaything, but his counsellor and friend. Her natural meekness and tenderness, which had so often made her the easy prey of tyranny or sensuality, were now seen acting in noble combination with firmness and energy. She was now found exhibiting an earnest appreciation of the loftiest spiritual truth, and supporting by her generous sympathy and devoted piety those who had to bear the brunt of that fierce contest with evil which was the commencement of the world's regeneration.

But something more is wanting beside the commendations bestowed by an apostle on the names of this illustrious band of women, before we can do full justice to them—or rather, let me say, before we can duly estimate the value of the fruits which our holy faith produced in their lives. To understand this we must go on to consider *WHERE* and *WHEN* they lived.

The title of the Epistle tells us *where*—at Rome; and historical criticism fixes the *date* of the Epistle to about A.D. 59, or the fourth year of Nero's reign.

At ROME, under NERO! How manifestly supernatural must the power have been which could create an atmosphere of such pure moral feeling in that dissolute city, and at one of the worst epochs of its social history. That Nero's reign deserves to be thus spoken of, few can be ignorant; but I will adduce one proof of it of portentous significance.

Amongst the coins which were at this time circulated over the Roman world, from Britain to Parthia, were some that bore on one side the head of Nero, on the other that of his mother, Agrippina. Now note a few of the facts (fearful indeed they are) which history records of these two.

Agrippina had been banished to a desert island by her own brother, the Emperor Caligula, for the crime of adultery. After Caligula's death, she was liberated, and contracted an incestuous marriage with her uncle, the Emperor Claudius; but five years later, wishing to place Nero, her son by a former husband, on the throne, she made away with Claudius by poison. Five years more, and she was at mortal feud with her own son, who at

last ordered her to be assassinated. This occurred in A.D. 59, the very year which I mentioned as the date of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Not long after this, Nero divorced his first wife Octavia, at that time only twenty years of age, and adulterously married Poppæa, the wife of his friend Otho, whom he had sent to take command of the troops in Spain. Three years later Poppæa herself died of a blow inflicted on her by her brutal husband during her pregnancy.

Why do I refer to these dreadful crimes? In order that we may have a clearer view of the desperate corruption of morals which our holy religion had at first to encounter, and so may gain a more vivid sense of St. Paul's meaning, when he speaks of the Gospel as "the power of God unto salvation."

But it may be said, "Is this fair to take Agrippina as a specimen of Roman manners at this time?"

My reply is, No, I do not set her up as a *specimen*. I trust there were *none* in whom vice attained so gigantic a growth; but I do consider her life to be an *indication* of what was going on throughout society. Indeed the literature of the day leaves one no room for doubt on this point.

The world's history had furnished many proofs that man, if left to himself, would only go further and further from God and from holiness. Egypt, Babylon, and Greece had severally borne witness to the sad truth; Rome was now confirming all former evidence by her own melancholy example.

In the first ages of Roman history (as in the primitive periods of most other races, so far as we have authentic accounts of them), marriage had been invested with some considerable sanctity; and although the social condition of the wife was a degraded one (for her husband was absolute master of her person and her property), the Roman matron of the earlier period seems in the main to have been characterized by modesty, chastity, and self-respect. But as the state advanced in power, this austere virtue gradually gave way; and when at last Rome became the metropolis of Italy, it was found that she had no conservative principle within her that could enable her to withstand the influence of opulence and luxury. Divorce, which had always been in the power of the husband (though no instance of its being resorted to occurs during the first five centuries of Roman history), was now frequent. Even Cicero, that idol of modern unbelievers, di-

forced his faithful wife Terentia for no other reason than this: he had got deeply involved in debt, and hoped to extricate himself by the large dowry of his second wife. Then came the Augustan period, when the marriage covenant was yet more lightly regarded; when concubinage was legalized, and, in spite of all the imperial laws, adultery became a *fashionable* crime. Then the power of divorce was extended to the wife, and was used so freely that Seneca, Nero's tutor, wrote: "What woman need now blush at being divorced, when there are high-born ladies who count their years by their husbands?"

Such was the moral chaos on which the light of the Gospel fell, and on which it exercised its regenerating and health-giving influence.

It cannot be said that in referring to Rome we have selected an unfavourable instance for comparison. On the contrary, no nation ever made a fairer start than Rome had done. If she degenerated she only followed the ordinary course of human nature. Look where you will, in any people, ancient or modern, that has not been illuminated by Christianity, and you will find woman serving a proud and sensual master.

Even the ancient Jews, superior as they were to other nations in their treatment of women, were "for the hardness of their heart" allowed a law of divorce, which the Gospel could not tolerate. Polygamy itself was not *forbidden* them; and we know that it was practised by David, not indeed without grievous injury to his domestic welfare, yet without any censure of his conduct as a violation of the law of chastity. It is true that the general principles of the revealed Word were gradually opening the way for the stricter system of Christianity; that in the "Song of Solomon," in particular, monogamy was directly set forth as the perfect state; that in the prophecies of Malachi the prevalent practice of divorce was strongly reprobated as contrary to the primeval rule; and that in the Maccabean age we have the first dawns of that female heroism which shone out so brightly in the early centuries of Christianity. This is all true, yet it remains also true that Judaism, taken in the gross, was only a period of *preparation*. It could not be otherwise. "Until the Spirit was poured forth from on high" there was no power equal to the task of renovating society.

But if Judaism presents us with little beyond *negative* virtue, the Paganism, by which it was

hemmed in on all sides, ran off into positive vice of the most revolting kind. One may well shrink from alluding to the state of things in Syria and Greece and Italy, where wild licentious orgies had the sanction of religious worship spread over them. Let one fact suffice. In the city from which St. Paul wrote his letter to the Romans—the city of which Cenchrea was the seaport—there was a temple to Aphrodite that had a thousand prostitutes for its priestesses. But let these darker features of heathenism be left unspoken of. Let us think only of what meets the eye on the most superficial survey of the world; of such facts as these:—that polygamy has prevailed over almost the whole expanse of Asia; that throughout the vast empire of China and in the greater part of India, female children are betrothed in infancy; that in almost every pagan race, ancient or modern, females are given away in marriage without their own consent; that in many they are bought and sold in the market; that divorce can in most cases be had on easy terms; that not only the Brahman of India, but the Polynesian savage, and even the negro-slave of the West Indies, would feel themselves degraded if they allowed their wives to eat with them; that intellectual culture, when apart from the sanctifying influences of Christianity, has nowhere checked—has rather precipitated—the derangement of the relation of the sexes to each other. Let these facts be duly weighed, and then let us turn to witness the purifying and ennobling operation of Christianity on the character of woman, raising her to the consciousness of her own proper worth as man's counsellor, fellow-worker, and comforter;\* and who will not admit the supernatural origin of a religion which alone has provided means (at once so simple and so profoundly efficacious) for subduing "the corruption that is in the world through lust?"

This is no matter, then, of theory or sentiment, but of fact. Out of deference for the feelings of my readers, I have refrained from mentioning many undoubted facts, recorded in the annals of the world's history; but what has been adduced is abundantly sufficient for our purpose. How is it, we say, that while all nations have shown the original sentence,

\* The Scriptural view of woman's likeness, yet subordination, to man, of her identity of nature and equality of worth and dignity, yet disparity of character and function, is marked by all that richness and depth of contrast which meets us in every part of Nature. See this excellently brought out by M. ADOLPHE MONOD, in his eloquent little book, "Woman, her Mission, and her Life."



"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," written in the boldest and coarsest characters on their social habits; while Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome, India and China, have only descended to lower and lower depths of degeneracy; Christianity at once, as if by her very touch, elevated woman to her original Paradisiacal rank? How is this to be accounted for?

It cannot be put down to the account of (what is called) fortunate accident. For, *in the first place*, the law of woman's inferiority to man prevails so uniformly elsewhere, that when we meet with this single deviation from the law, we cannot but conclude that it is owing to *some* powerful specific cause; and then, *secondly*, when we come to examine the internal nature of the phenomenon, we find that such a specific cause is provided in the facts and doctrines of the Gospel. These are manifestly adapted to produce the result here spoken of.

Let us look at this point more narrowly.

It was arranged in the eternal counsels of Omniscience that our fallen race should be redeemed by One who wore our nature. The seed of the woman was to "bruise the serpent's head." Thus, as woman had fallen by her own sin into a condition of inferiority and of suffering, so now by Divine mercy she was raised to a state of privilege and dignity. When the Word of God undertook to deliver man, He was born of a woman.

High, assuredly, was the honour thus bestowed on the lowly virgin, and all generations have "called her blessed." Monstrous as is the heresy which has prevailed in some of the churches of Christendom, in speaking of Mary as divine: blasphemous as are the litanies that have been addressed to her name, and the trust reposed in her mediation: let us not be driven by these impieties into thinking of the Virgin-mother with aught but reverent affection.

In her was first seen the gracious purpose of God to "put down the mighty from their seat," and to "exalt the humble and meek." In her woman was raised out of the degradation of centuries. She could now lift up her head, and take her place before the throne of the Eternal as a spiritual being redeemed by His love: "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." In her the loftiest minds have found the realization of their ideal of self-consecration to the cause of God. Mary watching her Son's growth from childhood upward, attending His

ministry, treasuring up His sayings, and, at the last, standing at the foot of the cross, while "the sword pierced through her own soul also"—this is a history calculated to draw out man's purest and most respectful love and admiration.

The same purpose of restoring woman to her original state of honour and purity is visible in every part of the evangelical narrative.

Our Lord worked His first miracle at a marriage-feast—a miracle which is justly considered to be symbolical of the whole object of His earthly mission: for what else was that but to change the poor, insipid elements of the world into the good wine of the Kingdom of Heaven? to throw rays of His own divine glory over the ordinary incidents of our mortal existence? to provide large supplies of true, pure, heart-satisfying bliss for those who had found to their disappointment (nay, often to their bitter shame and remorse) how soon the world's "good" things are exchanged for "that which is worse"? Was not this the continual effect of His ministry, and especially as regards the subject we are now considering? Call to mind—

His conversation with the woman of Samaria; how he taught her, who had so long lived in sensuality, to desire that living water which alone can quench the thirst of the immortal spirit:

The high commendation he bestowed on that meek but courageous Syro-Phœnician woman:

His treatment of the woman taken in adultery, who learnt from His lips how the spirit of holy charity could blend stern severity against sin with mercy to the offender, "Neither pass I sentence on thee: *go and sin no more.*"

Think of the woman who had been a sinner, who came to Him at the dinner in the pharisee's house, bringing an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment; of whom Christ said, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her; for she loved much."

Remember that family at Bethany, of which it is recorded: "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus;" in sympathy with whose sorrow Jesus wept; in which He sought retirement from the noise of Jerusalem, that He might speak about the love of God and the bliss of eternity to hearts which knew these to be of supreme importance,—especially to her,

the calm, resolute, affectionate, holy Mary, who, with an instinctive sense of coming bereavement, six days before His death anointed His feet with very costly ointment of spikenard.

Add to these Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven demons: who stood, with the mother of Jesus and Mary the wife of Cleopas, beneath the cross; who was the last at His grave at night and earliest there on Easter morning; to whom He showed Himself first after His resurrection; who has been to after ages the ideal of penitence, as the Virgin has been of purity.

Think, I say, of all this taking place in Judea, and compare it with what was going on at that very time in every pagan country, from Spain to China; and will you not say, "Certainly this is not like anything we meet with in any other quarter. It has every mark of originality upon it, and corresponds wonderfully to the new position which has, undoubtedly, been occupied by woman since that time"?

And this first impression, derived from the life of Christ will be strengthened by considering the nature of Christian doctrine. The incarnation shed an entirely new light on human life. Man was now viewed as a spiritual being, capable of becoming "partaker of a divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4). Yes, every man or woman was so. All had immortal souls that must be saved or lost. To all alike time was the seed-plot of eternity. In this respect "there was neither male nor female." All equally must find their true happiness in the love of the One Supreme, Ineffable, Good.\*

Here, then, in the character of our Lord's personal ministry and in the fundamental doctrine of our religion, we have an adequate account of that transformation of the female character of which we spoke above. The love of God, as revealed in Christ, is the inexhaustible fountain of all that self-denial, and charity, and fortitude, and purity, and devout piety, which (as history testifies) have been so abundantly displayed in the lives of Christian women. On this point I must not go into detail; yet I am unwilling to pass it over

without adducing, in conclusion, two or three characteristic instances.

In the very commencement of Church history we meet with an example of that virtue which more than any other has characterized the Christian lady. When Dorcas died, "full of good works and alms-deeds, which she did," we are told that all the widows stood near her death-bed, "weeping and showing the coats and garments that Dorcas had made while she was with them."

When Paul crossed over to Europe, the first person "whose heart the Lord opened" to understand the Gospel message, was "a woman named Lydia"; no unapt type of what occurred in later ages in various countries of Central and Northern Europe; in which the preaching of the apostolic missionary often found its readiest response in the unsophisticated, energetic faith of women.

In the cruel persecutions of the first three centuries, both high-born ladies and female slaves displayed unshaken fortitude under the most inhuman inflictions. No names in the roll of martyrology are invested with greater lustre than those of Perpetua, Felicitas, and Blandina. And the explorer of the Roman Catacombs remarks that even a hasty observer is struck with "the large share which females have in these epitaphs and records of martyrdom."

To the piety of two Christian mothers the Church acknowledges herself indebted (humanly) for the two greatest of her post-apostolic teachers, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine. Anthusa, left a widow at twenty, in voluptuous Antioch, resolved to devote her life to the education of her children and to religion, extorting from the pagan orator Libanius, the exclamation, "O gods of Greece, what women there are among those Christians!" Monica followed her son with prayers and tears for sixteen years, until he was won back to truth and godliness.\*

Christian ladies, too, have frequently taken the lead in founding the benevolent institutions, or initiating the social reforms, which have done so much to alleviate human suffering in modern times. Olympias, the friend of Chrysostom, besides building hospitals and

\* Thus (by one of those paradoxes with which both philosophy and theology abound) Christianity laid the only secure foundation for the highest married love by assigning to that love a secondary rank. The husband will not love his wife the less, because they are able to view each other as "co-heirs of the grace of life" (1 Peter iii. 7); or because he can address her as Tertullian addressed his wife, "*Dilectissima mihi in Christo conserva*. . . ." "*Conserva carissima*" (ad *Corinthios* i. c. 1 and 8).

\* These are the greatest, but not the only, mothers to whose careful training of their children the early Church was so deeply indebted. Gregory Nazianzen and Theodoret, in particular, acknowledge how much they owed to maternal influence. See Neander's *Ch. Hist.*, vol. iii., p. 304.

alms-houses, purchased the emancipation of four thousand slaves. Fabiola founded the first hospital ever known at Rome, and herself attended on the sick. Queen Bathildis, of France, in the seventh century was the first sovereign who abolished slavery by legal enactment.

There are two more names that I should wish to mention:—

The first is that of Blanche, the mother of the greatest of French kings, Louis IX., who once said to her son,\* "I love you more dearly than aught else on earth, but I would sooner see you dead at my feet than hear of your committing a single deed of unchastity."—words that were never effaced from Louis' memory, and which may suggest an explanation of the wonderful influence exercised by women in the ages of chivalry.†

The other name is that of Teresa of Ávila, whom I take as representing many that held fast to the vital meaning of religion through ages of darkness. When man's intellect led him astray into a labyrinth of refinements and speculations, which removed theology from the domain of common life, and treated it as a department of metaphysics—the energy and warmth of piety was kept alive in the hearts of thousands of devout women, whose whole philosophy might have been summed up in the answer given by Teresa, when a question was put to her about the nature of the torments of the lost. She said simply, "*They do not love.*"

These are but samples of the way in which woman has testified of the grace of God, and exhibited her gratitude for His inestimable gift, the Gospel.‡

My readers have all shared, more or less, in the beneficent influences of that same Gospel. Even those who have not felt its sanctifying power in their own souls, who have not attained to that faith which "overcomes the world," even *they* owe the best parts of the earthly enjoyments, which they idolize, to the purifying action of the Gospel upon social life.

But let none rest here. Let us not dream for one moment of being content with *this*

degree of participation in the benefits of Christianity. That, surely, were to subject ourselves to the heavy woes pronounced against Chorazin and Bethsaida, who saw God's mighty works, but never turned to Him with repentance and faith. Let us strive, first of all, to realize the full purpose of the Divine Revelation in ourselves, and then to make it known, in every honest and legitimate way.

There is, for example, in India a work to be done no less arduous than that which encountered the Church in the first ages. That the work shall advance we cannot doubt, though the advance may be by ways we little imagine. Yes, the work shall advance, and millions of households, that now lie bowed down beneath the tyranny of degrading and sensualizing superstitions shall be raised to freedom and holiness.

Oh that we were worthy to take part in so blessed and glorious a work as that of India's regeneration!

There are indeed some persons who think that after all we had better leave the Hindoos alone; that missionaries take a prejudiced view of their character and institutions; that we exaggerate the evils connected with their social system.

I am fully persuaded that the reverse of this is the case; that Europeans in general see only the smooth, decorous surface of Hindooism, and have very little conception of the evil that is going on beneath. We do not know how deeply the traditionary system of the Hindoos has eaten into the very life of the community.

Take, for instance, the effect it has had on the Hindoo female. I do not refer to the *Suttee*. Terrible as that institution was, there was room for believing that its horrors were often mitigated by the prospect of immortal reward held out to the victim. A far darker evil even than *Suttee* was revealed to us a few years ago, when one of the most respectable pundits in Calcutta published his pamphlet on "The re-marriage of Hindoo widows." Hear what this unimpeachable witness says:

"What an amount of misery and evil does the country sustain from the non-prevalence of the marriage of widows! Here you have an evil of a magnitude passing one's imagination to conceive" (p. 92).

"How miserable is the present state of India! It was once known to the nations as the land of virtue. But the blood dries up to think that it is now looked upon as the land of depravity. . . . Countrymen! how long will you suffer yourselves to be led away

\* Neander, vol. iii., p. 11.

† The motives commonly assigned to the knight—a generous zeal to defend the weak, and the influence of (a supposed) Teutonic respect for women—fall far short of what is required for explaining the whole phenomenon.

‡ "Il semble que l'histoire de la charité de détail n'est que l'histoire de la femme régénérée par le Christianisme. Un instinct sublime semble lui dire incessamment qu'elle doit payer par d'immenses bienfaits son immense rançon."—M. Gaume, *Hist. de la Famille*, tome ii., p. 154.

by illusion? Open your eyes for once, and see that India, once the land of virtue is being overflowed with the stream of adultery and feticide. . . . Alas! what fruits of poison are you gathering from the tree of life!" (p. 93).

"Where *men* are void of pity and compassion, of a perception of right and wrong, of good and evil, and where *men* consider the observance of mere forms as the highest of duties and greatest of virtues, in such a country would that woman were never born!

"Woman! in India thy lot is cast in misery" (p. 94).

Such is the disease. And what is the remedy? Not legislation—that has already done its part, and done it well and honestly, but it cannot reach to the seat of the disease.

Not education merely, great as is the blessing of cultivated intellect, when it has a *moral* basis to rest upon.

There is but one effectual remedy—the power of true religion. That power, which not only transformed the Northmen, and Teutons, and Huns, but renovated the disorganized society of the old Greek-Roman world, will alone enable India to rise and claim her place among the nations of the REDEEMED.

[Dr. Kay's paper, especially its closing paragraphs, bearing so directly upon the moral condition of the Hindoos, induces us to insert it as a preliminary contribution to the series of articles on "India and the Hindoos" which we hope to commence next month. Our readers will notice, in connexion with this paper, our frontispiece illustration of "Brahmin Ladies."—Ed. O. O. F.]

### TIME'S CHANGES TO GOD'S CHILDREN.

BY S. J. STONE, B.A., WINDSOR; AUTHOR OF "LYRA FIDELIUM."

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our Home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

*Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*

Some hearts with many a sigh of hopeless  
sorrow

Regard the year's decay;  
And some with joy prepare to hail the  
morrow,  
And throw the past away.

But heedless that the Old Year is a dying,  
Or that the New will rise,  
While these are jubilant and those are  
sighing,  
The little infant lies.

Not yet that life, just parted from the Im-  
mortal,  
Its mortal being knows,  
But passes onward through the earthly portal  
In grand and sweet repose.

In grand repose—like courage, so abiding,  
All issues without fear;  
In sweet repose—like trustful love, confiding  
In some safe Presence near.

O child of God! so while thy steps are faring  
Through all the years of Time—  
The old, the new—be this thy spirit's bearing,  
So gentle and sublime!

So gentle—in no scorn: thine exaltation  
Is not thine own, but given:  
And only they who claim a lowly station  
Reign on the heights of Heaven.

Yet so sublime—since heart and soul for ever  
Are joined to things above:  
And thou art sure nor life or death can sever  
Thee from thy Father's love.

## NOAH.

## A PATRIARCHAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. DR. CUMMING, D.D.\*

NOAH appears, on the eve of the deluge, a perfect contrast to the corrupt population among whom he lived.

The first sin had darkened into blacker hues, and spread over the whole area of the inhabited earth. Love had become lust. The very imaginations of the thoughts of men's hearts had become evil. Crime was no longer an incidental occurrence, but the normal habit of the age. Because committed in concert, they thought its guilt was distributed. They supposed the world was given up to their enjoyment, and that God had withdrawn from all personal superintendence of it, and repealed the everlasting law that connects sin with adequate retribution. Men do in masses what they would not attempt as individuals, and evil rises to a degree of intensity and virulence in such a case, which calls down the righteous and overwhelming judgments of heaven. God pronounced the judicial sentence He had long and patiently delayed. "The end of all flesh is come before me, for the earth is filled with violence through them, and behold I will destroy them from the earth."

One, enriched by His grace, and a beautiful exception in the all but universal corruption, found favour in the sight of God. He was not the creation of the age, but of inspirations that descended from above. The features that distinguished him from all his contemporaries were these: he was "upright in his generation;" "he walked with God;" "him only God saw to be righteous before Him in that generation." These are noble traits.

Noah did not do as others in his day. How common is it to hear people say, "We must do as others do;" "In Rome we must do as Rome does." Such maxims were probably as popular then as they are now. But from Noah they received no hospitality or acceptance. He regarded as worthy of his reverence and adoption, not the example of others, but the commands of his God. He looked upward, not around, for direction. He walked with God, and therefore contrary to men. It was of no consequence to him that another walk was strewn with flowers, vocal with song, and

crowded with thousands; his was chosen, and persistently held. He was deaf to every entreaty to do as others did, and live as others lived, because he knew and felt his walk with God alone was the path of duty. He cared little that he was denounced as a fanatic, a fool, and a disturber of the peace and pleasures of others. The caricatures of the wit, and the sarcasm of the satirist, fell unheeded on him. His heart beat high above all. His path was fearlessly chosen and faithfully held. He grieved over the wickedness of others, but he had no misgiving about the course he himself had chosen. He lamented the doom they had provoked, and exerted all his influence and eloquence to induce them to repent; but, notwithstanding, he still walked with God.

God so honoured this representative patriarch, that for his sake He saved from the flood all his family. "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark, for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." Thus family blessings fall when a father's character shines. Personal piety, in every age and condition, sheds around it social influences. No man lives for himself. He moves on, an influence for good or evil on others. Living we act, and dead we speak. We are blots or blessings—helps to heaven, or obstructions to it.

Noah and his family, and selected representatives of every living thing, entered the ark, a floating house, dependent for its safety amid the waves neither on the strength of its timbers, nor on the skill of its crew, but entirely on the superintending presence and power of God. Human instrumentality was used, as is still God's way; but Divine power was its protection and its strength.

After a hundred and fifty days' rising of the huge tidal ocean, the waters began to abate. The green tops of the mountains afterwards emerged from beneath the waste of waters, and Noah resolved to take soundings, but such as are not taken now. He sent out first a raven, which seems to have kept going and coming till the entire subsidence of the sea. He next sent forth a dove, which, finding no spot to rest on, returned to the ark. After another

\* From "The Lives and Lessons of the Patriarchs Unfolded and Illustrated." London: John F. Shaw and Co.



seven days he sent forth the dove, and the bird returned with an olive leaf in its beak—a sign full of hope to Noah.

Does not this incident in Noah's life remind the reader of Him who descended on the Son of Man as a dove—who brings into the hearts of His people earnestness of departed storms and rays of brightening sunshine—who takes a leaf from the tree of life, and lays it, a healing

power, on the heart that is broken, and awakens feelings of hope where despair has long brooded?

Noah remained in the ark yet another seven days, and forthwith heard the voice that said at the beginning of the flood, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark," say now, "Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee." It was a

beautiful trait in the conduct of this ancient patriarch that God's command to enter or to go out was followed by unquestioning obedience. Seeming peril did not alarm, and arduous duty did not discourage, one whose whole confidence lay in the Word of God, whose only light was from heaven. Terrestrial paths are best laid down by celestial observations.

"God shut him in!" Striking illustration of the truth that He who begins our course will end it: that He who is the author of our salvation will also be its finisher! It was as necessary that God's hand should shut the door, as it was that God's command should open it—that God should take care of Noah while he was in the ark, as that He should appoint that ark for a house of safety for Noah and his family.

If the ark may be accepted in any sense as a type of our blessed Lord, we may gather it is as necessary that God should now keep us in the Saviour, as it is that He should place us in the Saviour at first. Our salvation is not complete by being placed in Christ; it is only complete by being kept in Christ. We are told by an apostle, that "we are kept through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." We are told by the Saviour Himself, "I give unto them eternal life, and none shall be able to pluck them out of my hand." A Christian is not one who believing he is placed in Christ, therefore ceases to hear, to pray, to look, to feel. He not only feels that he must be placed in Christ by the hand that made him, through the exercise of personal faith on his part, but he looks and leans on, and derives momentum and direction from, the same hand that put him there. He feels at every step of his upward and happy progression, that unless God keep him, as God first justified him, he can never taste happiness here, or see heaven hereafter. A Christian feels the necessity of a ceaseless reliance upon God—he knows he is safe, not in the strength of his faith, but by the pledges and the promises of Him who gave it. Noah, in that frail ark, was safer than those who were in the strongest ships that floated and sought their safety on that tempestuous and agitated ocean. Not by the strength of his vessel, but by the protection of

his God, was Noah safe. We too in Christ Jesus are safe, not because our faith is so strong, but because His hold of us is so real.

Noah, as commanded and instructed by God, spoke to the creatures—the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, and creeping things, and ordered them to come into the ark. Perhaps he feared this was an impossible thing; but no sooner did he speak as God commanded, than all animated things heard and obeyed: there was a vestige here of his ancient dominion over nature, lost in Eden, and restored to Noah upon this special occasion. Thus the way to recover man's lost dominion over nature is to recover God's image on his own soul. Noah obeyed his God, and all nature obeyed its chief.

Noah preached to thousands who would not hear him; let it not be that ministers of Christ preach to us, and find us also equally sceptical. They perished temporally; we perish, by neglecting the great salvation, eternally. Christ Himself preaches to us, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If we are found in that Divine ark, however poor and insignificant in this world's social scale, God will no more forget us than He will forget Himself. He who remembered Noah in the ark, weighed every wave, meted out every wind, shaped the courses of both, and carried to Ararat the patriarch, and his family, and living creatures, as truly takes care of the poorest Christian orphan or widow, as if they were the only beings in the universe. A mother may forget her son, that she should not have compassion on the child of her womb, yet will not God forget thee. He has graven thee upon the palms of his hands, he holds thee in everlasting remembrance. "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee. Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

IN MEMORIAM.—1865.

"What of the night? The morning cometh!"  
ISAIAH xxi. 11, 12.

'Tis dark! the sunlight and the day are  
gone;

The flowers have folded up their leaves  
for sleep;

The watchman takes his midnight walk  
alone,

While all are buried in their slumber  
deep.

'Tis sad—this stilly hour of midnight peace,  
As though one walked amid the lonely  
dead;

Or trod the halls where sounds of music  
cease,

And all the garlands and the lights are  
shed.

'Tis dark, 'tis sad, and 'tis unsafe, this road,  
Alike unfriendly both to faith and sight:  
O guide and keep me by Thy hand, my God,  
And lead me through this darkness into  
light!

But hark! a voice is sounding in my ear—

"What of the night?" How pass the  
hours away?

An answer straight awakes the silent air—

"The morning cometh!"—'tis the watch-  
man's cry.

Sleep on, ye sleepers, sleep!

The night is not yet gone.

Weep on, all ye that weep,

Your grief is not yet done!

The night is swiftly ceasing,

The moments one by one

Are ever still decreasing,

And the Morning cometh on!

'Tis night! and we are left, while lov'd ones  
sleep,

And think it long before the day-star rise;

But see from out the densest, darkest deep,

The dawn of Morning streaks the op'ning  
skies.

I feel the waking of the sleeping dead;

I see the dawn of that long wished-for day;

I hear the moving throng, the measured tread

Of saints and angels on the heavenly way!

Sleep on, and take thy rest,

Sleeper, beneath the tomb!

And yet, how long, O Lord, how long,

Till that bright morn shall come?

O Death give back thy dead,

For thou thyself must die!

O Grave, thou silent sleeping-bed,

Where is thy victory?

"What of the night?" O watchman, say!

Watchman, what of the night?

Behold the dawn and break of day!

Behold the rising light!

And we who wake, and ye who sleep,

In robe of light adorning,

Both they that joy, and we that weep,

Shall see THAT GLORIOUS MORNING!

REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE.

"WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL TRUST  
IN THEE."

With God all things are possible. He can stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of flames, hush the wind in its howl, and calm the surges of the sea; open rivers in the desert, and springs in high places; bring water from a rock, and bread from the clouds. He can multiply the oil of the widow, the bread of the hungry, and the wine of the bridal party, so that there shall be enough and to spare. He can palsy the hand of the oppressor, and bridle the tongue of the slanderer. He can pale the face with fear, or light it up with angelic brightness. He can turn foes into friends, and persecutors into preachers. He can make the bird of the air His messenger, and the fish of the sea His officer, to take into custody the rebellious. He can level city walls, and open prison doors. He can illumine dark minds, and soften hard hearts. He can heal the broken in spirit, and bind up all their wounds. He can make mountains plains, crooked places straight, and rough places smooth. Nor are these the limit of His power; for He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Seeing, O Lord my God, that Thou canst do all these things, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

"A Walk Through the Corn Fields."



# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters

## PICTURES FROM PARLOUR WALLS.

### THE TWO SPIRITS.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.



"I'll tell you what it is," said George Harper one day, laying down the law, as boys sometimes will in the nursery; "I'll tell you what it is—it's a spirit!"

"Nonsense!" said many voices at once, and especially the voice of Martha, an experienced and confidential servant, whose good sense made her a great authority with the children.

"Why, George," said his sister Louisa, who was a year older than himself, "I do believe you have been reading about spirit-rapping, and that your head is turned, or you would never talk as you do."

"If my head is turned," replied George, "it is turned the right way. At any rate, I am right here. Now mark my words. I used to think home the happiest place in the world. And so it would be only for something which has puzzled me more than I can tell you. We live in a pretty place, we are all right with one another, and some of us are clever—there can be no doubt about that—and some are good. And yet there is a certain something amongst us which makes us neither so happy nor so nice as we might be. The plain fact is, we don't like people to be higher, or better thought of, than ourselves—not some people at least."

"Oh, George!" exclaimed all the voices in the nursery: and well they might, for the family altogether were kind-hearted, charitable, affectionate towards one another, and had no more idea that they deserved the sentence which George had pronounced upon them than if he had called them pagans.

It was certainly a mystery not easily solved. Martha herself had found it so: and many of the neighbours were equally unable to account for the fact, that a family surrounded by all the comforts and many of the elegances of life—a healthy, cheerful, prosperous family,

should yet have something about them—home—in their conversation—in their something which seemed to spoil all: so, that visitors who had been kindly tained at their house would not unfr leave them with a sense of discom possible to be accounted for by any defect in their domestic appointment more confidential friends would so feel, after the exchange of social int with them, a general lowering of th mate of human nature, and of the inh of that neighbourhood in particular.

This influence or tendency, however slight in itself, and often so imperce the first germ of its existence, that blamed the Harpers for it. Their fri visitors rather felt it in themselves t posed it to have been imparted to the excellent family, who were almost un spoken of as "the best people in the And so, in many respects, they were—just, duty-doing people, examples in t conduct to the whole surrounding ne hood.

What was it, then, which caused t in the atmosphere of their pretty, looking home?—this drop of bitterness overflowing cup of comfort?—this cl their garden of delights? "A spirit," declared it was; and he went on in a which some persons might have tho jectionable, for he said that as othe came by rapping, he intended to rap t

"Now just take notice, Loo," said l all of you. The great thing is to find t out. I'll watch for it, and catch it, to I don't: and when I feel sure of it, I'll the table—so!" And he struck the table such a blow with his clenched h the tea-things jingled, and a generi ensued.

"You must not rap in that way

George," said Martha; "I should think a spirit would require very little noise—that a gentle tap would be quite sufficient."

"But I hate it so!" exclaimed George, indignantly, "because it spoils everything."

"It never comes to Mr. Melville's, I suppose," said Louisa, with a touch of scorn in her manner.

"Never!" replied her brother. "We can praise people as much as we like there, and nobody throws in a bitter sneer. I must not boast, however, for it did come to me, in good truth, even there, and that may be the reason why I am so quick to find it out here."

"Perhaps you brought it with you," observed his sister.

"No, I don't think I did—at least not knowingly. No; I fought such a battle with it, I don't think it would be likely to follow me. Do you know, Loo, I hate this thing: and I hated myself when I found I had been hugging it to my heart, I cannot tell you how long."

"How did you find it out?"

"Well, you see there was a fellow came to Mr. Melville's who was a great deal—no, just a little more what people call talented than I am. Oh dear! if I talk about him, I'm afraid I shall hate him again, even yet. But I won't; I'll strike the table—there! Don't be alarmed, Martha. It's all over now. Marshall was the noblest fellow you ever saw—might have lived in a castle, and been the son of one of the old English barons. And, by the way, he has good blood in his veins. But a scholar, thought I, he'll never make that. I fancied he might write verses, and play the flute, and all that sort of thing—No, Loo, I absolutely cannot, and will not, tell you. It is too shameful—too mean—too despicable! The simple truth is, I was envious of this fellow. I hated him, and I found out that I was envious—actually envious of his superiority, and would have pulled him down and trampled him in the dust if I could. It was no sham. He *was* superior, and he just stepped above me in everything."

"What a shame!" exclaimed the young voices; "Why did you let him?"

"For the best of all reasons, because I couldn't help it—because he really was superior. Why I was vexed and miserable that he should be so, is a different question. That you see was because of the spirit—the spirit that spoils all. But I found it all out, and a very disgusting discovery it was. This, then, is why I know the spirit again, and why I feel so sure that we have it amongst us here."

"Never!" exclaimed Louisa. "Why the spirit you have been describing is nothing but *envy*. I should despise myself for ever if I thought I was capable of such a feeling as that."

"You could not despise yourself more than I did. But I am glad now that I found it out, because whenever I meet with the same symptoms again, I shall know what is the matter."

"I am afraid this great discovery of yours about yourself will make you too suspicious of others."

"It has done more for me, and better than that, Looey, so don't you despise my experience."

"Well, I am certain of one thing—you will never find this vile spirit here."

"We shall see."

A few weeks before this conversation took place in the nursery, there had been added to the Harper household a maiden lady, familiarly called "Aunt Isabel," and her servant Martha. It was no business of the children to ask why they came, and they were only too glad to have so valuable a help as Martha to apply to in time of need, and so sweet a character as Aunt Isabel's always near them to admire and love.

Never were guests more welcome, or more honoured in their different departments, than these two single women in that already well-known home, where they had come, not now as visitors, but to take up their abode. With both, the children were well acquainted. Aunt Isabel's was a beloved and revered name even while she dwelt apart; and Martha's quaint old-fashioned ways had long been the entertainment and delight of the family, but chiefly of the younger children. So much for a comparatively distant acquaintance. They were come to live at the Lodge now. "To be always here!" the children said, and clapped their hands. "To be always here!" the father said; and he spoke so warmly that the mother echoed his words, and added, "to show us a pattern of human perfection."

Aunt Isabel, although a lovely, had never been a distinguished woman, except perhaps in the partial estimation of her brother, who believed her to be the most faultless being upon earth, and to a certain extent he was right. Up to this period of her experience she had lived in a quiet country parish, visiting the sick, comforting the distressed, and faithfully

fulfilling the duties of a clergyman's daughter. She had very little knowledge of what is called the world, but from her intimate acquaintance with those whom she did know, and who were in the habit of throwing their hearts and lives open to her, as well as from her own large share of natural tact, she understood human nature, and all that lies deepest under the surface of human life, better than many who obtain the honour of having it said of them that "they know the world."

Martha, the faithful servant, had many years ago—we will not say how many—entered the service of the present Mr. Harper's parents as nurse to the children, while herself scarcely more than a child, and in her slender arms had carried her present mistress when a babe. She had never lived in any other family, and when the parents were removed by death, and only the brother and sister remained, the services of Martha became doubly valuable—herself a kind of heirloom, esteemed both for what she had been, and what she then was.

Other people's servants used to say that Martha took liberties, and perhaps she did where the interests of her mistress were concerned, for she could have upheld her dignity and defended her rights against the world. But Martha knew well, and did not need to be reminded, that there is a line which the most enthusiastic attachment in a servant would scarcely furnish an excuse for transgressing.

So far Martha was scrupulous in the extreme; but when she came to Ashton Lodge with her mistress, and had to live amongst other servants, it must be confessed that a little more tact than Martha had always at her command—perhaps a little more meekness, too—would have helped to smooth down certain jars and roughnesses in her way, arising no doubt in some measure from the spirit of which George had so freely spoken.

It is true the servants at the Lodge were rather disposed to say, and did say sometimes amongst themselves, "What was Martha, that she should hold her head so high? And why need she sit so much upstairs, as if their company was not good enough for her?" The fact was, Martha's mistress had stipulated for her old servant that she should enjoy certain privileges, amongst others that of sitting sometimes in the nursery. She was fond of children, and the children were fond of her; and besides this, she had not for many years been accustomed to indiscriminate mixing with the ordinary class of servants. Altogether the fitting

in of this little addition to the family at the Lodge was not quite so easy as might have been anticipated; and now and then, had George been present, a stout rap on the table might, according to his theory, have done some good.

But the greatest need for rapping did not lie in this department. The spirit was much more busily at work elsewhere.

It would seem sometimes as if this spirit had power to taint the very atmosphere in which he lives and breathes, so that all things—not only animals, but even senseless matter—become affected by it. Where it pervades an establishment, the very dogs will bark at certain other dogs with a virulence of spite now manifest in any other direction; a horse will sometimes look over a hedge at a neighbour's horse with a toss of the head and a snort peculiarly expressive of the general feeling; while the fronts of houses, carriages, and garden gates seem to say nothing of wheelbarrows and spades, but to convey some magical influence from this spirit, contrive to convey the same impression.

Wherever this influence exists, or rather where this spirit pervades a household, the kitchen will be the department for its most vigorous manifestation. Indeed, there is, in a certain sense, a mirror in all our kitchens, wherein, if we choose to look, we may see reflected, in some form or other, a likeness of ourselves—a true, though perhaps a somewhat distorted representation of our obvious and habitual faults. But especially does the fault which George had discovered in himself find a genial hotbed for speedy and fruitful growth in the kitchen. In vain might an otherwise most exemplary mistress endeavour to disguise this fault by lavishing praises upon the family of which she was envious. Through all her encomiums, her servants would detect the lurking spirit; and perhaps, under the plea of personal devotion to herself, would feed and nourish it by watching for every slip and flaw on the part of the envied family, or by tone and manner suggesting what they had failed actually to find.

The very aspect and situation of two houses will sometimes convey an impression as if they defied each other. It was so with Ashton Lodge and Brook Villa. They stood nearly opposite, separated by a public road and their own pleasant gardens. Although very differently constructed—the one with a Grecian portico, the other with a bow window, for their chief merit—it would have been impossible to

ay which was the residence of highest rank, if indeed that word, as generally understood, could have been applied to either.

When the Harper family first came into the neighbourhood, some years before the time with which we have to do, only one of these tenements was at liberty. To a certain extent they were well enough pleased with the Lodge, only that Mrs. Harper had always had a weakness for a Grecian portico—and that, as it happened, belonged to the other house, not then at liberty. They consequently took possession of their present residence with a tolerable amount of satisfaction, and seeing that the portico could not be had, made the most of their own bow window.

With the family at the Villa the Harpers had but little intercourse. There was illness in the house, and in process of time there was death, followed by removal of the family altogether; so that the Villa was again to be let. Mrs. Harper then began to consider whether the portico, and what she had always looked upon as the *better situation* of the Villa, would not even then compensate for the expense and trouble of a removal to the opposite house; but her husband thought otherwise, and the opportunity was allowed to pass out of their hands.

In the spring of that year when George Harper came home for the holidays, rich in the acquisition of a new kind of knowledge, the Villa had again become occupied by a family whose praises were upon everybody's lips; so that the most agreeable anticipations from their coming were heard in the familiar intercourse of neighbours and friends on every hand.

"Quite an acquisition," said Mr. Dale, the clergyman, when he called on the Harpers.

"Nothing could be more gratifying than their coming," said the doctor, who had known them before.

"Exactly the kind of family we wanted," said the village schoolmaster.

"A blessing—a real blessing," said the poor.

"Beyond and above all," said the county member one day, "I congratulate you, Mr. Harper, on the excellent neighbours you will have. Indeed, I think we are all to be congratulated."

Besides the offence of the portico, the Lodge and the Villa fronted in opposite directions. The Villa had a western aspect, and this was another thing that Mrs. Harper had always desired. A second bow window was therefore thrown out from the Lodge; for although their

neighbours were such excellent people—the admiration of all classes, high and low—there was no reason why they alone should look to the west. Other alterations and improvements followed; but all were comparatively without value, for there was no possible place in which a portico could be added to the Lodge, and without that all efforts were in vain.

The excellent family must of course be called upon. So far the case admitted of no doubt; but there the matter must end. Such was the determination of the older branches of the family at the Lodge; notwithstanding which, the matter did not end there. They made their call, however, with this intention; and it was wonderful how much they discovered to find fault with in that short and very superficial interview. It was wonderful, considering the new family were people of refinement and taste, how ugly their carpets were, how badly papered their rooms, how strangely their furniture was arranged, and how little appeared to be gained by a western aspect after all, for what a gloom pervaded the drawing-room!

"Did you not think so, dear?"

The individual addressed as "dear" did think so. All the Harper family thought so. One of the servants who had obtained a private view thought so, and thought a great many other things besides—all to the disparagement of the new comers, and the manner of conducting their affairs.

"It was evident," the servants said, "the new family were not gentlefolks born. Indeed, who were they? Tradespeople, no doubt."

So, indeed, in one sense, was Mr. Harper himself. He had been concerned in the cotton trade; but these people, the Ellertons, had been concerned in hemp, and nobody knew what—quite a different affair, and very inferior to cotton.

However this might be, the Ellertons were called upon by all the respectable families in the neighbourhood, and it formed no inconsiderable part of the occupation of the Harper household to discover who were calling, or had called, at the opposite house. For this purpose the children watched at the nursery windows, and the servants watched at theirs. Mrs. Harper, who was far above watching for herself, received intelligence of what took place, and Mr. Harper in his morning rides took note of the carriages which turned towards the Villa, as well as of those which did not.

Altogether, there was great excitement in the Harper family about these new comers,

and their goings on. Mrs. Ellerton was a mother like Mrs. Harper, but what had that to do with the case?

"The children at the Villa were no more to be compared with the children at the Lodge than paupers with princes," said the nurse.

Mr. Ellerton was, like Mr. Harper, a man retired from active business, and both were able and willing to do good in their immediate neighbourhood; but Mr. Ellerton knew nothing—was a mere theorist—a person of no influence whatever, as the people would soon find out. Indeed, there was nothing to be done with such a family, except to be quiet, and let them find their own proper level. The Harpers had discharged their duty—they had called; the call had been returned, and there the matter must rest.

And if it had rested there, it would have been well for one family at least—the family at the Lodge; but it could not, and would not, rest. Early and late, there was always some kind of inspection going on from the Lodge; and often through the day there was some kind of intelligence set afloat as to who had been invited, or what was being transacted at the Villa.

Not that the heads of the Harper family were themselves guilty of this meanness and vulgarity—far from it. No open countenance was ever given on their part to this system of espionage—no open ear offered to these reports. With all seemly and avowed disapproval, they bade the children come away from the nursery window, and reproved the servants for bringing tales about the Ellertons—"Such excellent people! Yes, such very excellent people, and so universally admired and beloved!"

Yet by some kind of natural instinct the servants knew very well all the time that both master and mistress—to say nothing of the children—preferred hearing the little bit of information which they had on hand, before putting a bar against receiving more. The gardener knew very well that to tell them the Ellerton grapes were a total failure, would not be to speak to deaf ears. The nurse knew very well that to tell them how shockingly the little Ellertons conducted themselves when taking their walks, would not be unacceptable—no; not with the addition of how plain the Ellerton baby was, and what a fright of a hat they had put upon the second child. The groom knew very well he might speak of a pony that had broken its knees, and of a carriage-horse that was sure to come down. It was easy to hear such intelligence first, and then to forbid it for

the future, or to hear it without losing dignity by appearing to attend.

Whenever any peculiar temptation is besetting us, it seems as if opportunities of resisting or yielding to it crowd upon us with threefold frequency and force. Of what consequence was it to the Harpers *who* lived in the opposite house, or how those who lived there, conducted themselves? But having once admitted into their own household the spirit of envy, there ensued a rapid succession of offences given by their neighbours, and given so unconsciously, that they would have been astonished indeed had they been let into the secret.

The Ellertons were, in truth, as had been said of them, excellent people, with a fair average of faults of their own, no doubt; but of that peculiar fault which disturbed the peace of the Harpers they were almost entirely innocent. Hence they went on their harmless and respectable way, wounding and offending their neighbours at the Lodge, perfectly unconscious of what they were doing. Had they done nothing, it would have been the same. Indeed they had very little opportunity of giving active and positive offence, because the Harpers declined their invitations, thus limiting the intercourse between the two families to a system of calls. This also the Ellertons took in good part, supposing, so far as they thought about the matter at all, that the Harpers did not visit; and they neither inquired nor looked out of their windows to see whether carriages stopped at their neighbours' door, or if they did stop, by whom such carriages were occupied. Their own parties were formed independently of the Harpers; their own course pursued, and their own duties fulfilled, exactly as they would have been had no such people existed.

And still offence was given—still there was ever some provocation springing out of that porticoed villa, aggravated almost every day by little scraps of intelligence to which the settlement of a new family is sure to give rise in any country place, and especially where, as in the present instance, the place is too closely occupied by small genteel buildings to be strictly speaking rural or even retired.

In one instance a party was given at the Villa to which were invited certain individuals whom the Harpers had long wished to meet. Worse still, these individuals went. Worse even than that, a succession of callers at the Lodge for some days afterwards expatiated in rapturous terms upon the delightful evening they had spent at the Villa.

Then the clergyman—good Mr. Dale—announced to Mr. Harper the pleasant news of Mr. Ellerton having consented to take the chair at an approaching Bible meeting. He was sure Mr. Harper would congratulate him upon his success in having a gentleman in that position who was so suitable in every way.

Mr. Harper did congratulate him, but it was very coldly. He himself had steadily refused to fill that office for the last five years, and yet somehow or other he could not for the life of him see the desirableness of his new neighbour filling it. He did not openly object—how could he? But the subject seemed to haunt him, and that in no pleasant manner. It was brought forward at the dinner-table before his family, and discussed with a tone and manner suggestive of anything but approval. Nor was the lady slow to join her lord in these comments, in the midst of which Louisa was startled by a sharp rap on the opposite side of the table where her brother George was seated.

"What are you doing, George?" exclaimed Mrs. Harper, who always appeared rather nervous and irritable when the Ellertons were being talked about.

"I only rapped the table," replied George. "But I was thinking there was no great honour put upon Mr. Ellerton after all, for I have heard papa say the chairman at a public meeting is never expected to make speeches, and that the finest speakers are never put in the chair."

"No, my dear," said Mr. Harper, "you are right there. It is not the fine speaker, but the man of influence, who is placed in the chair—the man who is looked up to in the neighbourhood—the man who is considered to have higher rank or more respectability than others."

"Then I am so glad, papa," said George, "that you took the chair when we had that capital meeting about the Mechanics' Institute. Wasn't it glorious, when all those young fellows clapped and applauded until Mr. Ellerton could not get on with his speech? And what a speech it was! I declare I could have listened to him all night. I am sure you must have enjoyed it, mamma, and you too, Looley."

Mrs. Harper declared her head was distracted, and Louisa said she was half asleep; but Mr. Harper took the opportunity of observing to his son that this was a case in point—the fine speaker was *not* invited to take the chair on that occasion. No; he was wanted to call forth thunders of applause. It would

have been a great loss to the public to have placed *him* in the chair.

Perhaps no ear but Louisa's detected the little sharp rap which George gave the table just at this stage of the conversation. Slight as it was, it seemed to have the effect of relieving his feelings, for he said no more, perhaps because he was not near enough to his sister for them to converse without being heard by the whole family. They exchanged glances of intelligence, however, and Louisa shook her head with a meaning look which seemed to say, "You will never succeed in sending the spirit away unless you rap louder than that."

Louisa was beginning fully to understand her brother's meaning now; and, with a quickness of intelligence quite equal to his, she could detect the manifestations of the spirit in those around her. It even amused and interested her to watch for them; but she watched others rather than herself, and would have declared it impossible that she could be guilty of anything at once so contemptible and so wicked. This very confidence betrayed her, for it threw her entirely off her guard, until startled into consciousness by her brother.

"Do look here, George!" said Louisa, calling him to the window one morning. "Did you ever see such a charming pony? and that is the Ellertons' groom leading it. I did not know they kept horses to ride, as well as drive."

"It is a real beauty!" said George. "What would you give for a white pony like that to ride, Looley?"

"You know I could give the world for one," replied Louisa. "And papa knows too how I want to ride. And that is just the size, and everything. Who can it be for, do you think?"

Aunt Isabel happened to be in the room; and although George took the opportunity to rap loudly on the table, she offered to explain the whole matter. And she was able to do this, because, although nothing more than calls were exchanged between the two families, Aunt Isabel was so pleased with Mrs. Ellerton that already a kind of intimacy had sprung up between these two ladies; and as usual, the maiden aunt, who seemed to fill the place of aunt or sister wherever she went, had already had confided to her many family cares, as well as personal feelings.

"I can explain that to you," Aunt Isabel went on to say. "Lucy Ellerton, although she looks so well, is in very delicate health, and has been recommended to try horse exercise. That

is the reason why a pony has been bought for her; and, as you say, it is a beauty indeed!"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Louisa to her mother, who had just then entered the room, "do you know Lucy Ellerton is in delicate health, and they have actually bought a pony for her to ride?"

"Delicate!" exclaimed Mrs. Harper. She spoke only one word, but that word was uttered in a tone which conveyed a world of meaning; and George, who had been drumming on the table ever since his sister had seen the pony, rapped on, though in rather a subdued manner.

"What can you be doing, George?" said Mrs. Harper. "Is that one of the accomplishments you have acquired at Mr. Melville's?"

"No, mamma; I never rapped the table there."

"Then why do you distract my nerves in that way at home?"

"I am sorry it annoys you, mamma dear; but indeed, if you will believe me, I am doing a good work notwithstanding."

"You are doing a very disagreeable work, in my opinion."

"I am afraid some good works are rather disagreeable."

"Don't be foolish, George. I cannot imagine what absurd notions you have taken up. I heard you say something about spirit-rapping the other day. If it is anything of that kind, I must tell you very seriously that I highly disapprove of it. It is no laughing matter, but an act of awful presumption, to attempt to call spirits up; and I tell you again that I highly disapprove of it."

"Indeed, mamma, you are quite mistaken as to what I am doing. You could not be more mistaken, for it is just the opposite of what you say. I am not trying to make spirits come; I am driving them away."

"Well, so far as you are doing what is very foolish and wrong, it is all the same; and the fact is, my nerves will not bear it."

"See, mamma," cried Louisa, in a state of great excitement, "there is Lucy Ellerton actually on the pony—going out to ride with her father!"

"And very well she looks," observed George. "I never saw any one sit better in my life."

"And that is what they call being in delicate health," observed Mrs. Harper, who had just condescended to give one glance from the window.

"Perhaps you would like to be delicate on those terms," said George to his sister.

"I am afraid I should," replied Louisa, very ruefully; and she was about to expatiate upon the good looks, or rather the healthy looks of the invalid, when a visitor was announced.

The lady who just then made her call on the Harpers was a warm friend of the Ellertons, having known them long; and finding a cordial response from Aunt Isabel to all her encomiums, she launched out in profuse expressions of interest and affection, turning often to Mrs. Harper as the person most likely to listen with pleasure; partly because she stood in the same position as her neighbour at the head of a family, and partly because of the supposed advantage to the occupants of the Lodge in being brought into close relation to those of the Villa.

It was a little remarkable, at least it appeared so to the Harpers, how everybody sang the same tune, for ever chanting the praises of these new people. All voices, high and low, rang out like bells chiming the public opinion. Had the ears of the family at the Lodge been open as Aunt Isabel's were to receive these praises kindly, there might have been even to them a sweet harmony in the chimes, and they also could have loved to listen. But to them there was discord—disturbance—anything but music; and when the lady who called turned to Mrs. Harper, and said, "I was so glad when I found my friends were likely to have you for their nearest neighbour," the lady of the house was quite at a loss for a suitable reply.

"As a mother," the visitor added, "I thought you would be such a comfort to dear Mrs. Ellerton, who has many anxieties in her family."

"I was not aware," said Mrs. Harper inquiringly, and rather ashamed of herself; "I do not exactly know to what you allude."

Aunt Isabel knew all, and took upon herself to explain by speaking of the delicate health of the eldest son, then at college.

"At college?" asked George, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes," replied the lady, "or rather with his uncle in Devonshire just now. Everything that is possible must be done before he returns to his studies, for unless he can gain strength there is little hope that he will be able to pursue them with success."

"I did not know they had a son at college," said George, unable to forget that one outstanding fact, which perfectly struck him down, he said afterwards, in talking to his sister; for

had it not been the first wish of his heart that he himself might have a college education? "And here was young Ellerton!" "Well," said he to himself, "I am afraid if I rap the table until I break it, I shall never get over this." And he bent down his head over the drawing he was busy with, and looked very grave for the next five minutes.

"You see," observed the lady, "they have a bachelor uncle in Devonshire, who has more money than he knows what to do with, and he takes upon himself the education of Frank Ellerton."

"I wish I had such an uncle," thought George, but he said no more. Perhaps he was inwardly doing battle with the spirit, and dealing with it more effectually than by any violence which he might have done to the table.

And all the while the conversation between the two ladies was going on in a cordial, kindly spirit; and although it conveyed no great amount of information, nor dealt openly with any very important truths, it was of that kind which often makes the talkers happy, unconsciously to themselves.

Yes—this common, social, everyday talk, how it can make us happy or miserable, according to the spirit in which it is carried on! How some talkers, without having said anything remarkable, can leave us stripped, and sore, and bleeding, with a bitter taste upon our lips, and thorns in our feet; while others—and blessed messengers they are—without bringing us any particular good tidings, leave us clothed, and fed, and healed, and comforted. Yes, it is possible for very simple words in ordinary conversation to make us feel more or less at peace with all mankind—more raised or more degraded in our moral standing before God and man—more cast down into darkness and debasement, or stronger and more joyful to pursue the path of duty—more brave to meet its dangers, more trustful and believing in that glorious issue to which all Christian duty marks the way.

In the familiar talk already alluded to as carried on by the happier portion of the little company who met at the Lodge on this occasion, there were mingled many simple, loving, kind expressions, such as tender-hearted women use, and yet such as scarcely bear to be repeated, because they are nothing, or worse than nothing, without the cordial smile, the earnest look, the inexpressibly touching tone of the voice, and that manner which speaks more forcibly than any words, of genuine truthfulness

and warmth of heart. It is not in the power of any pen to paint such accessories to conversation. And yet it is in conversation with such accompaniments that the true words constitute the least interesting part. They are in fact the mere framework on which to hang the sweet flowers and precious fruits of Christian intercourse.

"Dear little woman!" said the two speakers so frequently while talking of Mrs. Ellerton, that Mrs. Harper grew tired of hearing the expression; and so she threw in a small poisoned arrow of her own, touching the word *little* as being perhaps more intelligible to her than *dear*.

"A *little* woman, indeed!" she observed. "I had heard she was fine-looking, so that I felt quite astonished to find her so little."

"She has a fine head," observed the lady, "but her heart is so good, one never thinks about her head, nor about her size either, nor what she has on. I have been talking with her for a whole hour this morning, and I really could not tell you how she was dressed."

"You must have had some very agreeable subject to discuss," observed Mrs. Harper.

"Far from it," replied the lady, sadly, "far from it. We were talking for a good while about the health of her children, and the constitutional tendency of her husband's family to consumption. Dear Mrs. Harper, how I do wish you could talk with her a little sometimes. As a mother you could share so many sources of interest, and I fancy my friend feels a little lonely here."

"They have a great deal of company," observed Mrs. Harper.

"Ah, yes, they have plenty of what one calls company," said the lady. "As new settlers in the neighbourhood, they are almost obliged to go through a certain course of visiting, and receiving visitors; but that is very different from the domestic and sisterly intercourse which Mrs. Ellerton would enjoy with you. It is all very well, as I often say, while the sun shines. We women can bask in the light and warmth, and feel very brave and fearless; but when the day darkens, or when the storm gathers round us, we want to lay hold of one another's hands, and to feel—actually to *feel* the comfort of kind sisterly help. You do not respond, Mrs. Harper. I believe you are smiling because you think we two old maids know nothing about such matters. Well, if we haven't husbands, we have hearts, and they let us into a good many secrets—more than you



would give us credit for understanding, I dare say."

Aunt Isabel smiled, but said nothing to the point in question, so far at least as it involved her sister-in-law's intercourse with the Ellertons. That was at present a dark page to her in their family history. She did not clearly understand it. How could she understand anything so foreign to her own nature? or how could she believe, in relation to those whom she loved, anything that could cost her such pain and humiliation to believe as this? No: she closed the page for the present—closed it gently, trusting and praying that the time might soon come when it would be opened, and found fair and clean,—all stains—if, indeed, there were any—removed by the influence of that love whose Divine mission is to cleanse, and purify, and heal.

At present, therefore, Aunt Isabel took no part in the idle and sometimes not very good-natured gossip concerning the neighbouring family. Still less did she urge on that better understanding which she still believed would come in due time.

A very patient and quiet faith was hers—early learned, as much both of faith and patience are, in the school of trial. Her appointed lot had been to endure, and be still—perhaps the hardest of all. There was a little history in Aunt Isabel's hidden life which her faithful servant Martha alone could even pretend to understand; and by her it was gathered from circumstances—never learned from the lips of her mistress either by words or hints—never even told in tears, as some sad histories are. Aunt Isabel was not even moody or depressed, but uniformly cheerful, though never in excess—rather like a plant or tree which has grown under one or more counter-acting influences, and, notwithstanding, has become strong, compact, and even healthy, rejoicing in sun and shower as much as the loftier and more spreading products of the garden; but never stately, gorgeous, and proud like them. She had a habit of sitting with her hands and arms closely folded, one of them rather pressed to her side, as if she had had occasion some time in her life to keep down the rebellious beatings of her heart by force. But if this was the discipline which her own heart had required, she was far indeed from administering the same to others. Her influence was seldom exercised in repressing—more frequently in building up. It was in its own nature expansive, exhilarating, full of hope, and

love, and life; so that, quiet and simple as she was in her own habits, she was the very person for any one to go to who had a noble enterprise in hand, who wanted to carry out a right purpose, or to keep up a good resolution. Her general hopefulness was no less remarkable than her constant untiring faith. These two combined gave courage, so that those who dwelt with her dwelt to a certain extent in peace, assured, whatever might befall in the ordinary course of nature, or even out of that course, that Aunt Isabel would not be daunted, but rather would stand in the foreground of the danger, whatever it might be.

It was evident that within the household at the Lodge the two spirits were already at work—the spirit of envy, and the spirit of love, of kindness, of charity. Which of these should gain the victory over the other was a nice point just now. George was trying his plan of sending one spirit away, but so far as we have seen his efforts were not attended with any brilliant success, for, strange to say, while watchful of others, and quick to perceive the manifestations of this spirit in them, he had himself suffered from a desperate attack of the enemy; nor had he quite recovered when he said to his sister, after they were left alone,

"I say, Loo, did you hear what that good lady said about young Ellerton being at college?"

"Yes," replied Louisa, "I heard it; but what of that?"

"Why, I would almost give my head to go to college; only I have no rich uncle to send me, and bear all the expense."

"You have a rich uncle in Liverpool to provide you with a place in his office."

"Yes, a cotton-man! and perhaps I may some day rise to be what they call a cotton lord. But who cares for that?"

Louisa struck the table, and laughed.

"I know what you mean," said her brother; "you think I am envious; and I will honestly confess that a very disagreeable feeling came all over me while those good ladies talked about the affair. Indeed I don't think I am quite right yet, for what is Frank Ellerton more than me?"

"I wonder," observed Louisa, "if he is as ill as they say. Perhaps he is only idle, and wants an excuse for taking his pleasure. Is it so, Aunt Isabel?" she asked of her aunt, who just then came back into the room.

"I am afraid the account of his ill-health is only too true," replied her aunt, who had heard the last sentence. "And of all things

Frank Ellerton least deserves to be called idle : his devotion to his studies has been one great cause of his health giving way."

"Then I am sure you need not envy him," said Louisa to her brother; "for it must be a terrible trial to be clever and ambitious, and to be placed in the best position for rising, and yet to be kept down by ill-health."

"Surely," said their aunt, "George does not envy him, nor any one else."

"I hope not," replied George, "but I felt very uncomfortable, and very odious to myself, when I heard you say that one of the Ellertons was at college. What is it, do you think, Aunt Isabel, that comes over one at such times? I call it a spirit, and I have set myself to drive it away."

"I think you had better invite another spirit in," observed his aunt.

"How do you mean, aunt?"

"I mean that the best way to drive out evil from any house or any heart, is to fill that house or heart with good. Or, if you prefer to call these things spirits, I will explain my meaning by saying that, instead of attempting forcibly to drive away the spirit of envy, it would be wiser to call in the spirit of love."

"I don't see that exactly, because—take our family for an example, I think we love one another well enough, and yet——"

"Ah! but I did not speak of affection; I spoke of love. You and I, for instance, might have a warm affection for each other, and yet hate all the rest of the world; nay, I think you might even feel affection for Frank Ellerton, and yet not quite like that he should have a college education, while you are only sent to a commercial school. Louisa, too, might feel affection for his sister Lucy, and yet not like her to have a beautiful white pony to ride, while she herself has no pony at all. This kind of love is a mere personal matter, and not at all what I mean."

"Then what do you mean, aunt?"

"I mean that there is such a thing as being influenced—animated—filled with a kind of love which thinketh no evil—which hopeth all things, believeth all things—which envieth not. I need not repeat to you the whole of this clear and beautiful description of a kind of love which, when it takes possession of the heart, prevents the entrance of that spirit which you are bent upon driving away. And you do well both to detect it, and to hate and resist it; for it is better to use almost any effort, and to set our faces in almost any way against what is evil, than to love it and call it good. But still I can assure you, my dear boy, there is a better way than yours—a happier way, and one that is at the same time much more sure."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

I MUSED as the midnight hour drew nigh, and methought the Old Year stood before me. Weary and wayworn he seemed, and in his hand was an hour-glass, whence the last sands were fleeting. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead, memories both pleasant and mournful came over me. Fain would I have constrained his longer stay, and spake earnestly to him:

"Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I give thee thanks. New have they been every morning, and fresh every moment. Thou hast indeed, from my heart's garden, uprooted some hopes that I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

Then he said, "Praise God, both for

what I gave, and what I took away. And lay up treasures in Heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes are oftentimes changed into the fruits of righteousness."

But I answered, "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the revered. Clods are strewn upon their faces; they reply to my call no more. To the homes that they made so fair, they return not; and the places that once knew them, know them no more for ever."

Still he said, "Give praise to God. Trouble not thyself about those that are with Him. Rather make thine own salvation sure, that thou mayest go unto them, and be parted no more." Then, in a faint

voice, he murmured, "My mission unto man is done. For me, the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I will enter in, and slumber with the years beyond the flood, till the last trumpet soundeth."

I gazed upon his wan brow, and to me it was beautiful. Fain would I have swept away the snows that gathered around his hoary temples; but he suffered me not, and stretched himself out to die. By his side I knelt, and said, "Oh, departing year! I behold a scroll folded beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me at the judgment?"

Low and solemn were his last tones. "Thou shalt know when the books are opened, and the dead, small and great, stand before God."

The midnight clock struck. And I covered my face, and mourned for his death who had once been to me as a friend. I remembered with pain how oft I had slighted his warnings, and the opportunities he had given me of doing good; and had cast away the wealth of time, that priceless boon from the Eternal. Methought from the dying lips came a feeble sigh, "Farewell! farewell!" Then a passion of weeping fell upon me. And when again I lifted up my head, lo! the New Year stood in the place of the departed.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer, while around me lay many bright tokens of friendship and of love. But I was afraid. For to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome, my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said, "Fear not, I come unto thee from the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

"New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?"

He replied, "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know. Only Him who sitteth thereon. Give me thy hand, and question not. Enough for thee that I accomplish His will. Make that will thine own, and thou shalt taste an angel's happiness even here below. I promise thee nothing. Be content to follow me. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged moment. The next may not be mine to give. Yet, if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee the cup of joy, be thankful, and pitiful to those who mourn; and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lip, be not too eager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count them happy who endure. When morn breaketh in the east, gird thyself in the Holy Spirit's strength for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving; for God is near to those who trust Him, and rejoice in His ways. And when night putteth on her coronet of stars, kneel and ask that the day's sins may, for Christ's sake, be forgiven thee; so that when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou mayest bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



# Science, Art, and History.

## SCARCITY OF BOOKS IN OLDEN TIMES.

TOWARDS the close of the seventh century, even in the papal library at Rome, the number of books was so inconsiderable, that Pope Martin requested Sanctamand, Bishop of Maestricht, if possible, to supply this defect from the remotest parts of Germany. In the year 855, Lupus, Abbot of Ferrieres, in France, sent two of his monks to Pope Benedict III., to beg a copy of "Cicero de Oratore," Quintilian's Institutes, and some other books; "for," says the Abbot, "although we have part of these books, yet there is no whole or complete copy of them in all France." Albert, Abbot of Gernblows, who with incredible labour and immense expense had collected a hundred volumes on theological and fifty on profane subjects, imagined he had formed a splendid library! At the beginning of the tenth century, books were so scarce in Spain, that one and the same copy of the Bible, St. Jerome's Epistles, and some volumes of ecclesiastical offices and martyrologies, often served several different monasteries.

In an inventory of the goods of John de Pontissara, Bishop of Winchester, contained in his capital palace of Wulvesey, all the books which appear are nothing more than *Septendecim species librarum de diversis scientiis*. This was in the year 1294. The same prelate, in the year 1299, borrows of his cathedral convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester, *Bibham bene glossatam*—that is, the Bible, with marginal annotations, in two large folio volumes; but gives a bond for a due return of the loan, drawn up with great solemnity. This Bible had been bequeathed to the convent the same year by Pontissara's predecessor, Bishop Nicholas de Ely; and in consideration of so important a bequest—that is, *pro bona Biblia dicti episcopi bene glossata*, and one hundred marks in money—the monks founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor.

When a single book was bequeathed to a friend or relative, it was seldom without many restrictions and stipulations. If any person gave a book to a religious house, he believed that so valuable a donation merited eternal

salvation; and he offered it on the altar with great ceremony. The most formidable anathemas were peremptorily denounced against those who should dare to alienate a book presented to the cloister or library of a religious house. The prior and convent of Rochester declare that they will every year pronounce the irrevocable sentence of damnation on him who shall purloin or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle's Physics, or even obliterate the title. Sometimes a book was given to a monastery on condition that the donor should have the use of it during his life; and sometimes to a private person, with the reservation that he who receives it should pray for the soul of his benefactor.

When a book was bought, the affair was of so great importance that it was customary to assemble persons of consequence and character, and to make a formal record that they were present on this occasion. The disputed property of a book often occasioned the most violent altercations.

About the year 1225, Roger de Insula, Dean of York, gave several Latin Bibles to the University of Oxford, with a condition that the students who perused them should deposit a cautionary pledge. The library of that university, before the year 1300, consisted of a few tracts, chained or kept in chests in the choir of St. Mary's Church. And, although the invention of paper, at the close of the eleventh century, contributed to multiply manuscripts, and consequently to facilitate knowledge, yet, even so late as the reign of our Henry VI., we find the following remarkable instance of the inconveniences and impediments to study which must have been produced by a scarcity of books. It is in the statutes of St. Mary's College, at Oxford, founded as a seminary to Oseney Abbey, in the year 1446:—"Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same."

The famous library established in the University of Oxford, by that munificent patron

of literature the Duke of Gloucester, contained only six hundred volumes. At the commencement of the fourteenth century, there were only four classics in the royal library at Paris. These were one copy of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, and Bothius. The rest were chiefly books of devotion, which included but few of the fathers; many treatises of astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, and medicine, originally written in Arabic, and translated into Latin or French; pandects, chronicles, and romances.

This collection was principally made by Charles V., who began his reign in 1365. This monarch was passionately fond of reading, and it was the fashion to send him presents of books from every part of the kingdom of France. These he ordered to be elegantly transcribed; and richly embellished; and he placed them in a tower of the Louvre, from thence called *La Tour de la Librairie*. The whole consisted of nine hundred volumes. They were deposited in three chambers, which on this occasion were wainscoted with Irish oak, and ceiled with cypress, curiously carved. The windows were of painted glass, faced with iron bars and copper wire. The English became masters of Paris in the year 1425, on which event the Duke of Bedford, regent of France, sent the whole library, then consisting of only eight hundred and fifty-three volumes, and valued at two thousand two hundred and twenty-three livres, to England; where, perhaps, they became the groundwork of Duke Humphrey's library, just mentioned.

So late even as the year 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of the Arabian physician Rhafis from the faculty of medicine at Paris, he not only deposited, by way of pledge, a quantity of valuable plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, by which he bound himself to return it under a considerable forfeiture.

The excessive price of books in the middle ages afford numerous and curious proofs. We will mention a few only. In the year 1174, Walter, Prior of St. Swithin's at Winchester, afterwards elected Abbot of Westminster, a writer in Latin of the lives of the bishops, who were his patrons, purchased of the monks of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, Bede's Homilies and St. Austin's Psalter, for twelve measures of barley, and a pall, on which was embroidered in silver the history of St. Birinus converting a Saxon king. Among the royal manuscripts in the British Museum, there is Comestor's Scholastic History, in French, which, as it is recorded in a blank page at the beginning, was taken from the King of France at the battle of Poitiers, and, being purchased by William Montague, Earl of Salisbury, for a hundred marks, was ordered to be sold, by the last will of his Countess Elizabeth, for forty livres. About the year 1400, a copy of John of Meun's "*Roman de la Rose*" was sold, before the palace gate at Paris, for forty crowns, or thirty-three pounds six shillings and sixpence.

C. A. H. B.

### HOW TO STIR THE FIRE.

THE art of good and cheap cookery is intimately connected with the principles of chemical philosophy, and has received much, and will yet receive more, improvement from their application. Observation teaches us that there is method even in the stirring of a kitchen or parlour fire. This is quite a point of domestic dispute, and it is a well-known fact in the domestic usages and manners of our country, that bachelors alone, of all the men among us, have sole command of the poker. But how is this? Why, the stirring of a fire is a philosophical experiment; and the young father with one child upon his knee, and the other little ones about him, may deliver a lecture upon Pneumatics and Chemistry. Why do we stir the fire? Because a hollow being made, the heat rarefies the surrounding atmosphere,

and then into the partial vacuum rushes the air, and imparting its oxygen, gives life to the fire. Under this principle, which is plain enough, the following code of laws has been laid down for the management of the fireplace:—

Never stir a fire when fresh coals are put on, particularly when they are very small, because they immediately fall into the vacuum, and prevent the access of the oxygen of the atmosphere.

Always keep the bottom bar clear, because it is there chiefly that the air rushes in to supply the fuel.

Never begin to stir at the top, unless when the bottom is quite clear, and the top only wants breaking; otherwise the unkindled fuel may be passed down in a body to the bottom, and the access of atmospheric air prevented.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

## A CENTURY OF POTTING.\*



THE WORCESTER PORCELAIN WORKS FROM 1751 TO 1840.



OUR OWN FIRESIDE associations are very pleasantly connected with the art of Potting. In one sense, at least, we owe to it "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

Our readers can scarcely fail to feel a deep interest in the really marvellous productions of the Porcelain manufacture: and through the courtesy of the author of a work just published, entitled "A CENTURY OF POTTING IN THE CITY OF WORCESTER," we are enabled, not only to present some interesting information, but also to illustrate that information by original engravings of some of the most noted services got up from time to time for remarkable personages.

Mr. Binns has produced what will henceforth be regarded as a standard work on the art of English Potting. He writes with the enthusiasm of a genuine lover of the art, and evinces a thorough practical acquaintance with its various details and applications. As the Art Director in the Worcester Royal Porcelain Works, he has enjoyed opportunities which few can possess, and he has certainly made good use of his position.

"It appears," writes Mr. Binns, "from the various histories of pottery, that from about the seventh century A.D., a white glazed ware, capable of receiving the most brilliant and delicate colours, had been made in many parts of Europe. It was first introduced by the Arabs, brought by them from the East into Spain, and there fostered into an important and beautiful manufacture: as evidence of which we have specimens remaining in the churches and public buildings of that country, but more especially in the Azulejos of the Alhambra.

"Subsequently, the art found a home in Italy and other parts of the Continent. Germany, France, and Holland had their special potteries, namely, the Nuremberg, Palissy, and Delft wares. All these wares consisted of a coarse red or yellow body, covered with an opaque stanniferous glaze, adapted for painting, or a transparent coloured glaze like that of Palissy.

"Porcelain, as distinguished from pottery, is composed of a translucent white body, covered with a transparent glaze. According to Marryat, this fabric was not unknown in Europe during the middle ages. Very lately, some important documents have been discovered, which inform us that the Medici can claim the honour of being the first to manufacture porcelain in Europe as early as 1575. But it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and opened

\* "A Century of Potting in the City of Worcester," being the History of the Royal Porcelain Works from 1751 to 1851 by E. W. BINNS, F.S.A. London: Bernard Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly.

up a trade with China, that porcelain was introduced into Europe in any quantity.

"The attractive beauties of porcelain at once drew attention to the material. Its delicate whiteness and transparency, its egg-shell thinness, and its peculiar fitness for receiving the most delicate colouring, when compared with the clumsy fabric of European pottery, suggested to the chemists of Europe a more important subject for investigation than the 'Philosopher's Stone' or the 'Elixir Vitæ.' Yet for nearly one hundred years its composition defied their researches.

"There can be no doubt that the Chinese manufacturers, and the merchants who imported these wares, were interested in mystifying the process of production, in order to add to the difficulties of the investigating chemists. The marvellous virtue attributed to porcelain vessels, namely, that of detecting any poisonous matter, was doubtless propagated for the purpose of enhancing their value; and the happy accident that nobody had been known to be poisoned by meat or drink taken from a porcelain vessel was a circumstance in those times fully sufficient to prolong the delusions which the merchants had so great an interest in spreading."

they are a certain mass composed of gypsum, bruised eggs, the shell of the marine locust, and other substances; and this, being well tempered and thickened is hidden under ground in a secret place, which the father points out to his children; for, as respect others, he does not wish them to know of it. And there it remains hidden for eighty years; at the end of which time the children or grandchildren dig it out and when it has been again reduced to a fluid state and made fit for working up, they form of it precious vessels, very beautiful to look at, quite transparent and wrought of any form or colour which those workmen think proper.

"The remarkable virtue of these vessels is this—that if any poisonous thing have been put into them they immediately break. The man who hides his mass in the earth never takes it out again, but leaves it to his sons and grandsons as a treasure, by means whereof they may acquire great gain, for the hoard is more valuable than gold itself. It is, however, rarely found genuine, but is sold much adulterated. Turkish emperors and certain satraps always eat off double vessels, the lower being of silver, the upper of porcelain; but these porcelains are counterfeits.



*J. Wall M.D.*

To show the strange ideas which were propagated in the seventeenth century respecting the composition of a porcelain body, Mr. Binns gives the following extract from "Ward's History of Stoke-upon-Trent," stated to be written in the year 1612 by Guido Pancirollus, a famous antiquary and jurisconsult of Padua:—

"In former ages porcelains were never seen. Now

"Doffie, in his 'Handmaid to the Arts' (1704) makes some interesting remarks on the manufacture of porcelain, which show how much the knowledge of the material and the art of the potter had then progressed. At the time when he wrote, Bow works had nearly finished their career, Chelsea was in the height of its prosperity, Worcester and Derby were rising in public estimation."

Taking the period of 1750 as his starting

point, Mr. Binns sketches the history of "A Century of Potting in the City of Worcester."

Strangely enough, the manufacture seems to have owed its establishment to political rivalry. A contested election in 1747 induced the leading members of the low party to establish the porcelain works for the purpose of enabling them, by the votes and influence thus obtained, to stand a competition with the Tory or popular party, at that time in the ascendant.

Doctor Wall\* was the worthy citizen who mainly interested himself in the art. A scholar of Worcester College, Oxon, and at the age of twenty-seven elected a Fellow of Merton, he not only shone in his profession, but became still more eminent for his knowledge of chemistry and his artistic attainments. The great

pressed to explain how he found time for all, 'I make time.'

A suitable locality for the Worcester manufactory was found in the premises known by the name of Warmstry House, formerly the residence of the Windsor family and the Earls of Plymouth. The lease was dated 16th of May, 1751.

Mr. Binns enters at length upon the peculiarities of Worcester porcelain—the composition, colours, and various styles adopted. The first porcelain made was what is called a fritt body, i.e., a body consisting of materials (sand, glass, alkali, &c.), which are fritted or melted together at a great heat, in order to form chemically that which in the porcelain class



THE VARIOUS STYLES OF WORCESTER PORCELAIN.

Lord Lyttelton passed upon him the complimentary eulogium that if he had not been one of the first physicians, he would have been one of the first painters of the age." He might have added "one of the first chemists."

"It has been truly observed, when the variety and importance of his pursuits are considered, 'It may well be a matter of surprise how he could, as he certainly did, perform his duty in all.' The care of the Infirmary and his other numerous patients, his chemical investigations, his plans relative to the improvement of Malvern, his publications and his pictures, one of which he always had upon his easel, can only be accounted for by his own favourite expression when

\* Our portrait of Dr. Wall is taken from a clever engraving by W. Daniell, after a spirited drawing by George Dance, R.A.

we have naturally. Cups and saucers were almost as a matter of course the first articles manufactured. The earliest specimens were remarkably small, after the Chinese model. We give an engraving which includes several of the early types of both blue painted and Japan patterns.

In 1763 the manufacturing buildings were extended: the business had evidently made considerable progress. "From this time to about 1780 there were sent out from this manufactory some of its finest productions in decorated porcelain, such as truly rivalled the boasted manufacture of Chelsea. The porcelain was now almost everything that could be desired: the body translucent, dense, and durable; the glaze clear and brilliant."



In 1783 the works were purchased from the Company by Mr. Flight, a London merchant. The Messrs. Chamberlain at this time left the establishment, and commenced business on their own account.

In 1788 the manufactory was honoured by a royal visit, in the person of George III. As a royal example of early rising and habits of activity, we quote a few words from the account of this visit, contained in "Green's History and Antiquities of Worcester":—

"On the 6th of August, His Majesty, being a very early riser, had surveyed the cathedral and its precincts, and walked to almost every part of the town before seven o'clock. At half-past ten His Majesty had a levée at the Episcopal Palace. At half-past eleven, their Majesties and the Princesses, with their retinue, proceeded to the cathedral for service. On the afternoon of the same day, their Majesties and the Princesses walked to Messrs. Flight and Barr's elegant china-shop in High Street, where they remained almost an hour, and greatly admired the beautiful porcelain, and gave orders for an extensive assortment of it."

The king recommended the proprietors to open an establishment at the West-end of London, and at the same time granted the firm his patent. This visit was speedily followed by a great increase of patronage, and Worcester porcelain found its way into the closets of most of the illustrious personages in the kingdom.

The separate business of the Messrs. Chamberlain, after withdrawing from the old firm, proved most successful. An amusing adventure of the King's is said to have occurred at their house of business in High Street. The details were communicated by Mrs. Chamberlain in 1849, being then in her eighty-sixth year:—

"At the time of the King's visit Messrs. Chamberlain were engaged in making extensive alterations. Whilst the place was in confusion, with carpenters and masons busily engaged, and the usual accompaniments of shavings and dirt lying around, the King and Queen one day quietly walked in. His Majesty, usually inquisitive, was most anxious to know all about what was going on; and not satisfied with the answers, said 'he should like to see what was going to be done,' and he and the Queen ascended the stairs, even to the top rooms of the house, picking their steps over wood and shavings, and tools, until, having reached the top, and being somewhat fatigued with their wanderings, His Majesty said, 'Come, Charlotte; come and sit down, for I am rather tired.' Whereupon they seated themselves on the top stair of the upper staircase, laughing heartily at the very extraordinary position in which they found themselves."

We cannot wonder that Mrs. Chamberlain should have such an incident impressed upon her memory; for it is also stated that she was in conversation with their Majesties for about half an hour.

There was now a constant rivalry between the two manufactories, and private influence was brought to bear as much as possible to secure the favours of the Court. Both establishments seem to have secured a fair measure of patronage.

Mr. Binns has greatly enhanced the value and interest of his volume by introducing a number of engravings of the various remarkable services produced at this time by the two firms. Several of these we have been permitted to copy.

The first plate is interesting, from its association. It is the pattern of the breakfast service made for H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte on the occasion of her marriage. The plate, like most of Flight and Barr's patterns from about 1807, has a gadroon edge; this edge is solid gilt. The ground, extending nearly to the centre of the plate, is a beautiful apple, green, having three large and three small panels, in which are painted groups of flowers and flies on an ivory ground. The centre has a group of flowers admirably painted, the work of Astles, a very clever flower painter.

The Messrs. Chamberlain supplied the dessert and dinner service on the same occasion. Our second plate shows the pattern of the latter. The colour is a delicate grey, which gives a fine effect to the elaborate gilding and the rich colours of the exotic birds which are painted in the lozenge-shaped panels. The centre of each piece was decorated with a group of fruit, painted after the Swiss style.

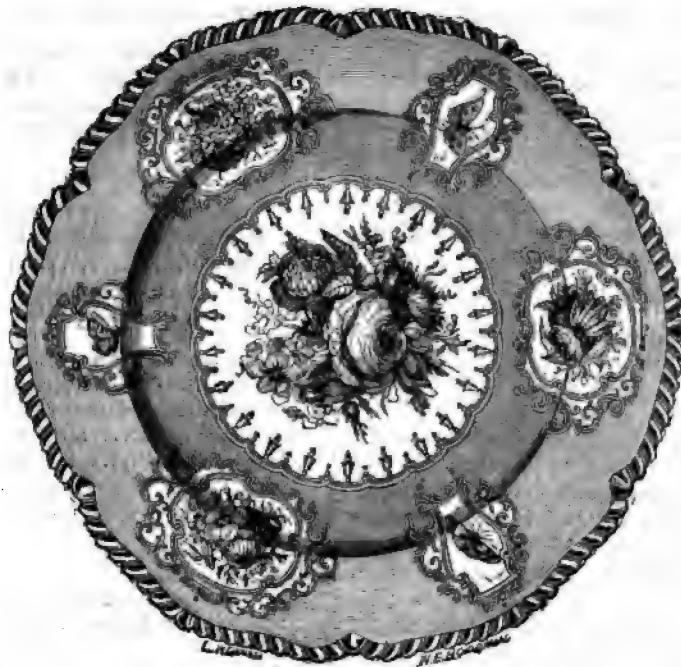
The following are a few of the entries from the books of the firm with reference to this order:—

**HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS  
CHARLOTTE.**

*Dessert Service, Union embossed, drab ground, group of flowers.—December 31, 1816.*

4 Large shells.....	£5	0	0
8 Small shells .....	9	0	0
8 Round comports .....	16	0	0
8 Square ditto .....	12	0	0
4 Melon ditto .....	5	10	0
2 Hearts .....	2	15	0
2 Ovals .....	5	0	0
6 Warwick ice pails .....	63	0	0
4 Cream bowls .....	30	0	0
48 Plates, 8 inch, at 13s. ....	31	4	0
30 Ice plates, at 15s. ....	22	10	0

£201 19 0



BREAKFAST SERVICE MADE FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE ON HER MARRIAGE.



DINNER SERVICE MADE FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE ON HER MARRIAGE.

1817.— <i>Dinner Service</i> , containing			
	£	s.	d.
144 Dinner plates, at 40s. ....	288	0	0
36 Soup plates, at 40s. ....	72	0	0
4 Square dishes .....	20	15	0
26 Ditto, various sizes. ....	145	14	0
2 Oval tureens, complete .....	36	15	0
2 Smaller ditto .....	28	7	0
8 Sauce ditto .....	56	0	0
4 Vegetable dishes .....	42	0	0
2 Salad bowls .....	12	0	0
2 Fish drainers .....	12	0	0
8 Square dishes .....	34	4	0
16 Oval dishes .....	70	13	0
8 Round dishes .....	29	4	0
	£817	12	0

At an earlier date (1802), Lord Nelson, described by one of the "hands" as "a very battered-looking gentleman," visited Worcester, and gave Messrs. Chamberlain a large order. The breakfast service only was executed, the death of the gallant Admiral having occurred before there was time to complete the whole. This service was of a similar pattern to the dinner plate engraved, but without the arms. In some way it passed from Lord Nelson's family; and pieces may be found in the cabinets of most china collectors.

The next engraving represents a pattern made for His Majesty King George IV., on his accession in 1820. The ware is the Regent body, of which it is a beautiful specimen: the colour of the band is a brilliant green, more brilliant than usual, because on this material. The arms, according to the prevailing taste, fill the centre of the plate, and the panels are filled with groups of beautifully painted flowers. The gilding is rich and good.

No list or order for this service can be found; but Mr. Binns inserts an account of an extravagant order executed for His Majesty when Prince Regent, the items of which are somewhat startling. The services composing this order were all in the Japan taste—what is called "Harlequin." When a piece was given out for decoration, the principal instructions were that it should be different to the previous one. It was on the occasion of receiving this order that Mr. Chamberlain determined to produce a new porcelain which should excel everything hitherto sent out of the manufactory. The result was the "Regent" porcelain. Its expense has precluded its general use—as indeed it well may. We quote a few of the items charged to the Prince Regent:—

July 31, 1811.— <i>Dessert Service</i> , containing			
	£	s.	d.
96 Dessert plates, Harlequin, @ 63s. ....	302	8	
48 ditto ditto 73s. 6d. ....	176	8	
6 Dolphin ice pails .....	£21	126	0
[Various other pieces charged]..	232	10	
	£837	6	

February 1, 1813.			
3 Ornamental pieces, painted with figures.....	£105	0	

July 31, 1816.— <i>Dinner Service</i> .			
	£	s.	d.
6 Soup tureens, richly gilt.. @ £24	144	0	
12 Sauce tureens .....	£10	10s.	126 0
2 Square vegetable dishes....	£21	42	0
144 Dinner plates.....	3 guineas	453	12
96 Soup plates .....	3½ guineas	352	16
[Various dishes charged .....		1396	13
16 Rich candlesticks .....	24	0	
	£2539	1	

<i>Breakfast Service.</i>			
[Various pieces charged] .....	£566	12	

TOTAL.			
	£	s.	d.
Dessert service .....	837	6	0
Ornaments.....	105	0	0
Dinner service.. ..	2539	1	0
Breakfast service .....	566	12	0
	£4047	19	0

Several changes took place in the proprietors of the works, till in 1840 the two hitherto rival establishments joined in one. The union did not prove altogether satisfactory in the way of results. The manufacture of China door furniture & buttons engaged attention which ought to have been devoted to the more legitimate work of the establishment; and the Great Exhibition of 1851 proved a trying ordeal for the Worcester Porcelain Works. With a few creditable specimens of their own manufacture, backed by some of the glories of former years, they passed muster, and received the not very high compliment of "honourable mention."

This date brings Mr. Binns' "History of the Century of Potting" to a close. But no less leave an unfavourable impression of the position of the manufacture on the minds of his readers. He has added to his interesting volume an extract from the report of the jury at the International Exhibition of 1862, in which full testimony is borne to "the high reputation" of WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS.



DINNER SERVICE MADE FOR LORD NELSON.



DINNER SERVICE MADE FOR KING GEORGE IV. ON HIS ACCESSION, 1830.

A remarkable dessert service, produced for Her Majesty the Queen, was exhibited, and excited universal admiration. This service is thus described by Mr. Wallis:—

"It is of the finest porcelain, decorated in turquoise and gold. The borders of the plates and other pieces are perforated at given points in the circumference, the ornamented gold scroll-work running very charmingly into the lines of the perforations, thus bordering them and a panelled space, in which the turquoise ground appears in the intervals. In these spaces are painted a great variety of devices, emblems, allegorical figures, and prettily designed snatches of ornament in white raised enamel, somewhat in the manner of the Limoges revivals. In the centre of each plate and plateau, the royal monogram in gold, surmounted by the crown, is used as a decoration upon the pure white of the porcelain. The chief and sub-centre pieces are decorated with figures, charmingly modelled, and produced in the imitation ivory, a material for which this house is noted. As a specimen of what Worcester can

produce in high-class porcelain, it stands comparable with anything in the Exhibition."

We feel that we have given a very superb summary of this artistic volume. We hope many of our readers will obtain it for themselves. As a collection of facts connected with the rise and progress of the ceramic art in this country, its value is very great, and the details introduced are full of interest.

We are not disposed to think that Mr. Binns over-estimates the art when he describes it as "one of the most important handmaids in the study of the manners and customs of our ancient peoples." Thus regarded, his history may, in future years, serve to throw light upon our own. At any rate, a knowledge of the origin and progress of any branch of art is always of immense importance to its further development and improvement; and Mr. Binns' contribution to this end entitles him to our best thanks. C.

### A THUNDER-STORM IN THE HEBRIDES.

LET any one who wishes to have some conception of the sublime, station himself upon a headland of the west coast of Harris, during the violence of a winter tempest, and he will obtain it. The blast howls among the grim and desolate rocks around him; black clouds are seen advancing from the west in fearful masses, pouring forth torrents of rain and hail. A sudden flash illuminates the ground, and is followed by the deafening roar of the thunder, which gradually becomes fainter, until the roar of the waves upon the shore prevails over it. Meantime, as far as the eye can reach, the ocean boils and heaves, presenting one wide extending field of foam; the spray, from the summits of the billows, sweeping along its surface like drifted snow. No sign of life is to be seen, save where a gull, labouring hard to bear itself up against the blast, hovers overhead, or shoots athwart the gloom like a meteor. Long ranges of giant waves

rush in succession along the shores; the thunder of the shock echoes among crevices and caves; the spray mounts to the face of the cliffs to an astonishing height; the rocks shake to their summit, and the breakers roll back to meet their advancing successors. If one ventures at this season upon some slippery path, to peep into the haunts of the cormorant and the rock pigeon, he finds them huddled together in melancholy silence. For whole days and nights they are some- times doomed to feel the gnawing of hunger, unable to make way against the storm; and during the winter they can only make a daily excursion in quest of a precarious supply of food. In the meantime the natives are seated around their blazing peat fires, amuse themselves with the tales and songs of olden years, and enjoying the domestic harmony which no people can enjoy with less interruption than the Hebridean Celts. MACGILLIVRA

# The Poetry of Home.

## The Bygone Year, 1865.

**T**HE bygone year! oh, send it not  
Without one thought away:  
Full freighted for eternity,  
It passes hence to-day;  
And, like a crystal vase, filled up  
With mingled smiles and tears,  
Young hopes, false dreams of happiness,  
Which gladdened other years;  
Bearing memorials of the past,  
Records of mercies given,  
And all our dark unpardoned sin,  
Up to the court of Heaven.  
Ah! silently as it may pass,  
It is not speechless there:  
Send it not hence unblessed by praise,  
Or unredeemed by prayer.

Oh, bygone year! take hence with thee  
The mourner's tearful prayer—  
For sorrow in our daily lot  
Hath still the largest share—  
The contrite spirit's bitterness;  
The broken heart's deep woe,  
When God hath rent some silver cords  
Which bound it fast below;  
The hour of parting, and the gloom  
Laid on the sickening soul  
By sorrow's heavy, smiting hand,  
When dark days onward roll:  
Bear these away—but let them be  
Borne on the wings of prayer,  
That better hopes and brighter hours  
May bless the coming year.

Oh, bygone year! as step by step  
The lingering heart goes back,  
It clings to every sunny spot  
Upon the chequered track;  
It turns to where the light of love  
Fell softly on its way;  
Where blessings, like the spring's young  
flowers,  
Unfolded day by day;  
And where the hand of God was seen  
Weaving our life's dark web,  
Through which His own bright providence  
Ran like a silvery thread:

Oh, cold and thankless is the heart  
That from its backward gaze  
Can send thee hence, thou bygone year!  
Unblessed by grateful praise.

L. L. C.

## One by One:

### A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

**O**NE by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going—  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;  
Let thy whole strength go to each;  
Let no future dreams elate thee;  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from heaven,  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given—  
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee:  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade as others reach thee—  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do, or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. PROCTOR.

# Home Recreation.

BY AUNT MERCY AND UNCLE CHEERFUL.



**HAPPY NEW YEAR** to our **FIRESIDE CIRCLE!**—Happy and **USEFUL!**

Aunt and Uncle aim to make **RECREATION** act as the oil of **LABOUR**. They believe that pleasure and profit ought always to be twins—recreation giving a fresh stimulus to healthy exertion in the workshop of life.

"Happy and **USEFUL**" will suggest a homily to our nephews and nieces worth pondering and worth *practising* by all who *wish themselves* "A **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**"

Our six prizes for "Answers" and "Contributions" during the past year, are awarded to "E. P.," "Fanny B. H.," "S. O. D.," "Rebecca," "J. F. O.," and "C. D. M." We shall be glad to know where to send the prizes. "Silvia," "Stella," "J. V. F.," "David C.," "H. B. B.," "Daisy C.," and "Nellie," deserve honourable mention.

Particulars of the Prizes offered this year will be stated next month.

Solutions, Answers, &c., are to be sent by the 20th of the same month on which the Enigmas, &c., are published, to "Aunt Mercy and Uncle Cheerful," care of the Editor, Worcester.

## ENIGMAS, ANAGRAMS, &c., FOR MENTAL EXERCISE.

### I.

1. One of the seven sages of Greece.
2. A flower that loves the sun.
3. A son of Jesse.
4. A Greek philosopher.
5. A Scotch lake.
6. A Church festival.
7. A division.
8. A celebrated ship.
9. An English admiral.
10. A tempestuous wind.
11. An island in the Pacific.
12. A most useful machine.
13. A king of Judah.

14. An ancient order of priests.
  15. A leader of the French Revolution.
- The initials and reversed finals name important invention and the supposed i

### II.

1. A Roman general.
  2. A distinguished Spartan admiral.
  3. The priests of the temple of Dod.
  4. A famous wrestling ground at A.
  5. A great battle in Henry the Fifth.
  6. A bay, the scene of a battle.
  7. A small piece of Dutch money.
  8. A town in Warwickshire famous battle.
  9. A celebrated commander in the Queen Anne.
- The initials name a king; the finals l J.

### III.

Two-fourths of a river in Egypt; or of a boy; three-sevenths of to annihil consonant; a pronoun beheaded; an one-third of a Spanish title; two-sev offence.—Will give a well-known motto T.

### IV.

Two-fourths of one of nine;  
Then one of six;  
One more of six;  
Then to this short line  
Place one of four of one of my first ni  
My name you will see is now plain to t  
And sure to be guessed by some one of  
From "Lr

### V.

#### NOUN PARAGRAPH.

[The names of illustrious men are introduced.]

Philosopher ... dazzled ... train ...  
Cornish ... safety ... discoverer ... at  
manufactures ... conveyances ... f  
bridges ... span ... tunnel ... light  
skies ... messages ... ocean ... cli  
risked ... rescue ... crew ...

## ROUTS RIMÉS.

.	.	.	.	.	creeps
.	.	.	.	.	hours
.	.	.	.	.	sleep
.	.	.	.	.	flowers
.	.	.	.	.	prayer
.	.	.	.	.	fly
.	.	.	.	.	air
.	.	.	.	.	by
.	.	.	.	.	fine
.	.	.	.	.	knee

## DEFINITION.

"Labour."

## ANSWERS AND SOLUTIONS.

(See page 613, Vol. II.)

## I.

1. Korah. 2. Needle. 3. Isthmian. 4. Lamer. 5. Halley. 5. Thanet. 7. Telegraph. Eagle. 9. Muff. 10. Potosi. 11. Lavater. 12. Arcturus. 13. Rembrandt. — *Knight-emplar. Henry the First.*

## II.

1. Bacon. 2. Arno. 3. Linnet. 4. Dyeing. Whittington. 6. Iphigenia. 7. Nepaul.—*Idwin. Langton.*  
[There was an omission after this enigma: the initials read forward, and the finals backward, will name two famous Archbishops Canterbury.]

## III.

## CHRONOLOGICAL PUZZLES.

1. On-e-thou(gh)-s-and(ea)-and-sixty-si(lver)-*The Norman Conquest, 1066.*  
2. Seve(r)-n-te(ak)-e-n-hu(m)-nd-red(uced)-nd-eighty-ni(ece)-ne(ck). — *The French Revolution, 1789.*

## IV.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES TRANSPOSED.

1. Sculpture. 2. Photography. 3. Painting. Navigation. 5. Printing. 6. Medicine. 7. Music. 8. Architecture.

## V.

EIGHT  
IDLER  
GLARE  
HERBS  
TRESS

S. G., W. S., A. R. S., X. Y. Z., D. E. F., T. T., E. B. B., Livie, Teresa, C. K., and many others.

## DEFINITIONS.

Time:—

"The warp of life, which we should strive to weave well."—NELLIE.

"The subtle thief of youth" (*Milton*).

TERESA.

"An inaudible file" (*Italian proverb*).—C. K.

"The revealer of secrets."—E. B. B.

"The test of constancy."—DAVID O.

"The unerring recorder of events."—L. O. S.

"The plough that furrows the brow of the aged."—J. F. O.

"A watch-word for the man of business."

W. S.

"The universal leveller."—A. R. S.

"A trusty friend if well used, but a Nemesis if trifled with or abused."—M. A. L.

"The bridge that all must cross to get to the other side of the river of life."—J. F. O.

"Perpetual motion."—O. P.

"Forward! forward! forward!"—O. H.

"The finite shadow of an infinite."—J. F. O.

"A sweet consoler of human woe."—T. T. T.

"A neck of land between two boundless seas."—M. A. L.

"The horologe of eternity wound up in the beginning by a Divine hand."—M. A. L.

"God's hour-glass."—M. P.

"Gold to the industrious; lead to the idle."

LILIAN E.

"A sun-dial set with precious stones."

M. P.

"An invaluable commodity, which none can buy, but many lose."—M. P.

"'Tis a great parchment, ever furling slow,  
Hiding the past within its stern embrace.  
No more can man, with anxious touch, erase  
One blot or stain that solemn page could show.

One blank alone lies open—the great now;  
And man may write on it whatever he will:  
Yet must he hasten, for, relentless still  
Uprolls the scroll—*recorded*; question, How?"

REBECCA.



## The Home Library.

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*Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh. The Last Warning Cry.* With Reasons for the Hope that is in me. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: James Nisbet and Co.

WE cannot avow ourselves converts to Dr. Cumming's prophetic anticipations; but we appreciate the candour and spirit with which he states his views, and we think some of his critics would do well to emulate his example in this respect. His present volume will be widely read. We are told in the preface that it "exhausts all he has to write or say on the fulfilment of prophecy." His conclusion as to the date of the second Advent is this: "How soon after 1867 the Redeemer will return and take His kingdom, and reign over all the earth, I cannot say. But this I may say, we should then, if never before, have our lamps ready, and oil in our vessels, and our ears open to the voice that will be one day, and may be any day, heard sounding from the skies, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; goye out to meet Him.'" We object to this conclusion simply because it seems to militate against *present* watchfulness. We believe the watchfulness enjoined is the watchfulness of *expecting faith*, not of calculating speculation. The very call to watchfulness implies ignorance as to "the times and seasons." "Watch, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." The fact that the Bridegroom *will* come, not the *time when*, is the food of faith.

"It is not the design of Scripture to tell us when the time of the Advent will be: nor is it really to us a question of any importance. The revelation of the exact date would not prove of spiritual advantage to believers or unbelievers. Rather it would be a disadvantage. Had the period been definitely made known to the disciples—had our blessed Lord, in answer to their frequent inquiries, revealed the exact year of His second Advent—the practical influence of the doctrine would have been lost, perfectly lost, as far as they were concerned. We know that He must have told them, 'Eighteen hundred years at least will elapse before my coming.' Where, then, would have been the force of His urgent exhortations to 'watch,' lest the day should come upon them 'unawares'? As with them, so with ourselves. If by inspired authority we were able to fix the coming of Christ some twenty years hence, or ten years hence, we have no reason to suppose that any would be found more powerfully realising the event (see Luke xvi. 31). Christ knew this, and hence arose His remarkable silence. He might, by a word, have removed all ground for the scoffer's mocking question, 'Where is the promise of His coming?' But He uttered not that word. He left sense, the eye of sense, blinded, and opened the future only to the eye of faith. All who understand

experimentally what faith is—the confident expectation and looking for of things hoped for—will continue in every age of the Church in the prayerful attitude of longing desire; their language this: 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' The event can only be realized by faith; and it is this consideration which solves the otherwise interminable controversy between the Pre-Millennialist and the Post-Millennialist.

"Our position, as believers in the coming Advent, should be that of watchers—watchers patiently tarrying, earnestly looking for the Saviour from heaven. Not looking for Him to-day or to-morrow, but every day, and every day with the same degree of interest.

"The point of real moment is, whether our faith fastens upon the coming of the Son of God at all. If so, the absorbing interest of the great event will bring it near, and we shall live continually under its influence."\*

Dr. Cumming himself draws attention to the error in judgment into which some of the most eminent Christians of past ages have fallen, simply, as we think, because they have forgotten that the second Advent is *not* a question of time.

"One of the ancient fathers of the first five centuries wrote what expressed the mind of his contemporaries, 'The last times are come upon us.' Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, says, 'The kingdom of God has surely begun to be near at hand.' Martin Luther said in the sixteenth century, 'I am satisfied that the last day must be at our doors.' Melancthon said, 'We may be sure that this aged world is not far from its end.' Latimer said, 'The last day cannot be far off; it may come in my day, old as I am.'"

We think Dr. Cumming's expectations as to the time when may prove equally mistaken. Nor can we agree with him that "The Saviour seems to have so expressed Himself, and to have so arranged His Word, that every generation *shall be prompted* to look for His arrival, and yet to one generation only shall He certainly and finally come." We think the Saviour distinctly warned His Church *against* making any attempt to calculate the *time* of His coming. In the next sentence to that which we have just quoted, Dr. Cumming appears to us to have placed the subject in its true light, and we gladly close our notice of this interesting volume with this expression of agreement with him:—

"It seems to have been the Saviour's holy purpose to detach His people from all grosser, and material, and sensuous things, and to raise their hearts eastward

\* The Key of the Controversy; or, Faith's View of the Second Advent. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. London: W. Macintosh.

*Winged Things.* By the Author of "Little Animals." London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

NOTHING could be better adapted for the instruction of "young children." Twelve illustrations of birds, and letter-press abounding in anecdote, will secure "Winged Things" a hearty welcome wherever they fly.

*Good Dogs;* or, Stories of our Four-footed Friends for Young Children. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

QUITE equal to "Winged Things." The illustrations are excellent. We are sorry to take exception to the teaching on page 93: "Young children" ought not to be spoken of as "the devil's little servants." The author may mean well; but the expression is a very unhappy one. With this exception, the book is thoroughly to our mind.

*Lame Annie;* or, The Wounded Lamb. By a Clergyman. London: William Macintosh.

A CHRISTIAN tale for young people. It well illustrates the benefit of affliction, and the truth of the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God." The interest is sustained throughout. It is illustrated, and got up as a Christmas gift.

*The Shepherd and His Flock;* or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of His Pasture. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

DR. MACDUFF has selected a subject for his new book which is indeed worthy of his gifted pen. He truly remarks: "The Bible may be almost said to begin and end with Shepherd picturings. It is a pastoral scene which meets us at the gates of Eden. We see Abel, with the firstlings of his flock, outside the portals of Paradise Lost; and one of the last and most touchingly beautiful of inspired delineations is that within the gates of Paradise Regained, when, under the same familiar figure, the Great Shepherd is still represented as 'leading' and 'feeding' God's ransomed—conducting them from fountain to fountain of living water amid the pastures of the blessed." The volume, we think, indicates not only the same remarkable power of imagination and intellectual grasp which distinguishes all the writings of Dr. Macduff, but, if possible, a still deeper realization of those spiritual truths in the acquisition of which the most advanced Christians are sensible of continued progress.

*The Union Magazine.* Vol. XXII. 1865. London: 56, Old Bailey.

A THOROUGHLY well-edited serial for Sunday-school teachers. It is adapted to teach the teacher. It does not profess to do his work for him, but, better still, will really help him to do his own work. An admirable portrait of a devoted Sunday-school teacher forms the frontispiece.

*The Teacher's Pocket Book and Diary.* 1866. London: 56, Old Bailey.

WILL be invaluable to all who use it.

*The Word. Walks from Eden.* By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE design of this book is excellent, and taking exception here and there to Americanisms—a measure of freedom in dealing with Scripture which we do not admire—most valuable and interesting information is communicated in a very pleasant way.

*The Large Type Illustrated Bible. Part II.* London: J. F. Shaw and Co.

PROMISES to be one of the best Family Bibles extant. The type is not only large, but remarkably clear. The illustrations are made to furnish what are rightly termed "illustrated lessons." The cost of the entire volume will place it within the reach of all.

*The Children's Prize.* Edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. 1865. London: W. Macintosh.

MR. CLARKE is a family benefactor. "The Children's Prize" will secure him the gratitude of many youthful hearts. A better Christmas gift we could not name.

*The City Diary.* 1865. London: W. H. Colingridge, Aldersgate Street.

SHOULD be in the hands of every City man.

*Fairy Know-a-Bit.* By A. L. O. E. London: J. Nelson and Sons.

ONE of the best books for young people which A. L. O. E. has written. We could scarcely say more in its favour.

*Mabel and Cora;* or, The Sisters of Stoney-croft Hall. By A. G., Author of "Among the Mountains." London: Seeley, Fleet Street.

A THOROUGHLY interesting and profitable home story, written in a healthy because Christian tone. It is painful to think of the home circle as a scene of trial, yet to how many it certainly is so! Those who love one another dearly, have often to strive to "overcome evil with good." Especially is this the case when the trial of the will turns upon what are called "little things." A wilful spirit will make trifles occasions for the infliction on others of what may be truly termed home martyrdom. "Mabels" and "Coras" are found everywhere. Happy is it when the "Cora's" find the trial a gracious discipline, and the "Mabel's" are "won by their good conversation" to a better mind. This is the lesson of this excellent story. It illustrates what Thomas-à-Kempis so truly says: "It is no great matter to live peaceably with the good and gentle, for every one willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those that are of his own mind; but to be able to live peaceably with unquiet and perverse men, or such as cross us, is a great grace."

*Sermons.* By the late Rev. Canon STOWELL. Manchester: Hale and Roworth.

PUBLISHED from notes taken by a shorthand writer. Six sermons are thus given. The price is only sixpence. The sermons, we need scarcely say, are worthy of the gifted author.

**Concentration : Its vast Power when applied to Evidence ; or, that Force of Corroborative Testimony which is so well understood in Courts of Justice, brought to bear upon the Evidence for the Truth of Christianity.** By F. C. FOWLER, M.A. London : Whittaker and Co.

As we intimated last month, Mr. Fowler's papers on "The Christian Evidences," and "The Witness of Two or Three," may now be had, with considerable additions, in a pamphlet form. A better summary of the Evidences could scarcely be found than this "Tract for the Times." Its price is only fourpence.

**Seven Common Faults.** By J. E. PHILIPPS, M.A. London : Rivingtons.

A LITTLE book full of words of wisdom. All the "faults," too, lie at every one's door ; so that each reader will find the "reproof" profitable for himself. The style is fresh and vigorous. We extract the following :—

#### TEMPER TRIALS.

"One thing which adds much fuel to our temper is our self-esteem. If men learnt, as all should learn, to think little of themselves, they would find their temper more easily controlled. Pride and self-esteem are the chief foundation-stones of temper's superstructure. We think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. Our wretched self-esteem enlarges as with a magnifying-glass affronts and opposition which, viewed with the eyes of humility, would appear slight. By humility we may escape a thousand temper trials to which the proud are exposed. If, then, you would conquer temper, you must ask God for, and cherish, a lowly spirit."

#### THOUGHTLESSNESS.

"How many more good works would be done were it not for thoughtlessness. Those who are prevented by straitened incomes from bestowing liberal largesses on the poor, might yet, by taking a little thought, do far more than some do. Old garments are hoarded away in wardrobes and chests which might clothe the naked. We need John Baptist's preaching : 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.' And so of food. Should there not be sent oftentimes from every well-furnished table the poor man's portion ? In so doing, we should likewise be carrying out the same bold, practical preacher's injunction, 'He that hath meat, let him do likewise.'"

The last extract conveys SEASONABLE admonition.

**The Little Doorkeeper ; or, Patience and Peace.** By S. T. C., Author of "Waggie and Wattie." London : Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

ANOTHER tale, adapted for those who are somewhat older. It will be a valued treasure for Sunday reading. We can thoroughly recommend it.

**Nine Confirmation Lectures.** By the Rev. E. B. ELLIOTT, M.A. London : Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

WILL supply a real need. Manuals of Confirmation abound, but too often they contain a vast amount of superstitious teaching. Mr. Elliott's work is distinctively Evangelical, and will prove very serviceable to his younger brethren in the ministry.

**Brook Silvertone, and The Lost Lilies.** Two Stories for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL. London : Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THIS book is worthy of its binding, and that is saying a great deal. It is beautifully illustrated also ; indeed, we have not seen a more tempting *New Year's* volume for the young. As to the contents, we should call it a "model fiction." In the strongest terms we desire to give it our word of commendation.

**The Mad Marquess ; or, Do Thy Best.** London : Hatchard and Co.

SHOULD be circulated widely by the friends of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

**The Gospel Treasury and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists.** Compiled by ROBERT MIMPRISS, Author of "The System of Graduated Simultaneous Instruction." Second Edition. London : Elliot Stock.

It would be impossible for us to express too strongly our appreciation of this invaluable and most comprehensive work. We can well believe that it "contains the gatherings of many years." Nothing short of the deepest conviction of the service to be rendered to the Church by its completion could have sustained the compiler to the close of his labours. It is a "Treasury" indeed. We give the briefest possible summary of the contents : "The Text in the words of the Authorized Version, arranged according to 'Greswell's Harmonia Evangelica.' With Analytical Introductions ; Scripture Illustrations ; Notes, selected from the most approved Commentators ; Practical Reflections ; Geographical Notices ; Copious Addenda and Indices ; and Seven Graduated Charts, Geographically and Chronologically localizing every Event in the Gospel History of Our Lord's Life and Ministry."

"The history of the *Lord's Life upon Earth* is the real battle-field of the Christian faith" ("Goodwin's Hulsean Lectures"). Let this be clearly understood, and the value of Mr. Mimpriss's contribution to theological literature will be rightly estimated.

We almost regret the issue of editions in *small type*. Matter "sufficient to fill ten ordinary demy octavos" ought not to be pressed into *one*. Of course the cheapness of these copies is almost incredible, but the value of "eye-sight" is to be considered ; and if our readers purchase "The Gospel Treasury," we counsel them to order the large edition. It *deserves* to be printed in large type.

**The Divine Love.** By JOHN EADIE, D.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh : W. Oliphant and Co.

THIS is a treatise of which love is the unvarying text. Dr. Eadie has not indeed fathomed the "depths," but he has expounded the Scriptural doctrine of "The Divine Love" with remarkable power. There are passages in the volume which we have rarely seen excelled in the spiritual grasp of truth evinced.

*The Cottager and Artisan.* London: 56, Paternoster Row.

LIKE *The British Workman*, addressed to working men and their families, it contains attractive pictures and excellent advice.

*The Gardener's Magazine.* Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen.

INVALUABLE for its purpose. Combines excellence and cheapness.

*Old Jonathan.* London: W. H. Collingridge. AN illustrated paper, full of good things. The clergy and district visitors will find it "a tract the poor will read." "Old Jonathan" will everywhere be a welcome guest.

*An Appeal to the Farmers of England at the Present Crisis.* London: W. Macintosh.

LET the country clergy circulate this admirable tract by thousands. It is likely to do a great deal of good.

*Family Prayers for a Month.* By A Layman of the Church of England. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

THESE prayers are "chiefly in the language of Scripture." On that account we strongly recommend them. The good old Saxon of our Bible translation is happily free from the newly-coined words which have crept into modern theological phraseology.

*The Schoolmistress of Herondale; or, Sketches of Life among the Hills.* By the Author of "The Mountain Refuge." London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

SKETCHES of a very interesting and instructive character. The volume contains many thoughtful passages. It is fiction written with a purpose. We consider it an excellent book for the family library, and as such we cordially recommend it.

*The Lives and Lessons of the Patriarchs Unfolded and Illustrated.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

"We want to know on earth a little more of those men who will be our companions in heaven." Dr. Cumming's new work will prove a means to this end. Dreamy speculations about futurity are very unprofitable, but the hallowed associations arising from the effort to realise, in some measure, that "communion of saints" which will, we believe, constitute a leading element of heavenly bliss, must be highly beneficial. The biography of the patriarchs has given full scope for the distinguished powers of the author. Every page will interest, and, if the reader be not in fault, instruct. As a family gift, it should take its place by the side of "The Life and Lessons of Our Lord." The binding, and numerous illustrations by artists of note, are all that could be desired. We have requested the publishers to allow us to insert an extract from the work, and a specimen of the illustrations, so that our readers can judge for themselves.

*Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Robert M'Cheyne.* Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

ABRIDGED from the larger work, and published in a very cheap form, this memoir will, no doubt, attain a wide circulation. M'Cheyne was indeed "a bright and shining light."

*The Church of God, and Christian Husbandry.* By AMBROSE SERLE. London: W. H. Collingridge.

"STRONG meat" for those who are advanced in Christian experience. The old writers were miners who dug deep and discovered rich ores. They were "mighty in the Scriptures." This edition of Serle is printed in good clear type, and is marvellously cheap.

*The Future Life of Blessedness.* By Archdeacon HONE. London: W. Macintosh.

EMINENTLY judicious, sound, and scriptural, this treatise will, we trust, be widely circulated. On such a subject Archdeacon Hone well says, "It is folly to feed our hopes upon fictions; nothing ought to content us but reality and indisputable truth." Much harm has been done by the indulgence of speculating theories about heaven. This book can only be productive of unmixed good.

*John Hatherton.* By the Author of "Effie's Friends." London: James Nisbet and Co.

A SIMPLE tale, abounding in natural touches which evince considerable literary power. As to the binding and title-page, anything more delicately elegant could not be produced.

*The Illustrated Family Bible.* London: Sangster and Co.

WE are only just able to call attention to this magnificent work. The two volumes contain 2,800 pages quarto, and more than 800 engravings. The fame of Dr. Kitto can need no word from us, and the introductions by the Rev. T. R. Birks are worthy of his eminent scholarship. We shall refer to this work again.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Wayside Pillars.* Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

*Biographies of Great Men.* By M. JONES. Nelson and Sons.

*Stories from English History.* By M. JONES. Nelson and Sons.

*The British Soldier in India.* Dalton and Lucy.

*Little Katy and Jolly Jim.* J. Nisbet and Co.

*Two Christmas Trees.* Dalton and Lucy.

*The Adventures of a Hymn.* Dalton and Lucy.

*The Author of the "Sinner's Friend."* An Autobiography. J. Nisbet and Co.

*The Pilgrim's Farewell.* W. Macintosh.

*The Butterfly's Gospel.* Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

*Sermons* (preached in Cambridge). Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

*The Memory of the Just is blessed.* Hatchard & Co.

*England's Hopes and Blessings.* W. Macintosh.

*The Gospel in Type.* Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

[Many Notices unavoidably postponed.]






# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER III.



HE report of Dr. Graves was as favourable as Elsie could expect or hope for. The violent pain had subsided, and Oliver had, towards morning, enjoyed some tranquil sleep. He might have fallen into a deep slumber long before, but this Elsie had not permitted; for she held the notion that was entertained by many others, that it was fatal to allow a plague-patient to sleep until a profuse perspiration had been obtained. The good nurse had therefore covered Oliver with numerous blankets and lighted a good fire in his chamber, from which she carefully excluded all outer air—while, at the same time, she kept up a constant fumigation, by burning rosemary, and myrrh, and ~~was~~, and sulphur, on a hot chafing-dish.

No wonder that the patient gasped for breath, and at length broke out into a violent perspiration. Then—and not till then—Elsie ceased from her efforts to keep his attention alive by continual queries, and by the constant administration of some prescribed medicament. Then—and not till then—she listened to his entreaties to be relieved of some portion of the burden that oppressed him, and to be allowed to satisfy the longings of exhausted nature for repose.

The remedies may have been severe, but they were effectual. He awoke from his sleep greatly refreshed, and Dr. Graves pronounced that the immediate danger was over.

Oliver was, however, greatly annoyed at

being informed that he would be kept a close prisoner for a whole month, according to the orders of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, for the prevention of the spreading of the disease. He had promised Elsie that he would submit to a temporary captivity, but he had not intended it to be of a month's duration. And now, having been attacked—and having, as he hoped, shaken off the dire pestilence—he believed that he could go safely where he would throughout the infected city.

Elsie, on the contrary, rejoiced in the restriction that was laid upon her master, although it extended also to herself. She rejoiced that Oliver was compelled to relinquish his wandering habits; and also that the strict guard kept over the door would prevent the entrance of Guy Egmont, or any of his associates—if indeed any such nominal friends would care to visit one who had been stricken with the plague!

Oliver Wyndham was therefore reduced, during his convalescence and his tedious imprisonment, to the society of his devoted nurse, and of his beloved books—except, indeed, when Dr. Graves came to cheer and animate him with his intelligent conversation.

The doctor was a good man, as well as a clever one; and he soon perceived the turn of his patient's mind, and the sad defects in his spiritual education. He, therefore, set himself to draw the young man into a declaration of his opinions: and he met his false arguments with truth and power, and yet with so much good sense and gen-

tleness, that Oliver's prejudices were not aroused, nor his feelings irritated.

As Elsie used to dread the visits of Egmont, and the results of his interviews with her master, so now did she rejoice in every appearance of Dr. Graves, and in the comparative serenity and cheerfulness that his patient displayed after his departure. In fact, some of his infidel opinions were changed, and some were partially shaken, and his mind was more ready to receive the truth than it had been hitherto; but Oliver was not yet a Christian.

It was not only on religious—or even on intellectual—subjects that Dr. Graves conversed with Oliver. The latter had, as we have observed, felt a deep interest in the progress of the prevailing pestilence, and in the conduct and proceedings both of the sick and the healthy inhabitants of London. He was a philanthropist in a certain sense, though he ever shrank from intimate communion with his fellow-creatures; he cared for their well-being, though he constantly shunned their presence.

From Dr. Graves he learned all that that able practitioner could tell him of the treatment of the disease, and of the public measures that had been adopted by the chief magistrate and other authorities in London, for its prevention and cure. His interest became still greater, and with it a desire arose in his mind to take an active part in some of those measures. He did not, for some time, mention his wishes and intentions to the doctor; but he said one day to Elsie, after his friend's departure,

"I wish I had been brought up a physician, Elsie. I envy Dr. Graves his power of doing good, and lessening the evils which our flesh is heir to."

"Dr. Graves is a good man," replied Elsie, "and he acts on the highest motives. No doubt he will have his reward hereafter, but his life must be a very trying one."

"I am not thinking of any future reward," observed Oliver, rather emphatically. "I believe that Dr. Graves finds a present recompense for all his trouble and anxiety, in the sense of his own power and talents, and also in the knowledge that he alleviates the

sufferings of mankind. He is of use in the world, and I would be so too. Hitherto have been a despised and useless cumber of the earth; but I am resolved to be so no longer. Perhaps I may atone for some of my wasted time, and my other sins and errors, by employing the time to come in doing good to my fellows. I believe that God has raised me up for some purpose; and in return, I would try to work out that purpose."

Elsie was glad to hear her young master speak thus, for it showed that he had a sense of God's overruling care, and that he felt himself indebted to Him for his preservation from death. But she also saw that there was something radically wrong in his mode of feeling and reasoning, and she wished that she could have pointed out to him where he was in error. But she had never yet attempted to argue with Oliver, and she knew it would be useless; so she only replied,

"I thank the Lord who has put such good desires into your heart, Oliver; and I am sure that He will bless any efforts that you may make to show your love and gratitude towards Him for His great mercy."

Oliver had not intended to express that Elsie implied. *Love and gratitude* towards God were not exactly his sentiments or his motives. He rather felt a sense of debt to the Ruler and Disposer of events, and he desired to pay that debt by his own personal efforts and exertions. He did not, however, make any further reply. He then turned away and dropped the conversation, and his good old nurse left the room, bringing him some of the many restorative preparations with which she continually beset him.

The prescribed month of captivity at last passed away. The watchman was removed from the door, and the key was returned to Elsie. The warning cross, and the supplicatory sentence, were also obliterated from the panel, and Oliver went forth into the still pestilential air of London streets.

The extreme virulence of the disease had begun to abate. The mortality had slightly decreased; and the weekly reports showed



that the cases of recovery were in a higher proportion to the cases of seizure. This inspired the people—especially those of the lower orders—with an over degree of confidence.

They had in many instances displayed great carelessness and disregard of proper precautions ever since the commencement of the visitation, and had increased the terrible scourge by their heedless way of going into infected places, and thus carrying the disease, in their clothes or their persons, into hitherto healthy localities.

Then, again, a panic would seize on the multitude, when the pestilence broke out in fresh districts and parishes, and thousands fell victims in one week. The people for a time would shun one another. No one would accost, or even meet a passenger, in the almost deserted streets, but would cross over to the other side, holding a handkerchief steeped in vinegar to the nose and mouth.

Now, when the crisis of the disease seemed to be over, and the number of deaths reported in a week fell from 8,297 to 5,460, and then to 5,720, a complete reaction took place. A wild joy possessed the ignorant populace, and they no longer shunned even those who were hardly recovered from the disease, but ate and drank with them, and even went to visit their friends in their tainted dwellings.

The consequence of this foolhardiness was an increase in the number of plague cases, and a greater call for vigilance on the part of the authorities. Examiners and searchers were still in great request, and Oliver Wyndham took occasion to offer his services, with the recommendation of Dr. Graves, who assured the magistrates that he had himself given him full instructions to enable him to discharge the duties of the office. He was, therefore, appointed an Examiner of Health in the district in which he resided.

Dr. Graves was greatly surprised at this act of his late patient; but he did not attempt to dissuade him from it. He saw that Oliver had now no fears; and, although he knew that his conviction of being safe because he had passed through the disease

was a false one, he yet trusted that his confidence would be his safeguard. At all events, the good and sensible doctor knew well that occupation—especially useful and absorbing occupation—was the best thing for a man in Oliver's circumstances, and of his unsettled frame of mind. He, therefore, only provided him with the most approved means of preventing any ill-effects from his new employment, and urged him to make strict and constant use of them.

That evening Oliver Wyndham went forth to try and obtain peace of conscience and calmness of mind by incurring danger and fatigue, and by subjecting himself to painful sights and severe trials. He went forth to a good work, but with a mistaken object and motive. Surely he would not find the recompense he sought.

It would but uselessly harrow up the feelings of our readers if we were to tell of all the dreadful sights that met the eyes of Oliver Wyndham, or of all the distressing scenes that he witnessed, both in the streets, and in the houses that he entered in the prosecution of his office. But a few cases we must record, in order to give a correct idea of the state to which the metropolis was reduced by the end of September, 1665.

The great increase in the number of doors that were marked by the red cross since last he had traversed the streets, convinced Oliver that the reports of the watchmen had not been exaggerated. And the ghastly countenances that he saw looking out of the closed windows, and the shrieks and groans that met his ears as he passed along, told of present agony, and present danger.

Once he beheld a very fearful spectacle, which shocked him greatly, and was only driven from his mind by the still more terrible sights that succeeded it day by day. As he pursued his way one evening towards a house where a fresh case had been reported to him, he suddenly heard a casement opened in the upper story of an opposite house. He looked up, and he beheld the haggard features and half-naked form of an old man, who was evidently struggling with those who tried to drag him from the window. But the anguish of the plague-sore had driven

away his senses, and he was endued with the strength of madness. With a wild cry of triumph he broke loose from his attendants, and flung himself from the open casement. He fell to the ground, a fearful corpse; and the dead-cart carried him away that night to the loathsome pit.

Oliver hurried away, oppressed by horror and disgust; and he felt such a sickness come over him, that he was compelled to enter a tavern to rest awhile, and to take Dr. Graves's prescribed remedy for such feelings—a glass of sack. This revived him, and he proceeded along the now darkening and desolate streets, towards the dwelling which had been designated by the watchman who summoned him.

How changed was all that met his eye from what it had been only a few months previously! Then the great city had been thronged by passengers, all eagerly pursuing their business or their pleasure. Now a few straggling and gloomy-looking individuals were all that could be seen in the greatest thoroughfares. All trade seemed to have ceased—only a few shops for the sale of the necessary provisions or medicines were to be found open. All places of public amusement had, very properly, long been closed; and, if some vicious and disorderly persons still frequented such taverns as were not deserted, and behaved in a riotous and unseemly manner, they were the sad exceptions to the general gravity and seriousness that prevailed.

De Foe tells us that the greater part of the inhabitants who remained in London after the pestilence had become so malignant, "behaved after another manner. The government encouraged their devotion, and appointed public prayers, and days of fasting and humiliation, to make public confession of sin, and implore the mercy of God to avert the dreadful judgment which hung over their heads. And it is not to be expressed with what alacrity the people of all persuasions embraced the occasion—how they flocked to the churches and meetings, which were all so thronged that there was often no coming near, even to the doors of the largest churches. Also, there were daily

prayers appointed, morning and evening, in several churches, and days of private praying at other places, at all which the people attended with uncommon devotion; several private families also—as well of one opinion as of another—kept family fasts. So that, in a word, those people who were really serious and religious, applied themselves in a true Christian manner to the proper work of repentance and humiliation, as a Christian people ought to do."

At the period of which we are now speaking, all outward signs of mourning had long been discontinued. None cared to follow the custom of proclaiming their bereavement by their costume, when they felt that, as the day had passed, they might themselves be numbered with the dead. Even coffins were no longer provided for the corpses that were nightly cast into the vast charnel-pit. The bodies were often stripped by rapacious nurses, or others who found them abandoned in deserted houses, and were cast into the pit, wrapped only in a sheet.

We can hardly—thanks be to God!—realize the state to which society was reduced during the prevalence of this desolating judgment! We can hardly even believe the stories that are recorded to prove how, in many cases, all natural affection, all humanity, and all the restraints of virtue or honour, or honesty, were destroyed by the recklessness of despair, and the hardening effect of being continually surrounded by scenes of suffering and of death!

But there were, as we have stated, many blessed exceptions—many families, and many individuals, who were led, by the judgments of God on the land, to a deep repentance, and a more active exercise of Christian graces. If wild recklessness met some defy and brave danger, and rush in contagion, so did Christian faith, and humble trust in the protecting arm of God, nerve others to go calmly into scenes which no other motives could have led them to encounter. The best feelings of the heart—devotion to God, and true charity as affection towards their friends and relatives—and even towards strangers—were drawn out in a glorious and admirable manner.

and deeds of heroism were performed, that far surpassed most of those for which praise and honour are usually accorded.

It was simple benevolence, combined with a certain sense of duty, and a considerable degree of morbid curiosity, that led Oliver Wyndham to devote himself to the repulsive office of an Examiner of Health. But a far higher motive attracted others; and they were, in many instances, as truly martyrs as any who ever expired at the stake or in the circus.

Such was the motive that induced Elsie Crowther to offer herself as a searcher and nurse as soon as she knew of Oliver's decision. She would have done so some months earlier, but that she felt her first duty was towards her beloved young master; and she feared to bring the dire infection to him, or to sacrifice her own life, which she had devoted to him. But now the case was altered. He had had the plague, and had recovered from it; and she had nursed him through the fell disease, and had remained untainted. Both she and Oliver therefore believed themselves to be safe—at all events they were both willing to incur the risk of visiting and relieving their afflicted fellow-creatures—and they sallied forth to their work, animated by different feelings, but each resolved to do their utmost, and to labour in the pestilential city, so long as their power remained.

When Oliver set out on the errand to which we have alluded, he desired Elsie to follow him, and do the part of a female-searcher, as the watchman had reported that there were women in the stricken house, as well as the patient himself. At the door of the dwelling, which was a very respectable one, the nurse overtook him, carrying various prescribed requisites; and, on knocking at the door, they were admitted by the woman to whom the house belonged, and conducted to the apartment of her lodger.

Both Oliver and Elsie were struck by the evil expression of this woman, and the little sympathy that she expressed for her afflicted inmate and his daughter. But all thoughts of her were speedily banished from their minds when they entered the sick chamber,

and looked on the spectacle that met their eyes.

#### CHAPTER IV.

On a couch lay an elderly man, whose features would have been singularly fine and prepossessing had they not been now distorted by agony—agony so intense and unbearable as to convulse his limbs, and wring from him deep groans that he vainly endeavoured to check. His deep-set eyes were raised towards Heaven as if in earnest supplication; but the anguish of the distempered body banished all expression of peace. He was clothed in a long gown of black velvet, which was thrown loosely around him; but one of his long and well-formed arms was drawn out; and, as he raised it in his involuntary writhings, Oliver beheld the dreadful tumour beneath it, which caused the burning and maddening pain.

He knew from experience, as well as from the instructions of Dr. Graves, that immediate assistance was the only hope for the sufferer; and he looked around for some attendant who could go and seek for aid. Then he first perceived a kneeling figure on the other side of the couch, and saw that it was a graceful female form, bowed down with grief and horror.

"Blanche," said the sick man, for a moment overcoming his anguish to speak to his afflicted child, "Blanche, they are come—the Examiner and the searcher—let them do their duty."

The girl looked up, and Oliver was startled at the mingled beauty and despair that marked her delicate and finely-chiselled features. Her countenance might have been that of a younger Niobe—only she was in bitterness for her father, instead of her children.

She rose to her feet, and she tried to take the sufferer's hand, and to reply to him. But he repelled her with a look of dread that almost amounted to fierceness, but which instantly gave way to one of the tenderest love.

"Do not touch me!" he exclaimed. "Leave me, Blanche, to those whose duty it is to hazard their lives. I cannot let you

remain to see me die, and then to follow me to the dead-pit. May the Lord preserve you from such a fate!"

"And is it not my duty, dear father, to minister to you in your time of suffering? Have you not been father, and mother, and friend to me ever since we two were left alone in a foreign land? Whom have I on earth but you? Oh, father, let me stay!"

And she seized his hand in both her own, and she pressed it to her heart and to her lips, in spite of his efforts to prevent it; and tears rose to his burning and fevered eyes, and a faint smile played on his parched lips. Then he turned to Oliver, who stood silently gazing at the father and daughter with intense interest, and he said, in a tone of mingled pride and sorrow—

"You see that she is very wilful; and I am selfish enough to rejoice in her devotion. Death would indeed be bitter if she deserted me."

"But you may recover," replied Oliver, "and your daughter may have the joy of assisting in rescuing you from death. Have you sent for a physician? no time is to be lost."

"Speak for me, Blanche! Oh, this agony is returning! My God, have pity on me, for the sake of my Saviour's agony, or take me out of this state of fiery torture!"

And the poor sufferer threw himself back on his couch and struggled so violently that all the efforts of his daughter, assisted by those of Oliver and Elsie, could not prevent him from inflicting severe blows on his own head and breast. This added to his sufferings; and he became perfectly delirious, and raved about clear fountains, and orange groves, and fragrant breezes. Then he addressed Blanche as his deceased wife, and implored her to leave him, and seek safety in flight, for the sake of their child.

It was a fearful scene, and the hearts of all present were deeply moved. But Blanche did not give way. With the emergency her courage and presence of mind rose higher. A desperate calmness was impressed upon her countenance, which never forsook her until her father, becoming utterly exhausted by his struggles, sank into a heavy stupor.

Then Blanche stood and looked upon him with a long and yearning gaze. He looked so very death-like—so very pallid, and so still, that she felt even more vividly than she had yet done, how soon that death-like appearance might become a reality. Oliver saw she trembled, and that her lips quivered, while tears flowed silently down her fair pale cheeks.

He was reluctant to disturb her, and yet he knew that every moment was precious. So he addressed her very gently, and said,

"You need not despair. I have seen more malignant cases that have been cured. But assistance must be had promptly. Whom have you sent for?"

Blanche instantly recovered herself, and replied in a low sweet voice,

"The watchman who went to summon you, sir, promised to call on a medical practitioner of the name of Graves, and to urge him to come instantly. But he has not yet arrived. What shall we do? I have no one else to send. The two servants of the house ran away as soon as they knew that the plague had appeared, and the landlady is not willing to assist us. Cannot I go out and seek for help?"

"No," exclaimed Oliver, earnestly, as he looked at her lovely young face and slight, elegant figure, and thought of all that she might see and hear in the streets of London at such an hour. "No," he repeated, "you cannot go forth to-night. I will look whether the watchman is in sight, and, if so, I will send him where I think he may find Dr. Graves—to the cathedral of St. Paul's, which is now converted into a vast hospital. While I am absent my attendant, who is my friend as well as my servant, will perform her duty. God grant that she may find the infection has not spread any further!"

So saying he left the room; and Elsie very gently made the requisite examination, which proved perfectly satisfactory. Blanche was free from any visible taint of the pestilence. So also was Mrs. Bounds, who inveighed loudly against being subjected to such an inspection, and declared that it was enough to give her the plague, even if it had not already broken out in her house.

"And now I am to be locked up," she exclaimed, "and made a prisoner in my own house, without a servant to help me, and that old foreigner to die of the plague, and his dainty daughter to catch it also. A few hours will finish her, I should expect, if she stays in her father's room. I wish they had got away abroad as they wanted to do; or that Mr. Purvis had been carried off at once to the pest-house. I could have managed the young lady here."

"Do not talk of the pest-house," said Elsie, with a shudder. "I have visited one of those dreadful places, and would not suffer any human being to be taken there, if I had a shelter to offer. It seemed to me that a patient might almost as well be cast at once into the dead-cart and carried away to one of those awful pits, as be taken to a crowded pest-house and laid in a bed from whence a pestilential corpse had just been removed."

"Well, then, there is St. Paul's Cathedral," replied Martha Bounds, with a sneer at Elsie's squeamishness. "That is now a grand hospital; and the plague patients have plenty of air and space. But I believe the hundreds of beds that have been spread all over the floor are kept well filled, in spite of the nightly visits of the dead-cart."

"It must be an awful sight," said Elsie, thoughtfully, "to behold that glorious temple, erected for God's service, now converted into a vast pest-house! My master intends to visit it to-morrow; and I shall attend him. Dr. Graves has promised to show us how he treats the various cases, in order that we may know how to act when immediate medical aid cannot be procured."

"And are you and your master so resolved on catching the plague, that you must needs thrust yourselves into that hot-bed of infection?" exclaimed Mrs. Bounds, contemptuously. "I can only say I would not now set my foot in St. Paul's for all the wealth of the Indies. I value my life too much for that, I assure you; and I only wish I could get rid of this Mr. Purvis. He is, however, a rich man, and he seems liberal. As he has brought the pestilence within my doors, he shall, at all events, pay me well for it."

Elsie Crowther inwardly shrank at the evil expression of Mrs. Bounds's countenance as she uttered these words; but she had no time to reply to them, for at that moment Oliver re-entered the house, and she heard him calling for her.

She hurried after him up the stairs that led to the sick man's chamber, and overtook him at the door, where he was waiting for her, and anxiously listening for any sound within.

"He still sleeps," he said, in a low voice; "that is well. I can find no medical practitioner of any kind—not even a chemist's shop is open in this neighbourhood. All are deserted, and the houses closed. Oh, Elsie, it is a dreary sight; but I will do my part, and go on with what I have undertaken. I must now act the part of surgeon for this poor sufferer. The only chance of his recovery is to open that dreadful tumour at once. You know all that is required, Elsie. Go and bid the landlady prepare the necessary applications, and let her bring them to me quickly; and do you return without delay. I wish I could get that sweet girl out of the room; but I fear she will not leave her father."

"That she will not, Oliver, if I can read her countenance. There is firmness and courage in that young girl that might shame many of the stronger sex. And I believe she had far better be present than standing idle in another room. But I will not detain you—I will be back in a few moments."

And the active energetic creature hurried downstairs to give directions to Martha Bounds, and to request her to come up quickly, and give her assistance.

"Do you suppose I will enter that room again until it is emptied and fumigated?" she exclaimed. "No, indeed, I know better. You that are hired to risk your lives may do it. But I shall keep out of the way. I will make your herb-poultice, and set it at the bottom of the stairs; and you can come for it when you want it. That is as much as you can expect me to do."

"It is not as much as I should expect any Christian to do for another," replied Elsie, rather warmly. "Do you mean to leave

that poor young lady to attend her father all alone, when we are gone? I must assure you that neither my dear master nor I are *hired* to visit the sick. We do it voluntarily; and our only reward is the satisfaction of doing good."

"A poor satisfaction, when you may catch the plague in doing it," muttered Mrs. Bounds, as she sat her saucepan on the fire, with the herbs and other ingredients that Elsie furnished her with.

"The Lord can preserve us, if it is His good pleasure," replied the nurse. "We would not run into danger for no good purpose; but when Christian charity requires it, we may put our trust in God, and leave the results in His hands, knowing that *all things will work together for good to them that love Him.*"

"For my part," said Martha Bounds in a scoffing tone, while she vigorously stirred the contents of the saucepan, "For my part I would rather trust in my own precautions. I do not see what good has come of the sort of trust you speak of, for all the church-goers in this neighbourhood are dead of the plague, in spite of their prayers and their fastings."

"Oh, do not speak thus!" said Elsie, looking much distressed. "If those persons of whom you speak were truly God's servants, and confided in His love and mercy, they are happy now in His presence; far happier than we, who tarry yet in this stricken and desolate city, upon which His righteous judgments have fallen so heavily."

Just then Oliver called to Elsie, and, snatching the saucepan from the fire, she hastened upstairs.

"Mr. Purvis is awake," he said; "and is now perfectly conscious. He consents to my performing the operation; and, as you supposed, his daughter insists on being present. I only hope that he may not suffer as much as patients often do in these cases. Where is Mrs. Bounds?"

"She will not venture into the room," replied Elsie. "May the Lord forgive her!"

"We will do without her," observed Oliver, setting his brow firmly. And he

returned to the room, followed by old nurse.

The operation was performed with and with more skill and expert could be expected from one so inexperienced. But the pain which it caused was and, after vainly struggling with the sufferer was again completely overcome by the agony, and raved more wildly than before. He sprang from his couch in his delirium, he rushed to the window. Blanche had opened for his relief; he would have thrown himself out the street if Oliver had not caught him in his long robe and forcibly detained him.

It was long before his violence subsided; his senses returned; and during all this time Oliver constantly observed his gentle firmness and astonishing command. Her cheeks were very pale, her lips even were blanched—and her brown eyes seemed to dilate, and with a strange depth and intensity of expression under the excitement she felt and she made to control it. But her hand did not falter, nor did her hand tremble; she spoke soothing and loving words to the distracted father, and endeavoured to steady the diseased arm and prevent him from adding to his own sufferings.

Oliver had never seen a creature so lovely in form, and so beautiful in character, had at all that of Blanche Purvis. He gazed at her with respect and admiration; and how happy should he be if he could have such a being *his sister*. Of a relation he did not dream. He had looked on himself as doomed to live, and he did not now shrink from death; he had learned to regard as nothing the pain he had often longed for so much; society more congenial than that of the old nurse; and Blanche appeared to be the realization of all that he had pictured to himself in a friend or sister.

Possibly he prolonged his visit as long as was absolutely necessary, and he used his eloquence to cheer poor Blanche and revive her sinking hopes. He told her that he had himself recovered from an

the pestilence, and how he believed she might best escape the infection. And he drew her into conversation, and heard from her how she and her only parent had lived abroad, and had come to England just before the plague broke out. They had remained in one of the northern counties until they were informed that the distemper had subsided, when having important reasons for returning to the continent, Mr. Purvis had resolved to venture on passing through London.

Greatly had they been shocked and disappointed at finding the awful state of the metropolis, and the way in which the pestilence still raged among the remaining inhabitants; and especially among those who, like themselves, had dared to return to the infected city. The very day after their arrival, Mr. Purvis was seized, and all prospect of pursuing their journey was at an end.

Before Oliver Wyndham left the house, the patient had fallen asleep, and his distorted features and convulsed limbs had resumed their natural aspect. As Oliver looked at his countenance in calm repose, he could trace a strong resemblance between him and his daughter, who stood so quietly beside him, and so gratefully thanked the Examiner for all that he had done.

"Shall we see you again?" she said.

"My father would be glad to express his gratitude to you in person."

"Surely I will return in the morning," replied Oliver, quickly. "I find," he added,

"that your landlady is resolved not to enter this room. But you must not be left alone

—I will send you a nurse on whom I can depend; and I hope also that Dr. Graves

will be here during the night. I think, from your looks, Miss Purvis, that you want

some rest yourself."

"Oh no," she answered, smiling through the tears that were now rising to her eyes;

"it is rest enough to see my poor dear father lying so still and calm. I will try to believe that there is hope. The Lord is very merciful, and He will hear my prayers. May He give me grace to say from my heart, *Thy will be done!*"

How new and how striking to Oliver Wyndham was the spirit that breathed in Blanche's words, and shed such a holy calmness over her features! Why did she look so peaceful—yes, even so happy—in the midst of her great and sore trial? "Is this," he thought, "the result of that kind of faith of which Elsie so often tells me? If so, it is more powerful and more beautiful than all the stern fortitude that philosophy ever taught, or strong men ever practised."

While he paused and reflected thus, Elsie approached the young girl, and in a tone of deep sympathy and respect, said—

"You will allow me to remain with you to-night, my dear young lady. I have no fears; and perhaps you will not look on me as a stranger. We serve the same Master; and we will use all our efforts for your father's recovery, trusting in Him alone."

Blanche took Elsie's hand, and pressed it gratefully.

"It will indeed be a comfort to me to have you with me," she said; "I feel that I can confide in you."

"I would that she could place the same sort of confidence in me," thought Oliver.

"I see that there is a sympathy, and a mutual understanding between this young girl and my old servant that cannot exist between her and me. The fault must be in myself."

And with this rather humbling conviction the highly-cultivated and acutely-reasoning Oliver Wyndham took leave of the young and simple-minded Blanche Purvis, and sighed as he went out into the street at the painful sense of his own inferiority.

(To be continued.)

A "FIRESIDE" TRIO, For two Trebles and Bass.

From an unpublished Anthem by S. G. HATHERLY, Mus. Bac.  
Composer of the Oratoriette "Baptism."

O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of His, speak

O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of His, speak good of the

O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of

good of the LORD,

LORD..... speak good of the LORD, all ye works

His, speak good of the LORD, - - - - -

- - - - - of His, in all pla - ces, all pla - ces of His do - mi - nion, of

- - - - - all ye works of His,

His do - mi - nion: praise thou the LORD, praise thou the LORD, praise thou the LORD, O my

soul; praise thou the LORD, praise thou the LORD, praise thou the LORD, O my soul.

PSALM ciii. 22.



## THE EVIDENCES OF OUR FAITH, AND THE PROGRESS OF MODERN SCIENCE.\*

BY THE REV. T. BAGG, INCUMBENT OF LAWLEY, NEAR WELLINGTON; AUTHOR OF "CREATION'S TESTIMONY TO ITS GOD."

## IV.—AND WHAT BEFORE THAT?

We have passed right through one course of argument, and completed the case; but scientific scepticism attacks our faith in so many forms, and at so many points, that it may be desirable to go through several other courses of argument in order to notice the fallacies continually propounded.

And this is rendered the more desirable because our minds are differently constituted, and according to the constitution of the mind different kinds of evidence have most weight in forming the judgment.

With one class of men the argument from design, brought out so forcibly by Paley, is almost omnipotent. Another class with whom this has but little weight finds the conviction induced by Butler's Analogy irresistible. Another class considers historical evidence as of the highest value; and among these, one is always ready to yield before the weight of testimony, while another regards testimony lightly, but is overborne at once by the recorded evidence of inscriptions, coins, and medals.

One person is naturally so impressed by things material or physical, by what can be seen and felt and handled—as scarcely to recognise mental facts of any kind. Another is almost ready, with Berkeley to consider material facts all illusory, and mind the only reality; while a third is so wedded to metaphysics or abstract reasoning, that nothing else has weight enough to influence his judgment.

Some people's reasoning faculties are so irresistibly overpowered by what are called the "facts of nature" or "facts of the universe" (which after all are often mere *appearances* by which our finite senses are deceived), that they cannot be convinced of the truth of *anything* which seems to be discordant from or incompatible with those so-called facts. On other minds these things have no weight whatever. They can readily believe in the truth of two things, two facts or two phenomena, which present themselves to the senses or the apprehension as diametrically opposed to each other, and utterly incompatible. And this because they

fully appreciate (perhaps sometimes *over* appreciate) the finite condition of our senses and the limited nature of our knowledge. This class of minds, as well as some others, can only be convinced by evidence of congruity and moral fitness. If these are wanting they are sceptical at once. If these are present they admit no further doubt. And late years have brought before us a class of men, the very opposite of these; men in whom also credulity and incredulity appear to be strangely mingled; men to whom God's universe, God's providence, and God's Word held forth their varied pages in vain; but who though they could see no evidence of immaterial existence or presiding intelligence in all these, struck their flags at once, and owned themselves conquered and convinced, when they saw, or thought they saw, tables walking, or received what they thought to be personal messages from the unseen world.

Have any of my thoughtful readers ever considered what a difficult thing it must be for *any* truth, of such a nature as not to be directly recognisable by the senses, to carry conviction to these various classes of minds? It might almost be deemed impossible. Yet in all these various ways and forms, and many others too, "our faith," the faith of Christ, appeals to the mind with a force sufficient to convince the candid and unprejudiced. And at all these points, and in all these directions, that faith has been assailed by men of powerful intellect; but assailed in vain. And this of itself may be regarded as one convincing proof that Christianity came from the Almighty and Omnipotent One, who is intimately acquainted with the human mind and all that can operate upon it, and has environed the faith with bulwarks of evidence *at all points* to render it impregnable.

The argument of our present chapter is essentially what is called metaphysical; but I shall endeavour to illustrate it so familiarly as to render the truths I wish to bring out clear to every capacity.

There are some things which are often con-

\* For earlier papers in this "series," see OUR OWN FIRESIDE, Volume II.:—I. "How did it Come?" p. 122. II. "It was done on Purpose," p. 237. III. "The Purpose is Clear," p. 461.

founded in the mind, which it is most desirable should always be kept distinct and separate. The confusion sometimes results from our not having a clear and distinct apprehension of the meaning of *terms* or *words*; but it oftener results from our not having a clear distinction in our minds between one class of things, facts, or appearances, and another which it in some respects resembles.

Many mistakes in science and philosophy have arisen from the want of a clear distinction between what is called "cause and effect," and "antecedent and sequent." The first of these terms will doubtless be generally understood; but it may be necessary for some of my readers that I should explain the other.

"Antecedent," in this sense, then, means that fact, occurrence, or appearance which generally or universally goes before another; "sequent," the fact, occurrence, or appearance which generally or universally succeeds or follows after the antecedent. Effect follows cause, and cause precedes effect, just as regularly; but these names, antecedent and sequent, are given in cases where that which precedes cannot properly be regarded as either the efficient or proximate cause of that which follows.

Thus night succeeds to day, and day to night; winter succeeds to summer, and summer to winter: but no one perhaps in the present condition of our knowledge could fancy for a moment that night was the cause of day, or day of night—that summer was the cause of winter, or winter of summer. They are mere sequences, or successions; the one we may first name being the antecedent, the other the sequent, and the *cause* having to be looked for in something beyond them.

But there are things which follow as invariably from certain conditions, as night follows day, and winter follows summer; yet they cannot be regarded as mere antecedents and sequents. Take, for example, a lump of solid material, such as ice or lead, and place it in circumstances in which it will be sufficiently heated; and it becomes liquid. This result of liquefaction follows, under the circumstances, as invariably as day follows night and summer follows winter. The heating, however, is not merely the antecedent and the liquefying the sequent. Though it may not be the first or efficient cause, the heating is at least the proximate (that is, the near or immediate) cause of the effect (the liquefying) which follows: as the presence or absence of the great source of

light and heat are the proximate cause of day and night, summer and winter.

In their anxiety to get rid of a first or efficient cause, I have heard infidels, who pretended to a knowledge of science, argue that there is no such thing as cause and effect presented to our view in the universe; but that all the varied facts and phenomena which pass before us are mere antecedents and sequents. Therefore it is that I wish my readers to have a clear distinction between these things in their minds. And, hoping that I have made thus much clear, let us now shift the scene.

If we set up a quantity of dominoes in a line upon a board, or a quantity of bricks in a line upon a plain, each placed at such a distance from the other that it could not fall without knocking down its next neighbour, we have only to push down the first in the right direction, in order to cause them all to fall in due succession. This familiar trick, which perhaps every reader has practised when a child, will enable us to take a further step in illustration of that which I wish to make clear.

We certainly have here antecedent and sequent, but it is not mere sequence of events. Each brick or domino falls after its neighbour; but the weight or force with which each one fell was the *cause* of its neighbour's fall.

Shall we say, then, that they knocked each other down, and look no further for a cause? Such is, in simple reality, the process of argument adopted by infidels with regard to the facts and existence of the universe. But let us apply to it the few words at the head of this paper.

Q. "Why did this brick fall?"

A. "It was knocked down by its neighbour."

Q. "Well, 'and what before that?' why did it fall?"

A. "It was knocked down by its neighbour."

Q. "Well, 'and what before that?' go on to the end."

It is quite clear that the first brick would have stood still enough if it had been let alone; and so would every other brick. The momentum or knocking-down force did not reside in *them*. It was communicated by the hand or foot which pushed the first that fell. From this the whole sequence of events, the fall of every brick, resulted. And though each brick, down to the last, was the proximate cause of its neighbour's fall, we must look for the first or efficient cause in something very different.

This familiar illustration will, I hope, serve to make still clearer what is meant by sequence of events, or "antecedent and sequent," and

by "cause and effect;" and also the difference between proximate cause and first or efficient cause. I had, however, a further object in view in laying it before my readers.

There is not a denier of the foundation doctrine of our faith—the belief in a CREATING AND SUPERINTENDING DEITY—who does not more or less take refuge in the doctrine of antecedents and sequents: and there is not one of them who may not be pushed upon the horns of a dilemma and utterly set fast, if judiciously yet resolutely plied with the query, "and what before that?"

Some tell us that "the very conception of origin is too much for them.\*" That is simply like saying that the line of bricks is so long they cannot see to the end.

Some may take refuge in what is called the doctrine of the eternity of things, and be driven to the conclusion that the great aggregate of matter, which we call nature, is eternal.† That is as much as uttering the simple absurdity that there was no first brick in the line, but every one had one before it to knock it down.

Others, or even the same persons, may endeavour to mystify the matter by pointing out variations in the antecedents and sequents, and speaking of a "system of ever-working forces, producing forms uniform in certain lines, and largely various in the whole;"‡ bringing in the theories of "development" and "natural selection" to their aid. But this is merely like telling us that some of the bricks were blue, some red, some yellow, some lighter, and some heavier than others, but all proved heavy enough to knock their neighbours down. It tells us nothing of the force or momentum in which the fall of each originated.

When all these dreamers have carried out their fancies to their utmost point the question has still to be applied, "and what before that?"

Let us bring one or two modern systems to the test. The author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," by means of development, and Mr. Charles Darwin, by means of the "natural selection" of improved or varying parentage, endeavour to show us how man might have sprung from a monad or a mere germ of existence. Imagining some connecting links which they acknowledge to be missing, they trace his parentage through the ape, the mammal, the reptile, or perhaps

the mammalian fish, such as the whale or dolphin—then, through inferior fishes of various grades to what is now called the foraminifera or apparent scum of the ocean.

But Dr. Carpenter has shown that foraminifera are not the mere scum of the seething waves: that, infinitesimally small though they be, they are living creatures of definite shape and definite classes and races; and are possessed of life, which, as clearly as the whale, the elephant, or reasoning man, they derived from their parents. And when life is thus brought down to its minutest example, and we are requested to believe, *without evidence*, things far more incredible than anything the Holy Scriptures offer to our faith, supported by *sufficient evidence*—when the opponent thus seeks to reduce the question to such small dimensions that a million examples of life might be brought within the compass of a nutshell, we must still put the question, "and what before that?"

Life must have life to produce it. There can be no effect without a cause, and no effect can transcend or go beyond its cause. To recur to our chosen figure, they have reduced the size of the bricks or dominoes so gradually that each lesser one can knock down its neighbour a little heavier than itself, while the one first set a-going is very small in comparison with the one last laid prostrate. But momentum or force of some kind was still required in the first instance; the first must have been pushed against its neighbour or the last would not have fallen.

Professor Baden Powell, in his attempt to trace the progress of all things by orderly evolution, after carrying us back from inhabited to uninhabited worlds, from thence back to molten balls of fire, and thence to a widely-extended nebulous haze or fire mist, assures us that the said cloud of fire contained the elements of all forms of existence, "organic and vital as well as inorganic, which, out of it, in some way, by equally regular laws in the one case as in the other, have been evolved." But though he assures us that "physical philosophy always supposes at least some elements in existence, and cannot investigate or conceive of a condition of things antecedent to nature, or the case of its actual commencement;" we must still put the inconvenient question, "and what before that?" Who made the fire mist? who produced the nebulous haze capable in so wonderful a manner of evolving by regular laws a universe out of it? We must fall back

\* Miss Martineau.

† Holyoake.

‡ Martineau.

upon a God at last, and why push Him off to such a distance? why not admit Him at a nearer point? why not regard Him as a living and a present God, instead of "a great absentee bound over in recognizances not to interfere with the works of His hands?"

But it may be asked, may not the question "and what before that?" be retorted upon us? Has not Holyoake already turned it back upon us by propounding the inquiry, though perhaps not in so simple and intelligible a manner. "Surely it is as easy to conceive that the universe has always existed as that God has always existed. If we must go back to a God as the cause of things which are, we shall have as much need to go back to something else as the cause of God. Origin, simple origin, is as hard to conceive of in one way as another. Why may we not as well suppose the world exists of necessity? If we imagine a Creator to account for how other things came, the question returns upon us in another shape, 'How did He come?' It is only making a new difficulty to get rid of the old one."\*

Here, however (and the same omission has been made by every atheist whose works have come under my notice), a *most important item* has been left out of the account.

There is no "needs be" that what is true of the finite is true also of the infinite, as the conditions are not the same. When "eternal existence," or "necessary existence" are spoken of, it is most important to have clear and definite views of what is *meant* by the word.

\* This is the substance of Holyoake's argument on this subject in his discussion with Townley, an argument which I am sorry to say was not answered.

The atheist cannot mean by the word *necessity* "a law imposed by some superior power, which is because he wills it to be." He does not acknowledge that superior power, or believe in such a dominant and arbitrary will. He means strict necessity, unwilled, unordained, which is because it cannot but be. In other words, for a clear definition is important, he means—*what* is because it couldn't *not* be, could not otherwise than be, which exists of itself, uncaused save by the necessity of its own existence.

And now to our conclusion. That which exists by *such* necessity, must clearly be eternal, for, as it is before all *conditions*, the necessity applies as much to one point of time, duration, or eternity as to another—to every point as much as to any.

That which exists by such necessity must also be immense, or infinite in extent, for it applies to one point of space as much as to another, to every part as much as any. And that which applies with equal force to *every* point of duration or eternity, and every point of space or infinitude, applies not to the finite but to the Infinite. And that, therefore, which exists by necessity—the atheist's own necessity—is not a finite thing or creature, or even a finite universe, but an infinite Being, or in other words a God.

There is no *need* therefore, no *room* to put the question here, "And what before that?" We have gone back to that which existed before all *things*. We have gone back to the force that pushed the first brick—the cause of all other causes, the antecedent of all sequences and things, and we have seen that of *necessity* it must be an Infinite Being.

## OUR SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

### I.—THE HEAD MASTER.

THE secret charm of a love story lies in every man's personal response from some early romance of his own. The attraction to school-boy memories strikes a similar chord, vibrating to every one's experience. School is a microscope of the world.

Every boy in it is an epitome of the after man. Its petty feuds and factions, its partialities and antipathies, its manikin tyrannies

and interpositions, its changes and chances, prizes and blanks, mean things and manly ones, constitute a parable of life, conformable as twigs to trees, and shadows to their projecting substances. The critical importance of early education dates from the fact, that the plastic season of youth is the now or never for fixing the right direction.

Taking the Christian stand-point, human

nature is fallen, and is therefore in every case on a false scent at starting. Hence the true philosophy of education, as the word implies, is evangelical.

It is to educe, draw out, or draw off the boy, from the young native self of sin, ignorance, and insubjection to the better self of taught, renewed, and disciplined youth, whose character and exercised capacity become hostages for a well-ordered manhood.

School is the matrix where the man's die is cast. More schools, less jails, is the conclusion of modern statistics. Christianity adds, more religion at school, less vice and unhappiness at home.

Our old school was conducted by a man of learning and a man of God. Andrew Broomielaw, LL.D., was of Scottish extraction, and a "kindly a Scot" as ever travelled south of the Tweed. His great ability, and conscientious industry as a teacher, rapidly raised in my native town one of the largest and most successful schools in the south of England. His piety graced and recommended scholarship. His pupils naturally identified them, and learned to honour either for the other's sake. The connection raised young Christianity, like its Divine Author in His childhood, to a position among the doctors. Its religious atmosphere sanctified the school, imported conscience into questions of discipline, and inseparably, as an effect of temperature, acclimated the young impressionable hearts that breathed it. Lads fresh from every variety of home-rule, or no rule at all, chafed under the yoke at first, but its admirable fit drew them into it involuntarily.

There were of course exceptions, as there are everywhere. There are no specifics for every malady, whether in schools or surgeries. But some influence reached every case, and most of them effectually. Here and there the naughty or the noisy element found vent in their usual explosions, and always more to their own damage than of other folks, but the strong hand checked, where the true heart failed to subdue. Broomielaw landed safe ashore many a young drifting craft that had been all at sea. The birch, like the forbidden tree, was only tasted by the disobedient when every other tree failed to keep within bounds. If inflicted at all, it was in earnest. One bullet is more effective than a volley of blank cartridges.

Broomielaw's leading policy with his boys was putting them on their honour. The rule was to believe every boy on his word till he was

detected in a lie. It taught the boys self-respect, gave every one a stake in himself, a prerogative he was loath to part with, and thus enlisted them on the side of virtue.

The head master encouraged manliness as a part of morals. He had no spies in the school, as fostering in the young informers a spirit of meanness, and in the rest of their schoolmates aversion and distrust. He exhibited as much tact in what he would not see, as in dealing with what he was obliged to see and condemn. His aim in all things was to cultivate a chivalrous sense of honour between himself and his boys, and with the boys between one another. He considered the sense of honour a good stock on which to graft the religious sense, as it precluded youthful insincerity in religion, on the ground that insincerity in anything was disingenuous, and therefore dishonourable and unmanly.

In looking back upon the mischief of any temptation to pious pretence in young Christians, I am sure Dr. Broomielaw's policy was correct. He was for reality in all things, and was himself one of the realest, most sterling men I have ever known. Serious in school, and church, and in the household devotions; at other times—off parade, so to speak—he was the simplest, cheerfullest old Don, making every boy at home with him, yet so as nobody mistook him or trespassed on his condescension. He didn't actually play cricket with the boys, but he only excused himself on the score of the stiffness of age, not of his position; and looked on for hours at the match, as if his interest in it survived the power of a more active co-operation. He never declined arbitration in any disputed points, whether of that or other games, and heard the statements on both sides with a gravity and attention which obviously recognised the propriety of the appeal, and the importance of the pleas at issue. He wished the boys to do everything in earnest; play, as well as work; contending that a desultory game was as injurious to mental habit as desultory reading.

He was happy in his family relations, having a clever, diligent, judicious wife, who superintended his establishment with a combined tact and tenderness which secured the domestic comfort of the pupils, and conciliated the confidence of their parents. She was the school's best advertisement, next to the Doctor. His uniform courtesy to her before the boys, was a lesson to them, as well as justice to herself. It early impressed that sentiment of respect and

politeness to the sex which softens the manners, and accustoms youth to the graceful discharge of a duty which exerts a favourable influence on their conviction of other social duties. A bear to women is a bore to men, and more brute than brother to both.

Broomielaw's two sons were educated in another school, that he might avoid even the appearance of parental partiality, and perhaps the temptation to do them less than justice lest he should be suspected of doing them more. He desired to separate the parental from the tutorial function, and therefore entrusted the education of his own boys to other approved masters, as other people entrusted their boys to him. He was, at the same time, conscientious as a parent as he was as a master, and the half-yearly examination by which he tested the progress of his sons was a process he would gladly have seen applied by his pupils' parents to their sons. It would more thoroughly embark parents and masters in the same boat, adding force to the school stimulants by the influence with which it was seconded at home.

Dr. and Mrs. Broomielaw were most perfect as Tutor and Dame. They may have had, for aught I know, their private faults and infirmities, but so long as these were kept to themselves, what had the outer world to do with them? The public should observe the rule, to "praise the bridge which carries them over." None of us are perfect, except in bad romances. In the sturdy realities of life, all of us have our share to forgive and be forgiven.

The Doctor had one daughter, of a tall, commanding, magnificent figure; clever beyond her years. Accomplished in all the arts of female education, Nelly Broomielaw aspired to enter the masculine lists, and under the proud tuition of her father, made considerable progress in Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew. As she grew older she was a model of artless, innocent decorum (without a particle of starch, or spice of coquetry), to give a school of boys an elevated idea of feminine character. She indirectly helped her father in this branch of social teaching, and was herself unconsciously his object lesson, a lovely and a lively diagram to illustrate the various phases of woman's influence and attraction. Her manner of address to the boys, on the few occasions she came into conversational contact with them, charmed them by its simple dignity and self-possession. Her good sense and light-heartedness, equally removed from the levity of flirtation, or the rigid inaccessibility of a

polar spinster, made Nelly the type of a girl which the boys expounded, as just what girls should be, to their sisters at home. Her example, like the eye accustomed to good pictures eschewing a daub, raised the taste of the boys to the appreciation of the difference between a lady and a doll. To crown the whole, her evident, though unostentatious personal piety; her profound, loving reverence of her father; her uniform deference, filial courtesy, and attention to her mother; and her whole-hearted affection and pride in her brothers; so endeared her to the inner circle of her family, that the boys outside reckoned it their brightest gala day, when now and then, in their turn, the Doctor invited them to coffee, and an hour's music and chat, in his private drawing room. What Nelly said and did was the topic of discussion, when the favoured ones rejoined their schoolmates.

The Doctor's boys, Andrew and Archibald, abbreviated in the home circle, and adopted in the school ditto, as Sandie and Archie, were both older than Nelly, and possessed natural gifts inferior to their sister's, though she now could admit it was so. They were boys of average talent, but supplemented their want of brilliancy by an indomitable industry which enabled them to "hold their own" with sharper classmates. Their progress, like their conduct, was respectable rather than splendid, and satisfied conscience more than their ambition. The Doctor never withheld his cordial approval at his half-yearly gauge of their school position. He knew how much they could do when they did their best, and was neither unreasonable nor unkind enough to expect more.

Broomie's sense of justice to his own boys equally applied to his school. In general education, as in religious teaching, he believed the Scripture rule was the only right and equitable one, viz., to consider the various degrees of gift, opportunity, and hindrance, whether in men or boys, "Of some having compassion, making a difference." Hence he multiplied his classes more than in most schools, to equalize as nearly as possible the abilities of their component members, not to keep on a low standard, but to afford one, fairly within reach of all, to encourage them to try their utmost. Boys won't try when the standard is too hopelessly beyond them. By this policy, even dull boys took heart, and got to believe at last they were not so dull as they thought they were. Broomielaw never addressed a boy as if he supposed him stupid—would never allow a

it for granted he *couldn't* work a *strue* a sentence. He taxed him *mce*, carelessness, want of thought, *ss* of preceding lessons, or want of or patience in applying it, but he *itted* the plea of mental inability. *say*, "Never call a boy a fool; it *y* to make him one. All are born not boobies. Boobies make them- don't help them by recognising the *ept* to discountenance it."

*a* school was like a moral manufac- every bit of machinery on the pre- *something* to do with the business. *the* choice of his domestic servants, *female*, entered into his calculation, *into* implements in the general work *of* Mrs. Broomielaw selected only *re* believed to be of decidedly good *ncter*, as well as possessed of the *ities* in faithful and efficient ser- *e* maintained a vigilant oversight of domestic interior of the establish- though the boys were sometimes too *rher* detection in occasional instances *on* of bedroom regulations, the ser- *e* kept in order. With a single ex- *one* of them was ever dismissed for *ty* of conduct. Those who left to be *und* who had behaved well and served *, the* doctor publicly dismissed at the *ur*, with words of commendation, to *; that* the honest discharge of every *life*, however humble, constituted a *on* respect and recognition, and that *ried* away with them the good wishes *if* and all the school for their health *piness*.

*ember* servants weeping so bitterly at *from* us all, that it was with difficulty *us* refrained from weeping with them. *as* another of what Broomielaw called *asons* of social justice." He used to say, *pro quo* is as much the rule with *lic*, as with the rest of us. Why should *pect* it otherwise? Serve them well, and *ill* serve you well. You will get what *un* from them, and they will fairly earn *they* get from you. No class of our *atures* are beneath the rights of re- *ity*. Boys, remember this when you *heads* of families, or employers of *: Bender* unto all their dues, and this *nder* others less liable to forget what is *you*."

*in* the gifted Nelly was only sixteen, one

of the head scholars conceived a boyish passion for her, which she secretly reciprocated. He left for college, and would have distinguished himself: but wasting sickness debilitated his frame, interrupted his reading, and at last terminated his promising career of usefulness. Nelly was eighteen years old when the news reached the school. No intercourse or correspondence had passed between them since the head scholar left for Cambridge. His home was in a distant inland county, and they had never met. Consequently the mere childish attachment of Nelly to her distinguished admirer had naturally yielded to the influence of time and absence; and except as a fine promising boy, of whose affection for her Nelly felt a girlish pride, she had almost forgotten him. But when the doctor, at the usual period after the dinner cloth was removed, very feelingly stated the melancholy intelligence, there were few dry eyes round the tables, except among the new "fellows" who had never known him.

"My dear boys," said Broomielaw, after he had announced the fact, and his age, scarcely twenty, "the early death of one so good and clever, so distinguished a gem of this establishment, deeply distresses me. I loved him for his manly character and real religious spirit, and I was proud of him as a pupil who would have done us honour; but he has been called to glorify God in another way. I trust you and I are ready to bow down in submission as well as sorrow, and say, 'Not our will, but Thine be done.' These things teach us none are too young to die, and therefore none can be prepared for death too soon. Repentance of sin, and faith in the Saviour, for which sacred gifts we must implore His Holy Spirit in earnest prayer, are the great secrets of life, until we have attained which we have lived in vain. All we have learned is spoiled of its chief value, use, and beauty, till we have been taught of God, so to 'use this world, as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.' I should like a nice feeling letter of condolence, such as your own hearts may dictate, to be drawn up, and signed by the 6th Form, to be forwarded with mine to his bereaved father. It may be some comfort to him in his grief to know that others share it, and would willingly relieve him of a portion of it in the only way in their power to offer."

The Doctor's proposal was cordially responded to, and suppressed murmurs of sympathy passed from lip to lip. Nelly sat at her

father's right hand, at the head of the middle long table, and made no effort to conceal the tears which her father's words of eulogy and affection for her boyish lover drew from her. She was not ashamed to weep over the untimely end of one so young, so highly gifted, and so grievously disappointed in his generous aspirations after literary distinction. The boys noticed her tears, and loved and honoured her for them all the more.

"The noble girl," said a little fellow just entering his teens—"she's got a heart, our Nelly. I'll make her an offer next holidays, if she'll have me." And so he did, and Nelly thanked him for loving her, and promised to love him too if he was a good boy, and "got up to as high a place when he was as old as the dead." Then she kissed him like a younger brother when she bid him good-bye, and called him her dear little Charlie, and one of the best little fellows of his age she knew, and hoped he would keep loyal and true as he had been. So "little Charlie" drove off in the fly to the station, his young heart swelling with mingled emotions of gratification at Nelly's kindness, and of annoyance at her treating him so like a child, that he was totally at a loss how to understand her expressions of interest in his welfare.

Nelly had to parry many a boyish assault upon her affections in a similar good natured way: so that there were at least a dozen boys, each of whom considered himself her special, if not exclusive, favourite. She wished to be accounted, what she really wished to be, an elder sister of the whole school—a kind-hearted link of connection between the home and the school element.

Another rule of Broomielaw's establishment was to reserve corporal chastisement for moral offences. Ordinary delinquencies, in the way of careless exercises, imperfect lessons, habitual idleness and inattention, were punished by confinement to walls and impositions of extra tasks in time or memory. He held the actual infliction of the birch to be an extreme penalty, too solemn to let its impressiveness be frittered away by too frequent interpositions. He believed it well worth while to give boys as much chance as possible to retain the self-respect which is compromised by a personal chastisement.

If schools are to attach importance to a flog-

ging, as they should do, it must be the of only grave offences. All punishment aim at reforming the culprit: hence the mistake of the promiscuous administration: those punishments which are calculated to degrade a boy in his own estimation. Schools don't sufficiently realize this point: the general result on the boys' mind render them callous and indifferent, and seldom to resent punishments which they scarcely deserve. Besides the tendency to sympathize with the offender, the moral sense of his offence, and forfeit loyal allegiance to discipline. I have boys flogged into scamps, who might have been better trained into respectable citizens.

Dear old Broomie's heart was too thorough in the right place to get his head often wrong one. He believed no system in itself of improvement from the suggestions of experience, and was never above learning, from his own observation or that of others.

Broomielaw, in short, was an educational philosopher who loved his work, not for its profits merely, though professional success was all he had to depend upon, but he was in it. He believed he was, in his way, illustrating the inspired encomium on David—by "serving his own generation according to the will of God." Some are behind their age, and these are the clogs on the wheels of progress. Others are before their age, and their speculations may or may not be useful. But the real men of the time are the men of their age, "*serving their generation according to the will of God.*" This is the phrase. It exactly defines the philosopher, the philanthropist, the genuine citizen, which is a boon to his contemporaries. That is Broomielaw's praise.

In looking back upon his character and life, understood, and therefore better appreciated by my adult retrospections than by the perfect impressions of boyhood, I realize many obligations I owe to him for as good that is in me. He was the justest, the most judicious friend of my youth, and worth a hundred fold the capital which my liberality invested on my education in Broomielaw's hands, my father and myself received our own with usury."

(To be continued.)



## BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.\*

## I.

## WILD DATE-PALM, FOUND IN THE SINAI MOUNTAINS.

and they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees." EXOD. xv. 27.

seven miles south-by-east from Howara—lyconsidered the *Marah* of Scripture—ady Gharendel, the largest of all the eds on the west side of the peninsula. at a mile in breadth, and stretches the north-east: the Arabs say it may d throughout the desert, and that it t no great distance from El Arish, on terranean. But this is doubtful. lley is full of date-trees, tamarisks, different species, and the gharkad. re is a copious spring with a small hich renders the valley one of the stations on the route to Sinai. The disagreeable, and if kept for a night ster-skins it turns bitter and spoils. rdt says:—

admit Bir Howara to be the *Marah* of en Wady Gharendel is probably Elim with and date-trees, an opinion entertained by

Niebuhr, who, however, did not see the bitter well of Howara on the road to Gharendel. The non-existence at present of twelve wells at Gharendel must not be considered as evidence against the just stated conjecture; for Niebuhr says that his companions obtained water here by digging to a very small depth, and there was a great plenty of it when I passed; water, in fact, is readily found by digging in every fertile valley in Arabia, and wells are thus easily formed, which are quickly filled up again by the sands."

The date-palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*) is one of the noblest trees that adorn the solitary waste, and the most useful that man has converted to the purposes of nutriment and comfort. In the forest the eye recognizes the lofty palm, while the remainder of the vegetable creation lose their individuality in the confusion of varied tints and forms. The presence of the palm is an unerring sign of water; hence the weary Israelites found water where they found palm trees.

## II.

## ING MATERIALS AND IMPLEMENTS: FROM PAINTINGS AT HERCULANEUM.

"Made an end of writing the words of this law in a book."—DEUT. xxxi. 24.

er to give the reader some idea of the form and material of this most ancient d the other books mentioned in the hume, we shall here state a few leading the general subject. It will be ob- hat our notice is limited to such writings as may more or less properly der the denomination of "book." As not enlarge the subject by investigating onological priority in the use of the substances employed, we shall find it mt to arrange our brief remarks under

the heads of Vegetable, Metallic, and Animal Substances. Most of those we shall notice, or probably all, were, in due order of time, known to the Jews, as we either learn positively from Scripture, or else may, with tolerable certainty, infer from their connections with other nations.

## I.—VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.

1. *Wood*.—*Inscriptions* on wood are very ancient. Tablets of wood were very early in use, and seem to have been generally employed much in the same way as slates among our-

alled the special attention of our readers last month to the New Edition of THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, by W. D.D., F.S.A., just published by Messrs. Sangster and Co., 36, Paternoster Row. We intimated that we should to this truly unrivalled work. We might, in the strongest terms, add our testimony to the many already a value: but we have thought the best testimony would be two or three quotations from the notes themselves, ad by specimens of the illustrations. These will speak for themselves. The two volumes contain 2,800 pages d more than 800 engravings after the great masters, from monuments of antiquity, and other sources: and this on is enlarged with a series of introductions by the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A. The price is a marvel even amongst s of the cheap press. It seems incredible that the work can be sold for ONE GUINEA.

selves; that is, for temporary writing (see Numbers v. 23). Sometimes they were single, but frequently from two to five or more leaves were done up into a sort of book, something like our slate-books. The Greeks and Romans usually coated the boards with wax, on which

spreading back the wax, so as to render it to receive other words. In such books there was in the middle of each leaf a sort of button to prevent the pages from touching each other when closed. But the greater warmth of the climate prevented the Jews from general



WILD DATE-PALM, FOUND IN THE SINAI MOUNTAINS.

the letters were traced with a *style* or pen, commonly of iron, but also of gold, silver, brass, and sometimes ivory or bone. These instruments had one end pointed, to trace the letters, and the other broad and smooth, for the purpose of obliterating what had been written, by

using wax: they, therefore, wrote on tablets with a kind of ink, which could easily sponged out when necessary. So tablets of wood were in use long before the time of Homer, who lived 150 years before Isaiah; and Horne thinks it highly probable

that several of the prophets wrote upon tablets of wood, or some similar material. Compare Isaiah xxx. 8, and Hab. ii. 2). Such certainly was the "writing-table" (*πινυλιδιον*) on which Zacharias wrote the name of his son, John the Baptist (Luke i. 63). They were not wholly disused in Europe until the fourteenth century, and are still employed in North Africa, Western Asia, and Greece. The leaves of these tablet-books, whether of wood, metal, or ivory, were connected together by rings at the back, through which a rod was passed, that served as a handle to carry them by.

2. *Bark of Trees*.—The fine inner bark of such

when he had read it. The book of the law, written on parchment, is thus rolled and thus read in the Jewish synagogues at the present time. We do not know that rolls of bark are mentioned in the Scripture, but it does not therefore follow that they were not known to the Jews.

3. *Leaves of Trees*.—Pliny thinks that the most early substance for writing was the leaf of the palm-tree; meaning, we presume, the first flexible substance. Be this as it may, the process is certainly of very remote antiquity, and would be naturally suggested by its being perceived how readily particular leaves received



WRITING MATERIALS AND IMPLEMENTS, FROM PAINTINGS AT HERCULANEUM.

trees as the lime, ash, maple, or elm, was early used as a substance for writing. As such was called in Latin *liber*, this name came permanently to be applied to all kinds of books, and has, in a similar connection, been adopted into most European languages. These books, like all others of flexible materials, were rolled up to render them portable, and to preserve the writing. They were usually rolled round a stick or cylinder; and if they were long, round two cylinders. Hence the name *volume* (*volumen*)—a thing rolled up—which continues to be applied to books very different from rolls.

In using the roll, the reader unrolled it to the place he wanted, and rolled it up again

and retained marks made by a pointed instrument. At this day, books made with the leaves of different trees are common among the Indian nations, and specimens of these are numerous in England. The palmyra leaf is that which is most generally used, but others are preferred in some parts, as those of the *talipot-tree*, in Ceylon, on account of its superior breadth and thickness. The letters are written, or rather engraved, with a fine-pointed style, or sort of bodkin; and the writing is afterwards rubbed over with a composition of oil and pulverized charcoal, which renders the characters distinct and permanent.

4. *Papyrus*.—This was a vegetable tissue,

the manufacture of which originated, and was, in a great degree, peculiar to Egypt. It is obtained from a bulrush (*Cyperus papyrus*, Linn.) which grew in the swamps of the Nile to the height of ten or fifteen feet. The parts used in making the papyrus were the thin concentric coats or pellicles that surround the triangular stalk; those nearest the centre being the best and finest. A layer of these was laid out lengthwise on a board, and another layer pasted over it crosswise, and after being pressed and dried in the sun, the sheet was completed by the surface being polished with a shell, or other hard and smooth substance. A number of these sheets were glued together to form a roll of the required dimensions. The breadth was determined by the length of the slips taken from the plant; but the length might of course be carried to almost any extent. The largest that has yet been found is thirty feet long. The writing, *as in all rolls of whatever material*, is not across the length or breadth of the roll, but in columns, extended in the direction of the roll's breadth, with a blank strip between them. Many such rolls have been found in Egypt, in mummy-cases and earthen vessels, and many also in the houses excavated at Herculaneum. The former, though more ancient, are better preserved and more easily unrolled than the latter, which have suffered from the action of heat. The superiority of the papyrus to all other materials previously known brought it speedily into general use for books, among the western civilized nations; and it must, in the time of the Apocrypha and New Testament, have been well known to the Jews. Indeed, it may probably enough have been known to the prophets; for although the common account makes the discovery posterior to the foundation of Alexandria, this must be an error; since it was extensively used and formed an article of export from Egypt in the time of Herodotus, whose visit to that country was more than a century prior to the foundation of Alexandria. The rush itself is distinctly mentioned by Isaiah (xix. 7), in predicting the confusion of Egypt.

5. *Linen*.—The use of linen as a substance for writing on is allowed to have been long prior to the invention of papyrus. Indeed, it is evident that when men had invented linen cloth for dress, and afterwards began to feel the need of a flexible and durable material for writing, it would naturally occur to them that, if their linen could be so prepared as to receive

and retain the characters, it would be more convenient to form a portable book, than any substance previously known. They soon found how to adapt their tissues to this purpose by priming or painting them all over before they began to write, the writing itself being also rather painted than written, for the inks of antiquity were rather paints than inks, containing no mordant to give them durability—resembling, in this, the inks now used in the East. That such writing was known to the ancient Egyptians, we know from the written bandages which are sometimes found on mummies. Linen books are mentioned by Pliny and Vopiscus; and Livy speaks of such books that were found in the temple of Moneta. The obvious character of the resource is also indicated by the fact that the pictorial epistles of the Mexicans were painted on a cotton tissue. The use of linen was certainly known to the Jews in the time of Moses, the priestly robes being principally of that material; and there are Biblical scholars who think that the original of the Pentateuch and the other books of the Old Testament were written on rolls of linen. The question is certainly open to investigation, as *rolls* only are mentioned in a general sense, without our being informed what they were composed of. Our own impression certainly is, that when a roll (*megillah*) or "book" (*sepher*) is mentioned we are to understand that it was either of linen or of the skin of animals—sometimes, perhaps, the one, and sometimes the other.

## II.—METALLIC SUBSTANCES.

Tablets, and sometimes several tablets formed into a book, like the wooden tablets, consisting of plates of lead, copper, brass, and other metals, were anciently used, either to form leaves on which the wax might be spread, or else for the writing to be engraven upon them. The latter process is exceedingly ancient. Writing on lead is mentioned by Job (xix. 24). Pliny mentions that leaden sheets or plates were used for important public documents. This we learn also from other sources; and brass was also employed for inscriptions intended to be very durable. What Pliny says on the general subject is instructive. "At first men wrote on the leaves of the palm, and the bark of certain other trees; but afterwards public documents were preserved on leaden plates or sheets, and those of a private nature on wax and linen." The order of sequence here is of no weight; we cite it for the facts.

Montfaucon purchased at Rome, in 1699, an ancient book entirely composed of lead. It was out four inches long and three inches wide: not only were the two pieces that formed the cover and the leaves, six in number, of lead, but also the stick inserted through the rings to hold the leaves together, as well as the hinges and nails. It contained Egyptian Gnostic verses and unintelligible writing. Brass, as more durable, was used for the inscriptions signed to last the longest, such as treaties, laws, and alliances. These public documents were, however, usually written on large tablets. The style, for writing on brass and other hard substances, was sometimes tipped with diamond (Jer. xvii. 1).

### III.—ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

1. *Skins*.—The skins of animals were in use for writing long before parchment was invented. *Leviticus* mentions the barbarians as writing by painting on the skins of goats or sheep; and *Diodorus* describes the ancient Persian ords as being kept on the same substance. The recourse was so very obvious that it has prevailed in most countries. Even in America the Mexicans had books of skins, and the North American Indians had maps painted on skins. It was also certainly one of the most ancient, and the most ancient form of portable writing; and they have great probability on their side who contend that the books of Moses were written on the skins of sheep or goats. The Jews, too, had most certainly the art of preparing and dyeing skins, for rams' skins dyed in red made a part of the covering for the tabernacle. In connection with this fact, the following particulars of a Hebrew MS. roll of the Pentateuch, now in the public library at Cambridge, are very instructive. The roll was discovered by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in the record-chest of the black Jews in Malabar, supposed to be descended from the first dispersion of the Hebrew nation by Nebuchadnezzar. The date of the manuscript could not be ascertained, but the text is supposed to have been derived from those copies which their ancestors brought with them to India. It is written on a roll of goat skins, dyed red, and measures forty-eight inches in length, by twenty-two inches in breadth. As it wants *Leviticus* and the greater part of *Exodus*, it is calculated that its original length must have been not less than ninety English feet. In its present condition it consists of thirty-seven skins, comprehending one hundred and seventy columns, four inches in depth, and containing each from forty to

fifty lines. It is in some places worn out, and the holes have been sewn up with pieces of parchment. (See further particulars in Horne's account of Hebrew Manuscripts in his "Introduction," vol. iv., pp. 86—89.)

We refer to this remarkable roll merely as representing a very primitive manner of writing important documents, without expressing any opinion as to the date of the roll, or the value of its text. Dr. Buchanan himself states in his "Researches" (p. 236, ninth edition), that the "Cabul Jews, who travel into the interior of China, say, that in some synagogues the law is still written on a roll of leather made of goats' skins, dyed red; not on vellum, but on a soft flexible leather."

2. *Parchment*.—This is but an improvement, although a very important one, on the process just mentioned. It was one of the latest, if not the latest of the various processes we have noticed, although some assign it a very early date, for want of adverting to the difference between it and skins less artificially prepared. The improvement is said to have been invented at Pergamos, at a time when Ptolemy Philadelphus prohibited the exportation of papyrus from Egypt, with the view of obstructing the formation of a grand library which Eumenes, King of Pergamos, was forming, and which he feared might eclipse his own great library at Alexandria. It is certain that the best parchment was made at Pergamos, and skins thus prepared were hence called *charta Pergamena*, of which our *parchment* is a corruption. In Greek they are sometimes called *membrana* (μεμβράνα), under which name St. Paul mentions them in 2 Tim. iv. 13. Parchment came to be employed for legal, sacred, and other particular classes of works; but the comparative cheapness of papyrus, combined with as much durability as could be required for the more common literary works, maintained it still in general use. The Jews soon began to write their Scriptures on parchment, of which the rolls of the law used in their synagogues are still composed.

3. *Ivory*.—Tablets and tablet-books of ivory, on the same principle as those of wood and metals, were anciently in use, much as they continue to be among ourselves. They were written on with that paint-like ink which, as we have already noticed, might be washed off when necessary. The Burmese have beautiful books formed of ivory sheets stained black, on which the characters are gilt or enamelled, and the margins adorned with gilding.

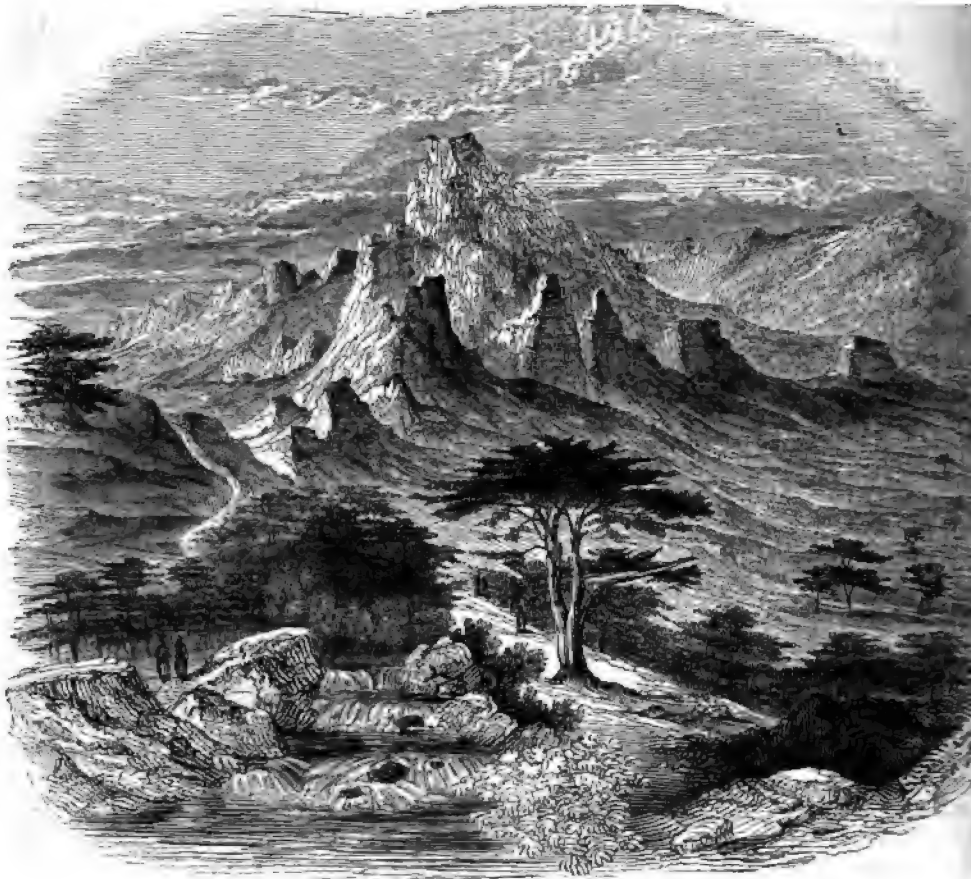
## III.

## LEBANON.

"All Lebanon, toward the sun-rising, from Baalgad under Mount Hermon unto the entering into Hamath."  
JOSHUA xiii. 5.

The mountains of Lebanon—a portion of this range forming the "Hermon" of Scripture—are most elevated in the north of Palestine, where they make a most conspicuous and striking appearance, whether as viewed from the western side or the eastern plains. They

describes it, in patches, as it may be seen during summer upon the tops of very elevated mountains, but investing all the upper part with that perfect white and smooth velvet-like appearance which snow only exhibits when it is very deep. "A striking spectacle," adds the



LEBANON.—CASSUS. "VOYAGE PITTORESQUE EN SYRIE."

appear as stretching far away to the north and south, forming the elevated central nucleus of all the mountains of this region, and raising their abrupt and steep summits in grand snow-invested masses, high above the inferior ridges which seem to diverge thence, as from a centre, to the north, the south, and the east.

The higher summits of Anti-Libanus are covered with perpetual snow, not as Dr. Clarke

traveller, "in such a climate, where the holder, seeking protection from a burning sun almost considers the firmament to be on fire

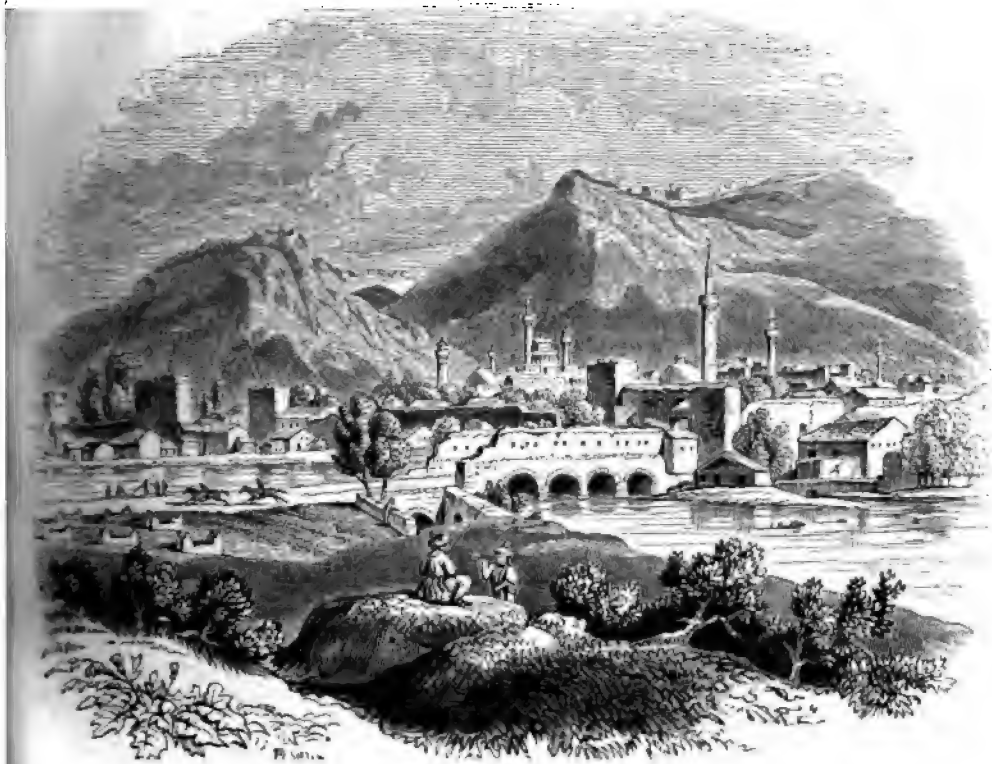
The higher parts of Libanus not being at the point of perpetual congelation, are not covered with perpetual snow; but, as the border on that point, snow still remains during summer in the clefts and fissures which are exposed to the north. We do not know the

any traveller has determined the height of the most elevated part of Libanus with any precision. Jahn, in his "Archæologia Biblica," says the height of Anti-Libanus is about 9,000 feet; but the principal summits must be much higher than this, for some of them, as we have seen, are *above* the line of perpetual congelation, which line cannot in this latitude be much below 11,000 feet; consequently, the higher peaks must be above that elevation, but how much above we do not know.

The geological structure of the mountains of Lebanon has not been examined with much attention. Burchhardt says of Anti-Libanus, "Its rock is primitive, calcareous, of a fine

grain; upon the highest part I found a sandy slate" ('Syria,' p. 9). Of Libanus he nearly repeats this description, "The whole of the rock is calcareous, and the surface towards the top is so splintered by the atmosphere as to have the appearance of layers of slates." He adds, "I found a small petrified shell, and on breaking a stone I picked up on the summit, I discovered another similar petrification within it." This is rather important, as seeming to show that the structure of the mountains is not of primitive but of either mountain or transition limestone.

The Cedars of Lebanon furnish many of the fine images of the Hebrew poets.



ANTIOCH.—CASSUS.

IV.

#### ANTIOCH.

"He went down to Antioch."—Acts xviii. 22.

This was the great Antioch, the capital of Syria, and is carefully to be distinguished from the Antioch in Pisidia. It stood about 300 miles to the north of Jerusalem, and 23 miles from the place where the Orontes discharges itself into the Mediterranean. The town was built

by Seleucus Nicator, who erected into an independent monarchy the dominions conquered by Alexander in Western Asia, and who named it after his father Antiochus.

Strabo's account of the city may be taken to represent it as it appeared at the time when



the believers in Christ received the name of Christians "first at Antioch," and when it received repeated visits from the ardent apostle of the Gentiles. It then consisted of four distinct quarters, each having a wall of its own, and the whole enclosed by a common wall. These quarters marked the successive additions which the city received from the time of Seleucus, the founder, to that of Antiochus Epiphanes. He adds, that the town was little inferior in extent to Seleucia on the Tigris, and Alexandria in Egypt. Several of the Roman Emperors were fond of spending their time at Antioch, as, besides the recommendations of its genial and salubrious climate, it abounded in all the conveniences, luxuries, and pleasures of life; the city being also renowned for its frequent festivals, and for the passion of its inhabitants for the games of the circus and the amusements of the theatre.

Antioch still exists as a town of some note, although grievously declined from its ancient importance. It now bears the modified name of Antaki, and is thought (on what authority is not said) to contain about 10,000 persons; including 150 Christian families, and 20 Jewish ones. The language of the people is Turkish. The town is seated at the top of a steep and bare hill, which terminates the range of Jebel Okrah, the Mount Casius of the ancients, having before it a wide valley, which is thickly wooded and highly cultivated. The river which flows through it is here from 100 to 150 feet wide, and flows at the rate of about three miles an hour. It was formerly navigated up to the city, and might again be made navigable for sailing-boats, if cleared out below. It is now crossed by a substantial stone bridge. The houses are mostly of stone, and are all pent-roofed and covered with red tiles; many of them are three stories high, but more generally two, and the upper part is then constructed of

wood. The streets are narrow, and have a high raised causeway of flat pavement on one side for foot-passengers, and a very narrow and deep path between for horses, seldom enough to admit of two passing each other. The bazaars are mostly open, and are unusually numerous in proportion to the size of the town, as this is a mart of supply for an extensive tract of country around it. All the articles of demand are found here in abundance; and manufactures of the town itself consist in earthenware, pottery, cotton, cloth, some silk twist, shoes, tanneries, and saddlery.

The city was devastated by an earthquake in 1822. Pliny Fisk, the American missionary who visited it two years after, says that within a few days, the mosques, and houses were seen lying prostrate in every direction, filling the streets with ruins. He did not estimate the population at more than four or five thousand; and this is explained by his fellow-traveller, Mr. Madox, who says that four or five thousand perished by the earthquake. The inhabitants were then living in huts outside the town. Since that time the town seems to have been restored to nearly its former condition and population. The walls surrounding it are from thirty to fifty feet high, fifteen feet thick, and flanked with a hundred square towers. The northern portion within the ancient walls is now filled with extensive wood of gardens—chiefly olive, fig, berry, and fig-trees; and along the windward banks of the river tall and slender poplars are seen. The inhabitants still cherish the remembrance of St. Paul's visit to their city; and it is remarkable that one of the gates—that leading to Aleppo—is still called by all classes Bablous, or the gate of St. Paul. There are some remains of ancient aqueducts and bridges, and after heavy rains, antique marble fragments are visible in many parts of the town, and gems, coins, cornelians, and rings are frequently found.

#### HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

"THE SONG OF SONGS."

THERE is a song so thrilling,  
So far all songs excelling,  
That they who sing it, sing it oft again.  
No mortal did invent it,  
But God by angels sent it,  
So deep and earnest, yet so sweet and plain.

The love, which it revealeth,  
All earthly sorrows healeth;  
They flee like mist before the break of day.  
When, O my soul, thou learnest  
That song of songs in earnest,  
Thy cares and troubles all shall pass away.  
"Lyra Domestica"



## THE WORDS OF JOB.

(See Job xix. 23—27.)

'Oh, that my words were written,  
And printed in a book !  
Graven on a rock unsmitten,  
Which thunders never shook ;  
With iron pen recorded,  
In lines which vanish never ;  
By coming ages hoarded,  
Words made to live for ever !"

O Job ! thy prayer victorious  
Is answered every day,  
In triumphs great and glorious,  
And faith's exulting lay.  
And living millions cherish  
Thy words of power divine :  
They live—they cannot perish—  
Those burning words of thine.

Down in the dreary valley,  
Full often are they heard ;  
And drooping spirits rally,  
With heavenly courage stirred.  
Thy voice sweet comfort giveth,  
While victors shout, " I know  
That my Redeemer liveth,"  
And conquer every foe.

At the dark grave-side standing—  
That prison-house of gloom,  
Where mingled terrors banding,  
Affright us with our doom—  
Thy words of exultation  
Light up e'en death's abode,  
And whispers of salvation,  
Relieve the mourner's load.

The Judge in pomp descending  
To gather His elect,  
Tears falling, and graves rending,  
The dead in Christ expect.  
When Time with age grows hoary  
Thy words shall still remain,  
When Christ comes down in glory,  
In every heart to reign.

Words of life eternal,  
When shall mine eyes behold  
The pastures green and vernal,  
The city of pure gold—

Jesu, Redeemer, Brother,  
Enthroned in heaven's abode—  
And mine eyes—not another—  
Gaze on the face of God ?"

BENN. GOUGH,  
*Author of "Lyra Sabbatica."*

"AND IN JESUS CHRIST HIS ONLY SON, OUR  
LORD."

"Unto you which believe He is precious."

God the Father's only Son,  
Yet with Him in glory One,  
One in wisdom, one in might,  
Absolute and Infinite !  
Jesu, I believe in Thee,  
Thou art LORD and God to me.

Preacher of eternal peace,  
The Anointed to release,  
Unto sinners chained before  
Setting wide the dungeon door :  
Jesu, I believe in Thee,  
Christ the PROPHET sent to me.

Low in deep Gethsemane,  
High on dreadful Calvary,  
In the Garden, on the Cross,  
Making good our utter loss :  
Jesu, I believe in Thee,  
PRIEST and Sacrifice for me.

Ruler of Thy ransomed race,  
And Protector by Thy grace,  
Leader in the way we wend  
And Rewarder at the end :  
Jesu, I believe in Thee,  
Christ, the KING of kings to me.

Light revealed through clouds of pain,  
That the blind might see again ;  
Love content in death to lie,  
That the dead might never die :  
Jesu, I believe in Thee,  
Light and love and life to me.

All that I am fain to know  
While I watch and wait below :  
All that I would find above,  
Length and depth and height of love :  
Jesu, I believe in Thee,  
Thou art all in all to me ! AMEN.

"*Lyra Fidelium.*" By S. J. STONE, B.A.

# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters

## PICTURES FROM PARLOUR WALLS.

### THE TWO SPIRITS.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

#### CHAPTER II.



OW, Martha," said George Harper, "I wish you would tell us one of your stories about the old times. You see I am making the model of a wonderful machine, and Louisa is making a cushion quite as wonderful, for the flowers are green, and the leaves red. We have a long evening before us, and we look to you for our entertainment."

"To me, Master George! Nay, you must be making game of me, for who ever expected entertainment from an old servant like me—especially entertainment for ladies and gentlemen?"

"Tell us something grave and sober, then—something about Aunt Isabel, and how she came to be so good. I suppose she was born good—indeed, she must have been."

"Indeed she was not," replied Martha: "I can testify to that, seeing that I had her to nurse and take care of when I was a little thing not much bigger than herself. We had many a stout battle, I can tell you."

"Perhaps you yourself were wrong, Martha, and she was right all the time."

"Not always, Master George, though I don't deny but I might be wrong sometimes. No; Miss Isabel, if I may say so, was a self-willed child, like many others. People don't come good by nature, Master George, although one finds a difference, to be sure."

It happened on this evening that the older members of the Lodge family had gone out to dine, and were not expected home until a later hour than usual. The nurse was engaged with the younger children, and when all were asleep it was her habit to sit downstairs with the other servants, leaving the nursery to Martha's use, on condition that she would "give an eye to the baby." Louisa and her brother, for the convenience of his machine-making, chose to

occupy the same room for the evening; they were both fond of listening to Martha's long histories of people and things belonging to the time when she was young.

Just at present, George happened to be thinking of his aunt. Her peaceful and happy tone of character, her cordialness to others, and genuine enjoyment of their success from whatever lawful cause it might come, afforded a study of human nature in connection with the notion he had just formed about a certain spirit, interested and perplexed him exceedingly.

"How is it," he asked himself again, "that some people take so much delight in pulling down, and others in building up? Why, if I should go about making war on all the ill-constructed machines in the world, breaking and smashing them up wherever I went, that would never of itself bring about any improvement in machinery: it would never, for example, bring about the construction of anything so sensible and clever as the one which I am making. Perhaps it is really the same with spirits as Aunt Isabel says, that we must invite the good in before we can expect to drive the bad out."

Aunt Isabel's words chiming in with his thoughts, which were busy in his brain, made a deep impression upon the mind of his nephew, and pondering over and perplexing himself with the great mystery of good and evil, he had begun to feel a great desire to know more of the personal history of one who in his present state of peaceful calm he was unable to account for. Not that he wanted to pry into anybody's secrets; he only wanted to know a little more of what, to use his own words, "makes people just what they are."

"Could it be possible," he said often to himself, "that all were born alike? No. It must be difference of nature which makes some people so patient and kind, and others

and bitter. But then how should the people know? How, for example, must Isabel know all about these good and bad, if she has never felt the full both within her own heart?"

Isabel must have a history of her own. In conviction, George urged the old man to tell him all that she knew; and she, a little fond of talking, and pleased to find opportunity of exalting her idol, or in the way of doing justice to the virtues of the people in the world whom she both loved and adored above all others, began, not unwilling to tell what she supposed to be the facts of Aunt Isabel's history.

As to Martha it must be stated that she stood with a strong protest against the disclosure of any secrets confided to her.

"Nothing to tell," she said, "of what has been told me, and I would not tell if I felt that I may say will be out of my power gathered from what I have seen with my eyes, and put together by my own experience of things. I have lived with my mistress a happy life, so far as circumstances were concerned, ever since a girl, and if you care to hear about that life ever lived, I can have no objection to tell you that. But mind, Master George, mind, Miss Louisa, I say again I refuse to disclose. Your aunt never confided in me; she was not a lady to talk about her affairs to a servant. I should not have trusted her as I do if she had. But one day she gathers up what one sees, and she tells things together notwithstanding, Master George; and if what I have gathered can be of use to you or help you a bit—why, I must say I'm free to tell that."

"But it will amuse us very much," said

George and Louisa, "we have no doubt," added

the good woman began her story.

"Well, we lived in a very quiet way at home—master, mistress, and three or four servants, and myself. You are no doubt, that the son who was the eldest when he was just beginning with his apprenticeship; and then Miss Marion, she soon grew dear; so that your papa and mother were all that remained. Your papa, being the eldest in the family, went off early to a distant part of the country to be with an uncle who was a merchant somewhere; so that Miss Isabel, as everybody called her, seemed almost

like the only child, and a precious treasure she was. She was like her father's right hand in the parish; for Mrs. Harper—that's your grandmother—fell ill, and for years was confined to the house, and almost to her own room; so that Miss Isabel was all in all, as she had a right to be. Indeed you can hardly believe what she was amongst her father's people. Young and old were delighted when they saw her coming, or heard her voice; and many were the poor women, and aged men and sickly children, that would have kissed the ground over which she trod if they had dared. But all praise of her goodness she put away from her—would not hear it. It made her feel ashamed and abased, as she said, to hear such flattery bestowed upon one who only tried to do her duty, and sadly failed in that. So the people learned in time to keep their feelings to themselves, for there was no more certain method of sending Miss Isabel away than to let her hear her own praises.

"I sometimes wondered—for you must know, I was not quite proof against such things myself—I wondered whether she did not like a bit of praise heard on the sly, or caught up, as it were, unawares; and I feel almost sure she did in a certain way, but not perhaps for what she considered as acts of duty done to God, if I may say so—I mean not for her religious duties as such. That she liked to hear of her praises as a woman, I still believe, and I always shall, for to be wholly indifferent to that would be, in my opinion, not to be a woman at all.

"However that may be, as my mistress grew up, and her schooling was finished, and she took her place as a lady, I think I may say of her that she was adorned with all the graces of the loveliest and the best. I don't mean that she was exactly handsome; and there might be some that danced better, and sung better, too. I don't know about such matters, being myself no judge; but this I do know—that a smile from Miss Isabel used to turn the heads of the young gentlemen, and many a one there was who would have been glad if she would have smiled on him and nobody else.

"Miss Isabel, there is no doubt, might have married well. It is true she never told me about her offers. I have heard her say that no woman need have an offer unless she likes—that is, she can stop it before it comes to a real offer. So I will not pretend to say who offered to her or who did not; only that as years went on people wondered why she did not marry. I said she could never leave her

father alone; for our poor mistress was taken to her rest at length, and the master and Miss Isabel were all—humanly, all the poor had to look to in their distress—all the sick had to ask help of in their weakness—all the troubled in any way had to come to for pity.

"Soon after your grandmother's death master's health began to fail. He seemed all at once to become like an old man. His sight, too, gave way, and there were days when he was totally unfit to go through the two services on the Sunday. So he consented at last to have a curate. The people would gladly have kept him amongst them without his preaching at all, rather than lose him altogether, so with the help of this curate, he managed mostly once in the day to fill the pulpit, as he had done for so many years; and although his sight was very dim, I suppose he had the Bible off by heart, and all the services too, for he used to get through, we all thought, as well as when he could see.

"The curate, Mr. Maxwell, came, I think, that year when Mr. Harper, your papa, went off to the Indies, or somewhere. You know he was sent out by the house where he had been from a youth, and he remained away many years—five or six, perhaps. I know I often wished him back again, for he was wanted enough at home; but so it happens sometimes, that when folks are most wanted they are farthest off.

"But as I was saying, the curate came—a born gentleman, people said, and one who was likely enough to have the living after master's death. I suppose he was a gentleman. He was tall, and good-looking, as far as that went, and had a wonderful gift of speech. I believe there were them amongst our people who might have been persuaded by him that black was white; but not me. I don't mean to say he ever did persuade them to anything but what was right and proper and good for them, body and soul. Oh, no; there was a wonderful deal of good done after he came into the parish—Miss Isabel helping, mind that. Yes, indeed, Miss Isabel helped in the schools, helped in the cottages, helped to get people to come to church, helped in visiting the sick, helped in meetings, and charities, and in doing all those good works that keep the people together, and make them decent and respectable.

"So they worked on continually together, always engaged in what was right and good, and a happier woman than my young mistress grew to be you would not have found in all the

country round. Doing good, you know, people happy; but I fancy, too, that I want something for their own heart body to give them a word of encouragement sometimes, or perhaps, what is still some of us, somebody that we can hel dear me, I am talking foolishly, and fo I am talking to children—begging you Master George, and yours, Miss Louis

"Pray go on," said both the young "we are quite old enough to understand say."

"Well, for a long time," Martha or "this system of doing good went on, a who did it had their reward. The scho pered, the poor grew more decent and able; everything prospered except master's health. As that declined, th grew more and more to look upon Mr. as their pastor, and by degrees he might be said to have slipped into master's ph offensively, nor before the right time not mean that. Indeed all was peace a santness within the family, and the belief was that Mr. Maxwell was to ma Isabel, and succeed to the living on her death. Who would think anything else! could be more suitable? I know that opinion, and I believed it would come as much as I believed the sun would rise again.

"At last my master died, and Mr. I as we had all expected, came into his not into his house—that he declined to had lived in comfortable lodgings in the and he still remained there, unwilling said, to take any step that should add Harper's distress, by depriving her of "Kind hearted gentleman!" the neighbo when they heard this, and they praised to the skies, for he was a general fi Some of us, however, thought we un the case better than that, and that h soon take possession of the house an and a rich treasure besides.

"You may suppose now we all looked to a wedding after this, and if fitness a could have carried it, a wedding there o would have been, and my sweet mistres now have been filling the honoured an place which was justly her due—at the all the schools, and societies, and good tions in her father's parish. This v proper place. It was what she was fit had been always used to, and had a rig her own above all the world.

"What beats me is, that no man ever appeared more devoted to a woman than Mr. Maxwell did to Miss Isabel. I used to think he worshipped her. They lived on the most friendly and intimate terms—he continually going to her father's house, always received there kindly, and treated as an honoured and welcome guest. Yet such was the scrupulous delicacy of my young mistress that nobody in the whole parish could say for certain that he was her lover. Her outward manner towards him was more like that of a sister to a brother. But I have watched her eyes when he came unexpectedly, and I have seen how she listened when he didn't come. I have seen her mark his handkerchiefs, and even darn his stockings for him with her own beautiful hands! May the Lord forgive me if I hate that man even yet. Oh, children, I believe I do! Well, you won't mind me. I am only a poor, blind, sinful woman, as you see, and sometimes we fancy things that are not real, and I fancied that my young mistress—but never mind! She never told her secret, so why should I?"

"I had better go on with my story. You see, Master George, goodness doesn't come by nature, to some of us at any rate, nor yet by example, or else I should feel better than I do about this business; for I have always before me the sweetest patience and submission: though trials and vexations came thick and fast, and many of them of that little fretting kind that try what spirit we are of more sharply than great afflictions. But as I said, I had better go on with my story.

"The funeral was but just over, when there came to stay in the house with my mistress—one to cheer her up, I dare say—a cousin, Mr. Bruce, a fine, flaunting, airy thing, some five or six years younger than Miss Isabel—fresh from a French boarding-school—wonderfully graceful, and pretty, people said—fair as a flower, with curls that flew about when she tossed her head, like anything wild; and with such a merry laugh, that rung all through the house, though she had come to stay where there was mourning. What did she care for that? To be sure she had never known the dear gentleman who was gone, being only related on the other side, but she need not have carried on like that; and I know it grieved Miss Isabel to have the house ringing with noise and laughter just then. Many things grieved her, poor dear! She was a good deal occupied with her father's affairs. There was trouble about some estate—a disputed claim, or something of

that kind. And then there was a wild mad-cap fellow, the brother of Miss Bruce, who came to stay in the house—Harry Bruce they called him. They were relations on the mother's side, and I fancy they had claim to some property which my mistress had always expected to inherit, and no doubt ought to have had.

"But I have no patience to talk of this young man! He always came with noise and bluster, and seemed to fill the whole house, drank his wine, and lorded it over us servants; and when at last he resolved to have this matter of the property put into chancery and be settled, he made an offer of marriage to my mistress in order no doubt to secure the property to himself, whichever way the trial might go. So much I do know—for Miss Isabel was roused as I never saw her before nor since, and I could not help hearing, and I don't think she cared who heard her, when she sent him away, and forbid him the house for ever. But it tried her sorely, poor dear! all things tried her about this time—so much so, that once or twice she spoke hastily to the servants, quite unlike herself; and then she called us in, and with tears in her eyes acknowledged her fault, saying how good we had all been to her in her affliction, and how little we deserved that she should be impatient with us.

"I don't think there was one amongst us but could have died for her just then, and more and more so as we saw which way things were going. For my part, I thought it nothing but fit that Mr. Harper, your papa, should be written to to come home from foreign parts. But this she would not hear of. 'He was not gone on his own business,' she said; 'and besides, the law matters were put into hands that he could not meddle with if he did come home.' 'For herself,' I said. 'No,' she answered—and I shall never forget how she spoke, and looked; 'The kindest brother in the world could not do much for her just then; and, once for all, she wished me to understand that she desired nothing as much as to be left alone.'

"The little fits of irritability of which I have spoken soon passed off, and then my mistress became as you see her now, only more still and patient I think, and oh, so pale! I thought we should lose her, for I knew she had bad nights, and ate a mere nothing; and sometimes I found a handkerchief put away that was all wet with tears. Tears indeed were often in her eyes at that time, starting suddenly at any unexpected kindness. So far we might approach her as to show her kindness, and I am thankful

to say we did, but if we had any of us dared to venture further, we should soon have found out our mistake. No; we might be as kind as we liked, and she could be grateful, but we must never be familiar—we all knew and felt that.

"But, dear me! I have not told you, nor do I very well know how to tell, what lay at the bottom of all this—what it was that flaunted in her face, poor dear, and changed all the sweetness of her life to gall and bitterness. This cousin, with her airs and graces—this Miss Bruce, who was fit for nothing but jingling on the piano from morning till night—I don't know how it came about, but certainly she jingled and smiled, and tossed her curls, and flirted, and whisked Mr. Maxwell's heart away in no time; and he who had known what it was to live for years in the closest intimacy and affection with the truest and deepest-feeling woman, and one of the most sensible, too, that ever existed, turned round like a weather cock, and fell in love—openly and avowedly in love—with a doll—a figure in a fancy dress—a mere sham woman.

"I will not say that my mistress and Mr. Maxwell were ever positively engaged to one another as man and wife. Nay, I once heard her say smilingly (though it was some years afterwards) when a good lady asked her in a joking way why she had not married Mr. Maxwell herself—I heard her say, quite jocosely like, 'for the best of all reasons—he never asked me.'

"However this might be, I could not but know the dark season she was passing through when this man and his new love were enjoying themselves, and making merry beneath her father's roof, while she sat beside them, and saw, and knew, and had to bear it all.

"But it was then that the great change came—the blessed change that made her what she is. You see she was young then, and an orphan, and alone, your father being so far away; and besides this, whatever her trial might be, it was one under which no human help could serve her. There *could* be no human help indeed under such a trial. She must bear it alone. She must bear it silently, because of her maidenly name; she must bear it bravely, because of her womanly honour; she must not be seen either to mourn or weep. And so she did bear it for days and weeks, and months and years. And what is most remarkable—is it not, Master George?—she never vented her feelings in ill-natured remarks upon those who

had caused her all that pain, nor would she suffer us to speak of them at any time with disrespect. She would listen to no tales against them—no hints—no surmises. We must speak only good of them, or not speak at all. And sometimes when I could have set fire to Miss Emily's curls with all my heart, or tripped up her light step in the hall, or set that man and her down to the crumbs from my mistress's table instead of the good dinner she would always have ready for them when they had been out riding or walking, I had to put on my best manners, and wait on them as meekly as if they had been my master and mistress, forsooth, or I knew the consequence—that I should have to lose my place.

"No; whatever my mistress set herself to do as a duty was never done by halves. We must all go through with it as she did. But, alas! for us, we had not all the same grace. And grace indeed I may call it, for what *else* could have borne her through, without asking help or pity from any earthly friend? Indeed, who could have helped her, but the one Friend above all? He who knows the secrets of every human heart did not forsake her then. He knew what her heart was tried with, and He filled it, I may truly say, with all joy and peace in believing; filled it with the spirit of love and charity, so that all wrong feelings were cast out, and it ran over with kindness and good will towards every human being.

"You will not doubt this when I tell you what followed, and what we had to go through. They married, of course—those two, and Miss Isabel was bridesmaid, and she looked after the fitting up of her father's house with all the new furniture, while they—those two—went their wedding journey. I could have found it in my heart to smash all their new-fangled things, costly and fine as they were, and altogether out of place in the old house. But what did that young thing know about fitness—fresh from boarding-school? And he, though a clever man, as we had all thought him, liked nothing better than to pet and pamper her as if she had been born a duchess, and was worth the Indies. And all through this time our lips were sealed. We mightn't utter a disrespectful word, nor laugh, nor sport, nor stamp a foot. No; we must do our work, as she did hers, sweet soul, going about like a ministering angel of goodness, as she was, making us all ashamed of ourselves, and filling the house with the blessed spirit which she had received from her Divine Master, and like Him patiently bearing her cross.

I want you chiefly to observe, my dear, is this: that we might not one of us be in a hurry to spite—we might not even sneer, nor make any setting-down remarks, nor speak in any ways and new things were not so old, or better. It was very difficult to abide by a rule like hers; and I don't say but we took it out amongst ourselves and relieved our minds pretty freely as we wasn't there to hear. My heart comforted me, however, when I did so, and I don't live so long with her example without seeing how much better her ways are than ours—how much more in accordance with the words of that Saviour whom we have followed and served. Besides, she had this on her lips: 'Martha, if there is any fault in yourself or others that you can prevent it with all your might; only something that vexes you, and don't bear it—accept it as from your Father. Say to yourself, it is God's will should be so, and therefore it will come away good and wise, though I don't like it so myself.'

She had another saying, which I have often occasion to remember: 'Martha, if you are suffering ever so much more than other people, and they have not hurt you—if they have only gone away, intent upon their own matters, don't make a grievance of it, but let it pass as if it was an injury intentionally done to you. You may bring blame upon other people by making such complaints, but that will hurt you, nor ease your pain. It will only vex them; and so doing, you will feel low, and spiteful.'

She was right, poor dear: and often when my heart has been full of pain because of other people have said or done, I have said to myself, 'Did they really mean to hurt me? were they aiming at me at all? did they remember there was such a person in the world as me? were they not rather thinking of themselves, and so perhaps they hurt me, or walked over me, not seeing there?' This has kept me many a time from making a simpleton of myself by going on of people's behaviour to me; for if I forget we are there, it doesn't add to my own dignity to keep calling out, 'It's your fault you see what a great person you are?''

Children, this is only an old woman's story. You see I better keep to my story. You see

the house was getting ready for the bride and bridegroom to return and take possession, and Miss Isabel was ordering and managing all—going from room to room with her sweet, thoughtful look, and seeing that all was made as neat and as beautiful as it could be, until the very day they were to come back; then, in the afternoon, she dressed herself, as if she was going to receive the Queen's Majesty, and stood in the hall with the smile of an angel on her face. When at last they came, she gave the bride a kiss of welcome, as if she had been her sister, and led her through the rooms, showing her this and the other, and saying how she hoped she had been able to arrange things to her satisfaction.

"My lady, the bride, seemed pleased enough, as well she might, and talked about my sofa, my table, and my piano, and took the head of the table at dinner, while Miss Isabel sat at the side, and joined in the conversation quite easily and pleasantly, as it would have seemed to a stranger. Indeed I myself, with all my jealous watching, saw no difference, except that she looked a little flushed, and ate nothing, only played with what she had on her plate, and made excuses that she was accustomed to dine early; and when they laughed and joked, and the bride told funny tales about her journey, I don't think she managed to get up a laugh at all. She made a sweet, gentle smile serve all her purposes, as it did for months after that. It was long before I heard the sound of her pleasant laugh again.

"We were all ready—that is, my mistress and I, were ready to move out of the house that same evening. She was positive about that—had arranged it all beforehand, and allowed none of their persuasions to move her in the least from this resolution. Somehow you could not move Miss Isabel when she was firmly set upon anything, believing it to be right. She had a manner, gentle as it was, that soon put an end to any attempt to turn her from any purpose that was settled in her own mind. So we bade good-bye, and went away that very night; and glad enough I was to get out of the very house, though I had lived there so long.

"Miss Isabel had chosen for herself a very ordinary kind of place, in the outskirts of the village, for her home, to which all the old furniture with her own things had been sent. It had no old-fashioned library, nor oak parlour, nor carved staircase like the Parsonage. But, dear me, she soon made it like a paradise within; and if it had not been for things with-

out constantly vexing me, and making that spirit that you know of, Master George, rush in and take possession of me, I think I should have been almost too happy with my mistress there, though the house itself was only a poor kind of place in comparison with what she was used to and born to.

"The things that vexed me—and they did so continually—were such as these. Mrs. Maxwell, just because she was the clergyman's wife, must take the lead in everything in the parish, and Miss Isabel must fall back into the second place, although she had grown up as it were to be first, and had been first so long, and deserved to be. And she that took the first place knew nothing all the time about the duties put into her hands, and it is my belief cared nothing—only for the dignity, and the position, and all that. I have seen her try to talk to poor people, but she had a way with her that didn't suit at all, and some took a dislike to her at once, and others laughed behind her back. The best thing they said of her was that she was young, and might mend. 'Mend!' thought I, 'she's not made of the stuff to mend.' But I musn't talk in this way. It's all over now; and if Miss Isabel could bear it, it behoves me to bear it too.

"And she did bear it well—not sullenly—not by withdrawing herself as if in a huff, and having nothing more to do with the place and the people—not by listening and showing them that she liked to listen when they talked about the old ways, and doings, and wished things were again as they used to be. No; she went about as much as ever, and helped on with all that was needed to be done in the schools, and everywhere, only taking a kind of lower place, letting my lady at the Parsonage have all the credit she could possibly get laid upon her, and herself taking all the work, referring continually—I did wonder how she could do that—referring to Mrs. Maxwell's wishes and opinions, as well as to his.

"Now don't you think, Master George, there must have been a good spirit at work in the heart of your blessed Aunt to have enabled her to do that? Not once, nor twice—not when a good-natured fit was upon her, but always; for years and years—so constantly that nobody could say of her she was only acting a part. Ah! I have heard her say times and often, and it's a truth I'll stand by, that it requires as much faith in Christ, and as much love and trust to keep us steady in our Christian course when only tried with what are called little

things, as to carry us across sea and amidst all those dangers and difficulties are told of in books.

"And then she was so happy too—the best of it. Not exactly happy at first, I be sure; but as time passed on she grew so cheerful and contented—it was a mystery to me. It was a maxim often on her lips that she should not offer to our Lord a grudging heart. 'He who had died for us,' she would say, 'deserved that we should serve Him cheerfully.' And so her own life came in time to be a happiness, and things that would once have been like mountains became less and less to her. And she was lifted over, as it were, across the rough places in her way, her patient feet untroubled by the rugged stones and thorny briars.

"It would do you no good, and I think it does me harm, to go back into the vexations of my mistress's daily life. It would be very difficult even for you, as children, to imagine what some of them were, seeing that your Aunt was deprived of home, and of many things that her heart had been used to; just pushed out of her position as it were, and another much less fitted to take her place there in her stead—all the honour, and the love, going to say, all the love given to her. I won't say that! for though there was one who knew no better, there were plenty who did. To understand properly the spirit she was of, we have just to consider the circumstances, and as I have read the lesson of human life, I take it this is just about as trying to think of anything that can happen to us.

"Well, now I have told you all; but it makes nothing in the way of a story. I don't find such things as these I guess in three volume books that I sometimes read, Miss Louisa; and yet for heart-breaking matter I fancy these are some of the things that lie deepest down, and that make the lives of most of us.

"But we will let them pass, for, as I have said, to take them up one by one does soon even yet fills me with vexation—perhaps feelings even worse than that; and sure that my mistress, perhaps above all other in the world, would disapprove of my back into these matters, which must, I have cost her a good deal to forget.

"I have only one more great trial to tell of. After many years, perhaps as you say that Chancery business was decided against her, and of course against your father, The Bruce family were to have all. T



father it was most likely of little consequence, especially as I have heard that such affairs once put into Chancery don't often leave much any way; but to my mistress it was all. She was, as she told me herself, brought to that pass that she had scarcely a hundred pounds to call her own. 'But what is money,' she said, and smiled all the time, 'what is money compared to having a brother such as mine?' An uncle, too, I think assisted, and between them they managed to purchase for her an annuity, so that she might never have to feel herself quite like a dependent on their kindness. The next step was that we came here to live, for, as she said, if her brother wished it, how could she refuse—especially as the saving would be great, and she would in this way be able to keep up many of her charities.

"So you see, dear children, we are here; and I am not ashamed to tell you how and why we came. I only wish I was more worthy of your dear father's goodness to myself. I wish there was more that I could do for the family—for all, or any of you!"

"Oh, Martha! you do a great deal for us," said both the young people at once.

"Well, you are very good to say so," replied Martha; "and if I watch my opportunity I may perhaps do something in the time to come. At present I really think it would break my heart to be separated from my mistress. So

pray bear with me. I am not good like her, you see, but apt to be hasty in my temper, and sadly troubled at times with that spirit that spoils all. But I still fancy that if we would only try to help one another, and all try together—try as we might, you know, with watching and prayer—I still fancy we should get rid of this spirit in time."

"It is a good thing," said George, "to have found it out."

"Still better," said his sister, "to have got rid of it altogether."

"Better than all," said Martha, "to have our hearts so filled with love and kindness that there is no room for it."

"After all," observed George, "Aunt Isabel must be right, because she has tried it for herself, and proved it in her own life."

"Yes," said the faithful servant, "it is but little that mere driving away can do in such cases, or mere setting down to bemoan our own sins when committed. I sometimes think we may peck and scratch at our own faults until we are all bare, and sore, and miserable; and then I am sure we are not in a condition to love either God or man. I don't read my Bible so. I don't find that our blessed Saviour told us to do anything like this; but to love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our strength, and with all our mind, and to love our neighbours as ourselves."

(To be continued.)

## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

I.—JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

In the north-east district of France, between Alsace and Lorraine, there is a wild mountainous district called Ban de la Roche by the French, and Steinthal, or the Valley of Stone, by the Germans. It derives its French name from a castle called La Roche, round which the ban or district extends. As its name implies, it is a rocky, sterile region, and on the summit of the mountains the cold is as intense as at Petersburg, and the winter lasts more than seven months; in the valleys the climate is milder, but the soil is stony and unproductive.

This unpromising region was completely laid waste during the long tumult known in history

as the Thirty Years' War, and also during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. of France. The district comprises five hamlets, named Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, Bellefosse, Zolbach. Here, about eighty or a hundred families of peasants earned a scanty subsistence from the sterile soil, which was so unproductive that it was said a woman could carry home in her apron as much hay as her husband could mow in a whole morning. The inhabitants of this desolate region were of course wretchedly poor, but they enjoyed one great privilege over their fellow-subjects in more fertile districts, which was, the permission to choose their form of religion. And as most of the hamlets named were Lutheran or Pro-

testant, the inhabitants were at liberty to worship God in the simplicity which the Scriptures enjoin. It must be admitted they were not in a condition to make much use of this privilege, for they were as deplorably ignorant as they were miserably poor. There was no interest felt in religion, and no mental instruction of any kind. A wretched cottage was set apart for a school, where a number of children were crowded together, noisy, wild, and dirty, and the only person employed to take care of them was some swineherd or shepherd who might happen at the time to have no employment on the mountains. Often in the summer months, when the able-bodied men were employed, a decrepit old man was left in charge of the children, and was dignified with the name of schoolmaster. This was the case when a benevolent Lutheran minister, named Stouber, first visited the district. He entered the wretched hut where the children were collected, and seeing an old man lying on a little bed in a corner of the apartment, M. Stouber said to him, "Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you teach the children?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! How is that?"

"Because," replied the old man with simplicity, "I know nothing myself."

"Why, then, were you instituted schoolmaster?"

"Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children."

It must be admitted that the mental condition of the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche was as unpromising and deplorable as the unfruitful region in which they lived. The energy and benevolence and piety of one man was the means of entirely altering both the appearance of the country and the manners of the people. The name of this truly great man was John Frederick Oberlin.

The city of Strasbourg was the birthplace of Oberlin, in the year 1740. He was one of a family of nine children, the offspring of respectable and intelligent though not affluent parents. The distinguished subject of our sketch was a lovely character even in childhood, and well repaid the tender care of a wise and pious father and a sensible and noble-minded mother. Many sweet anecdotes are related of his early

intrepidity and generosity. It was the custom of his father to allow him two pfennige every week as pocket-money—a sum equal to an English halfpenny. Self-denial and prudence, even in the management of this small sum, was strikingly displayed by little Oberlin; he used to save up these small copper coins, and then, when opportunity offered, give them away to relieve the distresses of the needy.

Once, when he was walking through the market-place of Strasbourg, some rude boys ran against a poor woman, and upset her basket of eggs, which she was endeavouring to sell. Young Oberlin sternly reproved the mischievous boys, and then running home, fetched his box of savings, and gave them to the poor egg merchant.

Another time he saw a distressed-looking woman trying to bargain for a second-hand garment which a clothes-dealer in the market had to sell. The price asked was, however, more than she could afford, and the woman went away sorrowful. Oberlin, who had watched the scene and heard the conversation between the dealer and the wretched-looking female, as soon as he saw her depart, went up to the man, and giving him the extra money, requested he would call the poor woman back and let her have the gown.

His hatred of oppression and injustice was as great as his benevolence. Once, when a young boy, seeing a beadle ill-use an invalid beggar, he interfered, and reproached the officer for his cruelty. The man threatened to take him up, but the neighbours, who loved the noble-hearted boy, protected him; and it was remarked that, ever after, the same beadle when he met Oberlin, treated him with common respect.

A character so distinguished by excellent qualities in childhood promised well for his attainments in maturity, particularly as religion was very early made precious to him, and his conscience was awakened by the power of Scripture truth. Late in life, in one of his letters, Oberlin said, "During my infancy and youth, God often vouchsafed to touch my heart and to draw me to Himself." At the age of twenty, Oberlin solemnly dedicated himself to God. He made a written statement of faith and a sacred covenant with his Maker, to devote his time, talents, and influence to the service of God and the good of man. To this covenant he signed with his name, and ratified with many earnest, humble prayers that God might make and keep him faithful.

Such was the man who, at the age of twenty-seven, accepted the pastoral care of the stony, barren district of the Ban de la Roche. When he first arrived in his new scene of labour, he found that the people of the hamlets constituting his district were entirely isolated by their inaccessible locality. All communication with neighbouring towns was prevented in consequence of there being no road to or from the mountain villages. The only means of communication in summer was over the stepping-stones placed across a river thirty feet wide; and in winter walking along its course on the ice. In addition to this disadvantage, and to the stony nature of the soil before named, he found the people too ignorant and too indolent to wish for any change for the better. Indeed it was with difficulty he could understand the harsh country dialect in which they spoke, or make them understand his pure and correct mode of expression; while the children were just such little savages as might be expected from such parents, schoolmasters, and habitations as have been described.

Oberlin was not the man to be cast down by difficulties. Just in proportion to the misery of the place and people was his strong desire to do them good, and to improve their condition. Steadily looking on the state of affairs around him, and always relying for help on Him who alone can send prosperity, Oberlin determined to bring all his knowledge of every kind to bear both upon the district and people of the Ban de la Roche.

His labours, however, naturally commenced with the people, many of whom were unwilling that any changes should take place, and determined to resist their pastor with all the violence of brutal and ignorant minds.

To rouse a better spirit in his flock was his first care; and it is a beautiful instance of the mighty power of gentleness and forbearance, that when Oberlin heard it was the intention of some of his parishioners to waylay him and inflict personal chastisement upon him, he conquered their evil designs in the following way.

On the Sabbath-day he preached from the words of the Saviour, "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil." Many of the guilty hearers, on retiring, assembled together at an appointed place, laughing among themselves, and said, "How will he act when he is the subject of such treatment?" While they were thus talking, Oberlin suddenly came into their assembly, and said, "I am come to offer myself

to your vengeance, and save you the meanness of ambuscade." Not a hand was raised against him, but all stole away, humbled and abashed.

Shortly after, hearing it was the intention of some young people (who did not like the habits of industry their pastor inculcated) to waylay him and duck him, he took occasion to preach on the security and happiness of those who trust in the protection of the Most High. After which, he proceeded home on foot instead of on horseback, as was his usual practice, and had not gone far when he saw three men concealed, but he passed them with so calm and composed a demeanour, that they never ventured to leave their hiding-place to molest him.

These occurrences, painful as they must have been at the time, were ultimately made instrumental in promoting Oberlin's plans. Those who had engaged in these wicked schemes against him were ashamed of their ingratitude and malice, and being anxious to regain the good opinion they had forfeited, proved the sincerity of their repentance by aiding in the works Oberlin proposed executing.

The first work of great magnitude was to make a road out of this wild mountain district that should lead to the highroad to Strasbourg, and thus be the means of bringing the people into intercourse with others who were in a superior state of civilization.

Having assembled the people together, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of large masses to construct a wall to support a road a mile and a half along the bank of the river Bruhe, and build a bridge over it near Mothau. The peasants heard him with astonishment, and every one excused himself, on the plea of private business, from engaging in the stupendous undertaking. In vain Oberlin argued, and tried to prove to them the advantages that would arise from the plan: his appeals were ineffectual. At length he concluded by saying, "Let all who feel the importance of my proposition come and work with me."

Oberlin, who had traced the plan of the road, immediately proceeded with a pickaxe on his shoulder to the spot marked out, and began to work. The peasants, stimulated by his example, forgot their opposition and objections, and began to work with him. He chose for himself and a faithful servant the most difficult and dangerous places: his conduct awakened emulation, and labourers came in, to whom he

allotted portions of the work. As he proceeded, difficulties increased: mountain torrents had to be diverted from their courses; tools to be provided, and funds raised. At length, however, all obstacles vanished before the energy and perseverance of Oberlin. The road was made, and the bridge completed, which bears to the present day the name of "*Le Pont de Charité*;" and by this means direct communication was opened with Strasbourg.

After this wonderful work was effected, Oberlin's next care was to increase the means of instruction afforded to the children. In this he was especially assisted by his amiable wife, to whom he was united about one year after entering on his pastoral duties. Instead of one poor log-hut, five good school-houses were erected; the children were classified according to age, and those of tender years were placed under the care of women, on the plan which has been the model for the infant-school system of the present time. Great care was exercised by Oberlin in the choice of instructors. Religious worth and gentle manners were particularly insisted on as indispensable requisites. The influence of personal example was never more strikingly exemplified than among the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche. Oberlin's active benevolence of character soon found many imitators among his flock. Three admirable women became especially celebrated for their zeal and humanity. The names of these were Sophia Bernard, Catherine Scheidecker, and Maria Schepler, who were all most active in teaching the young; and the former of whom, though herself a poor woman, maintained and brought up at her own expense several orphan children—teaching them to spin cotton, and other useful pursuits that enabled them ultimately to obtain their own living; and also giving them such excellent moral and mental training that they became useful and intelligent members of society. These admirable women faithfully performed the practical duties of pure and undefiled religion.

Oberlin was not only desirous that habits of order and morality should be given to the children in his schools; he wished their language and manners to be improved: so that they were not allowed to speak in their rude dialect, which resembled the old French spoken two hundred years previously; instead of this, they were taught pure French, and encouraged to be particular in their modes of expression. Many of them, as they advanced in their studies, were expected to write essays on

various subjects. Botany, agriculture, flower-drawing were taught them; and a judicious plan of instruction, in the course of a few years, the habits of the people underwent a complete change; refinement took the place of rusticity, intelligence displaced ignorance, and Christian charity, combined with industry, was found in the room of brutality and stupid indolence.

Another important method which was adopted to improve the condition of the people was by teaching them better methods of agriculture. In this effort he, as usual, depended on instructing by example; and selecting part of his grounds, the most unfavourable point of soil, he made a plantation of fruit trees by digging trenches, and manuring and surrounding them with a soil suited to them, though that had to be brought from a distance. He was successful in making a valuable improvement in his own land, and as many peasants passed through it to the labour, they wondered how it was that the trees grew in such a soil, and inquired the reason. This was a question Oberlin rejoiced to hear. After directing them to Him who sends "the early and the late rain," and is the source of all abundance, he told them of the various ways by which skill can triumph over natural obstacles, and induced them to commence following the example he had set, promising to be himself in planting and grafting. They succeeded wonderfully; planting and grafting became favourite occupations; and by these means, in the course of a few years, the country underwent an entire change. Lovely groves of fruit trees, and rich fields of grain and vegetables, were growing in that, but a few years before, were sterile barren hills, or rocky declivities. The scourge of famine, which had been the frequent and scourge of the region, were removed, and the people reaped the reward of their industry in increased comfort and plenty.

While this improvement of the land was going on, the ever-active Oberlin was desirous of improving the dwellings of the people. When he came to the Ban de la Roche, he found the people living in wretched cabins hewn out of the rock, or sunk into the sides of mountains. Under his superintendence, comfortable cottages were erected, with dry, roomy cellars, for the purpose of preserving the winter stock of potatoes.

He also had a depot of workmen's tools, and implements of agriculture, so that when

man broke his tools, instead of losing two days in going to Strasbourg, or, what was worse, instead of remaining idle because of having no money to purchase others, Oberlin applied their wants at the lowest price, giving credit to those who had no money, but always securing the punctual discharge of the debt, that habits of integrity might be formed, and industry and economy of time were promoted by the plan.

Another means of civilization was the introduction of useful trades into the Ban de la Roche: he selected the most promising of the village, and sent them to Strasbourg to learn the trades of a carpenter, a mason, a glazier, a stonemason, and a blacksmith. By these means useful men were obtained, who returned to their native valleys, and instructed others; not only improving their district, but also saving expense, and keeping the little money the hamlets circulating among themselves, and of going into other places and leaving them impoverished.

The question naturally arises, what fortune

Oberlin to enable him to make roads through impassable rocks, and to construct bridges over dangerous rivers; to erect schools, to train children, apprentice youths, lay out villages, build cottages, stock warehouses, establish lending libraries, and print useful tracts? How vast and numerous the works he had to do! Though circumscribed to one locality, they comprehended all that was needed for physical, moral, mental, and spiritual benefit. How successful every plan! Surely, Oberlin had wealth, riches were never better rewarded than in thus making "the desert and solitary place glad, and causing the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose." Oh, how he been very rich, all right-minded persons would have concurred to love and honour his memory; but our admiration is beyond all adequate expression when we learn that his whole property and income did not amount to more than 1,000 francs annually—about £40 of money!

During the time of the French Revolution, when distress and terror fell on every side, Oberlin, in common with other clergymen, was deprived of even this small salary. From that time he renounced all legal claim upon his stipend, and depended solely on their voluntary contributions. All he required of them was that they should show their gratitude to God, and love to himself, by giving according to their means. The result proved that Oberlin

had inculcated a liberal spirit, along with other good qualities, among his flock, for they cheerfully contributed from their humble means; and in every work of neighbourly kindness or public benevolence, they were most munificent; though Oberlin would never take more than a sum just sufficient for his absolute necessities.

It was by dint of rigid economy, self-denial, and personal labour, that the good Oberlin effected all his plans. Bread, milk, fruit, and vegetables, dressed in the simplest manner, constituted the chief, and often the only supplies of his table; while in dress, and every kind of personal expense, he was most moderate; no superfluous luxury was allowed to take from the funds he delighted to employ in plans of benevolence. Oberlin was a bright example that economy is the best foundation for generosity.

This admirable man was not exempted from the sorrows which are the appointed lot of humanity. His sweet wife, who had entered so warmly into his schemes of usefulness, and proved herself so truly a "helpmeet" for him, was, after sixteen years of happy intercourse, removed by death at an age when her young family most required her. This affliction nearly overwhelmed Oberlin; but he was not left comfortless; the heavenly Father, whom he loved and served, sustained him, and raised up a humble but invaluable friend, who became a mother to his motherless children. This was Louisa Schepler, who entered his dwelling as housekeeper, but shortly after refused to take wages, entreating to be considered one of the family. Her letter to her beloved pastor, containing this request, is a most affecting proof of her disinterested friendship. In it she says, "Do not, I entreat, give me any more wages; for as you treat me as your child in every other respect, I earnestly wish you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my body. My shoes, and stockings, and sabots will cost something; when I want them, I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father.

"Oh, I entreat you to grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter."

This affectionate request was acceded to, and Louisa was ever afterwards considered as one of Oberlin's children.

His family consisted of three sons and four daughters, all of whom were brought up under the paternal roof. Frederick, the eldest son, a fine, intelligent young man, joined the army.

and was killed in battle at the age of twenty-four. Henry, the youngest son, was his father's active coadjutor in plans of benevolence, particularly in the distribution of Bibles, and in corresponding with the London Bible Society. He also, in early manhood, was removed by death. His decease was supposed to have been accelerated by the fatigues he underwent during a tour in the south of France, which he undertook in order to ascertain the religious condition of the Protestant inhabitants, and to distribute the Scriptures among them. A cold, caught while humanely assisting in extinguishing a fire, was thought also to have permanently injured his health. The death of this worthy son of a distinguished father was deeply lamented by the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche; while to his afflicted father it was one of the severest dispensations of Providence that he could be called to endure. Resignation, however, formed an essential part of pastor Oberlin's character, and though he felt his sorrows as a man and a father, he was able to bear them as a Christian.

During the terrors of the French Revolution, the Ban de la Roche was preserved in tranquillity; and Oberlin had the comfort of receiving many distressed fugitives, and ministering to their necessities. Indeed his acts of private benevolence were as constant as his public labours for the good of others.

He had many opportunities of greatly bettering his worldly circumstances if he would have left his people. He proved that he was not a hireling, but a disinterested friend, by resolutely refusing all offers of removal, no matter how advantageous, and continuing year after year to live for, and labour with, the people of the Ban de la Roche. He used to say,

"God has confided this flock to my care, and why should I abandon it? Where could I find better parishioners or more grateful hearts?"

At length, full of years and honours, beloved and respected by all, his fame having spread throughout Europe, his valuable life drew to a close. After nearly sixty years' faithful ministrations, he laid down his charge and his life together, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the fifty-ninth of his pastorate. He died the death of the righteous, maintaining the sweet serenity of his temper unruffled through his illness: giving humane directions respecting his beloved flock, and fatherly admonitions to his children—among whom the adopted one, the faithful Louisa, was not forgotten. He gave

particular charge that she should be take of: a charge faithfully kept, for one children, speaking of her, said, "As long as a descendant of Oberlin survives she shall want."

Such were the labours and life of the pastor Oberlin. He found a moral wild and left it a well-watered garden; the instruction judiciously sown in the young mind took root and flourished abundant found a stony desert, and left it rich in trees and fruitful fields; while arts, manufactures, domestic comfort, social order, what was far better, religion and piety, the Ban de la Roche celebrated through Europe.

His character possessed all the true elements of greatness—humility, courtesy, independence, decision, firmness, activity. Perhaps the secret of his success as a reformer was always taught by example. All he wished people to perform he practised rigidly. A lady who knew him late in life, said, "I knew the *grace* of courtesy so completely embodied in any one as in pastor Oberlin. His refinement of his manners softened into kindness the peasantry by whom he was surrounded, while his benevolence won their affection, and his industry and ingenuity their emulation and dispelled their ignorance."

Contrasted with the moral triumph of Oberlin, how contemptible are the deeds of warriors, who find a fertile region lay it waste with fire and slaughter, or talk of their labours and boast of their triumphs. Oberlin had the real glory of transforming the barren rock and stony valley into fields, and making a rude, ignorant, miserable peasantry courteous, intelligent, industrious, pious, and happy.

The fine character drawn by the poet of "The Man of Ross," seems, in some respects, exactly to suit Oberlin:—

"Who hung with woods yon mountain's slope  
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring through the  
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise  
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replied  
Him, portioned maids, apprenticed orphans  
The young who labour, and the old who rest."

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### I.—GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.



It is a fact so uniform and characteristic that it may well be entitled to rank as an historical law, that whatever city or nation has, in the lapse of past ages, held in its hands the keys of Indian commerce and Indian influence, that city or nation has for the time being stood forth in the van of the civilized world as the richest and the most flourishing.\*

Arabia by this means was enriched till it justly acquired the title of "Araby the blest." Palmyra, as the mart of Indian merchandize, raised its marble columns from the desert. Tyre holds her position in history as the first of merchant cities because she was the carrier, though at second hand, of Indian treasures.

The eagle eye of Alexander led him to change the emporium of trade to the mouth of the Nile, where Alexandria flourished for generations, in wealth the rival city of Rome, because she carried in her streets the produce of the East. By the same means rose and flourished Bagdad; by their loss, she decayed. Nothing but the sort of monopoly which Genoa and Venice and other Italian cities were able to retain of the carriage of Indian goods, raised them from the rank of small towns to that of the queens of the West. By the discovery of the passage to the East by the Cape of Good Hope, Portugal was raised from her obscurity. When this trade was wrested from her by the Dutch she fell back into her mean position, and Holland for a while blazed forth with splendour from the East.

The last nation which has enjoyed the treasures of India has not been the least raised in importance and splendour by the gift. India is one of the brightest jewels of the British crown. It contains about 150 millions of Hindoos and Mahomedans who are subjects of our Queen, being under British control and protection. Its extent of territory covers as much space on the globe as the whole of Europe, Russia excepted. In extreme length,

from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, it measures between 1,800 and 1,900 miles; in its extreme width about 1,500 miles. From it we acquire large stores of wealth, and in it many thousands of our countrymen find lucrative occupation.

Recognizing the providence of the God of nations in His gift of India to England, we cannot doubt that the intended result of the tie thus formed is the mutual benefit of each. As a secondary object, we are to derive from India the lesser good of temporal power and wealth; and as the primary object, from Great Britain India is to derive the greater good of religious knowledge, and the consequent benefits of moral and political advancement.

This consideration of national responsibility has influenced us in selecting "INDIA AND THE HINDOOS," as a topic for a series of papers in OUR OWN FIRESIDE. Our aim will be not only to convey information to our readers, but to increase their interest in the religious and social welfare of the people of this mighty empire.

A few geographical notes, and a brief glance at the history of India, will occupy our present space.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

India forms the central and most important of three peninsulas, which terminate on the south the vast continent of Asia. It is bounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth disjoined from the high table-land of Thibet by the lofty Himalayas. It is divided into Northern India, India Proper, the Deccan, and Southern India. The sea coast on the west side from Bombay to Cape Comorin, is called by Europeans the *Malabar*, and that on the east side the *Coromandel*.

The largest rivers are the Indus, Sutli, Jumna, Ganges, and Brahmapootra. The Indus, which rises in Thibet, is noted for its length and variety of appearance. It flows a distance of 1,700 miles, more than four times the length of England from Berwick to the Land's End, and the quantity of water discharged by this river has been estimated at

\* Duff's India and India Missions, page 26.

upwards of 150,000,000 tons annually.\* The Ganges is far famed for the supposed spiritual virtue of its waters, especially those parts of the stream which happen to run from south to north, contrary to the general direction. Most of the rivers rise in the Himalayas and fall into the Bay of Bengal, or Arabian Sea. The name of Punjaub (or land of streams), which the natives apply to a small portion of the Northern Hindostan, is descriptive of at least one half of the peninsula. The valley of the Ganges is the most extensive and luxuriant on the face of the globe, forming a tract of 400,000 square miles, the greater part of which is susceptible of cultivation of some kind, and much is extremely fertile.

In respect to waterfalls India is unequalled. This might be expected from the loftiness and rugged character of the Himalayas and other mountain ranges. One instance must suffice by way of illustration and proof. The river Shirawati or Carawooty rises in the western Ghats, and falls into the Arabian Sea, not far from Bombay. The bed of the stream near the cataract is one-fourth of a mile in direct breadth, but the edge of the fall is elliptical, with a sweep of about half a mile. This body of water rushes, at first, for about three hundred feet, at an angle of 45° in a sheet of white foam, and is then precipitated to the depth of eight hundred and fifty more into a black abyss, with a noise like thunder. It has, therefore, a depth of *eleven hundred and fifty feet, quadrupling Niagara* in the depth to which it sends its foaming waters.

Hot springs are very numerous in the mountains and river beds. They are much frequented for medicinal purposes, and regarded with religious reverence. An English officer speaks of one he met with near the source of the Jumna, the water of which was sufficiently warm to boil rice, and the deposition of which led him to suppose that it was occasioned by the decomposition of pyrites. Lakes are but few in number, and of very limited dimensions.

The mountain range of the Himalayas, or "Seats of Snow," forming the northern boundary, constitute one of the sublimest features in the structure of our globe. The highest peak rises 27,000 feet above the level of the sea. This cloud-capped summit is esteemed the chosen residence of Siva, who in retiring from Ceylon is said to have thrown up the

\* Our Illustration, facing p. 65, engraved from a photograph, gives a view of the Indus, near Khairabad, introducing also an example of the mode in which Bridges of Boats are constructed over the river.

Himalayas as his place of retreat. The pendulous chain is indented with "p" through which travellers, and at times : journey to and from Nepaul, on the south and Thibet on the north, for commerce predatory excursions. Encircling the plain about twenty miles broad (called ryani"), upon which the waters from pour down with such profusion that the beds, unable to contain the torrent, overflow and convert the ground into a species of : which, acted upon by the rays of a tropic throws up a rank vegetation, long grass coarse shrubs, dense and almost impen In these gloomy regions, the elephant, the rhinoceros prowl unmolested.

Lining the coasts of the Southern peninsula are the Eastern and Western Ghats, a range. The scenery of this region, destitute of those features which invest the Himalayas with so sublime a character, is beautiful and picturesque. Ascending the Western Ghats, at the height of eight thousand feet the air is clear, the climate is healthy, the fields fertile, and the trees meet with the violet, primrose, but wild thyme, fern, dog-rose, woodbine, and various vegetables and fruits, remind him of his fatherland. The natives repeat the tradition of the origin of this favoured

"The god Rama being in pursuit of his wife Sita, who had forcibly carried off the goddess Sita, sped through the vaulted heavens with his sword drawn, ready to deal the death revenge. In the forgetfulness of his direful task, he by an incautious wave of his mighty weapon struck the moon with the point thereof, and from the face of that beautiful orb a chain of mountains, which immediately fell to the earth, formed the province of Coimbatore, and united the Eastern and Western Ghats. Hence the name Chandragiri (Mountains of the Moon), which was subsequently changed by Rama to Neilgherri (or Blue Mountains) because he would not be reminded of his mistake."

In proof of his statement, the Coimbatore will point out the place on the lunar orb from which the hills fell off!

The seasons in India, of course, differ from our own. To speak of an Indian winter would be to include the whole year; for its autumn would be absurd, for it is never denuded of leaves; spring is equally unmeaning, when vegetation is in every month; and winter is unknown. There are really but two seasons—the dry and



seduced by the periodical winds called *mon-uns*. During the former, vegetation labours under a deadly languor, and the sunlight penetrates with difficulty the dense vapours with which the atmosphere is loaded. Then follow the rains, a fall of two or more weeks without interruption being not at all uncommon, during which inundations from the bursting of tanks and the overflowing of streams frequently level to the earth the mud hut of the distressed native, and drown his flocks beneath their swelling waves.

The heat of the Indian climate is very great, and certainly not overstated. A modern author upon these equatorial regions, says, with much frankness and truth:—

"It is very well for any one to sit by his fireside in Old England, and imagine and talk about the 'sunny and supremely splendid, and to be coveted; but if he ever has the opportunity of being conveyed in a palanquin (about 2 p.m., on any day in April, from Fort St. William to Government-house and back, he will never after repine, though doomed for ever to remain in that climate which Prince Carli-ville described to be in Britain, 'where the sun is never seen; and where there is no ripe fruit but roasted apples.'"

Venetian blinds instead of window-sashes and glass, bamboo mats for the floor—carpets being too warm, and attractive to snakes, scorpions, and smaller vermin,—mats saturated with water hung outside the doors and windows, fans, and repeated baths, are amongst the means used to shield the foreigner from the distressing heat. It is also now an admitted fact, after many trials, that spirituous liquors, and even wine and beer, so far from being fatal to an Indian resident, are on account of the heat injurious, and to be avoided.

Unless the constitution is thoroughly good, the risk of life to Europeans in India must necessarily be considerable. The diseases most prevalent are cholera (which had its origin in this country), fever, dysentery, and various forms of inflammation. Extreme simplicity of diet and great tranquility of mind are the best preservatives of health; but even in the natives the force of vitality receives so quick a development that it is subjected to a corresponding speedy exhaustion.

The leading cities and towns of India are Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Benares, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Bangalore, Goa, Hyderabad, Seringapatam, Juggernaut, and Trichinopoly. Several of these will come under special notice in succeeding papers.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH.

After saying that India was one of the first inhabited portions of our earth, the sober historian is compelled to admit that a veil of impenetrable obscurity hangs above its rise and early progress. Sir William Jones writes, "The dawn of true Indian history appears only three or four centuries before the Christian era: the preceding ages are clouded by allegory and fable."

The first historical records on which we can rely tell us that Sesostris, Semiramis, and Darius, in succession invaded India. The success attending these invasions was but partial.

In the year 327, B.C., Alexander the Great, having conquered the Persian empire, crossed the Indus with the professed design of compelling the tributary states to pay their dues to him as the successor of Darius. Commencing his march for the far-famed Ganges, he was met by Porus at the head of a numerous army of native soldiery. This resistance, added to a mutiny in his ranks upon the banks of the Sutledge, compelled him with much reluctance to retrace his steps without gratifying his ambitious designs and long-cherished hopes. Determining, however, not to return in disgrace, he performed the extraordinary and hitherto unattempted project of sailing down the Indus, exultingly beholding the Arabian Sea, and thence, after incredible toil and danger, returning to his capital. When Alexander withdrew, the natives set about corrupting the troops left behind, by encouraging them in every manner of excess, which resulted in the final extinction of all foreign supremacy among them. Seleucus, and after him several generals, ending with Antiochus, undertook excursions to regain those distant possessions, but their success was limited in extent and duration.

A more powerful enemy arose in the sixth century of the Christian era in the Mohammedan power. Repeated attempts to enter the country were made and repulsed; but about the year 1,000 Mahmoud, King of Ghuznee, one of the most important principalities of Afghanistan, gained great victories; and in the year 1291 Mohammed, his successor, established the Afghan dynasty at Delhi. The Mogul dynasty followed in the year 1525, when Mohammedanism reached its height in India.

One of the most eminent of these Mogul emperors was Akber Khan, who flourished between the years 1556 and 1695. He ruled with so much wisdom and righteousness that the native historian tells us that "his memory

still floats upon the tears of all India." He seems, however, to have been an exception. Other Emperors became as noted for ferocity and desperation as he had been for good government. During the reign of Tamerlane, surnamed the "destroying prince," a hundred thousand natives were massacred in a single hour. Timur, the "firebrand of the universe," plundered and massacred without distinction of religion or sex; his track was followed by blood, desolation, famine, and pestilence. Nadir Shah pursued the same course, and from his days the Mogul empire began to decline.

In 1498 Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator, having performed the unwonted feat of doubling the Cape of Good Hope, landed at Calicut, a place of great trade upon the Western Coast, and the Portuguese commercial empire was speedily established. This lasted a century, at the close of which the Dutch entirely superseded the Portuguese, gaining possession of all their ports and places, with the exception of Goa, and a few subordinate towns.

But the golden prize was destined a third time to change possession. An English armament, coursing the Southern and Eastern seas, captured on different occasions Portuguese and Dutch Indiamen, laden with spices, calicoes, pearls, porcelain, ebony, and other rich productions of this teeming land. A display of these in London and other cities of Great Britain inflamed the desire of the English to be engaged in so lucrative a trade, and accordingly application was made to Elizabeth, the reigning queen, for the necessary charter of protection and privilege. In the year 1599 her Majesty complied with the request, and "granted an exclusive charter to a company of London merchants to trade with all the countries between the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan." These merchants originated "The East India Company," the history of which so remarkably illustrates the trite adage of "great effects from little causes."

One feature of the charter was that *no gentleman* should be connected with the company, a dubious privilege in our modern estimation. The first factories or trading houses of this company were established at Surat, Ahmenabad and Gogo, on the Gulf of Cambay; then followed the acquisition in 1639 of Madras, in 1664 of Bombay, in 1696 of Calcutta, and in succeeding years, of Benares, Seringapatam, Ceylon, Guzerat, Scinde, and, lastly, the Punjab. In many of these instances of annexation resistance was made by the native resi-

dents, in some cases aided by the French other European Colonists, but they ultimately compelled to yield to English.

Events of thrilling and often most p interest arrest the reader's attention perusing the history of British ascenda India. Let one suffice.

Fifty or more years after the occupat Calcutta as a trading town, an event occ which for condensed suffering and te results scarcely has an equal in the ann human barbarity and war. The rei prince (Suraja Dowlah) had become susp of the foreigners, and manifested a det nation to visit them with displeasure. U from the condition of their fort and fewn their numbers, to resist an invasion w made, they determined to desert their im abode, and embark on the ships which the river. But when the hour of embarl arrived, the crew of the vessels, anxio their own safety, moved down the strean could not be induced by the most e appeals addressed to their humanity patriotism, to return for the rescue of endangered countrymen. Night was at and with it a command from the Na keep the foreigners in custody for exami on the coming day. In looking for a pl confinement, the guard found a room i Fort which had been employed to confu fractory soldiers, and here were they de to pass that memorable and to many of a last night.

"The place selected was but eighteen square, with only two small windows l with iron, opening into a close verandal scarcely admitting a breath of air. Int narrow receptacle the whole of the officer troops, *one hundred and forty-six* in nu were compelled to enter, and on their vent to remonstrate, the commander ordered one who should remonstrate to be instant down. Thus were they forcibly thrust this fearful dungeon, into which the number could with difficulty be squeezed the door was then fast barred from witho

"Their first impression upon finding selves thus immured was the utter imposs of surviving one night, and the necess extricating themselves at whatever cost. Jemadars, or Indian Guards, were wa before the window, and Mr. Holwell seein bore upon his face a more than usual expr of humanity, adjured him to procure for room in which they could breathe, assurin

of a reward next morning of a thousand rupees. The man went away, but returned, saying it was impossible. The prisoners thinking the offer too low tendered two thousand. The man again went and returned, saying that the Nabob was asleep, and no one durst wake him. The lives of a hundred and forty-six men were nothing in comparison with disturbing for a moment the slumbers of a tyrant! Every moment added to their distress. All attempts to obtain relief by a change of posture, from the painful pressure to which it gave rise, only aggravated their suffering. The air soon became pestilential, producing at every respiration a feeling of suffocation. The perspiration flowed in streams, and they were tormented with the most burning thirst. Loud cries being made for 'water,' the humane Jemadar pushed through the bars several skins filled with that fluid; but this produced only an increase of calamity, through the violent efforts made to obtain it. About eleven o'clock the prisoners began to die fast, six of Mr. Holwell's best friends expiring at his feet and being trampled upon by the survivors. Of those still alive, a great proportion were raving or delirious; some uttered incoherent prayers, others the most fearful blasphemies. They endeavoured by most furious invectives to induce the guards to fire into the prison and end their miseries, but without effect. When day dawned the few who had not expired were most of them either dying or insensible, and of the one hundred and forty-six who had been enclosed, there remained only twenty-three!"

Such is the fearful history associated with the "black hole of Calcutta."

The news of this disaster reaching Madras, Mr. Cornwallis (afterwards Lord) Clive was at once despatched to Calcutta with a considerable force by land and sea, to avenge the death of his countrymen. Success attended the enterprise, the author of the black-hole tragedy fell by an assassin's hand, and the commencement of British rule in Bengal may be dated from that hour. The reins of government first held by Lord Clive passed, 1772, to Warren Hastings, and successively to Lords Cornwallis, Teignmouth, Wellesley, Minto, Marquis Hastings, Bentinck, Auckland, Ellenborough, Dalhousie, and Dalhousie, whose differences of character gained for them the titles of the "unscrupulous," "prudent," "ambitious," "good," "foolish," "brave," &c., but whose administra-

tions without exception, though in different ways, tended to produce the result we now behold, that of British sovereignty, with but few exceptions of small territories, extending from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea.

"A region of Asia, equal in extent to the whole of Europe (exclusive of Russia) with a population of about a hundred and fifty millions, all of them aliens in blood, language, and religion; and many consisting of warlike tribes, so gallant and brave as to have again and again repelled the combined hosts of the Moslem conquerors, with a heroism not unworthy of the best sons of Greece: this vast region, situate, by the ordinary route, at a distance exceeding half the globe's circumference, has to its uttermost borders been subjected to the uncontrolled dominion of British sway."

It cannot be said that this result has been secured by measures in all cases accordant with justice, integrity, and mercy. India's wrongs at England's hands might be a fruitful theme. But we may fairly assert that the wrongs have been at least counterbalanced by advantages conferred; and we believe the general testimony of those who are best acquainted with the Hindoos would confirm the opinion expressed by the American Missionary, Mr. Ward, that "The mass of the people would be far from desiring a transfer of the reins of government to native rulers or to any other European power."

Our brief retrospective glance at Indian history can scarcely fail, we think, to deepen the conviction in the mind of the reader, that it must have been to accomplish some very important moral change in the Eastern World that so vast an empire has been placed under the dominion of one of the smallest portions of the civilized world, and that at the other extremity of the globe.

"Is it not manifest that in the mental and moral improvement of India, Great Britain has a work of benevolence before her, which, in national glory, will eclipse all her other achievements, as much as the meridian sun exceeds in splendour the morning star? Know, then, the country of the Howards and the Wilberforces, thy high destiny! Never were such miseries to be removed; never was such a mighty good put into the power of one nation; the raising of so many spirits from the darkness of error and the wretchedness of sin to the light of truth, and the blessedness of heaven!"

# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narratives

## GEOLOGICAL RAMBLES.

BY MISS MARGARET PLUES, AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD FLOWERS."

### CHALK-SYSTEM.

For even as a limestone cliff is an aggregate of countless shells,  
One riddle concrete of many, a mystery compact of mysteries,  
So God, cloud-clapped in immensity, standeth, the cohesion of all things. MARTIN TUPPER.

IF any young geologist wishes to collect fossils with little or no trouble, let him begin geologizing upon the greensand. One of my earliest geological rambles was in a greensand locality, and this was how it came about.

My cousin had a family of growing-up boys and girls. None had attained the dignity of manhood and womanhood, but all had learned to play, and most to think. The son of a neighbouring farmer was sojourning in the house, and when the hours of study were over, each betook himself to his or her favourite pursuit. The stranger stood irresolute: and while making up his mind as to the course of amusement he should follow, he kept tossing some small bodies in the air, which I supposed to be dried peas. Soon one of these fell to the ground, and rolled on my dress. I took it up to return to him, and then noticed that it was a stone. Its spherical shape and rough surface aroused my curiosity, and I began to examine it closely, asking,

"Where do you find these things, Harry?"

"I pick them up in my father's fields," he replied. "I'll get some for you if you want any. We find heaps of them where we get sand."

"Don't get any for me, thank you, Harry," I said; "but take me to the place where you find them. I suppose I can walk so far?"

"Oh, yes, it is only a mile and a half away; we will go to-morrow."

"And may I go too?" "And I?" "And I?" asked four or five earnest voices; and as none were refused, a large party set out on the morrow, all eager to find fossils, but few having any idea of what a fossil was.

We were living on the borders of Somersetshire, and we took the road leading into Wilt-

shire. We soon left the rich woods behind us, and advanced towards chalk downs. Half a foot of the chalk, we found the stratum.

The place "where we get sand" was the name of a quarry, or even of a pit, merely a hole scooped under the hedge in a green lane, where sand was all that could be seen. The sand was glossy, composed of whitish particles, with greenish ones intermingled.

We sat down among the dry sand, and dug up numerous fossils from the ground; the most common form was that which I had already seen in Harry's possession: they were fossil sea-urchins, few large as the marrowfat pea, but with the curious perfectly preserved all over their surface, of which had acted as a ball hinge during the lifetime of the urchin, enabling it to open and shut in any and every direction at or three different kinds of terebratulines, to, as perfect in hinge and beak, and of delicate sculpture, as the sea-urchins, knobs and perforations. The terebratulines of diminutive size, a few as large as the majority only equalling in bulk the sea-urchins. Two venuses, or fan shells, among the sand, one broader than the other of regular form, and both grooved and striated. We found fragments of coral, and whorls of nautilus, but no perfect specimens of either. The number of species was small, but the individuals numerous, and a couple of hours searching among the soft sand yielded a pocket full of fossils to each member of the party.

We returned home a set of thorough geologists. Each member of our party was able to distinguish the sea-urchins from the nautilus, and the circular whorls of the ammonites from the irregular branches of coral; and to learn how long ago they had lived, and what they died of, and why they had

\* Earlier "GEOLOGICAL RAMBLES," by Miss Plues, will be found in OUR OWN FIRESIDE, vol. ii., pp. 47, 382, 661.

to worms, &c., &c., and a number of other questions most difficult to reply to.

From that day the rabbits' noses were out of joint; neither boy nor girl cared to do more than feed them. Country walks were all the rage, and we must go every day in one direction or another to seek fossils for our collection. One day we found a hole in a ploughed field, and scrambled down into it. Here was the greensand again, but in a more compact state; but we could easily break it with the boys' knives. Here we found an oval-shaped sea-urchin (*spatangus*), as large as a damson, two or three perfect ammonites, some oysters, and one turban shell.

My cousin took a carriage load of us to Warminster, and while some went shopping the rest took to the lanes. We were not long in discovering a sandy hedge bank resembling the one underneath which our first fossils had been obtained. We found that the bank was full of oyster-shells—a small species. The upper valve was much inflated, and so twisted to one side as to be quite ear-shaped; the under valve was flat. Both were very brittle. We got a great number of specimens of this shell.

Each day we scoured the country in one direction or another. Sometimes we found wells in the fields where the cattle drank. There had been much rainy weather, and the ground about the springs was very much ploughed up by the hoofs of the cows. Seeing that the earth was sandy, we examined it carefully, and found some beautiful ammonites lying sideways, their upper edge just appearing above the surface. There were one or two species of good building stone within reach, and there, though the stone belonged to the greensand group, it was tinged with red or yellow, and not with green. We visited these and got fine large pectens, with their spines all perfect, huge masses of coral, and enormous ammonites; but these were imbedded in the solid rock, and we had to hammer hard to get the block reduced to a manageable size. In the process we very often broke the fossil.

One day we were delighted to find a quarry of different rock. It was a bluish colour, and was very soft, turning to tenacious clay when wet. This belonged to the stratum called *gault*, which lies between two beds of greensand just underneath the chalk. In this quarry we found ammonites which put us quite out of love with those we had hitherto got. Not only were they perfect in form, but the surface was pearly and glittering like living shell, and

tinted with iridescent colours. There were turrilites as well as ammonites, the whorls of which ascended like a winding stair, instead of being level like the ammonites. We were very, very proud of our beautiful gault fossils, but we soon learned that their beauty was very perishable; exposure to the air made them so brittle that few of the specimens remained whole.

When we had secured a fair number of greensand and gault fossils we betook ourselves to the chalk, and visited several quarries in the neighbourhood of Warminster. This formation is one of the most easy to recognize, both from its whiteness, its soft texture, and the rounded form of its hills, called downs, covered with short herbage, and haunted by numerous flocks of sheep.

The chalk marl, the lowest member of the chalk system, is the most valuable to the farmer; partly owing to the quantity of lime entering into its composition, and partly to the seams of coprolites which traverse it, and which form excellent manure.

We found fields nearly covered with flints, and upon breaking these nearly all appeared hollow inside, and many of them contained what looked like a branched stick or a perforated club. These were fossil sponges, that had been imbedded in the flint, and thus preserved during the vast periods of time that have elapsed since the chalk downs were a sea bottom.

In the chalk quarries we found beautiful teeth, some delicately pointed, their glossy enamel quite perfect. These were shark's teeth. Others there were of very curious form, unlike human teeth entirely. They were those which were borne on the palates of the Old World fishes. The palatal teeth were scarcer than the pointed ones, but these were sometimes broken, while all the palatal ones were perfect, their square compact form making them easy of preservation.

The chalk fossils are wonderfully beautiful, resembling alabaster sculptures. We got lovely ammonites, tooth shells, and periwinkles, also large scallop-like shells (*tridacna*) and brachiopods. But the glory of our collections, vieing with our gay gault ammonites in beauty, were the shepherd's crown (*spatangus coronatus*) and the fairy loaf (*anachytes*), two members of the sea-urchin group, far exceeding all that we had hitherto got in size and beauty of sculpture. Portions of coral occurred frequently in these quarries, and great quantities

of broken shells. More practised geologists found shells of the thorny lima, with every spike perfect, and elegant mitre shells. Some even found crabs, and vegetable remains, but the latter in a very poor state of preservation.

The chalk strata are found in the best development in the south and south-east of England. They also occur in the north of Ireland, and Scotland, in France, Germany, India, and Colombia. The "wolds" of the north, and the "downs" of the south and south-east of England afford excellent pasturage for sheep. They

boast few trees, but their valleys are healthy.

The chalk contains a large proportion and is burned in kilns to form the lime merce. Flint, which so abounds among chalk, is used in the manufacture of porcelain, and glass. Mixed with chalk make an excellent road, and in the districts you see them built into fences.

This is the last system in the second of rocks, and many of the ancient and ancient life die out with it.

### ONE OF NATURE'S PARABLES.

#### THE SNOW AND THE FLOWERS.

"How unkind!" murmured a golden crocus, as the flakes of snow fell fast and thick upon it.

"How very unkind!" said a company of seedlings that were briskly putting up their little green heads, which the soft flakes soon covered.

"How unkind!" said the bronze buds of the lilac. "How very unkind! just as we were opening to the sun, that shone so kindly on us;" and they complained till the fleecy burden hid them one by one.

And there was a white world. Then came the stern frost from the north, and the little fountains were sealed, and the snow over all things shone like a crystal case, and the bitter east wind raged fiercely, and all was silence, except where its dismal voice was heard. But

it was hushed at last, and the sun came forth, and the soft and genial west wind and the streamlets were free again, crystal dissolved, and the snow beneath quietly, gradually into the earth, saying complaining buds, and blossoms, and things of green things,

"Farewell; I sheltered you from the frost, I protected you from the angry work so far is done. Now I go to soften and enrich the earth, that you sustained and refreshed. When you drunk in all its blessings, and are rejoicing in strength and beauty, remember whom you received with reproaches and with impatience, and acknowledge the faithful friend that works to end."

### PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

PICTURES in the fire—  
Palaces and trees,  
A church, a mould'ring spire,  
Rocks in smoky breeze.

Grassy dales and mountains,  
Rocks, and ferny nooks;  
Mossy slopes and fountains,  
Pictures out of books.

*Worcester: Christmas, 1865.*

Images of wonder,  
Knights with pond'rous shields  
Lovers whispering under  
Trees in summer fields.

Dying flaky embers,  
Cinders all aglow,  
Bringing back Decembers  
Of days, long, long ago.

JOSEPH H.

# The Poetry of Home.

## The Sailor's Life.

art the Hope of all the ends of the earth, and of  
at remain in the broad sea."—PSALM lxxv. 5.

MERRILY, merrily on we sail!

The sailor's life is gay!

His hopes are on the fav'ring gale,  
And whether it freshen, or whether it fail,  
Or whether by night or day,  
He reck's not, cares not, no! not he,  
For his home is ever upon the sea,  
And his God is near, his guide and stay;  
Then should not the sailor's life be gay?

y, merrily on we go!

sailor's life is free!

but few his heart may know,  
wherever the breeze that bears him blow,  
re still his home shall be:  
y night or by day the darkling deep  
came to the eye that never doth sleep,  
is God is the God that rules the sea,  
should not the sailor's life be free?

y, merrily on we sweep!

sailor's life is blest!

he knows the wonders of the deep,  
who alone his bark can keep  
night or day at rest:  
ows by whom each breeze is given,  
alm he feels comes fresh from heav'n,  
so thought of his God ever buoys his breast;  
should not the sailor's life be blest?

y, merrily on we fly!

sailor's life is dear!

as not a cloud across the sky,  
robbing heart is beating high,  
ah! his home is near!  
his eye glistens as he sees,  
tative vale, its cots and trees,  
e God of comfort dries the tear;  
n should not the sailor's life be dear?

he sailor's life is gay and free,

it is blest and dear;

should not he speed merrily  
the deep and dark blue sea,  
h nothing there to fear?  
ith his Father at the helm,  
apests can his bark o'erwhelm,  
as is safe, his haven near,  
e sailor's life to his God is dear!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

## The Snowflake and the Citron.



SNOWFLAKE came fluttering down  
through the air,

Where a citron grew in a garden fair;  
"I am weary of flying," it said to the tree,  
"I should like to rest for awhile on thee."

Said the citron tree, "It is many a year  
That I have been growing and flourishing  
here,

But I have ne'er seen a creature like thee;  
Now tell me first what thy name may be.

"The little bird comes to my topmost spray,  
And sings its song all the sweet spring day:  
The bee and the butterfly well I know,  
Lightly they come and lightly they go.

"They nestle about on my fragrant flowers,  
And then fly away to their woodland bowers;  
They never hurt me in blossom or stem,  
Art thou an innocent creature like them?"

"O never fear!" said the little snowflake,  
The smallest bird that sings in the brake,  
The gauze-winged bee or the butterfly,  
Is not such a gentle creature as I!

"I am but a raindrop out at play  
In my soft white mantle this winter day;  
It is crystal-clasped—it is light and warm,  
How could a raindrop do thee harm?"

"Well, then," said the citron tree, with a smile,  
"You are welcome to stay and rest awhile!"  
And the little snowflake chose out on the tree  
For his perch, the greenest leaf he could see.

Then another came, and another came,  
And their request was always the same;  
Till the citron branches one and all,  
Were white with the snowflakes' noiseless fall.

And soon there struck to its heart a chill,  
Never felt before—a foreboding of ill—  
And soon with the weight of the falling flakes,  
Its loveliest branch bends down and breaks.

And its deep roots shivered under the ground,  
And its golden fruits dropped off all round;  
And so the snowflake, so small to see,  
Was the death of the beautiful citron tree.

JAMES D. BURNS.

# Home Recreation.

BY AUNT MERCY AND UNCLE CHEERFUL.



AUNT AND UNCLE have received many contributions for the Recreation Page, but they are not able to select one of marked merit. The award of the PRIZE VOLUME will therefore be delayed till next month. The latest date for receiving contributions will be February 20th.

"REBECCA," and others, are thanked for their important DETECTIVE services. But Aunt and Uncle are sure Rebecca's CHARITY would not allow the delinquent to be exposed. They simply say, "*Beware!*"

SIX PRIZES of Books will be again given at the end of the year—three for "ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS," and three for "ANSWERS AND SOLUTIONS."

Solutions, Answers, &c., are to be sent by the 20th of the same month in which the *Enigmas, &c.*, are published, to "Aunt Mercy and Uncle Cheerful," care of the *Editor, Worcester.*

## ENIGMAS, ANAGRAMS, &c., FOR MENTAL EXERCISE.

### I.

1. A Venetian boatman.
2. A Pope's ambassador.
3. A legal term, signifying elsewhere.
4. A style of architecture.
5. One of the seven wise men of Greece.
6. The daughter of Chaos.
7. A speech.
8. A modern sculptor.
9. An imaginary being.

The initials name a modern statesman, and the finals reversed the especial office which he discharges.

T. T. T.

### II.

1. A heathen deity.
2. One of Shakspeare's characters.

3. The founder of Athens.
4. A celebrated city of Phrygia.
5. A constellation.
6. An insurrection.
7. To copy.
8. A venerated name.

The initials name a sovereign; the poet.

### III.

1. One of Queen Elizabeth's mini
2. A Saxon king.
3. An ancient city.
4. A useful instrument.
5. The name given to the oppos
6. A town in Nubia.
7. A relative.
8. A river in Pembrokehire.
9. A lake in the centre of Tasmar
10. A pulpit.
11. A Roman dictator.
12. The original inhabitants of De
13. A Carthaginian general.
14. A precious stone.
15. A French adverb.
16. A Lancastrian victory.

The initials will name a school, reversed, its founder.

### IV.

Required a word of eight letters only one vowel in it.

### V.

#### NOUN PARAGRAPH.

[To bear on the subject of "*P.*" An equal number of other nouns, si be introduced.]

Hinge ... virtue ... theory ...  
regard ... plans ... time ... imp  
engagements ... work ... sometime  
sequence ... system ... calculation  
mises ... causes ...



## BOUTS RIMÉS.

[The subject "*Slavery*"]

.	.	.	.	.	stood
.	.	.	.	.	blood
.	.	.	.	.	veins
.	.	.	.	.	chains
.	.	.	.	.	roll
.	.	.	.	.	soul
.	.	.	.	.	breath
.	.	.	.	.	death

## DEFINITION.

"Factualty."

## ANSWERS AND SOLUTIONS.

(See page 664, Vol. II.)

## I.

1. *Euphtha*. 2. *Emir*. 3. *Vigo*. 4. *Escorial*.  
 5. *Raphael*. 6. *Decemviri*. 7. *Orion*. 8.  
 9. *Vesuvius*. 10. *Infant*. 11. *Leo*. 12.  
*Myron*. 13. *Hale*. 14. *Agag*. 15. *Tiara*.  
 16. *Goat*. 17. *Obadiah*. 18. *Oboe*. 19. *Door*.  
 20. *Memphis*. 21. *Aaron*. 22. *Yarico*. 23.  
*Sam*. 24. *Otago*. 25. *Marius*. 26.  
*urus*.  
 27. "Never do evil that good may come."  
 28. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

## II.

1. *Half*. 2. *Eagle*. 3. *An*. 4. *Richmond*.  
 5. *Hagar*. 6. *Hearth*. 7. *Fender*.

## III.

1. *luck* *Hin-d*. (*H*)*c*. *Rhine*.  
 2. *lio-t*. *Del-e*. *A*. *Plat-o*. *A-bo*. *Rio-*  
*lata*.

## IV.

1. *Draco*. 2. *Iona*. 3. *Otway*. 4. *Solander*.  
 5. *Carneades*. 6. *Odazzi*. 7. *Regiomontanus*.  
 8. *Innocent*. 9. *Davy*. 10. *Eules*. 11. *Swam-*  
*merdam*. *Dioscorides*.

## V.

*Emulation*. *Facetious*. *C. C. F.* *Behaviour*.  
*M. P.* *Equivocal*. *David C.*, and many others.

## DEFINITIONS.

Charity:—

"The veil that 'covers the multitude of sins.'"  
 J. F. O.

"Tender rain on parched soil."—LILIAN E.

"Gently to hear, kindly to judge" (*Shakspeare*).—C. C. F.

"Oil for the wheels of life."—TERESA.

"Poverty's ministering angel."—DAVID C.

"The King of kings stooping from His throne in heaven, to seek a gem for His coronet in the quarries of earth."—M. P.

"The widow's mite and the cup of cold water."—J. F. O.

"Essence and offspring of the Deity."

D. E. F.

"A through ticket to popularity."—J. F. O.

"Faith, Hope, and Charity abide,

Trio of heavenly birth,

A coronal of beauty lent,

To light and gladden earth:

'Greatest of all,' the clasping gem

Fair Charity I view,

Which wreathes with love the diadem,

Hoping—believing—too."

REBECCA.

"The 'stitch in time' that mends Pat's broken leading-strings."—J. F. O.



## The Home Library.

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*Sermons* (Preached in Cambridge). By the Rev. CHARLES CLAYTON, M.A., Rector of Stanhope, and Honorary Canon of Ripon Cathedral. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THESE sermons are published by Mr. Clayton, on leaving Cambridge, as "a permanent memorial" of pastoral concern for his people. The congregation to which he has ministered has indeed been highly privileged. Trinity Church is associated with hallowed memories of Simeon, Henry Martyn, Thomason, Scholefield, and others; and we doubt not there are very many who will long treasure the memory of the devoted, faithful, and laborious pastor who has just been removed from them. To the members of Trinity Church this volume will indeed possess a special interest. But we need scarcely say it is a volume that will commend itself to all Christians. Mr. Clayton possesses the happy power of illustrating his topics by references to passing incidents, a most important auxiliary to the enforcing of great truths. We cannot refrain from quoting the following passage to show what we mean:—

"There are some people who never seem to enjoy their religion. The reason is, they are in bondage. They are looking to themselves for salvation, and not to Christ. Faith is the connecting link between the soul and Christ. What profit is the lifeboat to the sinking sailor if he be not in it? What profit is a refuge to a traveller in a storm if he fly not to it? That lifeboat is Christ. That refuge is Christ. You can never be happy without faith in Christ. As soon, my dear hearers, as you can feel that Christ has done everything for you, your mind will be at peace, and not before. It has been well observed that the unconverted formalist is working *to* pardon, whereas the justified believer works *from* pardon. He works, not because he hopes to obtain forgiveness, but because he is forgiven.

"A remarkable illustration of this has been furnished by the newspapers during the past week. The widow of the late J. Scott, Esq., of Bromley, in Kent, has just been removed. By her death, as was arranged by her late husband about sixteen years ago, large sums will fall in to some of our evangelical religious societies. To the British and Foreign Bible Society, £15,000; to the Church Missionary Society, £15,000; to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, £15,000; and smaller sums to other societies. To the London Missionary Society, £5,000; to the London City Mission, £5,000; and to the Clerical Education Society, £5,000. These donations, in all £60,000, with the former sums paid sixteen years ago by Mr. Scott, will now amount to £100,000. And now, what were the motives which prompted Mr. Scott to show such large benevolence towards those particular societies? Hear his own explanation. The words in

the will by which he disposed of that amount of property—part of it to fall in death, and the remainder upon the death—were very striking. They are a beautiful upon our text, and also upon the other 'To me to live is Christ' and, 'The justified by faith we have peace with our Lord Jesus Christ.' His words we make the foregoing dispositions, not with hope of performing a meritorious act in the holy God, nor of rendering the slightest unmerited mercies I have received, but with of extending to the Redeemer's brethren the blessings of that free salvation, purchased by the Saviour's blood, which has been so precious to my own soul."

"*The Memory of the Just is blessed.*"  
on the Death of the late Canon Stowell.  
By THOMAS ALFRED STOWELL.  
London: Hatchard and Co.

A DEEPLY touching tribute of filial affection to departed worth. Amongst the features in the character of the late Canon Stowell, his son notices his genial disposition, his godly sincerity, the purity of his tastes and habits, the affability and gentleness of his manner, his genuine civility and kindness and warmth of heart, his catholicity, his holy boldness for God, and his unwearied activity. The Canon Stowell for his contribution of 100 pages, will value the following extract from a noble sermon:—

"He 'was instant in season and out of season in the labour of many ordinary lives instead of the allotted span of human existence. He needed so little special preparation for his work, still could have accomplished the amount of his life's work with apparently little fatigue. His natural force was abating, and age began to weaken his noble form and vigorous constitution, yet he permitted himself any relaxation from his incessant labours, adhering to the last to the last expressed opinion that it was 'better to work to the end than to rust out.'"

"And God granted him his desire. He was permitted to retain his power, his influence, his usefulness to the last, and spared the severe conflict between the ardent and unflagging energy and the consciously failing energies and enfeebled strength. God had prepared a better reward for his faithful servant. The good fight was over, the course was finished, the faith was kept, the peace of heaven instead of the post of ease on earth. 'Crown of righteousness' in place of the greater dignity among men awaited him. At the time of an accident which befell him a few days before his decease, his constitution began

his failing strength; and the loosening of the shaking of the stakes foreshadowed the dissolution of the tabernacle. Still, scarce able to tear himself from his tent, notwithstanding the remonstrances and medical adviser, he persisted in his daily anxious about the preparation of an approaching confirmation, which he sought not without seriously overtaxing strength, to complete. Soon, however, his health enforced an entire cessation, and he hoped might only be a temporary suspension of his ministrations. On Trinity Sunday or the last time to his own loved and

The next three months were spent in his friends, and only three weeks before death he returned home, suffering under the effects of which, on his already infirm constitution, he never recovered.

In his last illness, borne with exemplary uncomplaining submission, it pleased God to preserve of his naturally clear and vigorous mind much unimpaired by the nature of his illness, the greater part of his last week on earth being from oppression on the brain, which kept him either in semi-unconsciousness or in a state of delirium. Yet whenever he was able to indicate to those around what was in his mind, his words most clearly gave evidence, and evidence was involuntary, that his mind was filled with holy and heavenly things, and undistracted by thoughts of earth.

His utterances abundantly testified to his love of prayer. Almost every word was prayer, and his most part in the language of Holy Scripture, the Book of Common Prayer, and these characterised by the deepest humility and self-distrust. It was indeed an affecting and solemn time, solemn and instructive lesson, of whom we might think that, like the if any one had whereof he might trust—he more, like him confessing himself sinners. One of the passages he most repeated, perhaps the most frequently, was, "Lord, who may abide in thee? But there is only Thou that Thou mayest be feared."

3, 4); to which he invariably added, "givenness be extended unto me, for Jesus, Amen." Short petitions such as these were continually on his lips: "Lord, have mercy upon me." "Christ, have mercy upon me." "Lord, save or I Lord, I am like a little child, very meek have mercy upon me, and help me, for Jesus sake, Amen." Several times he repeated the well-known verse—

As I am, without one plea,  
That Thy blood was shed for me,  
That Thou bidd'st me come to Thee;  
O Lamb of God, I come.

beginning

Weak, and worthless though I am.

Mention that he appeared to listen with attention to the following hymns, which had been read in his life when read or sung to him:—

"Book of ages, cleft for me;  
Lead me, let us join our cheerful songs;  
Through all the changing scenes of life;  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee;"

My God, my Father, while I stray."

"Equally apparent was his simple and firm trust in his Saviour. The last night but one before his death, about half-past one, he awoke perfectly conscious, calm, and quiet, though much exhausted. I was sitting by his bedside, and asked him if he was happy. 'Yes,' he replied, 'and quite resigned to God's will.' To the question, 'Is Jesus with you and precious to you?' 'Yes, so that He is all in all to me,' was his answer. During his waking moments after this he frequently exclaimed, 'Very much peace,' and several times, 'No fear.' 'Abundance of joy.' More frequently still, sometimes in scarce audible tones, he breathed those words which told of his blessed experience, 'A very present help in time of trouble.' Another and remarkable expression was, 'Oh, the comfort and the support of the society of Jesus!'

"On the day before his death, he uttered the prayer, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and take me home;' and when his eldest son said, 'Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' (Rev. xxii. 20), he rejoined, 'But when?' 'In his own good time; and is not that the best time, dear father?' 'Oh yes, Amen.' When disturbed a little by an attempt to change his position, he said, 'Wait, wait a little.' When asked what for—'Death,' was his reply. He had before prayed for help 'in this my last illness,' thus indicating his consciousness that he was standing on the confines of eternity.

"The morning of his death, the only articulate words that we could catch, uttered two or three hours before his decease, were 'Amen! Amen!'

"His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven by prayer."

"At one o'clock in the afternoon, on God's blessed day of rest, without a struggle and without the shadow of pain crossing his peaceful countenance, he entered into rest—the Sabbath-keeping that remaineth for the people of God' (Heb. iv. 9).

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them' (Rev. xiv. 14).

"May God give us grace to follow him as he followed Christ."

England's Hopes and Blessings. London:  
W. Macintosh.

THOUGHTFUL although fragmentary essays, exemplifying the benefits young men might derive from cultivating a habit of literary composition. Amongst other topics, we have "Dreamers," "Selfishness," "Kirke White and his Writings," "Books and Reading," "Music," "Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods." The last is an admirable paper. We give an extract which will justify our encomium:—

"I imagine that one of the many advantages which home education affords for the healthful development of moral character is to be found in the fact that, in a family, brothers and sisters are all trained together. Boys have thus great advantages for acquiring gentleness of manner, delicacy of sentiment, and polite consideration for those around them, through the influence of daily intercourse with their sisters; while they, in turn, have opportunity for observing and imitating the more masculine qualities of courage, decision, persevering enterprise, and cool judgment, which, as a general rule, are naturally more fully developed in the characters of their brothers. I cannot but think that the accomplished and thoughtful Fénelon sent forth advice contrary alike to nature and

to common sense, when, in his very admirable little work 'Sur l'Education des Filles,' he counselled parents to keep their daughters entirely secluded from the society of their boys. Such advice might suit the days when clever men assumed the galling shackles of monachism, and buried themselves and their God-given talents in the narrow cell and fretted cloister; when women who were most conspicuous for natural sensibility and fervent devotion smothered their noble aspirations and gentle instincts in the sable folds of their veils, within high convent walls; but, since the glorious Reformation has arisen upon the Christian world, such ideas are ill-suited to the state of civilized society. If, in after-life, men and women have to mingle in domestic and social circles, and are necessarily then and there dependent on each other for mutual politeness and friendly help, why train them in habits of early seclusion which must produce more or less of unnatural reserve and discourteous restraint? The closest domestic companionships are perfectly compatible with unsullied purity of lip and life; and while a boy can possess no human shield more impervious to the assaults of vice than the holy influence of a mother's love, a sister should ever find in the brother who has been nurtured by her side her most intrepid and faithful protector."

*The Gospel in Type; or, The Evangelical Meaning of the Hebrew Ritual.* By the Rev. J. RIDGEWAY, M.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THE Gospel is the Law fulfilled, as the Law is the Gospel predicted. Mr. Ridgeway's work demonstrates this very effectively. He is well aware of the close bearings of his subject on the controversies of the day. The study of the types is one of the best securities against scepticism, on the one hand, and ritualism on the other. The following remarks on the "Altar" question are much to the point:—

"The Hebrew word rendered 'altar' is derived from a root which signifies to kill or slay, and had special reference to the sacrifices which were to be offered on it. Altars, or places to slay, were necessary under the Hebrew symbolism, because the sacrifice of Christ, not being yet consummated, required to be foreshadowed by typical sacrifices. But now that the reality has been perfected, and the great sacrifice offered, what need is there for altars? Corrupt Christianity, indeed, such as that professed by the Church of Rome, pretends to a sacrifice without shedding of blood, and yet propitiatory. It is not surprising, therefore, that Romanism sets up its altars. But the Christianity of the Reformation discarded the sacrifice of the mass (Article xxxi.) What, then, has the Church of England, or any other Church of the Reformation, to do with altars? Yet the attempt is not unfrequently made to introduce them. The communion-table is surreptitiously changed into an altar: instead of standing on legs, it has a solid basement; and the form of a table being done away, it becomes an altar. Moreover, it is placed on an elevation, and approached by steps, and the intention is evident to bring the communion-table of the Protestant Church back, so far as the law of the land permits it to be done, into a conformity with the high altars of the Church of Rome. Truly, if these innovations increase, we shall at no distant period require another Edward to issue his royal mandate for the 'taking down of altars,' and another Ridley, Bishop of London, to give it effect."

Mr. Ridgeway introduces an extract from the reasons Ridley appended to his injunctions:—

"The form of a table shall more move the simple from the superstitious opinions of the Popish mass into the right use of the Lord's Supper. For the use of an altar is to make sacrifice upon it; the use of a table is for men to eat upon. Now, when we come to the Lord's board, what do we come for? To sacrifice Christ again, and to crucify Him again? or to feed upon Him that was once only crucified and offered up for us? If we come to feed upon Him, spiritually to eat His body, and spiritually to drink His blood, which is the true use of the Lord's Supper, then no man can deny but the form of a table is more meet for the Lord's board than the form of an altar."

On another page Mr. Ridgeway deals with the height of so-called "altars":—

"Whence comes the idea of the high altar which corrupt Christianity retains, and which some who, although without the principles of the Reformation, yet occupy positions in our Protestant Church, desire to see restored amongst us? The word 'altar,' derived from a Latin root, implies, indeed, something high or elevated; but not only had this property of height no place in those altars which were in use amongst the Hebrews, but, on the contrary, it was expressly eliminated from them; for it was enjoined, 'Neither shalt thou go up by steps unto mine altar' (Exodus xx. 26). We do indeed read in Scripture of high places and high altars, but they were generally connected with idolatry (1 Kings xii. 31). Corrupt Christianity found the model of its high altars, not in the Hebrew ritual, but in heathenism. Hence, when St. Paul says, 'I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God,' the Greek word translated 'altar' is not the same with that used in other places where the reference is to the Hebrew altar; as, for instance, in Heb. vii. 13. The Greek word used there, and in kindred passages, is θυσιαστήριον, a place where the victim or sacrifice is slain; but the Greek word used in Acts is βωμὸν, from a root which signifies to ascend or go up."

These extracts will best indicate the character and value of Mr. Ridgeway's work.

*Home Words.* Edited by EDWARD COLLETT. London: William Macintosh. Brixton: Jol Wallis.

A SERIES of papers on various topics, all keeping with the title of the volume. We have been greatly interested in their perusal. The paper on "Happiness," by the Rev. Charles E. Casher, is a masterly composition. "The Breakfast Visitor," by the Rev. Francis J. Moran, furnishes a capital history of the Rise and Progress of the Newspaper Press. "Tizz Dream," by James Morris, conveys a world truth. And "Notes on Temper," by the Rev. J. McConnel Hussey, will alone be found worth the cost of the book. Mr. Collett has himself written so well on "Christmas Day," that regret he has confined himself to so small space. We trust our readers will at once or "Home Words."

*Sunday School Lessons.* By Rev. ROW HILL, M.A. London: James Nisbet and Has our unqualified recommendation. A book of the kind we do not think could be written.

ay; or Counsels to Christians on the of Every-day Life. By the Rev. J. EVERARD, M.A. London: William and Co.

T. Vores, of Hastings, has written "Introduction" to this work. His words of introduction will be confirmed by all who read it; it is a thoroughly practical and excellent book; especially adapted for the home style is very telling, interesting and abundant, and the various topics are treated in a most able manner. We give an extract which will justify our high estimate of it.

Here the choice means by which a household may secure the blessing of the Lord? At the head of all would I place the hearty piety of the family.

Consistent piety of any single member—of a father, or even a servant—may ultimately be the blessing of the rest; but until the father and mother be alive, are decided in their Christian life, have no reason to expect the special blessing of God in the midst of the house. It is in the seed for a good crop from bad seed, or for grapes from a thorn bush; so we seldom find genuine piety in the younger branches if it be otherwise with the parents.

Father and mother are representatives of the family before God. Times without number, for a blessing has descended upon the children. Of a godly parent also is a daily sermon. As said, 'The children of godly parents go to glory every day.' In fact, such a home is a temple where men and servants every day may see and hear which tells them that God is there.

It may be discovered the reason that sound teaching, both in National and Sunday-school, comparatively effected so little good. It is the fault in the school teaching, but in the home the evil that is witnessed at home more than in the school. On the piety in the parent oftentimes is salvation to the well known account of the conversion of Cecil is in point. The sight of his mother, and cheerfully enduring her heavy cross of life as the sermon that awakened him to religion. It is right that parents should test their children as well for the sake of their children as of

the importance would it be to a family if the father often question his own heart: 'Walking in good conscience before God?' 'Abide in fellowship with the Father and the

daily lean upon the grace and strength of the Spirit?'

As living, that I declare with Joshua—"As my house, we will serve the Lord?" "I doubt for a moment that genuine piety and holiness are the first requisites for all spiritual blessing; the pastor in the parish, the teacher in the school, or the parent in the family, can expect to do others for good, without themselves being first of all in the narrow path."

At the family altar, and take good heed that the words there be a reality.

Let together the word of God, to bend the knee at the throne of grace, may be a blessed blessing for the united worship of the whole family

"But beware of making it a mere formality. With too many it is practised as only a part of the daily routine that is necessary to be gone through; but it brings with it no profit and no comfort. It is a cloud without water: it is time worse than wasted, for it is an affront to Him that searcheth the heart. If it has been thus with any reader, do not discontinue it because you feel this to have been the case, but strive to throw life into it. Ask for Divine assistance. Read the portion of Scripture very distinctly. If it be possible, let there be a few words of practical application, or of necessary explanation of a difficult verse. Avoid making the prayer too long; but let it be hearty and fervent. Whether it be extempore or written, let it be offered with all reverence and earnestness 'in the Spirit.' The reality and true profit of the family devotion should be, to every Christian, a matter for much painstaking and prayer."

"Maintain family discipline."

"It is the will of God that parents should exercise control over their children. They must command that which is right; they must forbid that which is wrong. It was spoken to the praise of Abraham, that God knew that he would command his children after him to keep the way of the Lord. It was the overthrow of the house of Eli, that his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

"In Scripture, children are compared to arrows. But all depends upon the direction given to the arrow by the hand that guides it. They are compared to vine branches. But a vine unpruned will bear no fruit worth gathering. So it is written, 'A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.'"

"A remark may be made here as to the grievous harm that is often inflicted on a family, by the mother neglecting home duties for other work. Usually the right place of a mother with young children is at home, in the midst of them. In agricultural villages, more is often lost than gained by a poor mother going out into the fields for a few pence, whilst her children's clothes, for need of mending, are growing worse and worse, besides the fact that her children are left to a neighbour's care, or even to run wild about the fields or lanes."

"Great is the mischief also when Christian ladies neglect the training of their own children, for spiritual work out of doors. If both can be fairly accomplished a double benefit ensues; but for no other work is it right for a parent to put her children in the background. Irreparable evil has been wrought by the wife of the clergyman being busied in the parish, whilst her children are left in the care of servants, and in consequence, it may be, instead of being helpers, grow up a scandal to the Church of Christ."

"'I really scarcely ever see my children,' was the remark of a Christian lady. 'I have so many religious objects to look to in London; and then I have Scripture readings that I attend, and so large a circle of valued friends, that I seldom have a leisure evening.'"

"Was this right? Was it the best means of adorning the Gospel of Christ?"

"In training their children, let parents begin early. Long before a child is two years old, it will know the meaning of an emphatic 'no.' Even at that tender age some measure of discipline may begin."

"Unite firmness and gentleness."

"Yield not to the self-will or pettishness of a child. What you once say, let it be law. Without some special cause turn not from it. Especially punish lying and disobedience; they are the root of all that is evil."

"Yet with firmness be very gentle. It is written, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.' Harshness is

a cold wind, that nips in the bud the beginnings of better things in the heart. Byron's character was ruined by the cruelty of a harsh and unfeeling mother.

"Win your children by love. Draw rather than drive. Make home to them the happiest place in the world. Make friends of them. Confide in them, and they will confide in you. Do not keep them at a distance. As soon as they are old enough, entrust them with the knowledge of family affairs. The spirit of confidence will effectually aid in knitting together the whole family.

"*Plead for the Spirit's grace to rest upon each one within the house.*

"Let each believer in a house consider it a bounden duty never to let a day pass by without his naming before God each one of the family.

"Doubly does this privilege belong to parents. A father's prayers have not often been spoken of, but they avail much. A father took up into his arms his little boy, shortly after his birth, and taking him into his study, fell upon his knees, and there presented him to the Lord, and besought for him His grace. The solemn dedication of the child was ratified in heaven. He grew up to be a most able and successful preacher of the everlasting Gospel. By many in the neighbourhood of Brighton and elsewhere, the name of Sortain will long be held in honour.

"Upon the mother, however, rests much of the responsibility connected with the children. She is more constantly with them, and it is most natural that her prayers should incessantly be offered in their behalf.

"Great indeed is the difference between one who neglects the souls of her children, and one who labours and prays for their salvation.

"A young man was condemned to death, in Glasgow, for the perpetration of a most brutal murder. His mother entered his cell. The son fixed his eyes upon her, and said, 'Mother, had it not been for you, I should never have been here.' 'I am sure,' she said, 'I never taught you any harm.' 'I am sure,' he answered, 'you never taught me any good.' From that moment his lips were sealed, and to the fatal hour he never spoke another word. Here was the reward of the neglectful mother.

"The late Richard Knill, for many years a missionary in Russia, returned home to his native village. It so happened that he slept in the same chamber where he had been accustomed to sleep in early life. Early in the morning he looked out of the window and saw a tree in the garden, under which his mother had taken him forty years before, and had said to him, 'Richard, let us pray.' He went out, and in the very same spot knelt down, and thanked God for a mother's prayers. Here was the reward of the praying mother.

"Prayer is a mighty agent. It secures that which no unassisted efforts can obtain. Only thus will God vouchsafe His Spirit to quicken dead souls. Only thus may we confidently anticipate a sure blessing on our dwelling place."

*Heart Cheer for Home Sorrow.* Edited by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. London: W. Macintosh.

THIS is a reprint from OUR OWN FIRESIDE. It contains contributions, original and selected, from Dr. Vaughan, Rev. S. J. Stone, Dean Alford, Dr. Bonar, Rev. Robt. Maguire, Dr. Winalow, Mrs. Parry, the late Canon Stowell, Dr. Monsell, Rev. T. Ragg, Rev. T. Davis, the Editor, &c. Its title indicates its purpose and mission.

*Lyra Fidelium.* By S. J. STONE, B.A. and London: Parker and Co.

POETRY of no ordinary type. Mr. Stone gives us "Twelve Hymns on the Articles of the Apostles' Creed." All exquisitely written, and will be found profitable for use "in private devotional family prayer, or in public worship these days when men's minds are about by every wind of doctrine," a fixing our attention on the grand, fundamental Catholic verities of God's Word is a the Church: and on this account, no less for the poetical power of the writer, we "*Lyra Fidelium.*"

*Days and Nights in the East; or, Illustrations of Bible Scenes.* By HORATIUS BONAR. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS book is a condensation of the former two volumes on the East. It is quite a work of supererogation to say of its merits. Dr. Bonar is a *traveller generis*. In its cheaper form it will have a still wider circulation. The illustrations are very good.

*The Homes of Scripture.* First Series.

Rev. J. B. OWEN. London: W. Macintosh. This book is a reprint of the First Papers on "*The Homes of Scripture*," appeared in the first volume of OUR OWN FIRESIDE: we need not, therefore, at review it. The name of the author is the best introduction. The "Homes" treated are: "The Home at Nain," "The Centurion's Home," "The Home of Peter," "The Home of Matthew," "The Demoniac's Home," "The Home of the Greek Mother." The book is printed on toned paper, and the type is remarkably clear and good.

*The Christian Treasury*, 1865. Edited by JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, and CO.

WE heartily commend "*The Christian Treasury*" as worthy of its name. The sound character of its contents, combined with a sound evangelical tone which pervades the paper, entitles it to the support of those who would guard against sacrificing the profit of "the day of days" to the excess of the taste for fiction. There is in "*The Christian Treasury*," but, divine parables of the Master, the stories have "heavenly meanings," most profitably be pondered on the day of the week.

*Famous Fables in Modern Verse.*

*Rhymes for Little Readers.*

*Easy Readings and Pretty Pictures.*

*The Sea, the Ships, and the Sailors.*

*Pictures and Songs of Home.*

*Words to Spell and Read as Well.*

London and Edinburgh: J. Nelson and Co. WE can strongly recommend these illustrations as home gifts for "the dear children."

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# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER V.



AS Oliver closed the door behind him, he saw the blood-red cross, which had been marked upon it while he was engaged with the sufferer within: and he read the solemn words above it—

"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US!"

And the words sank into his heart with a deeper and fuller meaning than they had ever done before.

"Will the Lord have mercy upon this house?" he said to himself. "Will the Creator of the universe hear the supplications of the young girl for her father? and will He indeed raise him up again? Prayer that ascends from a heart so pure and good as hers, must be acceptable in Heaven. I wish I possessed her pious and innocent feelings, and could believe that my prayers would be heard and answered. I must try to become more useful and more righteous, and then perchance I may better deserve that the Lord should listen to my requests."

Poor Oliver! The task he proposed to himself was as hopeless as that of Sisyphus; as easily might that doomed wretch roll up the ponderous and ever-returning rock to the summit of the mountain, as he might hope to elevate his own soul, and purify his own heart and life, by his unassisted efforts. But Oliver had yet to learn that he had "*no power in himself to help himself!*"

He traversed the streets more slowly than was his wont; for his spirit was oppressed,

and all around him was sad and gloomy. No sound met his ear, except the slow and measured tramp of the watchmen—for most of the houses by which he passed were empty, or only inhabited by the bereaved or the dying. The streets were also very dimly lighted. A few lamps here and there only served to show the surrounding darkness, or to reveal the crouching or prostrate form of some destitute sufferer, or some pestilential corpse, waiting to be removed either to the pest-house or the plague-pit.

Some such piteous objects met the eyes of Oliver Wyndham; and caused him to hasten his steps, in order to seek for those whose duty it was to remove the dead or dying from the streets in that district wherein his own duties lay.

Door after door was marked by the fearfully significant cross, and the hopefully significant petition; and street after street was deserted, save by the watchmen, and the attendants of the funereal dead-cart, who raised the dead bodies, and sometimes the senseless but living victims also, from the pavement or the door-steps, by means of a long-handled hook, and cast them into the open hearse, with a careless indifference that made Oliver's blood run cold.

His feelings had been highly excited by the scene in Mr. Purvis's room, and they were not soothed and tranquillized by all that he encountered on his way to Dr. Graves's residence. He longed to return directly to his own home—lonely though it would be. He longed to sit down and think—yes, think of Blanche Purvis, and of

himself also. But he was resolved to find the benevolent physician, and send him to his interesting patient before he allowed himself any rest. So he went on until he reached the doctor's home; when, to his disappointment more than his surprise, he was informed that he was occupied at St. Paul's.

Again he set forth; and he was hurrying along a narrow street that led towards the great cathedral, and that he knew to have been swept by the pestilence, when he was startled by seeing a wild-looking and half-naked form rush out of one of the closed and marked houses, towards which he was approaching. The light of a lamp fell on the haggard features of this wretched being, and Oliver saw that they were those of a woman. But all feminine delicacy, all expression of human intellect or human feeling, was gone! Madness, in its most repulsive and terrific form, was depicted on that countenance; and as the grief-stricken and infected maniac fled along the street, and wildly flung her wasted arms above her head, she uttered a cry that made Oliver's heart stand still; and then she fell on her face to the ground.

It was one of those shrieks—those wild and frenzied expressions of mental and bodily anguish—that are seldom heard on earth; but that whosoever has once heard never forgets. The sound rings in his ear ever and anon with startling and shuddering effect. It haunts him by day like a spectre, and by night in his dreams like a nightmare. And sometimes—long years after that sound was heard—even amid scenes of joy and merriment—he seems to hear it again, rising shrilly above all other sounds, even like the despairing wail of a lost soul! Oh for the waters of Lethe to obliterate and drown such sights and sounds as met the eyes and ears of Oliver Wyndham on that sad night—such sights and sounds as were then rife in London, but which God grant may never be seen and heard in her streets again!

Oliver ran forward, as fast as his lameness would permit, to the spot where the prostrate woman lay still and motionless. He stooped to raise her from the ground; and,

as he did so, a strong hand caught his arm and drew him back; and a familiar voice cried out, "Do not touch her—she is tainted and delirious!"

He looked up and saw Guy Egmont, whom he had not met since the day when he was himself attacked by the pestilence.

"Wyndham!" he exclaimed in surprise "what brings you here? I heard that you were sick of the plague. I was afraid to go near you; but I am heartily glad to see you out again."

Oliver thought that his friend might have shown his solicitude by at least calling at his door to inquire whether he lived or died of the fell disease; but he was not just then in a mood for bickerings, so he replied,

"Yes, I had the plague; and, thanks to Dr. Graves and my faithful old Elsie, I am covered. I am now on my way to find the doctor, and send him to a patient in whom I feel a great interest. But first I must attend to this poor woman. Do you know her—who is she?" And he stooped again and lifted the senseless form from the pavement. "She is dead!" he said feelingly "Poor soul! her last cry of agony will never be obliterated from my memory!"

So saying, he laid the corpse gently down again, and looked to Egmont for a reply to his inquiry. He was gazing at the dead face, which was now partially visible, with an intent and almost remorseful expression; but he quickly turned away, and replied in his usual tone of voice,

"She is my sister, Clara—that sister whom I once loved so well; but who, I have often told you, separated herself from her family by marrying a man beneath her in rank and station. She brought trouble and disaster into the family, and she well deserved the misery she has endured. Still, I never thought to see her thus!"

"Do not think now of her faults," said Oliver; "but let us bear away her poor lifeless body to her home. Did she reside in the house from which she rushed so frantically? And where is her husband?"

"He is dead!" answered Egmont, sternly "Would that he had died before Clara ever beheld him! He was seized with

plague a week ago; and when I heard of it I sent to offer my sister a safe refuge for herself and her two children if she would have him at once. But she refused to do so, and begged I would take the children without her. This I had no idea of doing, as I only cared to save them for her sake. So they all remained in the infected house; and all are now dead."

"What, all!" said Oliver sadly. "Did you leave the innocent little ones to perish when you might have saved them?"

"What could I do with them without their mother? They are better dead than living as destitute orphans in such times as these. As you seem to have no fear of infection, Oliver, I should be glad if you would carry the corpse back to the house. I have sent for the dead-cart to take away the woman and the children; and now poor Clara may go with them."

Oliver was disgusted at the unfeeling manner in which his former chosen associate spoke of such dire calamities. But he held his peace; and, taking up the slight form in his arms, he followed Egmont to the house whence she had broken loose. They entered it; and as Egmont took up a lantern at the entrance, Oliver saw that he put something into his mouth, and applied a highly-scented handkerchief to his face.

"You had better follow my example," he said, pointing to a table on which stood a bottle of vinegar, and various scents and drugs for the prevention of infection.

"I have had the plague, and I believe I am safe," answered Oliver. "But I follow Graves's directions, and always carry a specific about me. Load on, Egmont; I'll carry this poor creature to her bed. I came she to leave it, and to die thus dreadfully in the street?"

She sent to tell me that her husband and one of the children were dead; and to ask me to go to her, and try to save the young child. I hoped to be able to save her, and, after taking all proper precautions, I came to the house. To my horror I found the young infant dead also, and lying on the same bed with its father and brother;

and Clara also stricken with the disease, and almost distracted with grief."

"And was no one with her—no nurse, or friend, or helper?" said Oliver, as he followed Egmont into the chamber, and laid his burden on the ground—for the bed was already fearfully occupied.

"She told me that the appointed nurse had fled when the infant died, and she herself fell sick; and that the woman had robbed her also, and left her almost without clothes. I could not help reminding her that she might have saved her children's lives, and have been spared all her present misery, if she had accepted my offer. But instead of showing sorrow for her obstinacy, she accused me of cruelty and harshness, and raved about the virtues and talents of her dead husband. I attempted to reason with her, but she became more and more violent, and threatened to kill herself. I became alarmed for my own safety, and made for the door, intending to escape, and to lock her in the room until I could procure assistance. But, with the quickness and the strength of madness, she saw my design, and rushed past me, pushing me backwards almost on that awful bed of death—and she broke forth into the street. It is all over now," he added; and a slight emotion was perceptible in his voice and manner as he gave one rapid glance around him at the desolate scene that the room presented.

"Let us go," said Oliver. "We can be of no further use here."

"Certainly not," replied Egmont, again having recourse to his aromatic scents. "Poverty, and sickness, and robbery have made this a desolate place. We may leave all that remains in it to the mercy of those wretches who prowl about the streets, and venture into infected dwellings in search of plunder. They often carry away the plague with the rest of their spoils—and so receive their due reward!"

Why did Egmont's hard and scoffing tone now jar so painfully on Oliver's ears and heart? He used to be amused by his caustic remarks, and even to emulate his cool indifference. But now it shocked him;

and for some strange reason his thoughts reverted to the chamber of Mr. Purvis, and he pictured to himself the graceful form of Blanche, either ministering at her father's bedside, or kneeling in prayer for his recovery.

The image soothed him, and the ideas which it awakened caused him to reply more gently to Egmont's observations than he might otherwise have done. The recollection of Mr. Purvis's still precarious state also made him very eager to redeem the time that he had lost, and to hurry on in search of Dr. Graves, or any other practitioner whom he might meet by the way.

As he walked by the side of his stalwart companion, he felt some of his old bitter and envious sensations arise when he looked at Egmont's free and manly gait, and compared it with his own more constrained and awkward movements. The contrast had seldom been so painful to him; and—as he had ever done in his boyhood—he greatly exaggerated it.

"I cannot keep pace with you, Egmont," he said at length. "I would run the whole way to St. Paul's if I had your activity of limb. Will you go on to the cathedral, and inquire for Dr. Graves, and send him instantly to the house where Mr. Purvis lodges? I will follow you as quickly as I can. I have felt my lameness very much since I was attacked by the pestilence."

"Then why do you work yourself to death in this manner, and run the risk of a second attack of the plague—and all for strangers?" replied his companion. "I do not see any good reason for your venturing into St. Paul's, now that it has been converted into a plague hospital. At all events, you must excuse my either accompanying you there, or going on your rash errand. I have already run a greater risk than I ever intended to do, and I shall lose no time in going home and getting a bath, and fumigating myself well with the most approved anti-infecters; so good-night to you, Oliver. I advise you to follow my example, and go home and do likewise."

Oliver made him no reply; and they parted—the one to seek his own safety, and

the other to pursue his object of valour.

Ere long, Oliver arrived in sight of St. Paul's, and his eye rested on the edifice, which was brightly illumined by the beams of a full moon, that shone high in the heavens, and looked down calmly and sweetly upon the pestilential city, and all the anguish and misery contained, as if it had been a flowery meadow or a verdant grove. The clear light brought out the beauty and grandeur of the magnificent building in a way that Oliver never observed before; and, in spite of his anxiety to find Dr. Graves, he paused a few moments to gaze on the enormous buttresses, which looked so massy in the deep shadow; and the lofty and gable pinnacles that rose from the central tower, and stood out so sharply defined against the clear sky.

But Oliver could no longer indulge in taste for the grand and beautiful thought of Blanche Purvis, and his anxiety about her father; and he entered the cathedral. What a sight met his eyes! All the various shops and stalls that had so long profaned the sacred precincts, and made "*God's house a house of merchandise*," had lately been removed from the long aisle called St. Paul's Walk; and the fine pillars had been restored to their original beauty. But another change had since taken place in the cathedral, which did not detract from the splendour of its appearance, it added to the interest which it necessarily excited. The whole of the spacious nave and aisles were now crowded with patients, on all of which lay plague-stricken persons in every stage of the loathsome and deadly disease.

Upwards of three hundred beds had been provided by the care of the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the city, and many noble and influential persons. When the accommodations in the pest-houses began to prove insufficient, the Archbishop of Canterbury had delivered a very moving address to a vast number of persons who assembled in the cathedral, his hearers consisting chiefly of multitudes of sick, and at least an equal number

those who were resolved to devote themselves to the perilous duty of nursing and attending them. He had on that occasion called on all his hearers to regard the present fearful pestilence as a special judgment from the Lord, and a striking call to repentance and amendment of life; and he had urged the sick to prepare for that final change which was, in most cases, so rapidly approaching. He exhorted those who were still in health to consider how soon they might also be laid low, and at the same time he encouraged them to devote themselves to the good work for which they had assembled in the sacred pile, and to labour on in faith and hope that God would either preserve them from the pestilence, or take them from the present scene of misery and death to dwell with Him in never-ending felicity above.

Immediately after the departure of the Archbishop, and his ecclesiastical and civil companions, preparations were commenced for the proposed arrangement. This was done under the superintendence of many members of the Medical College, among whom Dr. Graves was one of the most active and zealous. Before that night closed in, the cathedral was transformed into a vast hospital, with a numerous staff of nurses and assistants, and an immense supply of drugs and other appliances, which were stored away in the various small and beautiful chapels attached to the building.

Before a week had elapsed, the whole of the cathedral was crowded; all the pallets were filled, and many poor, dying wretches were brought in from the streets by the watchmen and porters, and laid on the cold pavement, with scarcely any covering.

#### CHAPTER VI.

SUCH was the state of the building when Oliver Wyndham entered it on the night of which we are now speaking; and the spectacle was really a terrific one. It was impossible to light up the vast and lofty building; and the candles and lanterns which the attendants carried from bed to bed served only to throw a partial glare

upon the livid and often distorted features and writhing limbs of the occupants. Many of the patients were bound down, to prevent their either injuring themselves, or escaping from their beds; but Oliver saw more than one of those who were not thus secured, spring up in a phrenzy of pain, and rush along the aisles and beneath the dark arches, uttering the most heartrending shrieks, until pursued and dragged back by the attendants.

Oliver's feelings were strongly excited. He had, as Elsie said, agreed to meet Dr. Graves on the morrow in that gigantic pest-house, and receive some instructions for the treatment of the distemper; but he had not pictured to himself a scene like this, and he felt that it would require a courage and determination greater than even he possessed to induce him to act as he now saw Dr. Graves doing.

The benevolent physician was kneeling down beside a dying man, to whom he had already rendered every medical assistance in vain. The countenance of the patient expressed intense suffering; but there was a holy calmness depicted on the features that told of peace within. The glazing eyes were fixed on those of Dr. Graves; and the man was so absorbed in the words which proceeded from the lips of the Christian physician that he did not observe the approach of a stranger.

Oliver did not speak; and the doctor continued to offer up an earnest and affecting prayer for him who was standing on the brink of eternity, and about to pass through death into immortality. Oliver had never thus stood by a tranquil death-bed. He had, of late, seen death in many hideous forms; and he had even realized the approach of "*the last enemy*" to himself; but he had neither witnessed nor experienced the heavenly composure and the bright hope that now illumined the countenance that lay so still before him.

When Dr. Graves ceased his prayer, the patient breathed a fervent "*Amen*," and then closed his eyes, and remained in deep thought. Still Oliver did not speak, nor did the physician appear to notice his presence.

Presently the dying man again opened his eyes, and the mist of death was upon them. He feebly extended his hand—which Dr. Graves did not shrink from taking in his own—and he said,

“You have taught me to hope for the mercy of God, and the pardon of my many sins, by showing me how a true servant of God can exercise mercy and forgiveness to one who has sorely injured him. You have repaid my grievous offences by bestowing on me the greatest of all blessings. You have thus *‘heaped coals of fire upon my head,’* and, blessed be God, you have been the means of softening my hard heart, and bringing me to repentance. I die happy; and to you I owe it, under God’s good providence, that I leave this world in a sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality, through faith in the merits and death of my Saviour.”

This was said slowly, and with many pauses, for the patient’s strength was rapidly failing. But the joy and peace that his words expressed became more and more strongly depicted on his countenance; and Oliver marked how they were reflected on the features of Dr. Graves. They were feelings that he could not share, and, indeed, that he could not even comprehend under the circumstances; but his attention was riveted, and his interest strongly excited.

By-and-by the dying man murmured faintly,

“God bless you, my best earthly friend, and give you many years of usefulness and happiness. Farewell till we meet in Heaven!”

They were his last words; and ere long he drew his last long breath; and then the spirit took its flight from a scene of almost unexampled horror to the realms of eternal bliss.

Then Dr. Graves turned away; and, as he saw and greeted Oliver, the latter observed that a tear glistened in the kindly eye of the physician.

“Why are you here at this unseasonable and perilous hour?” he asked of his young friend. “You are not yet sufficiently inured to such scenes as to face St. Paul’s by night.”

“I followed you here, Dr. Graves, to treat your immediate attention to a patient whom I was summoned to examine. I have already exercised, with some success, the skill I owe to you. But I fear he is ill; and I am anxious that you should see him before morning. His daughter is to be alone and friendless in this novel late city.”

“Come along, then,” replied the doctor cheerfully. And he hastened into a hack by, and furnished himself with things as he might require; while he questioned Oliver as to the sick person’s symptoms.

They went out at the great entrance, descending the broad flight of steps, and finding themselves in the silent and deserted street. The stillness, the soft moonlight, and the comparative freshness of the cool night air had a soothing effect on the feelings of the doctor and his young companion; and they walked on in silence for some time.

Presently Oliver said to the doctor,

“May I ask to what that dying patient at the cathedral referred just now? I did not understand his meaning.”

“It was a very simple affair,” replied Dr. Graves. “That poor man did not receive a serious injury many years ago. He had made some false statements which greatly affected my happiness and my prospects at the time, and caused me to remain a solitary individual. I lost sight of him soon afterwards, and we never met again until he was summoned to his bedside in St. Paul’s, nearly a week ago. I instantly knelt down notwithstanding the ravages that time had already made; and he also received me. I believe his own bitter feelings led him to suppose that I had not forgotten him; but, thank God, I had learned to forgive him how much had been forgiven me by him who gave me life, and breath, and all that I am, and what was I that I should withhold pardon from a fellow-sinner? I did not fail to save his life, and I strove also to save his soul, by directing him to the cross of Christ, and telling him of all the mercy that is treasured up for penitent believers in Him.”

"And was it your teaching, Dr. Graves, that enabled that man to meet death—and such a death, in such a place—as I beheld him do? There is surely something very strange in the power which the doctrines you hold exercise upon the mind under severe trials and sufferings. I think that Mr. Purvis and his daughter are like-minded with you, and with my old nurse, Elsie Gower."

"God be praised for that!" said the doctor, reverently. "Wyndham," he added, smiling kindly, "I venture to prophesy that you also will be like-minded with us all ere long. You have too great a love of truth, in all its bearings, to remain insensible to the powers of *Divine truth*—that truth which God sent His own Son into the world to publish and to practise."

"I should be glad to hold the same belief that seems to inspire Blanche Purvis with such courage and firmness," said Oliver—"the same faith that made death just now look calm and hopeful, even amid such surrounding horrors!"

"Ask for that faith, Oliver—ask for it in earnest, from Him who has promised to give *His Holy Spirit*—and, with that gift, every grace that is needful—to them that ask it. Prayer is very powerful, my young friend. We are told in God's Word that the *prayer of faith* may even heal the sick."

"Oh that I had such faith, then!" exclaimed Oliver, very earnestly. "I would *sway* Heaven for the life of Mr. Purvis, and feel amply rewarded by seeing his daughter's sweet face beaming with happiness."

Dr. Graves smiled.

"You are enthusiastic," he said. "I trust we may save this patient's life; and also that we may preserve his daughter from infection. For your sake I shall feel a double interest in the case."

The blood rushed to Oliver's usually pale cheeks and brow; and he replied, hastily,

"I can have no more concern in this particular case than what common humanity dictates. I, like you, Dr. Graves, shall live and die a solitary being—but not from the same cause. I shall never venture even to

try and win the affections of any woman; for I should only meet with a contemptuous refusal. Who would ever consent to unite their fate to mine?"

The doctor smiled again; and he glanced at Oliver's animated, intellectual countenance, and thought how much more attractive it was than many a more regular face. And what matter was it if he was lame, and his back slightly curved? His form was still manly, and had an air of native dignity that was wanting in the demeanour of many a nobleman. Dr. Graves thought within himself that it would be his young friend's own fault if he remained a bachelor all his days. But he did not care to contend the point with him; he thought it quite as well that he should go on his way with a humble opinion of his own power of pleasing. So he only replied,

"Be assured that I will exert all the skill that I possess, and that no means shall be neglected which may ensure the safety of both father and daughter. I pray God that I may succeed."

"Amen," said Oliver, gravely.

They then turned into the street in which Mr. Purvis resided; and they soon reached the door, which, like so many others, was marked with the red cross and the pious motto.

"Let us trust in Him of whom that sign is intended to remind us," said the doctor, pointing to the cross. "And let us from our hearts put up the petition which surmounts it! Then, and then only, may we hope to be heard, and to have our requests granted."

Turning to the watchman, he asked, "Has any one come forth from this house? or have you been sent on any errands?"

The man knew Dr. Graves, and he answered respectfully,

"Only the young lady came once to the door, sir, and begged me to go to the end of the street, and look if you were coming. She said that her father was very ill, and that the time seemed sadly long; but she added that she could not doubt the gentleman who had gone to seek you. She was sure, she said, that he would not rest until he had found you."

Oliver felt more pleasure at this remark than he could well account for.

"Let us lose no time," he said; and as the watchman opened the door, they were about to hasten up-stairs, when Mrs. Bounds ran from the kitchen with terror marked on her countenance; and, catching the doctor's arm, exclaimed,

"I shall have the plague! I know I shall be seized before morning, if I have not already caught it! Let me go out, Dr. Graves. I will leave everything in the house for the use of these unlucky lodgers—only just locking up all the rooms except their own. Let me get out of London, and I will never set foot in it again till it is purged and purified. O doctor! I feel so ill!" And she trembled with fear and excitement.

"No doubt you do, my good woman," replied the doctor, rather bluntly. "You have been sitting here, brooding over your imaginary ailments, instead of helping those who needed your assistance. Sick or well, you must now remain where you are; so make up your mind to it, and try to be of some use. See that there is a good fire, and plenty of hot water ready, in case I want it."

And, so saying, he shook her off, and followed Oliver to the chamber of the sufferer.

When they entered, Mr. Purvis was enduring another violent paroxysm of pain; and again his senses had deserted him. But his strength had greatly decreased since Oliver last saw him, and his struggles were much less violent. His moans were, however, most piteous; and seemed to affect his daughter far more than his convulsive agony had previously done. Tears were flowing from her eyes as she leant over him with clasped hands; and when she turned to meet the doctor and his companion, Oliver was painfully struck by her altered countenance: it was so very sad, so very expressive of the departure of all hope, and yet so sweet and so resigned.

Dr. Graves met her quick, quiring look, and he started as if suddenly struck. But instantly he recovered himself; and, approaching her, he spoke words of hope and comfort, all the while gazing in her face with a look that puzzled and distressed her,

and which did not escape Oliver's observation.

Then he passed his hand hurriedly over his eyes, and turned to the bed in which the sick man now lay. Another tumour had appeared on his neck, and was accompanied with much inflammation; and the suffering it caused was evidently extreme. Without loss of time, a second operation was performed; and then the cries of the distracted sufferer were piercing. Elsie tried to remove Blanche from the room, but she resisted firmly and quietly; and she kept her eyes fixed on the now distorted and unconscious countenance of her beloved father, with an expression that wrung the hearts of the bystanders.

After a considerable time, the application that Dr. Graves prescribed proved successful in allaying the intense agony which preceded the operation; and, from sheer exhaustion, the patient fell into a deep motionless sleep. The physician then issued a very peremptory command on Blanche to leave the room and seek the repose that she so evidently needed.

"We must think of you now, my dear Miss Purvis," he said, taking her trembling hand kindly in his, and looking at her sweet pale face with the tenderness of a father. "We must now take care of you, for your own sake as well as that of our patient, who is now so calm and peaceful. You have done all that it was possible for you to do, and have helped us courageously through this trying time. But you must now go to rest if you hope to be able to nurse your father to-morrow. He may require all your care for several days to come."

"And is there hope—is there any hope of his recovery?" she exclaimed, in low and almost gasping tones. "I thought he was past all human aid, and that I must see him sink and die!"

"There is hope," replied the doctor firmly. "There are favourable symptoms that lead me to believe his life may be spared; and it is for that reason I desire you not to waste your strength unnecessarily. You must save it for his service."

"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed Blanche



strenuously; and sudden hope overpowered her more completely than grief or even despair had done. For a few moments her tears and her deep emotion prevented her from speaking; but she soon exercised her habitual self-command; and, looking gratefully at Dr. Graves, she murmured,

"God bless you! I will do all that you desire me to do, so that I may be of use to him." And her eyes rested on the loved form now so still and motionless. "But," she added, "how can I leave him alone with Mrs. Crowther? I must stay and watch with her."

Oliver thought that she glanced at him as she said this; and he hastily drew near, and said,

"I was waiting to ask whether I might be permitted to take your place to-night, Miss Purvis. If you will trust me, I promise that no care shall be wanted. Elsie and I are well used to each other, and we will punctually follow out all Dr. Graves's directions."

How gratefully Blanche looked up in his face, and how musical her voice sounded in his ears, as she said,

"I can trust you entirely. I have seen your skill, and felt your kindness. If I must indeed leave my father, I can confide him to you and Elsie."

So saying, she held out her hand to Oliver in a simple, ingenuous manner that was exceedingly attractive and becoming. "You will not fail to send nurse to call me if he awakes," she added—"I am sure you will not. And you, Dr. Graves, will you not call again? I shall want your further directions."

"You shall have them, Miss Purvis. And now, good night. Your father must on no account be disturbed. Mr. Wyndham will go home with me for some medicines, and return here immediately. Meanwhile, Elsie will remain in this room alone."

He led her to the door, and then he and Oliver left the house together.

(To be continued.)

## A PAGE OF OLD TESTAMENT BIOGRAPHY,

ILLUSTRATING THE PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there."—1 KINGS xvii. 2—4.

The doctrine of a Particular Providence is a very important doctrine.

Nor is it difficult to commend this doctrine to the intellect of the man who is willing to allow the analogy of nature to illustrate the teaching of Revelation. Few, I suppose, would fail to be impressed by the language of the great Teacher: "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

You take up a simple wild flower by the

roadside—you watch the bird soaring above you with joyous wing: has there not been as much care, wisdom, and benevolence manifested in the formation and preservation of that flower and that bird, as if they were the only ones in the universe? Could the mechanism of the bird's body be perfected, improved, or the beauty of its plumage be increased? Or the colours of the flower, are they capable of a more lovely tint?

If, then, there be perfection here, in the lesser objects of Creation and Providence, what can be more reasonable than the conclusion that our heavenly Father arranges and overrules all circumstances and events which befall the individual members of His

family? Surely the perfection of care and love may be expected in *their* case.

Such is the doctrine of the Particular Providence of God, and the intellect cannot refuse its assent. But, alas, we require something *more* than the intellectual assent, before this doctrine, or indeed any doctrine of God's Word, occupies that place in our estimation which it rightly claims.

Need I argue the point, to justify the assertion that atheism is a characteristic of human nature—human nature fallen from its once privileged state of communion and fellowship with God? On the sentiments, manners, pursuits, amusements, and dealings of the great majority of mankind, is there not written in broad characters, "Without God in the world," "God is not in all their thoughts"? It is not, indeed, professed atheism; but it is practical atheism—the atheism that denies a personal God, "whom we are," and "whom we are bound to serve." What, for example, is the theology of much of our current literature? Is it not the too faithful reflection of the every-day thinking and scheming and talking of men whose eyes are conversant enough with second causes, but who seldom bring into prominent view the operations of the great Mover, the great First Cause, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being"? The Name of God may not be banished from the printed page; but, when we meet with it there, we are reminded of the almost unconscious exclamation of the man who, living a prayerless life, is yet constrained by some sudden visitation or catastrophe to invoke Divine help. There is a betrayal, an involuntary betrayal, or acknowledgment, which fallen nature is compelled to yield, of that allegiance to God, against which the life is one act of practical rebellion.

My inference from these reflections is this—the assent of the intellect to the doctrine of a Particular Providence is of little or no value, unless that intellect has been educated in the school of Revelation—Revelation, not simply announcing this doctrine, but bringing those truths to bear upon our fallen nature, which, received and embraced,

renew that nature, quickening it to the divine life—the life of restored communion with God. Then, and not till then, the doctrine becomes practical and influential.

To illustrate, as well from the history of the past as from the experience of the present, the justice of this conclusion, we have only to refer to the record of God's dealings under the dispensations prior to our own.

The Old Testament is one continuous history of particular providences—manifest Divine interpositions. It was not left to the Jews to trace this doctrine in the analogies of nature; nor were they confined to the written Word, which assured them of it. The evidence of sense was added. They beheld, as it were, the "finger of God" inscribing the doctrine on the open page. Creation and Providence, each letter a marvellous miracle. And what was the result? If we reasoned as some men reason, we fancy an external miracle would work in them an internal change, and enable them at once to discern spiritual truths, we should expect to find the Israelites evidencing the most implicit trust and reliance, never permitting a care or an anxiety to interpose between their souls and the assurance of Almighty faithfulness. But, instead of this expectation realized, what a sad contrast is presented by the rebellions and idolatries of the people!

There is but one explanation that can be suggested. It is this. Their "hearts" were not "right with God;" they were "carnal," and not "spiritual;" their ears were stopped, so that they could not hear the voice that spake; their eyes were closed so that they could not perceive the Divine presence, although miraculously manifested.

Are any disposed to think that it would have been far otherwise with themselves—that they would have obtained clearer and more practical views of the Particular Providence of God, if they had lived in the age of miracles? I tell them, nay. If the case of Divine truth were to make men believe and tremble, miracles might be of service; but the end is to make men believe and love. And is not the full manifestation of Divine

love in the Gospel a spectacle more calculated to effect this purpose than the partial manifestation of that love attended by external miracles under the law?

I say, then, the doctrine of God's Particular Providence is commended to us more powerfully than ever it was to the Jews. But, as with them, so with ourselves, it is a doctrine spiritual perception alone can realize. It is in this sense a doctrine which awakens natural from revealed theology—the religion of the man of this world, who either rejects Revelation or gives a careless notional assent to it, from the religion of the man “born from above”—the religion of living, loving faith.

Regarding it in this light, we are led to the inevitable conviction that our measure of faith in this doctrine is a true index of our Christian experience.

But since the teaching of example is, of necessity, the most forcible, I have selected an incident in the life of the prophet Elijah, the brief consideration of which will place this important subject practically before us. He was an Old Testament saint, one of the few who walked by faith and not by sight; and, inasmuch as our privileges as professed New Testament saints are so far in advance of his, our example should at least be as illustrious.

Belief in God's Particular Providence may be said to include two points:

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD'S HAND;  
AND THE CONVICTION OF GOD'S CARE IN ALL THINGS.

Both these the prophet Elijah exemplified; the first, in obeying the unexpected command, “Get thee hence, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith;” the second, in depending upon the promise of a miraculous provision, “Thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.”

Let us, then, with the Inspired narrative before us, consider his conduct in these two particulars, as illustrating his faith in the Particular Providence of God.

Elijah's circumstances at this time were

circumstances of peril, calculated to depress his spirit, if not induce positive despair. In holy zeal for the honour of his God, he had not hesitated to incur the risk of immediate martyrdom, by conveying to the impious Ahab and his idolatrous court the denunciation of judgment: “As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.” He may have entertained the thought that the threatened evil would bring the nation in sackcloth and ashes, with fasting and prayer, to seek the withdrawal of the infliction. The event tells us this was not the result. Doubtless he experienced scorn and derision at their hands; even as Lot, who seemed, when he warned his wicked sons-in-law, as “one that mocked.” Speedily, however, the sentence began to be executed. The streams were absorbed, the wells of water were dried up, the meadows were parched, and famine, gaunt famine, commenced her withering tread throughout the land.

Now, some would conclude, was the period for the prophet's triumph. They would not so judge, if they had witnessed the many prayers and tears of this man of God, before the period of visitation arrived. Judgment is God's “strange work;” and His children love it not. Rather tears of sympathy would flow; and Elijah would exclaim with Jeremiah, “O that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!”

Moreover, the hearts of sinners are not usually softened by the infliction of judgment. Like Pharaoh, when the Lord is against them, they “harden their hearts.” Probably this was the case with Israel; and, if so, against whom would the passions of the people be aroused, if not against the man who had proclaimed the judgment? No period of triumph this for the prophet! Rather a period of deeper lamentation, anxiety, and danger. In common, too, with his idolatrous countrymen, he could see before him only the prospect of starvation. If any difference existed, his fate would most likely be sealed first.



I am poor and needy; yet the Lord careth for me?"

And now with the narrative thus before us, he who "runs" may surely "read" its practical application. How impressively should the inquiry come home to every conscience, Have we like "precious faith"? Are we thus able to acknowledge God's hand in everything? and are we thus convinced of His care?

I shall not attempt to make an individual appeal to distinct classes. "As in water face answereth to face," so, more or less, the experience of the human family is identical; and each reader may apply the general lesson to himself.

In Elijah we have a distinguished example of faith in the Particular Providence of God. There are, we admit, points in the prophet's history which mark his experience as peculiar; but, without any wide departure from the literal events, we might trace a close resemblance to our own.

"Elijah," St. James tells us, "was a man subject to like passions as we are" (James v. 17). And his trials were, at least, as great as any to which we are or can be subjected. In trial he obeyed, in trial he confided. He could trace all things, even things in his judgment, as far as that went, inexpedient, to God. He was ready to receive all things from God, and as God willed, without murmuring or complaining.

Can we do the same? When God says—and He always says it to His children when things seem going wrong—"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," can we say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight"? Can we "walk by faith and not by sight"? Can we be quiet before God, sit where He places us, go where He bids us, be what He would have us to be, and this as long as He pleases? When the way seems inexplicable, when the path is in the direction of some desolate region, and the word of promise appears to be calculated to stifle rather than encourage; when providences seem to gather blackness from each succeeding event; when tribulations come not singly, but "abound;" when

the undeserved rebukes of ungodly men are cast at us, and "the evil heart of unbelief" is busy within us, could we obey the injunction, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations"? That is, however painful and distressing in themselves to flesh and blood, regard "trials" as God's appointed means to crucify the carnal and nourish the spiritual life? Could we say, "O Lord, let me have anything *but* Thy frown, and anything *with* Thy smile"?

This is the practical way of testing our faith in the Particular Providence of God. Elijah's faith endured the test under the earlier dispensation; and he was but one amongst many. The history of the noble band of Old Testament saints, whose faith is chronicled in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, may be summed up in this one sentence: "They acquainted themselves with God, and acquiesced in His will in all things, even the most painful things." Our standpoint should even be higher than theirs, since the dim light of prophetic vision is now exchanged for the meridian light, the full-orbed revelation of God's redeeming love. It is true Elijah had a special and direct promise; but his promise will not compare for a moment with Gospel promises; and, if we have faith to receive it, each of these promises is as special and direct to us as though we heard a voice from Heaven pronouncing them.

"If we have faith to receive it." This brings us again to the point which sums up, in one brief lesson, the truth I have sought to illustrate and enforce, namely, that the experimental, the Scriptural view of the doctrine of God's Particular Providence involves of necessity a spiritual perception of truth—a living, loving faith in a personal God—an intellect educated in the school of Revelation.

Assent to the doctrine is common enough: faith in it is quite another matter; although the one is often mistaken for the other. Many will tell us they believe God orders and arranges every circumstance of their lives; and yet, practically, they will ignore the very existence of their Creator. If they really believed in the doctrine of a Particular

Providence, they would not fail to derive from it that consolation, that confidence, that happy sense of constant security which it is adapted to impart. Where the practical results of faith are absent, the Scriptural inference is that faith is "dead." The assent of godless indifference may be given; but we put darkness for light if we mistake this for true faith—the living token of child-like confidence.

By this rule, then, let us examine and prove ourselves. Affliction and trial, cares and anxieties, of one kind or another, are the common portion. Various are the remedies man proposes to mitigate the sorrow and lessen the burden. But acquaintance with God, as the God of covenant grace, enabling us by faith to cry "Abba, Father, *my* Father, *my* God," can alone convey that assurance of a Particular Providence which keeps the mind in "perfect peace," in the full confidence that "all things" are "working together for good." The apostle argues conclusively on this point when he says, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii. 32.) Can we make that argument our own? If we can, if we can take our place beneath the shadow of the cross, and each for himself realize the wondrous truth, "My God is a Father to me in Christ: yea, He is a Father who hid His face from Christ, that

He might not hide His face from me," our faith in the God of Grace reveals also to us as the God of Providence.

The soul thus acquainted with God relieved from the aching burden of anxieties, as well as from the burden of unpardoned sin—from the sting of sufferings, as well as from the sting of accusing conscience. The greater a the less. Seeming evil becomes a blessing in disguise. The dispensation that like judgment is found to be a visitation of gracious and loving discipline. In truth, "mercy embraceth on every side the side of adversity as of prosperity; sickness as of health, of death as of life."

Happy portion! May it be *increasing* our own! In realized communion with our Father God, may we find pardon for our sins and strengthening grace for our struggles in conflicts with "the world, the flesh, and the devil." And then, though our path sometimes through the desert, and the lonely brook, Elijah's God will ever be with us, to shield us from danger, to raise us when we are cast down, and support us when "heart and flesh are failing."

In that last hour of nature's weakness even as the terrified child clings to his mother's bosom and is comforted, so we find in the merciful arms of the Father the lasting One a place of sure and undisturbed repose.

## OUR SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

### I.—CARL VANDENBERG.—THE SCHOOL TRIUMPH.

A WINNING feature in dear old Broomielaw's government was its paternal character, particularly when any of the boys were sick.

I shall never forget the unslumbering vigilance and tenderness with which he spent hours of every night, for nearly a month, by the bedside of Carl Vandenberg, a little fellow under ten years of age, whose parents were in India.

He had been sent here for health and education in his seventh year, and was committed at that tender age to the Doctor's charge.

His father was a wealthy merchant, of Dutch extraction, whose family had been settled in several generations in the Bengal Presidency. An elder son, Hans Vandenberg, had been educated till his sixteenth year under the care of the Principal, and left school to enter

Hans and little Carl were the only children of the merchant, no less than others—and ultimately his wife—succumbed to the climate. Hence little Carl was despatched to Europe at so early an

age. Hans, in point of years, had nearly a contemporary with Nelly, being years older than the master's daughter; he vacations spent in the establishment took all the homeless boys, Indian and otherwise, under her special sympathy and care. Young Hans gallantly reciprocated her courtesy by chivalrous attentions his years. The familiar pleasing intercourse with Nelly beguiled the unnatural solitudes of the intervals between school terms, and even, what otherwise they would never see, holidays. Hans was a manly, little fellow, and a great favourite with everybody, and Nelly distinguished him by little innocent tokens of her regard and affection. It was a heavy day with both when the gallant boy bid his school days adieu. Instead of Carl being Hans' brother previous to school to like the child. It exerted on him a warmer interest in his favour with both than he had. He, and three boys of the same age, children of Anglo-Indian parents, were under Nelly's care. They were too near the public school: so Nelly, proud of something useful to do, instituted a domestic preparatory class in her own home where the little Indians observed the rules, and the same general regulations, as at the school. Our Nelly was the link between them and the rougher campaigns of the boys. It was her pride to work them up to a creditable pitch before they should be fit for admission into the school.

Carl Vandenberg prematurely wasted his life. When the school surgeon pronounced him hopeless, Broomielaw kissed the child's forehead, shed a tear over him, as he muttered audibly to his kind-hearted motherly wife, who was tending the poor boy, and would do anything for him herself—

"Poor lad! no father's or mother's eye to see his young sands running out! Mary, his name was Mary Ellen, we must be true to his name; let us mind he does not miss his father or mother. It will be heavy to send out to tell them. God's will be done."

Doctor and Mrs. Broomielaw, or Nelly,

relieved each other in their night watches over the little sufferer. One of the three was always with him, night and day. Physic, food, soothing caresses, or affectionate words, he received exclusively from their hands. Nay, the child, in the gentle delirium which preceded his death, naturally enough mistook Nelly for his young mother in India, and fancied himself in his old Hindoo home. He said to her, within three hours of breathing his last,

"Don't cry, mamma! I'm going to heaven; but I'll wait for you at the gates!"

He kissed her so lovingly, like a babe mistaking the cheek that caressed it for its mother's bosom, that Nelly had not the heart to undeceive the boy.

"Darling child!" exclaimed Nelly, through her tears; "God bless you, and take you to His ever-loving, tender bosom!"

The dear boy suffered much, and as Broomielaw sat by his bedside, soothing him in his struggles, and repeating terms of endearment, and simple consolatory allusions to that world where there is no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor any more pain, the pretty child seemed to make an effort, between the paroxysms of his sufferings, to listen, and respond to his venerable friend, now and then, and faintly said,

"Yes, sir—thank you, sir—you are very good to me, sir!"

The gratitude of the boy was a pathetic idea of his consciousness of the fact of his dying among strangers, for he would instinctively have received the same attention from a mother or brother, as things of course, as involuntary jets of kindred love, given and received as such. He never mistook the grave estimable doctor for his father, but was often beguiled in his less composed intervals into imagining Nelly was his young mother. And to do her justice, Nelly well deserved the involuntary compliment. She was a mother to the lonely Indian boy, and wept and watched, sung him off to sleep, and talked cheerily to him awake; gave him his physic or food at the proper hours, nursed him on her bosom when he craved change of posture, and brought him implements for amusement when he had strength and heart to play with them; read with him, and prayed with him, and said and did all in her power to comfort and support him.

All that the tenderest care, the best medical skill, the utmost solicitude and earnest prayer, could do, was done, and done heartily. But the child gradually sank. Nelly and her father

were both with him in his last moments, though neither of them were aware his end was so near. The little fellow's mind was wandering; but, like a wounded bird fluttering to its nest, it wandered homewards. He believed that he was in India, and that Nelly was his mother. He stretched out his thin white wasted arms to her, and said, lovingly, as one who felt he was going away, and was bidding her adieu,

"Kiss me, mamma—dear mamma! do take me once more, mamma!"

Our Nelly yielded to the child's plaintive importunity, took him up, and caressed him softly in her arms.

"There, try to sleep, my Carlie—do, my own little Indian boy," said Nelly, soothingly.

"Yes, mamma, I will," he said, faintly, and closed his eyes. Presently he re-opened them, and his bright lustrous orbs shone with a peculiar, almost solemn light, as if already streaked with the dawning of *their* fellowship who "always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven." The sun was shining brilliantly into the chamber, yet the child's eye looked steadily at it without blinking, as he said, "What a short day, mamma—it is dark so soon."

"No, darling, it is not midday yet," said Nelly.

"I'm very cold, mamma."

Nelly wrapped her shawl around him, and pressed him closer to her bosom, as she sat weeping, and watching his features.

"Sleep, dearest," said she, in a gentle whisper.

"Sing to me, mamma, and I'll try."

So little Carl Vandenberg again closed his eyes, and seemed to listen to Nelly's song, which warbled about children's angels fanning them to slumber with their fleecy wings:—

"Tell them not of fairy elves  
Rocking infants off to sleep;  
Wings of angels, like themselves,  
Fan them to their slumbers deep,  
And watch and ward about them keep."

Will it be believed, the grave old Doctor murmured in with Nelly, the refrain—

"Fan them to their slumbers deep,  
And watch and ward about them keep."

The gentle tones of the voices of father and daughter died away a tone a little above a whisper—"watch and ward about them keep"—a perfect stillness fell on the chamber, for the child had evidently fallen asleep. His little

body never stirred a limb; his bright eyes continued closed; his breathing grew calm repose of death; and for half an hour good and true old man, and his good young daughter, sat in perfect silence, not to disturb him—she nursing the little slumberer, he taking up a book of child's devotion, was no other there, and perusing it spirit of a child, as in the best sense till at length dame Broomielaw quietly opened the door, bringing some dainty bit of comfort which she had prepared for the child. The old lady tripped lightly on tiptoe into the room, whispering what she had brought him; but as the child still slept, she made silent motions not to wake him. Dame Broomielaw set the savoury on the hob to keep it warm, and all three waited another quarter of an hour, without hand or foot. At length dame Broomielaw, who of course had more experience in child-sickness than her husband or daughter, whispered,

"He sleeps soundly, precious boy!"

"He has never stirred since he was laid," said Nelly.

The venerable Doctor quoted the words, in relation to Lazarus: "If he is dead, we shall do well."

Then the three watchers relapsed into silence again. They had "left the nine" pupils who needed not their immediate care, to concentrate all their solicitude on one little lamb, who they did not know already folded in the Shepherd's bosom. Dame Broomielaw, struck with the child's natural stillness, lifted Nelly's shawl to his face. It was beautiful, and a sweet rest on it, as if death had done his work gently, and left that touching evidence of his fact on the features of his victim. The Indian boy was dead! Nelly had been sitting to her bosom nearly an hour Carl Vandenberg's passive corpse. He *did* "sleep" as dame Broomielaw said, the sound which nothing earthly should wake as "the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God."

Broomielaw tenderly raised the lifeless form from Nelly's arms into his own, imparting a kiss on its still warm lips dropping as he did so on the pallid cheek, and, "That's for your poor father, Carl!" laid the dead child on the bed. Then Nelly went to him, weeping and crying as she kissed him, "That's for your mother, little Carl!"



fondly kissing him again, exclaimed, "And that's for Nelly, who loved you dearly for your make, my little Indian brother!"

Dave Broomielaw put the untasted morsel out of sight, which with her own hands she had prepared for the child, who now indeed had "meat to eat that the world knows not of," and softly bidding her husband and daughter leave the rest to her, they retired, and the motherly heart of the good old lady grew heavy as she tenderly straightened and slowly composed the limbs. "She would not commit the sad task to strangers," she said, because the child had enough of strangers in his short life to entitle it to hands and hearts that at least knew and loved him in death. So she did it all herself. She wished to write that comfort to his mother, that no hired hand lay between her little one and the hand of God. She fetched the whitest and finest shirt in the boy's wardrobe, put on his little cap of her own handsomest caps, and laid him out reverently, and prettily as a flower. Then she kissed his cheek, exclaiming, "And that's for us all, my bonnie wee bairn, for all a school loved ye, for your playfu' winsomeness, and sax o' the chieftains ye loved best shall bury their wee schoolmate to your grave, my bairn, wi' yer mither so far awa'."

There was no school the day of Carl Vandenberg's funeral. The Doctor, and six of the biggest boys as pall-bearers, were at first engaged to constitute the procession; but, at request of the six prepositors, they were asked to carry underhand the light coffin of the little Indian schoolfellow, and his six mates followed as mourners—the Doctor, Broomielaw, and Nelly bringing up the rear.

After-years a valuable Indian appointment procured for Broomielaw's younger son, through the influence of Carl Vandenberg's example, requited the kindness shown to his own dead child.

This is a fair specimen of the interior of Broomielaw's house and of his heart. Carl Vandenberg's case was a gauge of all the rest. In school he was our firm, just, but considerate teacher; in our petty quarrels, the welcome peacemaker; in attempts at splitting up the school factions, he was the bond of union to bring us all together again; in sickness, or sorrow, our sympathizing friend; in disappointments, our cheering consoler. In domestic calamity, or reverse of fortune on the part of the parents of one of the boys, it was hard, if the case admitted

of friendly intervention, if he did not find out some means of alleviation. Such a master is not a mere mathematical or classical pedagogue, but a teacher of all the other lessons which enter into the relative duties and responsibilities of life. He influenced the hearts of his pupils, as well as filled their heads; formed their moral character, as well as literary style; made them manly Christians, as well as clever scholars. His own life and temper were a constant example of what a man should be in his calling, and whoever is such in his own calling is a model for every man in any other. It is the being "faithful in the few things," which in our Lord's test of conduct qualifies the individual to become the "ruler over many things." Whether "the talents" committed to our charge be "ten, or five, or only one," it is "the usury" which determines the ultimate judgment.

I don't know that Broomielaw was as faultless as he seemed to me. This I know, if he seemed better than he was, it was not pretence, but self-control, which, by the grace of God, effected the difference between his natural and professional self. He felt as between him and his boys, he was continually, so to speak, on parade. Always directly or unwittingly teaching, he denied himself if any unseemly temper or other spirit strove for the mastery; and in this sense, as in its more personal application, "took up his cross daily and followed" that Divine Teacher, who astonished His disciples as much by the manner as the matter of His doctrine. It is a high standard to aim at teaching like "the Rabbi sent from God"—and none ever fully attained it; but it is the only effectual one. It is precisely in the proportion that the growing grace of the master approximates the Divine model, that his effect upon his pupils is real and abiding.

Carnally-minded men will call this bigotry, and consider him the best master who, in their view of what his business is, has less to do with the piety, and more with the scholarship of his boys. There is an increasing bitterness of unbelief on this theory of separating the religious from the scholastic element, and the result of the success of such a theory will be a generation of learned irreligion, "with its oppositions of science falsely so called," turning into ridicule, or contempt, the simpler faith of their fathers. Broomielaw "set his face like a flint"—if anything so hard and sharp was in him—against the secular educationists; stood up chivalrously for Christ in all his teachings,

and infused love and reverence for the dictates of Revelation, as a Divine oracle from which there lay no appeal, and no pottering with its simple, obvious sense. Hence he never even pointed out a "various reading" in the Greek Testament class, without prefacing it with a tribute of admiration and thankfulness for the general accuracy and fidelity of the authorized version. He never uttered the name of Jesus without a note of solemnity; nor explained the old classical myths, without cursory episodes of contrast with their analogous antecedents in Revelation, in evidence of the superiority of written over traditional data of faith. The classes were all thoroughly worked in their immediate branches; but every subject susceptible of religious suggestion, received it so naturally and unobtrusively as to seem an essential part of the lesson.

Thus piety was rather the atmosphere than the desultory weather of the school. Not like weeds and debris thrown up by occasional storms, but like fruits and flowers naturally brought forth in their season. Hence no boy ever called Broomielaw a Puritan, though every boy felt, whether he cared for it or not, that Broomielaw was a Christian, and "a Christian is the highest style of man," or master. This, the Doctor's extraordinary success indisputably proved. At the annual examination for the admission of pupils in naval architecture, open to all England, his school invariably took the lead.

It was a grand fête day when, out of eight admissions in one particular year, six were obtained by the Doctor's pupils. There are grey-haired men still living who remember that day. They will not have forgotten the Doctor's principal assistant, the second master of the school—an intelligent, able man, and kindly Scot, like himself—who came up from the lower school with a list of names on a sheet of paper, and begged the Doctor to allow business to be suspended while he made a gratifying announcement to them all, which he had that moment procured from the Dockyard. Old Bustle'em, as the boys called him, "*ut lucus a non lucendo*," because he was uniformly slow in speech and quiet in action, and never bustled himself or anybody, had sent his son to wait at the Dockyard till the list of successful candidates was published. The youth ran back with it as soon as it was copied out, at the top of his speed, and panting with the excitement and the race, placed it in his father's hands. Bustle'em, true to his ironical name, paced

deliberately up the stairs to the upper and quietly addressed the Doctor as ab-

"Close books," said Broomielaw, "Mr. farlane has something to tell us." Mr. farlane, *alias* Bustle'em, bowed to the Doctor and the Doctor bowed to Mr. Macfarlane Bustle'em.

Silence was at once obtained, and Bustle'em stated with the utmost gravity, "Doctor mielaw, and young gentlemen of the school, my bairn has just noo placed in my hand a document of the utmost value—a document worthy of a consideration by this school, and mention the eentelligent public of these islands—a document which contains eight names of the which we have heard of before this."

Shouts of applause greeted this intimation of the extraordinary and brilliant success of the school. But when Bustle'em waved his hand for silence, he raised the list to his spectacles to read in order of the candidates, and the first name was all our own, shout after shout welcomed the schoolfellow's place, the junior masters joined in the applause. Well, it was got through at last, and the noise subsided into whispering and fro among the boys, as every eye turned to the direction of the head-master's desk. Broomielaw sat still as a statue, only his spectacles with a vigour due to sorrow which had dimmed their crystals.

The boys observed him at length lift his eyes without their spectacles, as if he had looked for there could be seen without mechanical aid; and in the solemn silence succeeded their enthusiasm, "lest in mirth they should forget God," Broomielaw affectingly ejaculated with a broken voice, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but Thy name give the glory!"

Then, turning to the school, he said, "You, dear boys, for this hearty congratulations of my pupils, your schoolfellows. They have it at our hands. In their names, and in memory of their noble triumph, I close the school this afternoon at once, and give a whole holiday to-morrow. I propose we give our six children a banquet to-morrow at three, to celebrate their victory."

At this address, the shouts, loud and long before, grew deafening. Hats and caps came to the ceiling. The school was tumultuously dismissed without farther formality, and a dozen of the biggest boys crowded round the Doctor, and begged they might be

honour of carrying him in his master's chair of state to Mrs. Broomielaw, to convey to her, with befitting ceremony, the glorious tidings. The Doctor smiled, and yielded amid vociferous cries of "Doctor for ever!" "Long live Dr. Broomielaw's school!"

The Doctor walked down-stairs as he was bid, chiming in with the humour of the boys, as if he were one of them, and when he had seated himself in his chair, and two long forms had been extemporised as poles for the bearers, the six champions struck in for their right to be the carriers.

"Don't we owe him most?" said one of them.

"Didn't we fairly earn the honour of carrying the master?" said another.

"It will be your turn," said another, "when the Doctor has carried you where he has landed us."

"*Palmam qui meruit ferat*," said all the six, which was held conclusive, and the illustrious half-dozen shouldered the forms. The elevation of the Doctor was the signal of an uproar of applause which was heard afar off. The youngest boy in the school preceded the procession of the charring across the playground, to the drawing-room window, at which appeared dame Broomielaw and Nelly, attracted by the shouts of the boys. Arrived there, the Doctor stood up, and addressing the ladies, said,

"We, the Master, and Junior Preceptors, Depositors, and Scholars of Broomielaw's school, if you ever heard of the said establishment, beg most respectfully to announce to you the great success with which it has pleased God, by His blessing on our work, to give six to our academical body. Out of the eight vacancies, this school, ladies, has filled up six. In honour of this great and joyous event, we have a whole holiday to-morrow, and our petition, ladies, is to the effect that a suitably grand banquet may be served up, at the hour of three of the clock to-morrow afternoon; and I further pray, subject to your ladyships' better judgment and discrimination, that along with other more wholesome viands for weak digestion, the said grand banquet may include at least four geese, two sucking-pigs, and a calf's head, commonly called mock turtle soup, be it token that there is not a gabbling goose, nor a lazy pig, nor a single silly calf on these premises, except such as we turn into savoury food."

The Doctor's sally evoked another joyous shout, in which the ladies joined, waving their

handkerchiefs, and assenting to the culinary propositions, all and singular; and so, with another shout for "Mrs. Broomielaw and Miss Nelly," the six champions gently let down their honoured burden, and he heartily shook hands with each, and dismissed them all to their pastimes till the tea bell rang. I omit the next day's banquet, and the Doctor's speech, and the senior champion's reply, in which he did himself less justice than his *place* did him. Enough to say, it was a right joyous festival, rendering honour to whom honour was due.

"Of course Nelly married one of the boys," the reader suggests; but she did not. She might have done so *ad libitum* if she had chosen, but her sense of decorum agreed with her father's view, that "matches made at school are unseasonable, liable to misconstruction on the part of parents, and undesirable on many accounts, as interfering with the course of study, making a choice for life at the period of a boy's least experience of the world, or knowledge of his own affections or tastes, and in every case open to the disfavour of parents, as being the last object for which they sent their children to school."

Broomielaw's views on this head were characteristic of the common sense and inflexible rectitude, on all points, which suffered nothing to intercept or compromise his duty to the boys, or the confidence of their parents. Nelly was never the girl to contravene his plans. She felt her father's family were to work with him, not against him, nor even without him. She understood his views, and he appreciated the willingness with which she seconded them. Hence she was a sister to them, but in no nearer relation to one more than another. Thus she was the general favourite. Her father's heart reposed fondly in her judgment, and her mother's declining years and failing strength found in her cheerful attentions to herself, and in her arrangement of their large household, a relief at once from labour and anxiety.

In his sixtieth year Broomielaw retired in favour of his eldest son, who for some years conducted the school with a credit and success equal to his brightest days, but by his premature decease it passed into the hands of strangers, and its reputation sank.

Broomielaw blamed himself for not having retired earlier, but that "it was such a trial to him to retire at all." Still he contended that "few, if any, masters after fifty, retain sufficient energy and elasticity of mind or body to

be at all equal to themselves, or up to what their pupils require of them. Hence an effect is insensibly produced upon pupils' mental vigour, analogous to the influence on the physical constitution of a child who shares the bed of an aged person. It bleaches the complexion and debilitates the frame of a child, as if an unnatural interchange of young blood for old, and old sensations for young ones, were the continual process, like an insensible transfusion. Old men's pupils fall into a similar dilemma. They drop behind their contemporaries in other schools; imbibe the mediæval inertness of their tutors' years; are modelled on principles out of date; and lack the spur and spirit which their old and often ailing tutor no longer has himself to infuse into them. "I ought to have unharnessed sooner," said Broomielaw. But nobody else said so. He was up to his business till the last lesson he gave, and only left off teaching because he honestly believed a younger man could do it better.

He survived his *otium cum dignitate* only five years, and then a fever, of no alarming type, put a period to his useful life. He left a name of no ordinary mark on the memories of all his old pupils, and they must have numbered some few thousands, from first to last of his long career. In a corner of the old cemetery at a well-known southern watering-place is a group of small graves, some covered with horizontal slabs, others marked by upright tombs, others by a simple foot-stone, and the whole

enclosed by an iron railing. These are the graves of Broomielaw's boys who died school-days, without parents living, or who owned them, or whose parents, little Indian, lived abroad. Within this and in the midst of his fatherless Broomielaw had caused to be constr his lifetime a family vault, in which to the remains of himself, wife, and family it should please God to call them.

"He felt," he said, "as if the place wouldn't look so deserted with their old sleeping among them!"

There in tears and sorrow they laid rest, in death among his boys, as his been devoted to them. In that vault and his first-born lie with him, and over regret and reverence of many of scholars subscribed and raised a marble monument to his memory. The monument at one end represents Paul at the Gamaliel, intimating his services as a the distinguished pupils whom he had prepared for the sacred work of the ministry. The responding panel shows Nicodemus coming to learn from Christ, indicating humility and piety which led "the men of Israel" to seek his own personal less the Saviour in those memorable words: "except a man be born again, he cannot kingdom of God."

What became of Nelly, and when an happened, belongs to her own story.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES ON TEMPER.\*

BY THE REV. JAMES M'CONNEL HUSSEY, M.A., INCUMBENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, NORTH B

### I.

#### THE UNCERTAIN TEMPER.

UNCERTAINTY always causes anxiety, for who is not anxious when doubtful of what is about to take place? So it is with the uncertain temper; for one is puzzled to know how you will be greeted when you come in contact with the possessor of it—whether it is a genial day with it or a stormy one—whether sunshine or cloud—whether a hearty grasp of the hand or a shivering touch—whether a day in warm Italy or a night in the icy regions of the North. Its changes are rapid. Up goes the glass with marvellous celerity, and you con-

gratulate yourself on a beautiful day; you have time to enjoy the geniality. It tumbles again to "much rain" and "s-

You have to prove this temper cautiously, to see what you are to expect. You try to do ice, to see if it will bear you, or if it splits under your feet, and so whether a day of skating is in store, or the chance of a good cold uncomfortable ducking. You approach its possessor, and remember gracious smiles, the kindly words of tokened undying friendship, and the steady, firm grasp of the hand, you expect you will discover a sweet response to

\* We extract the following from Mr. Hussey's paper, referred to in our review of "Home Words" last month.

at feelings. Whatever may have dis-  
 l your mind, depressed your spirits, or  
 d the whole man, you expect it will be  
 l down and solaced by this smiling,  
 mpressing friend. But, alas! what a  
 : passes over the spirit of your dream,  
 at a change has passed over the spirit  
 r friend! Instead of the face irradiated  
 mpling smiles as cheery and numerous  
 little ripples that play on the bosom of  
 e, you have a countenance so stiffly set  
 looks like a petrification. Instead of  
 nd exhibiting its largest proportions in  
 stretched openness, you are favoured  
 two fingers, as if rheumatic-gout had  
 ip the others into the palm of the hand,  
 nd been fearfully mutilated by amputa-  
 nd instead of open-mouthed words, very  
 nd very ecstatic, you find monosyllables  
 ascendant, and those very few, as if  
 nd become very scarce and very dear,  
 had to pay for them as we do for tele-  
 : messages. Or it may be, we get no  
 : all, not even a brief Saxon one, but a  
 sound that might come from anywhere,  
 creature that can make a noise, but  
 thing about it satisfactorily proving it  
 ! human origin.

temper is something like the donkey,  
 ne day trots along so merrily that you  
 moured with the sprightly quadruped,  
 old cudgel the first man that dared to  
 word against the donkey family, but  
 same animal on another occasion will  
 but one movement, which is resolutely  
 : his fore feet in the ground and kick  
 ind ones, with the tail in excitement,  
 vident discomfiture of any one on his

## II.

## THE QUICK TEMPER.

is otherwise expressed as the Hasty  
 . It is a kind of sky-rocket develop-  
 ! temper, which it is not pleasant to  
 very close contiguity.

ish servant gave up his place, and on  
 ter asking him the reason, replied, "On  
 of your temper." "Well," said the  
 "but my temper is no sooner on than  
 "True," said the Hibernian "but it's  
 er off than it's on."

people say they like this kind of  
 Well, I cannot understand the pecu-  
 : of people's tastes, and all I hope is  
 sh persons may live long to enjoy it.

It is wonderful how many excuses this temper  
 has to justify itself, and how satisfied it is with  
 its apologies. One says, "How much better it  
 is to be quick than to be sulky;" but we reply,  
 "Is an evil right because it is less objection-  
 able than another?" "I was *put out* at the  
 moment," another says; and if he or she feels  
 this, then they are the only ones who do, for  
 certainly to us they were painfully *present*.  
 "I didn't mean what I said or did," urges  
 another; but all we can answer is, that if you  
 didn't mean it, the counterfeit was so good that  
 the deception could not be detected.

This temper is no sleeper, but is painfully  
 wakeful, fitful, and fretful. There is no opiate  
 strong enough to make it sleep—no lullaby  
 that can hush it into repose. It may not make  
 a *long* visit, but it makes very *frequent* ones.

Let the quick-tempered remember that the  
 temper is to the tongue what the ringer is to  
 the bell: it soon makes it sound, and the skill  
 of the ringer can make it pleasant, or evoke  
 nothing but painful discord. Believe me, the  
 "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal  
 machines. Husband and wife should no more  
 fight for it than they should struggle for the  
 possession of a lighted bomb-shell. There is  
 no nobility in flashy anger—it does not set off  
 the face of beauty, but tells of the fall of man.

"SPEAK GENTLY! it is better far  
 To rule by love than fear;  
 SPEAK GENTLY! let no harsh words mar  
 The good we might do here.

SPEAK GENTLY! love doth whisper low  
 The vows that true hearts bind,  
 And gently friendship's accents flow—  
 Affection's voice is kind.

SPEAK GENTLY to the little child;  
 Its love be sure to gain;  
 Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
 It may not long remain.

SPEAK GENTLY to the young, for they  
 Will have enough to bear—  
 Pass through this life as best they may,  
 'Tis full of anxious care.

SPEAK GENTLY to the aged one;  
 Grieve not the careworn heart;  
 The sands of life are nearly run—  
 Let such in peace depart.

SPEAK GENTLY, kindly, to the poor;  
 Let no harsh tone be heard;  
 They have enough they must endure,  
 Without an unkind word.

SPEAK GENTLY to the erring; know  
That they have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so,  
Oh, win them back again!

SPEAK GENTLY! He who gave His life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were in fierce strife,  
Said to them, 'Peace, be still!'

SPEAK GENTLY! 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell."

### III.

#### THE SULKY TEMPER.

The Sulky Temper is the opposite of the Quick Temper. If the latter is the instantaneous ignition of combustible matter like dry shavings, which is soon burnt out and extinguished, this is the slow smouldering fire with little flame, but plenty of dreary smoke. It is not a smart shower and over, with a cheery peep of sunshine after it; but it is the dull, drizzling, or determinately heavy rain, which says, "I mean to wet you." Its morning is gray, its day is dark, and its night has neither moon nor star.

Of the possessor, it may be said,

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at anything."

There is a doggedness about him which neither eats the bone nor lets anybody else eat it. He does not exactly bark or bite; but he looks as if he meant the latter, if he could only do it *on the sly*. He is not a semi-detached, but a wholly-detached house; he stands in his own grounds, and has high walls round him, with the gate always locked, and no lodge-keeper to open it. The window blinds are always down in the day, and the shutters carefully barred at night. There is always a notice-board painted "Beware of the Dog," and "Mantraps set here."

The sulky man is a grand isolation, as solemn as a pyramid, and no doubt contains within himself the mouldering bones of a thing called happiness and content. Who would like to see the interior? Like sailors with icebergs, it is good to give him a wide berth.

What a strange fellow he is at dinner! He comes home in a fog, and keeps it up all the evening. If he eats, he does it with all the

evidence of intense ingratitude. Hunger times compels him to open his mouth is the very briefest sentences—"my salt," "bread." If he has to appeal to a person carving at the other end of the table he does it through the servant, merely "Some more." If he has not had enough he will go without it rather than speak a word to you. If you ask him to have some more he would rather lose it than say, "Yes," and is more in a negative than an affirmative mood.

Sulks is a reader oftentimes, but rarely a speaker, because he need not talk, and little of that enters his head, for he is only absorbed in a pleasing conviction that he is intensely agreeable and unsocial.

Is he fabled of Amphion that, by his music he drew stones after him from the walls of Thebes, and of Orpheus that he tamed wild beasts by his harp; but nothing suits Sulks. He eats sulkily and digests sulkily, and I hope he digests sulkily, for digestion might be a little punishment.

### IV.

#### THE AGGRAVATING-PROVOKING TEMPER.

This temper, in childhood, is seen in the spoiled child—one of the greatest nuisances to society. It is satisfied with nothing, expects its word to be law. Every wish is gratified. I remember an anecdote of a troublesome little one. The child kept crying to the servant and crying, and the servant reprimanded the servant for not complying with the child's wishes. "Why do you not tell the child, and not give it what it asks?" "Please, sir, I cannot." "Well, what does the child ask for?" "It wants the moon." Even indulgent parents could not make the child satisfy this very exorbitant request. The child is the dead fly in the ointment—tyrant in miniature—it is the very horror to visitors, and the very abomination of the family. For they, poor things, are blamed for fretful, disagreeable acts. It never does in its parents' eyes, and never does in anybody else's. It indulges in very rude remarks, which its parents interpret as remarks to the man who has a long nose. "What a very long, ugly nose you've got!" The mamma says, "You mustn't say such things, my darling, bless you," and then gives for it by adding, "The pet child is so fully observant." Its language is, "I will have it, I will have it." If it is corre-

and then toys are bought to put it in  
mour. If it asks for what it should  
; then it is allowed to have the thing  
time, but not again. Yet this is re-  
ver and over, so that, in the long run,  
has its way. If this miserable little  
table creature is sent to school, then  
junctions are given that it should  
punished, for it is so sensitive that  
nt would break its sweet, amiable  
it be ill, woe be to those that knock  
y at the door, or ring the bell too

an we expect from a child so pam-  
petted when it grows up, but a Mrs.  
aggle—aggravating, provoking, and

He who has such a wife is per-  
ing penance, and need not trouble  
out walking with peas in his shoes,  
the iron shirt with the spikes in it,  
into you whenever you move.

temper there is a very large admix-  
scontent; nay, we might say it is the  
l of discontent itself. It is discon-  
h its own blessings, and discontented  
s should have any blessings, or feel  
o dispense them to others. A large  
f acrimony prevails in it, so sharp  
that it would curdle all the milk of  
ndness. It indulges in censorious-  
the verdict it passes on everything  
be condensed, "Whatever is, is  
It is disputatious to the last degree,  
it has no combatant makes one. It  
evel in jars, but certainly not those  
in the sweetest preserves. No hus-  
desires to open them and eat the  
Loquacious it is of course; it will  
ut—and without mistake it is! Its  
words of bitterness, and fault-finding  
iar office.

people's tempers wince at every touch,  
ays do too little or too much;  
ways teasing others—always teased,  
ly pleasure is to be displeased."

## V.

## GOOD TEMPER.

"There's not a cheaper thing on earth,  
Nor yet one half so dear;  
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,  
Or thousands gained a year.  
It lends the day a new delight,  
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;  
And adds more beauty to the night  
Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh poverty content;  
To sorrow whispers, peace;  
It is a gift from Heaven sent,  
For mortals to increase.  
It meets you with a smile at morn,  
It lulls you to repose;—  
A flower for peer and peasant born,  
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—  
To snatch the brow from care;  
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay,  
Spreads gladness everywhere.  
And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew  
That gems the lily's breast;  
A talisman for love as true  
As ever man possessed.

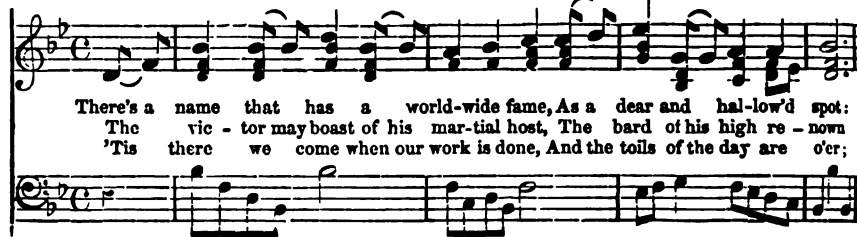
As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,  
When threatening storm begins;  
As music mid the tempest loud,  
That still its sweet way wins;  
As springs an arch across the tide,  
Where waves conflicting foam;  
So comes this Seraph to our side,  
This Angel of our Home!

What may this wondrous spirit be,  
With power unheard before—  
This charm, this bright amenity?  
GOOD TEMPER—*nothing more!*  
GOOD TEMPER, 'tis the choicest gift  
That woman homeward brings,  
And can the poorest peasant lift  
To bliss unknown to kings."

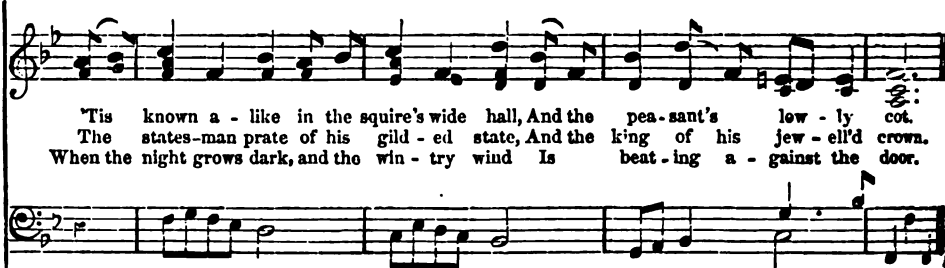
# OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Words by KENNETT LEA.

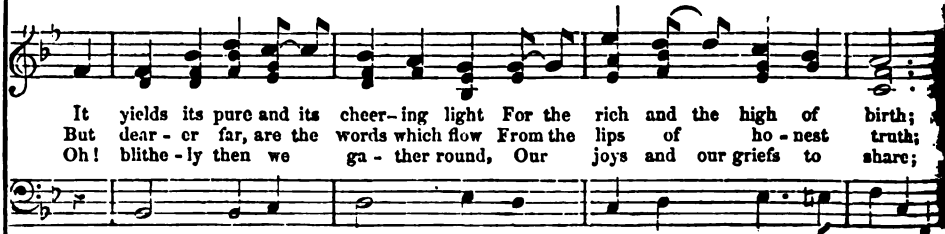
The Melody by I. STANLEY.  
Harmonized by S. G. HATHERLY, Mus. Bac.



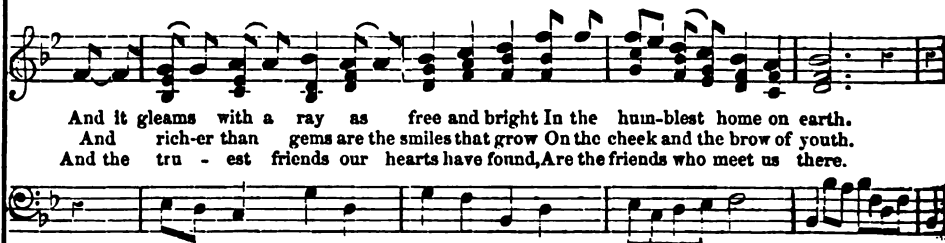
There's a name that has a world-wide fame, As a dear and hal-low'd spot:  
The vic - tor may boast of his mar-tial host, The bard of his high re - nown  
'Tis there we come when our work is done, And the toils of the day are o'er;



'Tis known a - like in the squire's wide hall, And the pea-sant's low - ly cot.  
The states-man prate of his gild - ed state, And the king of his jew - ell'd crown.  
When the night grows dark, and the win - try wind Is beat - ing a - gainst the door.

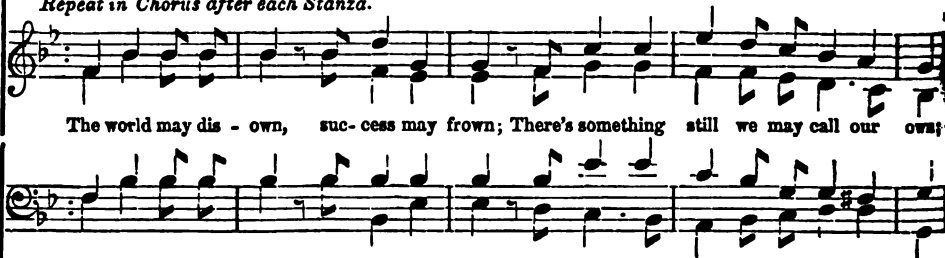


It yields its pure and its cheer-ing light For the rich and the high of birth;  
But dear - er far, are the words which flow From the lips of ho - nest truth;  
Oh! blithe - ly then we ga - ther round, Our joys and our griefs to share;



And it gleams with a ray as free and bright In the hum-blest home on earth.  
And rich-er than gems are the smiles that grow On the cheek and the brow of youth.  
And the tru - est friends our hearts have found, Are the friends who meet us there.

*Repeat in Chorus after each Stanza.*



The world may dis - own, suc - cess may frown; There's something still we may call our own;



And we'll keep un - stain'd, what-e'er may be - tide, The light and the love of Our own Fire - side.



## THE FATHER WHO HATES HIS SON.\*

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son."—PROV. xiii. 24.

indulge your child, and do not correct you permit selfishness, and envy, and to encrust themselves, by successive thicker and thicker on his character; teach him not to be naughty, but never your injunction by a firm application of the rod; and you think the fault, if it be a very trivial one. Perhaps you apply to yourself a measure of blame for your child too much. Nay, brother, be wiser; call things by their right names. Of the woe denounced against those of evil good. You do not love, you hate him.

Love is a good name, and hate a bad one. A man likes to take to himself a good name, he deserves it or not. To love one's child, even though that love should run to the verge of being counted amiable. To hate the child is a measure is reckoned the part of a

In order to keep a fair character in the world, a deceitful heart so shuffles the two things, that while hate is the act of the deed, its outward appearance is love.

It is obvious to any careful observer of human nature that even blame is pleasant to the parents, when it is the blame of their own children too much. They receive the soft reproof as a luscious flattery. The Scripture deals with them in another way. It does not gratify them by the self-impeachment in parental love. It roundly tells them that they have no love at all. It comes on them abruptly with the charge of hating their child.

The rod is the specific act—a habit charged against the parent as being that of hating his son. The child begins to feel a tyrant; he is cruel where he has no right to be sulkily where he has not; he is rude, untruthful. These and kindred things are distinctly forming on his life, and with his growth. The matter is repeated to his father, and the same things are repeated in his presence. He tells the child to do as he pleases and dismisses him with caresses. This is frequently repeated. The child

discovers that he can transgress with impunity. The father threatens sometimes, but punishes never. The child grows rapidly worse. By the certainty of escaping, acting in concert with a corrupt nature, the habit of intentional evil-doing is formed and confirmed. All the while this father takes and gets the credit of being, if not a very wise, at least a very loving parent. No; it is mere prostitution of that hallowed name to apply it to such ignoble selfishness. Love, though very soft, is also very strong. It will not give way before slight obstacles. To sacrifice self is of its very essence. If it be in you, it will quickly make your own ease give way for the good of its object. When the father gives the child all his own way, yielding more the more he frets, until the child finds out that he can get anything by imperiously demanding it, he yields not from love to his child, but from loathsome love of ease to himself. It is a low animal laziness that will not allow its own oily surface to be ruffled even to save a son. If there were real love, it would be strong enough to endure the pain of refusing to comply with improper demands, and chastening for intentional or persistent wrong-doing. Parents who are in the habit of giving their children what they ask, and permitting them to disobey without chastisement, may read their own character in this verse of Scripture. Such a father "hateth his son"—that is the word. To call it love is one of Satan's lies. It is unmingled selfishness. The man who gravely tells his child what is wrong, and, if the wrong is repeated, sternly chastens him—that man really loves his child, and sacrifices his own ease for the child's highest good. It is enough to break one's heart to think how many young people are thrown off the rails at some unexpected turn of life by the momentum of their own impetuosity, for want of a father's firm hand to apply in time the necessary break. We need a manful, hardy love—a love that will bear and do to the uttermost for all the interests of its object.

Let it be remembered here, however, that every blow dealt by a father's hand is not

from Heaven for Life on Earth." By Rev. William Arnot. London: T. Nelson and Sons. A book which we see in every "Christian home." Our extract bears upon a subject often grievously misunderstood, even by parents.

parental chastening. To strike right and left against children, merely because you are angry and they are weak, is brutish in its character, and mischievous in its effects. A big dog bites a little one who offends him: what do ye more than they? Never once should a hand be laid upon a child in the hasty impulse of anger. The Koh-i-noor diamond, when it came into the Queen's possession, was a misshapen lump. It was very desirable to get its corners cut off, and all its sides reduced to symmetry; but no unskilful hand was permitted to touch it. Men of science were summoned to consider its nature and its capabilities. They examined the form of its crystals and the consistency of its parts. They considered the direction of the grain, and the side on which it would bear a pressure. With their instructions, the jewel was placed in the hands of an experienced lapidary, and by long, patient, careful labour, its sides were grinded down to the desired proportions. The gem was hard, and needed a heavy pressure; the gem was precious, and every precaution was taken which science and skill could suggest to get it polished into shape without cracking it in the process. The effort was successful. The hard diamond was rubbed down into forms of beauty, and yet sustained no damage by the greatness of the pressure to which it was subjected.

"Jewels, bright jewels," in the form of little children, are the heritage which God gives to every parent. They are unshapely, and need to be polished; they are hard, and cannot be reduced into symmetry without firm handling; they are brittle, and so liable to be permanently damaged by the pressure; but they are stones of peculiar preciousness, and if they were successfully polished, they would shine as stars for ever and ever, giving off from their undimmed edge, more brilliantly than other creatures can, the glory which they get from the Sun of Righteousness. Those who possess these diamonds in the rough should neither strike them unskilfully nor let them lie uncut.

This boy placed in the dock before you, with his clothes torn, and his hair dishevelled, with an air of patience put on, over a purpose of more mischief that gleams through the awkward covering, just one minute after your last lecture has been caught up to the ears in another scrape. What is to be done with him? You have tried severity, and tried gentleness—all in vain. He waxes worse in your hands. Do with him as the infant school-rhyme enjoins you, "Try, try, try again." Don't let him

alone, for he is all unshapely, and in this form he will have no loveliness in the sight of God or man. Don't strike rashly, for in one moment you may start a rent of hatred and discontent through and through a soul that after-discipline will ever obliterate. Caution, firmly, perseveringly, lovingly, polish away your jewel. Get a right estimate of its value impressed upon your heart, and you will not give up in despair, although you have made many unsuccessful efforts. The work is difficult, but the prize is great. If he is won, he is won to himself, and to you, and to society, and to God.

While there should be a strong manly will to wield the rod firmly, there should also be far-seeing wisdom to judge, in view of all the circumstances, whether and when the rod should be applied. A parent should know carefully both his child's character and his own. If his own nature be now rigid, and incapable of going into sympathy with the impetuous playfulness of robust youth, he must, with the best intention fall into a fatal error. He may chasten for that which is not a fault, and so crack the temper of his child for ever. We must learn to measure the instincts of boyhood, and make allowance for the manly exercise, amounting almost to perpetual motion, which nature demands. Love will give an ample room for the effervescence of a buoyant spirit; but when it has separated so widely between sportiveness and sin, it will then all the more bring down the rod with the certainty and severity of a law of nature for every discovered definite, wilful wickedness. If a father on earth be like our Father in heaven, judgment will be his "strange work:" do not react against it often, but let it be real when it comes.

I am disposed to set a high value on only the general principles of Scripture regarding this subject, but also its special precepts. I would limit with jealous apprehension the application of the rule about chastening with the change of circumstances. The only thing that I would leave open to be modified by circumstances is the mere instrument wherewith the chastening is administered. By all means let "rod" stand as a general term, and under it let the most convenient implement be used; but the spirit of the law is abandoned, as well as the letter, when a parent abjures corporal chastisement altogether, and trusts exclusively to moral means. There is indeed no virtue in bodily pain to heal a moral ailment; it depends on the

of punishment in kind and measure  
cular form of the child's wayward-  
child so act as seldom to need the  
r, then seldom or never let the rod  
; but beware of determining and  
; beforehand that you will not in any  
to corporal chastisement, lest you  
rp your wisdom against the law of

heard of some educators who, in  
ably, with much pomp and circum-  
the tawse in a hundred pieces, and  
he fragments in the wind, pro-  
way of contrast the reign of love.  
me of quackery under this than the  
performers imagined. I suspect it  
The rod and love are not antago-  
not necessary to banish the one in  
admit to the reign of the other.  
the rod, and lifts it too, and lays it  
edful. This is the very triumph of  
er a spurious imitation. When a  
forth his strength to hold the  
victim, and applies the rod, although  
s thrills through his own heart,  
such as God commands and ap-  
ur Father in heaven chastens the  
om he loves, and does not spare for  
Genuine parental love on earth  
ion of His own.

it is an important rule not to trifle  
ork when it is begun, yet the effort  
pend on the number or weight of  
The result is determined more by  
which the force is applied than by  
agnitude of the force. The stroke  
e operator suffers more than he  
erfully impels the child in the

direction which you approve; but spurts of  
selfish anger drive him the other way. It is  
like admitting steam into the cylinder of an  
engine: if you admit it on this side, the machine  
goes forward; if you admit it on that side, the  
machine goes backward.

One characteristic mark of genuine love is  
to chasten a child "betimes." To do it early  
is both easiest and best. It is cruel to let your  
son grow up without the correction he needs.  
If you who love him do not tend him while he  
is a child, those who do not love him will break  
him after he has become a man.

The word is specifically "son," and not  
generally "child." There is a reason for this  
selection of terms. Although there may be  
here and there individual exceptions, the  
common rule is that boys are more stubborn  
than girls. In proportion to the hardness of  
the subject must be the heaviness of the blow.  
The child must be subdued into obedience, at  
whatever cost. This is the most important of  
a parent's practical duties in life. He should  
not permit any other business to push it aside  
into a secondary place. The boy is your  
richest treasure, and should be your chief care.  
He is the greatest talent which the Master has  
placed in your hands; lay it out well, even  
though other things should be neglected.  
Exert all the wisdom, and foresight, and  
firmness that you can command in the culti-  
vation of this field; no other will yield a return  
so sure or so satisfying.

Prayer and pains must go together in this  
difficult work. Lay the whole case before our  
Father in heaven; this will take the hardness  
out of the correction, without diminishing its  
strength.

### HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST  
IN HIM."

as strong sight—stronger than  
eagle; it can see the invisible,  
"within the veil," and into the  
of God. If Job had not seen the  
rod, how could he trust in Him,  
aw in His hand the sword to slay  
him to the ground? It was be-  
faith saw *love* graven upon the  
od that he fears not the sword,

and cries, "Though He slay me, yet will I  
trust in Him." I will still regard Him as  
my friend, and not my foe; He means only  
my good, and therefore I will trust in Him,  
not only when I am standing in the midst  
of mercies, but when I am slain by the  
sword of His righteous judgments. Pre-  
cious faith! thus to trust when the sword  
is unsheathed and plunged into the very  
heart!

*"A Walk Through the Corn Fields."*

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."  
 Loud was the wind, and wild the tide;  
 The ship her course delayed;  
 The Lord came to their help, and cried,  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."  
 Who walks the waves in wondrous guise,  
 By nature's laws unstayed?  
 "'Tis I," a well-known voice replies—  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."  
 He mounts the deck—down lulls the sea,  
 The tempest is allayed;  
 The prostrate crew adore; and He  
 Exclaims, "Be not afraid."  
 Thus, when the storm of life is high;  
 Come, Saviour, to my aid;  
 Come, when no other help is nigh,  
 And say, "Be not afraid."  
 Speak, and my griefs no more are heard,  
 Speak, and my fears are laid;  
 Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."  
 When on the bed of death I lie,  
 And stretch my hands for aid,  
 Stand Thou before my glazing eye,  
 And say, "Be not afraid."  
 Before Thy judgment-seat above,  
 When nature sinks dismayed,  
 Oh, cheer me with a word of love—  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."  
 Worlds may around to wreck be driven,  
 If then I hear it said,  
 By Him who rules through earth and heaven,  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."

H. F. LYTE.

## SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

I have before me two stones, which are in imitation of precious stones. They are both perfectly alike in colour, they are both of the same water—clear, pure, and clean: yet there is a marked difference between them as to their lustre and brilliancy. One has a dazzling brightness, while the other is dull; so that the eye passes over it, and derives no pleasure from the sight. What can the reason of this difference be? It is this—the one is cut but in few facets, the other has ten times as many. These facets

are produced by a very violent operation. It is requisite to cut, to smooth, and polish. Had these stones been endued with life, as to have been capable of feeling what they underwent, the one which has received eighty facets would have thought itself very unhappy, and would have envied the fate of the other, which, having received but eight, has undergone but a tenth part of its sufferings. Nevertheless, the operation being over, it is done for ever: the difference between the two stones always remains strongly marked. That which has suffered but little is entirely eclipsed by the other, which alone is held in estimation and attracts attention.

May not this serve to explain the words of our Saviour, whose words always have some reference to eternity, "Blessed be they that mourn, for they shall be comforted"?—blessed, whether we compare them apart, or in comparison with those who have not passed through so many trials.

Oh that we were always able to cast ourselves into His arms like little children, to draw near Him like helpless lambs, ever to ask of Him patience, resignation, entire surrender to His will, faith, and a heartfelt obedience to the command which He gives to those who are willing to be His disciples! The Lord God will wipe away the tears from off all faces.—OMNIBUS

## WE SHALL SEE IT RIGHT AT LAST.

In heaven, all God's servants will be abundantly satisfied with His dealings and dispensations with them; and shall see all conduced, like so many winds, to bring them to their haven; and how even the roughest blast helped to bring them hitherward.

J. MASSON.

## THREE UNCHANGEABLES.

We have three unchangeables to oppose to all other mutabilities—an unchangeable Covenant, an unchangeable God, and an unchangeable Heaven; and while these three remain "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," welcome the will of our heavenly Father in all events that may happen to us: come what will, nothing can come amiss.

MATTHEW HENRY.

# Saint Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

## PICTURES FROM PARLOUR WALLS.

### THE TWO SPIRITS.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

**H**IS simple story, told by Martha, had a very quieting effect on George Harper and his sister, especially in their intercourse with their aunt, upon whom they began to look with a reverence such as one would feel for a person who has suffered in some extraordinary manner; while at times her cheerfulness, and the lively interest she entered into the little affairs of the moment, seemed almost to rob her, in their eyes, of that romance in which young people are so fond of clothing their

her and smile goes a very little way; but to suffer and weep—to grow withdrawn from busy life—in short, to realize, as it were, through the shadow of a silent sorrow—these are the features of a painful experience to them when these are presented to them in agreeable form, they will sympathize with it.

When Isabel asked for sympathy in any of her nephew and niece, they would rush into her arms, and overwhelmed her with caresses. But instead of this, she would tell them about their studies, helped them with their drawing and music, actually laughed at them in their amusements, and not unfrequently superintended the mending of their clothes. Was it possible, they thought, that she had only been putting her own colouring on the story of her mistress's life? Sometimes she half suspected that she had. But on the other hand, there were times when the tones of Aunt Isabel's voice, with their pathetic pathos whenever she spoke of real suffering, convinced them afresh that she must be in the very depth of suffering herself. At times also when, if they watched

her usually calm but expressive face, they detected a cast of countenance which never was stamped upon any human features except by a long-continued necessity for restraining the utterance of grief.

Children have a quick instinct for reading such indications, or rather for receiving the impressions they are calculated to make, although often scarcely conscious at the time of the whole meaning of what they see and read; and when far advanced ourselves beyond the stage of childhood, we speak of persons as being interesting looking, it is probable that we do so because we read in the expression of their features that they have passed through that kind of experience which has taught them the deep things of life, such as lie at the foundation of happiness and misery.

With George Harper and his sister, the stage of childhood was already left sufficiently far behind for them to begin to understand a little of these matters; and they were just now profoundly interested in the events, the feelings, and the general experience which belong to men and women. Their aunt could not have pleased them better than by relating her own history to them, with all the colouring which romance and even love could have given to it. Happily for her, she remained in total ignorance of their ever having heard a word about her private history; and scarcely could anything have disturbed her equanimity more than the knowledge that her own servant had been expatiating upon her past experience as a matter of sentimental interest to these children, for so she still considered them. All unhealthy tendencies to dwell upon the past she had put away from her, and believed them to be put away by others. This added much to her strength, as well as to the general composure of her mind; and so, as already said, she went cheerfully on her way—not only sharing largely in the sorrows of those

around her, but sharing quite as largely in their joys.

In one feeling she could not share, and that was at present a very prevailing one at the Lodge. She could not join in the universal talk about the Ellertons—small-talk, and not worth attending to; yet, small as it was, continually laden with a kind of spite, so ingeniously worked into the affairs of every day, and yet so thinly spread, as only to be detected under the form which George had given it—that of a “spirit.”

In Mrs. Harper this spirit might be detected operating through a channel not unusual to the most kind-hearted women. She could not believe that any member of the Ellerton family was, or could be, ill. They were either fanciful, she said, or thought themselves of such importance that every little ailment they had must be magnified; or they mistook their symptoms, and were well and strong enough if they could only think so; or, if she and her family gave way as they did, they would be just as delicate, or more so; or, lastly, if they were ill, or had undeniable ailments, why they had brought it all upon themselves, and could expect nothing else from their manner of going on.

And yet Mrs. Harper was not only a kind-hearted woman, but a tender and pitiful nurse in all cases of illness in which she had been tried. In her own family she was an anxious wife and watchful mother, ever ready to perceive, and arrest if possible, the first symptoms of indisposition. How remarkable is this unbelieving hardness of heart where it exists in such a character, and yet it is by no means unfrequently found poisoning the very springs of friendly and generous action, and arresting the helpful hand that would otherwise be stretched out to heal and to save.

Aunt Isabel, who had by nature a remarkable gift of penetration, had soon detected this peculiarity in her sister, as well as others tending in no very amiable manner towards the Ellertons. That the whole originated in a wilful misunderstanding of their neighbours, she was fully convinced. Beyond this, she believed that if by any means the two families could be brought to terms of intimacy, every trace of this spirit would disappear, and a cordial friendship would in all probability ensue. She was the more ready to believe this, because of the extreme unconsciousness, and even simplicity, of those whose innocent sayings and doings were commented upon at the Lodge with an eagerness of ill-nature which they could not, under

any circumstances, have deserved. I entirely were the Ellertons in their characters, as well as in their persons removed from all participation in the of the envious spirit, that Aunt Isabel could scarcely refrain from a hearty the mistakes which those around making.

It was better, under present circumstances to laugh at these mistakes than to attempt to correct them. Aunt Isabel felt that she stood on a precarious footing just now, and knew that wherever the spirit of envy was to enter—is invited, harboured, and becomes a companion of daily life—it may point finger at one as well as another, and she even shoot its envenomed dart at the loved. It was consequently more than that by openly defending the Ellertons she be placing herself in the same position with them, and so would come in time to be regarded as a partizan—perhaps an enemy. Much as this spirit interfered with enjoyment, she wisely determined to correct circumstances, for she believed that persons so amiable in themselves and so ready to show kindness to others as the brother's family had hitherto been, would for any length of time under this blind say the best of it, ill-natured delusion.

Such patient waiting is seldom rewarded. It happened one morning, that Aunt Isabel had made an early call of inquiry on the villa, that she hastened back again, and looks of deep concern asked hastily of her servants where she could find Mrs. Harper.

“My dear sister,” she said, on entering the lady's room, “I am in great trouble about the Ellertons, and I do wish you could join over with me. Poor Mrs. Ellerton wishes you so much to see her daughter, who has been ailing, you know, and last night had a violent fit of coughing, and a slight hemorrhage. She says that, as a mother, you could support and comfort her more than any one just now, for you see Mr. Ellerton is away.”

“Who—I?” inquired Mrs. Harper, who was very much concerned.

“Yes, you, because you are acquainted with the children and young people. And I know what an excellent nurse you are.”

“I?” repeated Mrs. Harper; but she still spoke inquiringly and doubtfully, very decidedly throwing a shawl over her shoulders; and before Aunt Isabel had

she was hastening down-stairs almost as her sister could follow.

Her word was spoken as they went. She occupied but a few minutes to run down the road, and up the front garden to the terrace of the villa. The door had been unlocked, and the two ladies entered without delay. In another moment the afflicted mother had seen them from a chamber window down stairs, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and actually throwing her arms round Mrs. Harper's neck, began thanking her for every expression of affectionate and sympathetic feeling for her kindness in coming so promptly to her aid.

Ellerton was, as Aunt Isabel had described her, a very impulsive, outspoken little woman, and being perfectly ignorant of any ill feeling on the part of her neighbours, felt not the least restraint in pouring out the whole history of her trouble, conscious that she was speaking to a mother whose feelings were precious like her own.

More than probable that Mrs. Harper found the situation rather strange while clasped in the arms of a stranger, and pressed to the heart of the woman whom in her secret thoughts she had so fully misjudged. However that might be, it became evident that her own heart was drawn out. The embrace, if not quite so cordial as she might have expected, was certainly not repelled, and gave unmistakable indications of sympathy. When she entered into many grave inquiries respecting the nature of the attack, which could naturally suggest themselves to an experienced mother.

In answer to these inquiries, Mrs. Ellerton answered freely. She evidently calculated, without a shadow of doubt, that Mrs. Harper would be able to hold her own while, and even see for herself that all was going on with her daughter. In a high degree that earnest, trustful, and frank manner which makes a refusal impossible. So Mrs. Harper began to remove her shawl, and take off her gloves, and look as if she really intended to go

there, no further claim upon the best feelings was required. Lucy, a tall, fair girl of sixteen, lay stretched out on the sofa in her bedroom, looking almost as pale and white as if she had been covered in marble, only for a clear pink tinge to her cheek, and a restless wandering glance of her blue eyes, now beautifully but dimly bright.

"How good of you to come!" she said, at once holding out her hand to Mrs. Harper, and smiling in that peculiar manner which indicates a faint joy overshadowed by a great terror. There is, in fact, no sadder smile than this, and Mrs. Harper felt it to the very centre of her heart. For was not this the girl, the reality of whose illness she had wilfully disbelieved—sneered at—nay, almost felt envious about on behalf of her own daughter, because of the privileges it obtained for her? And then she asked herself, in that moment of contrition and abasement, how she would like her own child to be lying there, exhausted and deathlike, with the symptoms of a fatal malady gathering fearfully upon her? While these thoughts rushed through her mind, tears which she found it impossible to restrain compelled her to turn hastily away. To hide her emotion, she began to look at the medicines in a different part of the room; and as soon as she could sufficiently collect herself, to make inquiries about what precautions had already been taken.

Mrs. Ellerton's characteristics were more of the warm, confiding, and affectionate kind, than the provisional. Her children, up to within a year or two of the present time, had been remarkably healthy, and even since this alarming delicacy had appeared, there had been nothing definite to do for them in the way of nursing—nothing but to exercise a general watchfulness and care; so that in the more exact and practical details of a sick room, Mrs. Ellerton was almost as inexperienced as a good mother could be. It so happens that women differ very much by nature in this respect. There are women born nurses; and there are others as kind, perhaps kinder in heart, who cannot make nurses of themselves even when they try their best. Mrs. Ellerton was to some extent one of these; and, knowing her own deficiency, she was the more grateful for her neighbour's timely help, and the more anxious that she would not leave her.

That a really good nurse requires many high qualifications of head as well as heart we have of late years been afresh convinced by the experience and the wise teaching of Miss Nightingale. Nor is this important fact without its confirmation in the opposite view of the case—in the sad delusion of those who rushed to the Eastern hospitals with no other qualification than their command than the eagerness of a benevolent enthusiasm. The punctuality, the order, the stern but necessary discipline, the common sense in detail, the wisdom in general directions

resulting from the extraordinary sagacity of that nobly-governing head, must have offered a strange repulsion to these enthusiasts, many of them fresh from the luxuries of homes in which self-denial had never found a place.

Mrs. Harper, who was the exact opposite of her neighbour in her nursing capabilities, began immediately a system of arrangement amongst the medicine bottles, glasses, cups, and furniture of the room, seeing instantly, as none but good nurses ever do, exactly what could be done without, and getting rid of it. While her hands were thus employed, her thoughts were no less busy about what would be likely to be wanted for the after portion of the day, the night, and even on the morrow. Quietly, and without any disturbance, she made out a list of such things as occurred to her mind, and then handed it to her sister, in order that she might consult with Mrs. Ellerton as to the best means of supplying every probable want—all which was new, and strange, and wonderful to the good little mother, whose system, highly accumulative for the present moment, had scarcely any reference to the future. Little as had already been really done, and short as had been the time since the first alarm, it seemed to Mrs. Harper as if both mistress and maids must have been employed in the continual fetching of articles into the room, without one individual thinking of taking anything away.

Nor is this method of caring for the sick by any means peculiar to a few singularly constituted individuals. Which of us has not seen the heaped-up table by the bedside with its accumulation of plates and glasses, flowers and fruits, even books and letters, the result of everybody's bringing, and no person's taking away? Which of us has not looked in vain for a vacant chair to sit down upon, for a spare inch of sofa, or a dressing-table on which it was possible to place a scent bottle or a watch? Out of every hundred kind and willing bringers, it would really be a blessing to society if one could number only five takers-away. And not in the sick room only, but in other ministrations of kindness. The flowers that are gathered and brought by gentle hands, the letters that are spread open to be read at leisure, the offerings of all kinds that accumulate and mass together, are sometimes enough to make the overburdened receiver exclaim, "Have I so many friends who love me just well enough to bring me all these things; and is there not one amongst them who loves me well enough to take away these faded flowers, to put back

these books and pictures in their proper places to relieve me of the care of all these things, and, in short, to make me feel, and so much to feel, comfortable myself, as my room in order?"

There are few things more conducive to humour than to find ourselves pressed by persuasion into a situation in which our capabilities and most amiable feelings are put into exercise. Such was the case with Mrs. Harper, who, to her sister's astonishment, appeared suddenly forgetful of the fact that she was herself rendering kind services in the room with the Grecian portico, and actually did the best of things in the very family of sayings and doings she had been so busy making the worst. Nothing could have been more encouraging to Aunt Isabel than the change which she saw that a few hours had effected in her sister's whole demeanour, but for the melancholy circumstances that had been the means of bringing her into this new position, she could have been much inclined to smile at what she saw.

But there was no smiling in that hot room then. The serious illness of a fine, intelligent girl, just entering upon womanhood, is peculiarly affecting, and in the present instance the sufferer was a universal favourite—so, that every member of the household in the general anxiety and gloom. Yet like their mistress, to the sudden impending alarm, the servants put so little restraint on their feelings that Aunt Isabel found it necessary to guard the invalid against the choleric impression of their dismal faces and suppressed sobs.

Lucy Ellerton was depressed enough and quite sufficiently alarmed, without open manifestations of distress, and it became a task of no trifling responsibility to keep up anything like cheerfulness throughout the house. Something pleasant to talk was a great boon just then; and although the invalid was forbidden to converse, Aunt so managed as to convey to her at intervals many pleasant little scraps of information calculated to divert her thoughts from her ailments, amongst others the glad tidings of her expected return that day, and of her brother's arrival on the day following.

The coming of Frank Ellerton was a great event to George Harper and his sister, who watched for his arrival, and actually caught sight of him from a window of the house. His appearance, however, proved extra



factory, for they both pronounced upon a pale, sickly-looking creature.

"I won't envy his looks, at any rate," said Lisa.

"Why his looks?" exclaimed George, with disgust. "I don't envy anything about him. Why should I?"

"I don't know," replied his sister, "only you do so vexed about his being at college." "Kind of the kind, Loo. You don't understand. I only wanted to be there myself."

It seemed to me, George, that you care a great deal more to be there after you met about Frank Ellerton than you did and that you put yourself out a great deal."

He could not own that this was the first time he had a secret misgiving that his sister was right; and while he would have to acknowledge the fact, a deeply hurt consciousness grew upon him that himself been yielding, though perhaps to the most odious and hateful of all passions.

Return of Mr. Ellerton to his home much of that support which the afflicted most needed, and Mrs. Harper would

herself to some extent released from the Villa, but that there had grown between herself and her neighbour, even in a few hours of their intercourse, a intimacy which mothers, and especially good mothers, can best understand. Besides, their natural characters were not adapted for intimacy that each supplied what the other wanted—perhaps, the wise forethought, and prudent Mrs. Ellerton, the prompt impulse, frank, confiding, outspoken affection. Indeed impossible to doubt this undisciplined loving creature. Without reserve, and almost without self-consciousness,

she threw herself at once upon the good-natured those who were brought into close contact with her; and if ever there was a simple and artless in itself, yet highly fitted with the noble capability of dispelling the effects of envy, malice, and uncharitableness, it was that of the woman who had been judged simply because she was not

What are the uses of adversity?"—most so they bring us to a just estimate of real things when they bring us to feel kindly towards one another. Hours of watching in

the chamber of sickness, tears shed by the grave-side, offices of tenderness unexpectedly called for, have perhaps done more than all the arguments in the world to bring estranged characters together, to attract opposing natures, and to bind those hearts which never otherwise could have been united, by ties which no after-calamity or change could break. And never perhaps in the whole range of human experience is there to be found a taste of truer happiness than this—not when my neighbour has opened his heart to love and to believe in me, but when my closed heart has burst open with generous feeling towards him—when the film which magnified his faults has suddenly dropped from my eyes—when I have been able to say to him in sincerity of soul, "My brother!"

Surely it is not stretching imagination too far to suppose that this intense happiness enjoyed on earth may be but a foretaste of the great joy of the redeemed on that day when they shall stand before the Judge of all, and see many—how many who shall say?—whom they have been but too ready to condemn on earth, clothed in the white robes of a Saviour's righteousness, and welcomed by the blessed words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yes, thou—my brother whom I never knew on earth—would not know, and still more obstinately refused to love—thou also there, understood by a wisdom deeper than mine, accepted by a love more pure and comprehensive—thou also there, notwithstanding that I never held out to thee a helping hand, yet, thank God! thy place is there, and mine is now to sit at thy feet, and solicit the privilege of calling thee my brother!

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." As time passed on, the two families here described were gradually drawn by circumstances into closer intercourse. Many of the familiar events of their daily lives grew into importance simply because they tended all the same way—to the removal of prejudice, and the establishment of confidence and esteem. Nothing, in fact, could be really unimportant which tended to expel the envious spirit. Even George was brought to acknowledge that his plan of driving the enemy away was less effective than that proposed by his aunt of inviting another spirit in. Nor was the sense of their own mistake less painful on the part of the brother and sister, that the better spirit seemed to be actually forced upon them, so that they could not have closed their hearts against it had they been so

disposed. They had not, as George subsequently observed to his sister, even the pleasure of feeling that they had forgiven an enemy, or made a sacrifice for the sake of duty. They were in so many instances the obliged and privileged party, that they had nothing for it but to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

This stage of penitence, however, had not yet been attained. The steps were slow but certain by which the enemy was conquered, and driven fairly from the field. One great point of victory was gained in the following manner. Mr. Harper, who had not entirely escaped the family disease, and who was only half restored by the influence of his wife—now thoroughly cured herself—was one morning surprised by an early call from his neighbour, Mr. Ellerton. It was evidently a call of business, and yet the visitor seemed to find difficulty at first in explaining the case, because it related to his daughter, who still remained in a very delicate and feeble state, though pronounced by her medical attendants to be no longer in immediate danger.

"I have come," Mr. Ellerton said at last, "to ask a kindness of you on behalf of my poor girl. Riding is out of the question with her now, and must be so, I fear, for a long time to come. But she cannot bear that I should sell her pony, and she has begged me to inquire of you if you can make it convenient to keep the pony for awhile, but only on condition that Miss Harper shall use it exactly as if it were her own. She would rather your daughter had it than any one else. She feels, my dear sir, what we all feel, that we never can make any adequate return for the kindness shown us by your wife all through our great trouble; and if your daughter can derive either pleasure or benefit from the freest possible use of the pony, exactly the same as if it were her own, it will be a great happiness to us all, and will spare my poor child a severe trial in the total loss of her favourite."

Mr. Harper could not refuse this offer. He knew that his daughter had wished above all things to have a pony of her own, and the proposal was put in such a form that he felt no hesitation in accepting it. On this assurance, his neighbour shook him warmly by the hand, and hastened away with the manner of a person who has received rather than conferred a favour.

We will not inquire how Mr. Harper felt when his visitor was gone. What he did was

to send immediately for his daughter, her the pleasant news.

"Louisa, my dear," he said, "I have thing very agreeable to tell you."

"What is it, papa? Is Lucy Ellerton be

"No, it is not that, although I trust out of immediate danger. It is about her. She wishes us to take it entirely for present, and it is her especial request that I will use it as your own."

"I, papa?" And Louisa looked inquiringly into her father's face.

"Yes, you. She cannot ride it, you know. I fear is likely to do so for a long time to come—if ever; and as she cannot reconcile herself to the idea of its being sold, we shall be offering a favour, as well as receiving, by taking the pony. Besides, how delightful will be for you!—the great desire of you fulfilled at last!"

"Oh, papa!" This was all Louisa said, and she burst into tears.

"What is it, child?" asked her father.

But he could not for some time of reply, only in sobs. Instead of the delight which he had anticipated, a sharp pang had shot through the heart of the astounded girl at the thought of the conditions on which alone she was to arrive at the realization of her ardent wish.

"It seems," she said at last, "as if I were gaining by her loss. Oh, papa! I don't know how I ever can ride that pony!"

"As a mere pleasure to yourself, I think I either should like you to ride it, or you see the animal must be used. The proposal has come entirely from the family, and is not any act or thought of ours. I really, therefore, see, therefore, why you need distress yourself about the matter."

"No, papa, you don't see, because you do not know how wicked I have been. I have envied Lucy Ellerton the possession of her pony, and felt angry because she had it. Now it is forced upon me as my punishment, and I really don't think I can bear it." The poor girl wept again as the picture before her mind of the contrast between her situation and Lucy Ellerton's—she herself all the health and vigour natural to youth with this great enjoyment almost forced upon her; the rightful owner of the pony lying in bed of weariness, perhaps of pain, deprived of health, and all those enjoyments which she delights in. And every time this picture presented itself, there came with it to the poor

ing as if she would rather, under all circumstances, be that sufferer in whom, who had to resign so many of her health, and of her enjoyment, receiving favours from whom she now felt as if she had been, though only in thought.

Mr. Harper could bring his daughter that she would do what he wished; and she finally consented to what would once have been to her the sensible gratification, with as sad a face as if she had been preparing for a sacrifice. And painful indeed it really was. There was no ecstasy to Louisa, no exhilaration in riding that pony. When, on returning home after a ride, with her cheek flushed, and her face glowing with health, she looked through the windows of the Villa, and saw the pale face peeping through the curtain had been watching for her return. Her face never looked angry, nor, there was always a bright smile for the pony, and sometimes a cordial wave of the hand, as if the very sight was good to the poor invalid, who rejoiced to see her healthy and happy, and could not help smiling together.

From that time, and indeed from the first time Frank Ellerton, a sort of unavoidable acquaintance had sprung up between him and her, she had the latter persisted in his plan that he might have often done so when a collegian came—as he not unfrequently on any trifling pretext—to ask him a ride, or simply to chat with him.

Mr. Harper believed firmly that his new acquaintance was not at all the kind of person he would like, and he did the best he could to dissuade him. It is not necessary to repeat the words by which this contempt was more than expressed; but when it is known that Frank Ellerton refused to take part in the athletic exercises in which George had been never rode faster than a walk canter, and eschewed cricket, there was a familiar designation which it may be supposed that George applied to him in a manner when talking with his father, especially when that young lady took the pale student, and accused her of being envious of his success at

that the wisest plan the sister could devise for cementing the friendship

which she wished to see established, for Louisa was in earnest when she spoke with admiration of a character possessing many recommendations by no means conspicuous in her brother. The very delicacy of Frank Ellerton's health excited a certain kind of interest in her mind. She felt herself, as young ladies will sometimes, widely separated in dignity from a boy only one year younger than herself, and quite on a level with a gentleman three years older. If her affection still clung to the boy, her admiration, her interest, her endeavours to be polite and agreeable, were more exclusively devoted to their new acquaintance. His love of reading, and his quiet habits, were suited to Louisa's taste. His companionship brought her many intellectual advantages which she neither looked for nor expected from her brother; and they talked or read together through many a pleasant hour, while George, impatient of and wearied with the monotony of such employment, went off to his own amusements, which he considered both more agreeable in themselves, and more worthy of the manly character at which he aimed.

It happened one day that George, heated and at last almost wearied on the cricket-ground, came and threw himself down beside Frank Ellerton, where he was seated on the grass reading under the shadow of a group of trees which screened him from all sight of the game. Exhilarated by the exercise, and half angry with Frank that he did not even look on, George burst forth into a sort of playful abuse of the student and his habits, such as roused him at last to reply with a warmth of which George had not previously believed him capable. It seemed as if something in the words of the careless boy had stung him sharply, for his whole countenance and manner changed in a moment, the blood rushed up to his cheek and brow, and his eye flashed with a light that was anything but peaceful and conciliatory.

"Once for all, Master George," said Frank—and the emphasis he placed upon the *Master* was not very flattering—"Once for all, I tell you this must be dropped between you and me. You would not, I am sure, if you knew all, put me to the pain of speaking to you in this way. I dare say you think me a spoony—a muff—a tailor, if you like—anything you please. It cannot make much difference to me under my present circumstances. Only I beg you clearly to understand that three years ago I was as strong, as active, and—I have no hesitation in saying it—as bold as you, though I don't think I ever could have bullied a poor fellow who was

reduced to sitting under a tree and maundering over a book, simply because—because——”

His lip quivered, and all the colour had fled from his cheek, leaving behind an almost ghostly paleness. Yet, after pausing, and trying to master himself, he went on: “I know you won’t betray me if I tell you the great trouble which has made me what I am, though no one knows it but my uncle and his family physician—not a soul at home. But I don’t mind telling you that last May I was attacked in the same way as my poor sister is now. I knew all about what had happened to me, because my father had told me of his own family tendency, and he was continually warning me against over-heating myself, or overtaxing my strength. And yet I did both. I think it was rowing that first brought on the attack, and that was my passion—that and cricket; and now I have to give everything up; for you see it is not only life that depends upon my entire recovery, but success—position—character almost—all that my natural ambition could point to as best and highest both in attainment and possession. If for a few years I can ward off this tendency, if I can even keep off another attack, my doctor tells me I may reasonably hope for a long and useful life. It is not, however, the length of life that I value so much as its usefulness—a year ago, I should have said, like you, its *manliness*. But I have learned to think differently during the last few months on some of these points. I have learned to hope that God will grant me the privilege of being useful, even if I never can be strong; and of being manly, and even brave, in the great battle of life, though I may only be able to fight with mental and spiritual weapons. I have to confess, however, that the struggle to attain contentment under these conditions is often too hard for me, and that to make up my mind to submit to the will of God, simply and without questioning, is just that which I am sometimes schooling myself down to when you come with your warm blood and flashing eyes, and throw down your manly limbs beside me, as it seemed to me just now, to mock at my calamity.”

“Oh, no!” exclaimed George, springing up from the ground; “I never did that—I could not do it. I did not know—I had not the least idea. Why what a brute I have been! But I never will annoy you in this way again—never! You *must* believe in me so far.”

“I do believe in you, my dear George,” said Frank Ellerton, holding out his hand. “And now help an old broken-down fellow off the

ground, will you? I have a hot, indignant temper, as you see; and even that, when thoroughly roused, is too much for me. I must go home now; and if you don’t see me again for a day or two, be sure you don’t fancy I have taken a sulky fit, or anything of the kind. It’s all over with me in five minutes. Only remember this, George, don’t kick a man when you see him down—that’s all.”

Frank Ellerton laughed as he said these words, but there was a sad meaning in the notwithstanding; and the expression of his face was such as would have touched a harder heart than that of his young companion, on whose arm he leaned heavily as they walked toward the house. So soon, however, as they came within view of the windows, Frank Ellerton loosened his hold, drew himself up to his full height, and, bidding George good-bye, managed to walk into the house with as good a step as firm, and an air altogether as free and easy as it was possible for him to assume.

George Harper returned, but not at once to his companions on the cricket-ground. He went instead and threw himself down on the grass. The student had been seated with him beneath the shade of the clustering trees. Lost in deep thought, a thing most unusual with him, George remained a long time lying dreamily towards a slow river which flowed silently through the meadows before him. At last he started up as if he could bear his thoughts no longer, and with the movement of one who shakes himself free from what he has and despises, he stamped his foot upon the ground, and then marched off with a stern resolve in his heart that from that time forth he would never harbour in his soul the feeling of envy—a feeling so vile that it had led him cruelly to misunderstand one for whom he now felt nothing but the deepest tenderness and the most cordial esteem—a feeling which had led him to be angry at the superior privileges enjoyed by one with whom he would now change places for all the world.

And George kept nobly to his resolution. Frank Ellerton became his friend. No longer envied, no longer suspected, and hardly just as the envied always are, he became his friend in the highest sense of that word. He became his example, too, in patient endurance, in submission to the will of God, and not the least so in cheerful and manly resolve to make the best of existing circumstances, even when he was in accordance with what he would himself have chosen. The friends were still unlike in all

must always have been so; but they were less closely united for that; and the younger and more impulsive, in the assistance of wisdom beyond their time to be grateful rather than receive advice from his friend.

When, by the entrance of the spirit of envy was effectually driven away, came, and then pity; then respect and tender sympathy; then at their own hard and erroneous the part of those who had sinned neighbours in thought, if not in stance; and then the two families were at peace. No after-suspicion or injurious construction put upon their actions, marred the happiness of their uniform goodwill strengthened for which affliction had opened.

Two mothers grew intimate as can be, upon the strength of their respects in their children when it was absorbing whole. The masters and maids discussed their private opinions, and their public efforts to do better, while the younger branches of the family found their enjoyments mutually increased by frequent and cordial inter-communication. Allowed closely upon the dearest common enemy—the envious

symptoms of disease which first

brought the two families together on terms of intimacy, disappeared after having done their blessed work: if not entirely, yet so far as to admit of cheerful hope for the future; and out of this hope it is not unreasonable to suppose that intimacies still closer would arise. Long country rides, with pleasant walks, and the reading of interesting books together—admiration on one side, and perhaps a deeper admiration, blended with pity, on the other—what could all this result in but a serious and lasting attachment between Louisa and the young student? And then, when the long summer vacation came again, and Lucy Ellerton was well enough to join in these pleasant out-door exercises, and George was brought into agreeable contact with her cheerful temper and winning manners, what could he do but fall in love with the handsome girl who, notwithstanding her lively spirits, now often needed a helping hand, and was herself a thousand times more interesting that her life had so recently been in peril, and that her countenance and figure still bore traces which told of delicacy, and even of suffering?

And now, if to leave the two families thus circumstanced be to offer a lame and impotent conclusion to what should have been a well-constructed story, the reader at all events will not be disposed to complain, seeing that pictures only, and sometimes very slight ones, have been promised from our parlour walls.

(To be continued.)

### PUSS AND DASH.\*

And long held sole possession  
Of place by day and night,  
To think it great oppression  
To dispute his right.

On the sofa seat,  
Laid on the stools and chairs;  
On the daintiest meat,  
Himself conceited airs.

In truth, he was a handsome fellow,  
With silky coat of white and yellow;  
With ears that almost touched his toes,  
And jet-black eyes that matched his nose;  
While admiration, oft and loud,  
Made Dash impertinent and proud.

At length his master's heart was smitten  
With love towards a tabby kitten,

"Children's Prize." Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. London: Macintosh. IF OUR OWN FIRESIDE were home into which "The Children's Prize" has not yet been introduced, we hope the little ones who see the illustrations, and read the accompanying lines, will give no rest to "dear mamma" and "dear papa" till their own. Let them try to deserve it by not imitating "Puss and Dash." Perhaps, too, "children" may learn as much as the little ones from "The Children's Prize." We envy the Editor his family one benefactor indeed.

Whose tiger stripe along the back,  
With shining rings of grey and black,  
Made her a very pretty creature,  
Perfect in cat-like shape and feature;  
And home she came in wicker basket,  
Snug as a jewel in a casket.

Sir Dash no sooner saw her form  
Than he began to bark and storm;  
And Puss no sooner saw Sir Dash  
Than eyes and teeth began to flash.  
He raved with passion, snarled, and snapped  
She showed her talons, screamed, and slapped.



PUSS AND DASH.

*From Life. By F. W. Kist.*

His back stood up with warlike bristle,  
Her tail was rough as any thistle:  
In short, the parlour, once so quiet,  
Became a scene of vulgar riot.

The master thought a day or two  
Would soften down this fierce "to do";

He fancied, when the breeze was past,  
They would be right good friends at last  
He hoped that they would live in peace  
And all their feud and fury cease.

Alas! they both behaved so badly,  
That those around could not endure;

per reigned so very sadly,  
aster knew not how to cure it.

f milk was on the floor,  
wanted some, and so did Dash,  
g enough for many more  
out of without a splash;  
was rude, and he was ruder,  
r would let the other taste it;  
ought the other an intruder,  
id the most to spill and waste it.

the moment ventured nigh,  
id that moment spit and fly:  
e dish next minute sought,  
next minute raged and fought.  
with sorrow be it spoken,  
them both the dish was broken.

ken was in lovely order,  
in every walk and border;  
his and lilies flourished there,  
with diligence and care.  
ce a single week had fled,  
Mr. Dash and Puss were found  
ling in the tulip-bed,  
ing and spoiling all around.  
flowers and damaged laurels  
attered by their foolish quarrels;  
on any spot they might,  
s was one continual fight.  
ster, long as he was able,  
confusion round his table,  
gave his generous pardon  
he mischief in his garden,  
their battles soon would end,  
to each become a friend:  
they still kept up the strife,  
most ungracious life;  
ne very noisy day  
ster sent them both away.

They soon discovered to their cost,  
What a good home they thus had lost.

Dash was obliged to wear a chain,  
Which galled his neck and gave him pain  
A dirty kennel was his bed,  
And often he was poorly fed;  
And, miserably discontented,  
Most fervently poor Dash repented.  
Puss lost her cushion fine and soft,  
And lived within a dreary loft,  
Where no sweet milk and meat were set,  
But mice were all that she could get;  
And there she pined in melancholy,  
Regretting all her upstart folly.  
Had they been somewhat more inclined  
To friendship—sociable and kind;  
Had they put jealousy aside,  
And both laid down their selfish pride,  
Both had escaped such dire disgrace,  
And both had kept their favoured place.

Thus far too often do we see  
Brothers and sisters disagree;  
Too often do we hear loud blaming,  
With ill-bred speech and rude exclaiming;  
And sometimes, while we stand amazed,  
We even see fierce hands upraised;  
Yet very little mutual bending  
Would save a world of harsh contending.

If Puss and Dash had thought of this,  
They would have lived in perfect bliss;  
And long have shared the parlour rug,  
In every comfort warm and snug.

Brothers and sisters, all take warning—  
The lesson must not meet your scorning—  
Never let selfish trifles lead  
To loud dispute and spiteful deed;  
Yield to each other, and be sure  
Your happiness is more secure.

ELIZA COOK.

## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

### II.—GRACE DARLING.

BORN 24TH NOVEMBER, 1815.

no parley with unmanly fears:  
ity bids, she confidently steers;  
housand dangers at its call,  
ting in her God, surmounts them all."  
ten given to human heroism to see  
f its ardour, to taste the fruit of its

self-denial. The subject of the present sketch  
was destined to form an exception to this rule.  
The report of the noble action that immortalized  
her, spread far and wide; praises and money  
were lavished upon her, from noble, and even  
regal, hands: the blessings of those she had

rescued from a terrible death, cast a halo around her, as the sweet incense of flowers hangs about the hand that revives with timely nourishment their drooping leaves.

Grace Darling! How vivid, how graphic a picture rises before us at the very sound of that singularly expressive name!

We can fancy a lone lighthouse, dropped, as it were, into the very midst of the sea. The waves toss and wrangle around it, and at times they even curl up as if to lap the friendly light itself, and, drinking, quench the lustre for ever! Beyond, among the black waters, moves a speck, heaving and disappearing in every fresh struggle with the fearful element. And alone upon the island of the lighthouse, a young girl of delicate form, and strange intelligent countenance, wanders to and fro, clasping her little hands, and murmuring prayers for the safety of the hapless mariners; whilst her father hastens to their assistance; and her mother, gazing from the windows above, watches him, through her tears, and the ever-blinding spray, go forth upon the merciful and perilous errand!

Later on. The child has grown into a woman. Still goes the father on his work of mercy, to succour the shipwrecked sailor, and rescue the half-drowned passenger from the hungry waves that threaten every moment to engulf himself; but a female form gazes with straining eyes upon those frightful billows, watching the rowers as with marvellous dexterity they surmount each wave, cheering onward with earnest hopeful voice, when strength and courage flag. Whenever danger menaces, whenever others shrink aside—in the tempest, and lighted by the thunder-flash, wave the tresses of the ocean-nurtured maiden, damp with the salt foam.

Those who have visited the coast of Northumberland will remember the group of islands, called the Farne or Fern, upon one of which the lighthouse, called the Longstone, is situated. Nothing more desolate and isolated can well be imagined. Like the Eddystone, it is so placed that an interval of weeks sometimes elapses without an opportunity of reaching it from the shore, whilst even those accustomed to the jarring warfare of the elements around the lone and unprotected spot, tremble, despite all their courage, to realize its perilous position.

What an abode for the early years of a child, and that child a girl! Yet here the infancy, nay, the greater part of Grace's short life, was passed. Her books were the shifting clouds and the capricious billows; her pleasures, the

search for strange ocean-shells and tinted seaweeds; her companions, the winged sea-fowl and the melancholy curle would have been wonderful indeed if ordinary circumstances had not made remarkable woman.

Instead, however, of the moroseness an education was likely to engender, the energetic philanthropy early manifested in the sentiments and actions of the lonely, island girl. Around the fire at while the waves sounded a rough lullaby the growling of the distant thunder; thrill like the voice of a shackled but giant the father would relate stories of terrors which had driven many a gallant vessel to the treacherous rocks, whose precipitous appeared beneath the billows to waylay serpents, the unwary; now diving out of anon reappearing, to work some deadly chief, when least expected. Grace would with wild beating heart, or retire to her silent corners, over the fate of gallant battling for life more madly at every storm until, one by one, they sunk to rise no more. Some thirty years before her birth, there had been a noble merchantman from Aberdeen wrecked near, and the details of the often sent the poor child away to her sorrow bed. This recital, and that of other disasters, never seemed to lose their interest for her, however often told, and the intensity of her regret and compassion surprised those who knew the ordinarily quiet unobtrusiveness of her demeanour, and the reserve character the usual expression of her thoughts.

So Grace grew up to woman's estate.

It was the fall of the year 1838. September had arrived, and the evenings were growing and chilly, when the *Forfarshire*, a steamship of small size, but containing a considerable cargo, with passengers and crew to the number of between sixty and seventy persons, sailed for Dundee from the port of Hull.

For a short distance all went well, afterwards became apparent to the passengers that something was wrong, as the vessel approached Flamborough Head. The crew moved up and about, the captain's countenance wore a deep shade of anxiety, and those of the passengers soon reflected it in greater or less degree. It became whispered that a leakage had been discovered in one of the boilers, and the use of the pumps was necessary to prevent the deck from becoming inundated with water.

So considerably was the progress of the



ruined, that it was the evening of the following day before she entered the narrow channel between the shore and the Farne Islands, and passed into the bay of Berwick. It was eight o'clock, the wind threatened a tempest, and the crew, already susceptible of the commotion, found the hapless bark ruthlessly upon their heavy crests.

From this period up to ten o'clock, the scene upon the deck of the *Forfarshire* can hardly be described. Friend gazed upon friend with quivering features; half-formed words escaped, as if from the ebbing bosom of hope; hands sought hand for support, and even rough glances and glances of silent inquiry to each other's face, as the fog gradually surrounded them, shut out all but the melancholy scene around. The leak had now completely set at naught the power of the pumps, the engines were useless, and, in a fearfully short period, it was evident that all control over the vessel was gone.

At the time the rain beat upon the unhappy men who crowded the deck, and strained their anxious eyes to discover some object in the dense mist which enveloped them. Too soon came. A wild cry burst from a dozen whitened faces, as suddenly the lights of the Farne Islands were perceptible, and the captain called out loudly, for their lives, to avoid the breakers, running the vessel into the channel between rocks and the mainland. The sea, however, was the mastery; wildly its billows surged up sides of the frail timbers—all that intervened between them and destruction. Every lurching drove them nearer the milky edge of the sea of land ahead, and at length looming fully above the bows, there appeared a dark rock descending at least a hundred fathoms deep, so frightfully rugged in its black wall, that those who knew the spot, closed their eyes with a sinking feeling of despair.

There was a moment's pause, a dead silence! The next the devoted vessel struck heavily, and the shock brought upon deck those who hitherto remained unconscious of their danger, and who now rushed frantically here and there—some bent on finding a friend or relative, as if to lose in companionship, some of the horrors of the moment; some in search of means of escape; all scarcely hoping, but yet anxious, to take advantage of any mode of salvation.

While the captain, whose wife clung wildly to him, imploring him not to forsake her, gave varied orders no one cared to obey, the sailors

lowered one of the boats, and scarcely had it touched the water, than it was occupied to overflowing. The boiling surges now swept over the decks, and a mighty wave with fearful violence completely lifted the vessel, which fell again with a crashing noise upon the sharp edge, parting the next instant exactly in the midst. One portion, containing the cabin, with its occupants, those on deck, the captain and his wife, with some of the crew, was carried past by the force of the current, while the fore-part still remained crushed upon the rocks,—a sad trophy of the wreck.

It was at this awful moment that a few of the passengers crowded around the windlass, and were joined by the remainder of the crew. There were only eight on deck, of all those who had quitted Hull the previous evening—five sailors and three others; but from the cabin below, through which the waves held on a broken course, there came the heart-rending wail of childhood, still augmenting the horrors of those who heard, powerless to save. A poor woman, folding two infants to her bosom, lay there; but anon the melancholy cries ceased, and silence reigned, broken only by the roar of the triumphant eddy. Darkness came down, and night closed in heavily.

The morning of the 7th of September broke mistily over the lighthouse of the Longstone. Grace, who had passed a night of no ordinary inquietude, rose early, and with her eyes to the glass, sought anxiously to discover some vestiges of the disaster her heart had predicted during the silent hours. She uttered a cry of horror, which was echoed by her parents, as the remains of the shattered vessel met her sight, lying about a mile off; while plainly distinguishable between the rapidly-flowing surges, might be observed human forms clinging to the broken timbers, which seemed as if each succeeding wave must sweep them away for ever!

Grace, her father, and mother, were the only persons at present in the lighthouse. The hearts of all sank. What could they do alone, those three, while the waves were running mountains? Even could they reach the wreck, how return without further assistance, which would be rendered imperative by the state of the tide? The poor girl turned for comfort to her father's countenance. He shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

Up to this time, Grace had never accompanied her father upon any of his humane enterprises. Others had always been at hand, nor had further duty devolved upon her, than

that most willingly imposed by herself, of warning them when danger or distress were at hand, and receiving the sufferers who from time to time arrived, to claim the Longstone's friendly shelter. She knew how to handle an oar, and that was all. A more dangerous mission was now before her; and eloquently she urged her request, for it seemed to her as if the lives of those shipwrecked wretches were in her hand.

The success of Grace's solicitation, so wildly, so desperately urged, was not long doubtful. The father yielded to entreaties which his own heart seconded; and by means of Mrs. Darling's aid, the boat was launched. What must have been her emotion as she beheld her husband and the child so precious to them both, embark upon that raging surf; when she saw Grace exerting every nerve in her haste to assist the practised hand of her father, and each succeeding wave seem more menacing and potent to keep them from the object of their hopes!

By means of unrelaxing toil, and blessed by the assistance of the All-Merciful One, the father and daughter reached the rock, and could clearly observe the expression of the eager countenances turned towards them, in the newly-formed hope of deliverance. The sight redoubled their efforts, and the difficult task of disembarking and drawing the boat up the rock, out of the reach of the waves, was accomplished.

We may imagine the surprise of the sufferers, as they watched the boat—now presenting a means of deliverance, when hope had almost deserted them—near the rock, and deposit its occupants, a man only and a young girl, upon that perilous landing-place. When it was secured where the sharp edges of the stone could not inflict damage, the pair approached the half-dead and thoroughly-drenched group. All were safe, with the exception of the two poor children. Their mother, indeed, was apparently dead also; but care and unceasing attention revived the almost extinct spark, and blew it into a weak and lambent flame, as she relinquished the two poor little lifeless forms that had breathed their last sigh upon her bosom. The nine persons were placed in the boat, and, with the assistance of the sailors, they reached the Longstone Rock, where the kind hands and cordial welcome of the mother of their preserver soon changed their pitiable condition into one of thankful comfort.

To appreciate Grace's heroism in its full degree, it must be remembered that if, upon

reaching the wreck, the occupants of been unable to render assistance in back the boat against the tide, herself; father would have been compelled to there, liable to the danger of sharing t they intended to avert. So high, indeed the billows running, and even later on same terrible day, that the solicitations of charitable persons, backed by the promise of reward, could scarcely prevail upon the a fishing-boat to attempt the succour of left upon the wreck, from the shore. All placed in comparative safety, the violent sea forbade all thoughts of attempting to reach England, and the narrow resourforded by the lighthouse, were put in addition to the utmost, not only to shelter the sufferers, but to find means of hospitality accommodation of a boat's crew from Sunderland, which, after an interval of hours, arrived in search of the devoted shire. Nearly three whole days were spent with the shipwrecked visitors in the lighthouse. Grace's joy was great when the same institution that promised them a transit to England brought intelligence of the safety of nine persons, who had been picked up from the first launched, and taken to Shields.

The character of Grace Darling seems to have been of a nature to appreciate the plaudits which now, through new paragraphs and every other available means, marked the world's recognition of the daring she had so successfully evinced. subscriptions, gifts from high and low, a portrait for her portrait, and the personal kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland who invited her to their castle, and presented her with a watch (perhaps the most valuable of all the testimonials she received, for she wore it constantly afterwards); all these facts produce other than extremely quiet to pleasure, in the heroic girl's demeanour. The reward was to be of another description. This time disease was slowly and tenderly taking her from the world, and teaching her the hollow transitoriness of all earthly possessions. We may fancy the smile with which she rejected an offer made to her by the directors of some London exhibition, a considerable sum of money by sitting in a picture which she had just painted, and stared at in a representation which she had just seen. Invited to the theatre, flattered and caressed by those who sought her in her private station—an attractive snare given to the lowly—Grace preferred to re-

t of the island lighthouse, aiding her  
r in their simple domestic duties. She  
reserved her untiring interest in the  
of the mariners, who grew to regard  
me with the same thrill of delight that  
ould have greeted the friendly warning  
light which shone above her home, a  
to safety and an assurance of sympa-  
care.

cely three years after the date of the  
ack, Grace drooped, and evinced symp-  
f confirmed decline. It was deemed  
le to remove her from her home, and  
under the constant care of a medical  
Bamborough. No improvement taking  
she was induced to try more than one  
abode; but all alike proved unavail-  
d eventually, after a short sojourn at  
k, she acceded to her father's desire,

returned to Bamborough to her relatives, with  
the internal conviction that her days were  
drawing to a close, and within a few months,  
calmly and humbly, as she had lived, she passed  
away.

The lesson of Grace Darling's life still  
speaks. She has left behind her a monument  
of heroism that the storm of time can never  
destroy. The memory of her deed has been  
written on the hearts of thousands; her ex-  
ample has been emulated by heroic men at  
every point of our island home; and whenever,  
as recently, in the inscrutable providence of  
God the noble self-sacrificing daring of our  
brave boatmen issues fatally to themselves, we  
may be sure English hearts will be prepared to  
minister with no sparing hand to the bountiful  
supply of the necessities of those who mourn  
their loss. O.

### MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

ETY is worth more in a beautiful, well-  
village, than on a bleak, sunburnt, un-  
plain. He who has no regard for the  
nce of his own premises, not only sinks  
ue of his own property, but also sinks  
ue of the property of his neighbours.  
likes to live in the sight of ugliness. On  
er hand, he who makes his own home  
ve, contributes to the rising value of all  
ion around him. He is thus a public  
tor, contributing not merely to the  
ation of the taste of those who look  
s improvements, but adding to the real  
able value of the property in his vicinity.  
ot think that we are here urging expense  
ose who are ill able to afford it. No  
so poor but that he can have a flowering  
a his yard. No man is so poor but that  
plant a few trees before his dwelling.  
is so poor, that he must have his pig-  
his front door. We only contend that  
nan should exercise that taste which  
s given to every man. And though we  
t be able to vie with the rich in the  
r of our dwellings, the lowliest cottage  
embellished with loveliness, and the  
industry and of neatness may make it  
full of attractions. Let there once be

formed in the heart of man an appreciation of  
the beautiful, and the work is done. Year  
after year, with no additional expense, the  
scene around him will be assuming new aspects  
of beauty.

Say not, I am not the owner of house or  
lands, and therefore I have nothing to do. All  
are but tenants-at-will. We are all soon to  
leave, to return no more. Wherever you dwell,  
even if it be in your own hired house but one  
short year, be sure and leave your impress  
behind you—be sure and leave some memorial  
that you have been there. The benevolent  
man will love to plant a tree beneath whose  
shade the children of strangers are to play. It  
does the heart good to sow the seed, when it is  
known that other lips than yours shall eat the  
fruit.

Neither think that this is a question without  
its moral issues. The love of home is one of  
the surest safeguards of human virtue, and he  
who makes home so pleasant that his children  
love it, that in all the wanderings of subsequent  
life they turn to it with delight, does very much  
to guide their steps away from all the haunts  
of dissipation, and to form in them a taste  
for those joys which are most ennobling.—  
*Hibberd's Gardener's Magazine.*

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### II.—NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.



ALMOST touching the equator on the south, and on the north losing itself in snowy peaks of unmeasured height, with a climate that passes from the extreme of tropical heat to arctic cold, the peninsula of India is an "epitome of the world," and its natural productions answer in variety and value to this diversity of climate and soil.

Within the prescribed limit of a single paper it will only be possible very briefly to notice the principal of these natural productions. Mr. Ward, in his work on "India," has treated of them at length, and we cannot do better than give our readers a digest of the information he has gathered together.

#### ZOOLOGY.

The *Elephant* abounds throughout the moist forests of Southern Bengal, a portion of the western Ghats and the base of the Himalaya Mountains. Vast droves tenant the forests of Ceylon, where they are captured for their massive trunks of valued ivory, and for transportation to the continent, there to become the auxiliary of armies, the pride of princes, and the servant of merchants. In the temples of the land may be seen from one to ten of these animals, ready for use in imparting *éclat* to religious processions and marriage festivities. The elephant has been much used by the Europeans and native princes in hunting the tiger; but the sport is attended with great danger, and is repulsive to this naturally mild and timid animal, though in the contest it is usually the victor, receiving its enemy on its tusks, tossing it into the air, and standing ready to stamp its ponderous foot upon it so soon as it reaches the ground.

The *Rhinoceros* exceeds the elephant in clumsiness of figure, and is not much inferior in size and weight. The leading feature of interest in its physical structure is the horn

upon its nose, which projects not unfrequently thirty inches upward. So long as the animal is quiet, this appendage lies loose between the nostrils; but when excited, the muscular tension is so great that it becomes immovably fixed, and can be darted into a tree to the depth of several inches. From the earliest times this horn has been regarded as an antidote against poison. Goblets made from it were much in use among the Hindoo princes, because, when poisonous liquids were poured into them, the noxious qualities were, it was thought, certain of betrayal, by a brisk effervescence. In some of the northern districts, attempts have been made to render this animal available for carrying travellers and burdens, but with little success. Bishop Heber mentions meeting with one which was so tame as to allow a howdah and driver upon its back. The rhinoceros lives in Bengal, and the lower ranges of the Himalayas; feeding on coarse grass and other vegetable substances, especially those containing much succulent matter; seeking amidst mud and water protection from the scorching heat; disposed to be at peace with the tiger and its other neighbours, but when provoked becoming a furious and deadly foe.

The *Wild Boar* still roams the jungles of India, and to hunt it is one of the field sports to which foreigners are enthusiastically attached; though the ardour has somewhat abated during later years.

*Camels* are found in large droves throughout Guzerat, Patna, and Mooltan; and, like the elephant, are made serviceable to the merchant, the traveller, and the warrior.

Two species of *Bear* are common in India, of which the kind inhabiting the Ghats is hardly exceeded in ferocity of temper by the tiger or hyena. The second, or *Ursine*, which makes its appearance in the forests of Oude, Orissa, the Carnatic and Coremandel, is far more mild and harmless.

Ward quotes an account given by a European traveller of an escape from the fatal jaws of the former species, which indicates forethought and ingenuity on the part of the attentive attendant.

In gaining the summit of a hill which overhung precipices, a bear started from a recess in a surrounding covert, and advanced, evidently with hostile intentions, towards us. I was about to fire, when one of my guides motioned me to desist, giving me to understand that he would attack the enemy alone. Almost upon the extreme edge of the precipice stood a tall tree with vertical branches, very inelastic. The hill-man approached the bear, then withdrew its attention from me towards him, when he adroitly sprang upon the tree, as followed by the exasperated beast. Having reached the upper branches, the man slipped a strong rope from the top of the limb upon which he stood, and at the same time dropping the reverse end upon the ground. This was instantly seized by another man, who, pulling with all his strength, drew the rope down until the branch projected horizontally in a horizontal line from the stem. This done, the mountaineer crept cautiously as near the edge as he safely could, followed as cautiously by the bear: but so soon as he saw his angry foe upon the bough, he dexterously let himself down by a rope to the ground. The bear thus unexpectedly deprived of its victim made an effort to retrace its steps, but sooner had it relaxed its grasp of the bough for its purpose, than the hill-man suddenly cut the rope which had been securely tied to a tree, and the bear instantly gained its original position with irresistible momentum. The suddenness and force of the recoil shook the disappointed and angry bear from its hold, elancing it, like the fragment of a lance, into the empty air, from whence, uttering a hoarse groan, it was hurled over the precipice, and with a dull crash upon the rocks below, food for beasts and birds of prey."

The *Deer* tribe India contains many species. The *Antelope*, which occupies the place of the lion in the Indian zodiac, and in size and form resembles the Arabian gazelle, the national emblem of maiden beauty, is found over the entire peninsula, and is remarkable for its elasticity of bound, symmetry of figure, and the lustre of its full and hazel eye. The *deer* is a nocturnal animal, of a solitary disposition, dwelling among the elevated ranges of the Himalaya Mountains. The perfume for which it is hunted is contained in a bag beneath its tail, and is removed from the creature while alive; otherwise it is taken up by the hunter, and thus lost to the hunter, and the animal throughout rendered unfit for food.

The *Ceylon deer* is the smallest of the cervine tribe, being about the size of a fox, and furnished with exquisitely-formed legs, scarcely larger than a lady's finger. The common *Roebuck* makes its home among the crags and ravines of the western frontier. The *Giraffe* is occasionally met with in the north-western provinces.

Among the *Goat* tribe, by far the most noted and valuable is the species spread throughout Thibet, and in the valley of Cashmere, from the wool of which are made the shawls of world-wide fame. The Empress Aurungzebe had one of so delicate texture that she could draw it through the ring of her finger. Goats of a more common kind are numerous throughout the country, being kept for their flesh, milk, and skins. *Sheep* are numerous, and their flesh much used as an article of food.

The *Indian Buffalo* is large and ungainly, with long, rough horns, lying back almost upon its shoulders, its dark skin, covered with hair short and wiry, its eyes dull and unmeaning, its gait slow and measured. But for all these disagreeable and repulsive features there is the compensation of great utility for the plough and heavy draught, while the female furnishes milk from which is made a butter much used in culinary preparations. The buffalo is well adapted to amphibious life, delighting in the long, rank pasture which springs up in moist and undrained lands, and lying for hours submerged almost to the muzzle beneath the cooling waters.

The *Cow*, as first created of all animals, is held in highest veneration by pious Hindoos, and to kill it is the last of pardonable offences. Several years ago, a king of Travancore, in order to atone for his cruelties, caused a *colossal golden cow* to be made, through the body of which he passed with profoundest reverence, and made it the era from which all his edicts were dated. The rock from beneath which the Ganges takes its rise is supposed to be a petrified cow, and the orifice is called the "cow's mouth."

The *Brahmin Bull* claims a special notice. These creatures are consecrated when calves to the divinity Siva, whose emblem is usually painted upon their haunches and forehead. They are allowed full liberty to go where they please and feed upon what they like. One is always to be seen near the bazaar, where it unceremoniously appropriates to itself grain, grass, hay, or whatever takes its fancy; the owner bearing the depredation with religious

patience, believing that to inflict upon it a blow would insure the divine displeasure. They are the greatest pests with which the country is annoyed, and respect to national prejudices alone saves them from the fatal bullet of the vexed foreigner.

The *Yak* roams over the mountainous regions of Bootan and Thibet, and is domesticated throughout the central parts of the Peninsula.

*Horses* are numerous throughout India, those of highest value being brought from Arabia, the Cape of Good Hope, and England. They are not used for drawing conveyances except within the city or town limits, long journeys being performed in palanquins, or spring carts, drawn by oxen.

*Mules* are common, the country over, and are serviceable in conveying burdens, especially salt and rice.

India abounds with *Monkeys*. In addition to a favourable climate and agreeable food, a reason for this abundance may be found in the fact that the monkey is held in religious esteem. Temples of magnificent structure and gorgeous decoration have been erected in its honour, one of which, when plundered by the Portuguese on the island of Ceylon, contained the tooth of an ape, encased in pure gold. In such esteem was this relic held by the natives, that they offered 700,000 ducats for its ransom. At Ahmenabad, the capital of Guzerat, there are three hospitals for monkeys, where the sick and lame are fed and nursed by salaried medical attendants. City, town, and village, throng with these mischievous, chattering, and amusing specimens of mock humanity.

The species most common in India, are the *Gibbon*, or long-armed, the *Entellus*, or long-tailed, the *Wanderer*, and the *Togul*. A few specimens of the *Ourang Outang* have been met with in the central regions.

*Bats* of various size are numerous, and to the traveller, in his Bungalow, exceedingly annoying. Some of them are furnished with wings, which, when outstretched, measure five feet from tip to tip.

*Porcupines* extensively inhabit the mountainous ranges, and the long quills with which they are furnished, and which they annually shed, are gathered by the natives, and used for beautifying boxes and dresses, in the same way as by our American Indians, but more perfectly wrought.

The *Mongoose* is about the size of a weasel, and is the only creature that dares attack the cobra de capella. If bitten, it runs into the

neighbouring wood, feeds, it is thought, upon some antidote, and returns to the combat. The animal is domesticated, and trained to guard the sleeping infant from snakes and vermin while the mother is at work in the field.

Among various kinds of *Squirrel* the *Malabar* holds a first rank. It measures from fourteen to twenty inches in length, is furnished with fine bushy tail, and moves with much ease and gracefulness.

*Hares*, *Rabbits*, and *Martins*, find a home in the northern districts, while *Civets*, *Badgers*, *Racoons*, and *Ichneumons* hunt the rats, bats, and larger serpents.

Among the CARNIVOROUS QUADRUPEDES India the *Tiger* holds a distinguished place. It makes its home amid the jungles of Bengal and the mountain ranges of the northern and central districts, where it roams free and fearless, finding no animal daring to measure strength with it, except, occasionally, the elephant and rhinoceros. In the province of Khandesh one thousand and thirty-two of these fierce creatures were killed between the years 1825 and 1829, as given in official reports. The hunt the tiger, mounted upon the lofty elephant, was once a favourite sport with native princes and foreign residents; but its extreme danger has led to its general abandonment. Its bound of the tiger, when springing upon its prey, is tremendous, extending to an almost incredible distance. It is from this spring that the animal gets its name. He, as it were, "shoots himself at his prey;" and *tiger*, in the Arminian language, signifies the *arrow*, the name also given to the River *Tigris*, on account of its velocity. In many of the Indian languages the name of tiger is *Tippoo*.

*Lions* exist in vast numbers throughout the provinces of Saharampoor and Loodiana, some of them equalling in size those at the Cape. A maneless species is so numerous in Guzerat, that an English officer killed eleven in one month. The Bengal lion has the mane magnificently developed, attains a very large stature, and displays equal courage with that of its African relative.

*Panthers* and *Leopards* tenant the jungly and hilly districts of the peninsula, and are hunted for their beautiful skins, which are used by religious mendicants and government officers. A species of leopard called the *Cheetah*, with limbs long and slender, is trained to aid the hunter in his field and jungle sports. One of them, after being blinded and chained, is placed

art and carried far out into the field, when the hunter sees an antelope or deer, the head of the Cheetah in that place, he removes the blinds and chains, it to move, as its instinct suggests, stealthily towards its victim. When coming sufficiently near, it makes a few long springs, seizes its prey by the throat, will not relax its hold till the owner is away by pieces of meat and a draught of blood.

The Canine tribes inhabiting India, a place belongs to the *Jackal*. The animal does not journey far into the interior becoming acquainted with its cries (resembling the scream of a deepest distress), arousing him from sleep by its unwonted sounds. So soon as they commence their predatory visits to the villages, seizing upon fowls and domestic animals, carrying away carcasses and offal, thus uniting the work of the thief with the good offices of the scavenger.

The *Spotted Hyena* resides in the caverns of rocks and clefts of rocks or in dens, where it comes forth with more strength than the wolf, following the flocks, open sheepcotes at night, and commences with an insatiable voracity. Instances the hyena has become tame and domestic like the dog.

The *Caracal* lives in the northern provinces, makes his appearance in the *Ounce* is found in all the central and the Deccan, and in Guzerat.

Most remarkable of the canine animals is the *Thibet Dog*, a gigantic kind of which inhabits the table-lands of the north. It is used as a watch dog, for it is well adapted by its size, strength, and docility of temper. The domestic dog is mean in appearance and destitute of those noble traits which belong to the wild relative.

REPTILES of India include various species from the *Crocodile* to the harmless

lizard like unto a crocodile, of a sad, slow, and but a little creature, the *Gharial* presents itself mostly to the eye, and is in no wise hurtful," is a description of the *Lizard*, which, though quaint, is not graphic. Measuring from three to six inches in length, having feet so shaped

as to allow of creeping safely and rapidly upon the sides and ceiling of the smoothest wall, it feeds upon flies and insects, which it approaches with a slow and cautious tread, and transfixes with a sudden thrust of its sharp and forked tongue. To look upward and see a half-dozen of these reptiles creeping upon the polished ceiling is not at all agreeable to a new comer; while to have one fall upon the hand when writing or reading sends a chill through the frame not to be coveted. But the alarm is not all on one side, for the animal makes such a descent solely by a mistake, and were it possible, would certainly apologize for this intrusion, as he rectifies his error in the very practical manner of making himself off with the greatest possible speed. A few of these harmless creatures find their home upon every wall, remaining concealed behind a mirror or other suspended frame during the day, and coming forth at night to seize upon their tiny prey. In some parts of the country there is a large green lizard called the *Gecko*, named from its favourite and habitual sound, and in distinction from the last mentioned, containing a bag filled with poison, with which it can suffuse its victim and produce death, unless the part be removed.

*Scorpions* abound of various sizes and colour. An elongated body terminates in a slender tail, formed of several joints, the last of which ends in a small conical bag containing the poisonous fluid, to which is attached a tubular sting, through which it is thrown into the object it seeks to harm. This tail is carried above the body when the animal is walking, and is projected beyond the front of the head when put to harmful use. The wound is painful though seldom destructive, ammonia being the most successful curative. It is a timid creature, flying rapidly from impending danger, and never using its sting except as a means of defence, or to secure food.

*Centipedes* are found in similar localities with the scorpion, and are at times more than a foot long and thick as a man's finger, having two sharp teeth with which they inflict wounds painful and dangerous.

Dr. Russel, an eminent scholar in zoology, has described forty-three distinct species of *Snakes* common in India. Among the seven which are poisonous, there is one, the *Cobra de Capella*, that is dreaded beyond any object with which our earth is cursed. In length from three to six feet, in circumference about two inches, its head is small, and covered on

the forepart with large smooth scales, just below which is a dilatation of the skin which is capable of being raised or depressed at the pleasure of the animal. When irritated, the skin is expanded and elevated like a hood; hence the name of "hooded snake." The animal never bites so long as this outer skin is folded, but its erection, with an accompanying hiss, is a signal of aggression and peril; *peril*, for let the minutest globule of the concentrated poison find its way into the system and death must ensue. Lunar caustic, though efficacious as remedial to the bite of the viper, is found of little or no avail as a counteraction to the venom of the cobra. Jugglers carry them about the country for exhibition and reward, keeping them in subjection by the power of music. By the natives they are regarded with religious reverence, and the title of "good snake" is that by which they are usually designated.

The *Crocodile of the Ganges* is distinguished from the Nilotic species by its projecting eyes, and narrow, elongated muzzle. Its teeth are many, and disposition carnivorous. *Alligators* are common in the rivers of the north, especially the Ganges, upon the shores of which they are ever seen basking in the rays of the sun.

India swarms with INSECTS. This arises chiefly from the warmth of the climate, there being no portion of the year throughout the largest districts when the cold is sufficient to destroy the minutest animal life.

"Let a house," writes Mr. Ward, "remain closed for a few weeks, and upon opening the door and windows, the reader, were he there, would observe several things which would startle, if not terrify him. Turning his eye upward he would see two, three, or more lizards (before referred to) seemingly ready to make a descent upon him. Looking downward he would observe the mat covered with innumerable tiny, black *ants* moving in all directions with business-like order and speed. If there be a table in the room, he would notice the upright post provided with an encircling brass cup, into which water or oil may be poured, and thus the food be guarded from the attacks of these intruders, and a like precaution with the bedsteads, bureaus, and safes. He would observe the bookcase standing at a little remove from the wall, to protect it from the ravages of the *white ant*, that marvel in natural history. Though small and apparently harmless, they are the most destructive creatures with which we are acquainted. Nothing but stone or mortar can resist their power of devastation. Moving just beneath the surface, mole-like, they enter by myriads a table, box of books, chest of clothes, or whatever be left exposed

to their intrusion, and cease not their work of destruction until nothing is left but the bare shell must be placed upon a stone or some metallic three to four inches in height; books must be Russia leather, or often removed and benches of dwellings must be saturated with tar; a guard against one of the tiniest, most insidious looking, and yet most formidable of the animal kingdom. Let the visitor beware how he lifts up a corner of the mat, lest the sting of a concealed *scorpion* him repent the incautious act, or a *snake* threatening crest. Let him wait till evening and a light is brought into the room, and if it is the right season of the year, a cloud of *winged* make their entrance encircling the lamp in a swarm, some just burning their feet upon the lampshade, others more boldly flying right into the flame there to meet their death. In an hour or so they disappear, leaving their wings on the wall, adopting the more humble mode of *creeping* of the less aspiring brethren. Let him go out the morning, and the native lad will be seen, bag in hand, gathering from their hiding places these visitors, from which is made a *curry* more than turtle soup to an alderman! If he retires without the shelter of a muslin hanging over his couch the music and fang of the *mosquito* forbid repose. If upon rising he take not the precaution of looking into his shoes, his foot may come in contact with a scorpion or small snake. Close his eyes around during the day, he would see them fly without number. Opening a drawer, a cloud of *roaches* will manifest their terror by a rapid withdrawal from notice. The *wasp* will be passing up and down the Venetian blind in search of food, and the *locust* will pierce the ear with shrill notes. These statements may give to a resident a no very pleasant impression of a residence in the Eastern clime. I state but facts, admitting, that there is such a thing as becoming so accustomed to these sights that they may be seen and heard with but slight effect upon the weakest nerves. Precautions are needful in protecting person and property from their painful and destructive visit. The eye becomes so habituated to seeing them in great numbers, that no special emotions are awakened as long as they keep at a respectful distance."

At night *Fireflies* glitter among the branches of the Banyan tree, or dance around the fruit of the tamarind, producing a singular but beautiful effect. *Bees* abound in hilly districts, their nests in hollow trees and rocky crevices, and yielding a honey of but inferior quality. The *Silkworm* produces materials for silks greatly used in years past, but confine them to Brahmins, Mohammedans, and the wealthy of the natives. The *Termite* produces a substance which yields a beautiful varnish and was much used before the discovery



l. Within another insect is an article of, which is much used in fabricating, and other ornaments of female, hills, seven and more feet in circumference, and five and six feet high, are set with upon the plains, especially districts. Bishop Heber remarks, the pyramids, when the comparative those who reared them is taken into the are as nothing compared to the works of termites. The counterpart of one of is as if a nation should set to work upon an artificial Snowdon, and bore it in and galleries."

birds of India, though less splendid than those of South America, are, in as remarkable for plumage, symmetry and sweetness of tone.

we the Condor, occasionally met with extreme northern regions, measuring it between the tips of its outspread the Vulture, equalling in size a large Eagle, esteemed sacred on the Marit; the Finch-Falcon of Bengal; the Shrike, also a native of Bengal, and king of the crows," because of its assaults upon that tamer and weaker Jocose Shrike, named from its lively and amusing manners, and known to the Hafiz as the Bulbul or Pertingale; the Mina or Grakle, most guist of the feathered tribes; the Grakle, remarkable for its destruction; the Pagoda Thrush, so called from its occurrence among the pagodas of Coromandel; the King Fisher; the hottest parts of the continent; the pecker, ranging the whole country from the southern Cape to the sombre forests of Malaya; Parrots of various kinds and in number; the Peacock, which roams at large through the forests of the Peninsula; the Pheasant; the Quail and of various species; the Passarage highly esteemed on account of the fine flavour of its flesh; the Golden Pheasant of Coromandel; the Gigantic djutant, a voracious creature, devouring a meal what would satisfy four men, as a scavenger in clearing the streets and regarded with superstitious reverence supposed to be possessed of the power of Brahmans; the Pondicherry and Heron, which last is also common of the Ganges and other Indian

rivers; the Bengal Snipe; the Horned Turkey of Bengal, with a fleshy, blue, callous substance behind each eye, giving it the full effect of a horned animal; the Pearly-plumaged Gull; the Black-backed Goose; with many species of the Duck kind, and Poultry such as are found in the farmyards of the western continent.

The reader must consult treatises on ornithology for a more extended acquaintance with the peculiarities of structure and habit of these various tribes.

India being almost surrounded by water, is supplied with a variety of excellent FISH, among which may be named the Pomfret, of a flavour more delicate than the turbot; the Robal, the Scir Fish, the Bumbalo, which, when dried, forms a principal article of food among the Lascars, or Hindoo sailors; the pale brown Eel, King of the Herrings, more than eight feet in length; the Russelian Gymnetris, the Remora, which is employed by the natives in capturing the tortoise; the Dolphin, distinguished by the splendour of its varying hues; the insidious Dory, inhabiting the rivers and other fresh waters, which, when perceiving a flying insect hovering over the water, shoots out a jet of water from its tubular mouth so suddenly, and with such unerring aim, as to tumble the insect in a stupified state upon the surface of the stream; the Unicorn Acantharus; the Climbing Sparus, which moves at pleasure up the trunks of trees growing by the waterside, remaining hours out of water; the Soher, with pre-eminent flavour and beauty; the Whrahl, inhabiting the lakes, and much esteemed as a nutritious and healthful food for invalids; the Leopard Mackerel, the Flying Gurnard, which swim in shoals, ever and anon darting into the air, and making its way to a considerable distance; the Carp; and the Mangoe Fish, called by the natives Topsy Muchee, and regarded by Europeans as the most delicate food brought into market, and is, therefore, dried and salted for sale; with several lesser species not worthy of special notice. India does not excel in the character of its Shell-fish, though the number is great. Oysters and Lobsters are abundant, but of an inferior flavour. Crabs are large, palatable, and often dressed for the table of the European. Tanks swarm with small Land Crabs, which are eaten only by the more indigent natives. The Pearl Oyster inhabits the straits of Manaar, between the Continent and Ceylon, and is obtained by diving. These beds are less abundant and valuable than in former years,

yet still yielding a revenue to Government and wealth to individuals. The *shells* to be found upon the shores of India are world renowned, and need no particular mention. A valve of the *Tridacna Gigas*, the largest shell known, presented to Francis I. of France, is used as a baptismal font, in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris.

#### BOTANY.

A few facts must suffice upon the Botany of India. The vegetable productions of a country so extensive, and with such varieties of temperature and soil as those in Hindostan, must be very numerous and diverse. The herbarium in the museum of the East India Company, contains about nine thousand species, which would be greatly multiplied were the whole country to be searched with the diligence and zeal that portions have already been.

The vales of Cashmere, Delhi, and Serinagur, abound with varieties of the *Rose* and the flowering *Jessamine*. In addition to these, we find in different parts of the country the elegant *Atimuca*; the *Tchambaga*, much used for adorning the hair and perfuming the clothes; the *Miscenda*, with its white leaves and blood-red flowers; the *Ixora*, which, from boughs six feet in height, exhibits its scarlet and yellow tufts of bloom, enlivening the foliage of the wood; the *Sindrimal*, opening at four in the evening and closing at four in the morning; the *Nyctanthes Sambac*, with which the Hindoos perfume their hair before retiring to rest; the *Nagatalli*, which creeps along the walls, covering them with its foliage, together with various species of the *Violet*, *Primrose*, *Buttercup*, *Lily*, etc., which are chiefly found on the mountain sides or deep valleys.

The chief food of the frugal Hindoo is *RICE*, in which all the provinces abound. Wheat, barley, maize, and millet, are also grown, especially wheat, which is the prevailing crop throughout the northern districts. Peas, beans, and several vegetable species, unknown in this western world, are met with in the uplands, as also potatoes and many kinds of berries. Commerce is indebted to India for indigo, opium, flax, hemp, tobacco, sarsaparilla, jalap, cotton, anise, betel, saffron, sesamum, many dyes, besides various reeds and canes. These are cultivated with different degrees of success throughout the peninsula.

Among the forest *TREES* of India, the first place in utility, and far from the last in majestic beauty, belongs to the *Teak*, a hard and almost

incorruptible timber, fitted to supply timber of the oak in ship-building. For application, rapid growth and durability *Bamboo* occupies the next place. It attains to the height of sixty feet in a single year, acquires a diameter of more than six inches at the base, is tough, strong, firm, and light, and may be made to answer a variety of useful purposes. Various species of *Palmyra* give a character to the scenery of India, and furnish the inhabitants with many products. Of this large tribe the *Coconut tree* holds the first place. Our limits forbid enumeration of the various uses to which the tree is appropriated, and it must suffice to say that not a portion is allowed to remain idle. The *great Fan Palm* furnishes roofs for native cottages. The *smaller Fan Palm* yields toddy, an intoxicating liquor much used among the lower class of natives, and leaves upon which letters, etc., are written with the iron style. The *Babul tree* is the most beautiful and ornamental in India, its flowers emitting a delightful fragrance. Its timber, much esteemed where light and strength are required. To these may be added the *Sandal-wood tree*, which grows in the western part of Mysore, and is exported to Europe and China: and to close the list, the *Fig* or *Banyan*, which stretches its branches and holy shade not only over the houses and choultries, but over serpents and venomous creatures, an emblem of benevolence, the nature which sustains and blesses the human race. This tree is regarded with homage by the Hindoos, believing, as they do, that the birth-place of their god, Vishnu, is beneath its overspreading branches: images are erected near it and placed under its shade. On the banks of the river Narmada stands a tree of this venerated species, which measures two thousand feet around its principal stems, the larger trunks of which are three hundred and fifty, and the smallest exceed three thousand.

Our fruit trees, as the apple, pear, apricot, peach, walnut, almond, etc., are more numerous in the northern provinces, while the southern districts abound in mangoes, guavas, figs, custard apple, limes, lemons, but not (these being confined to the northern and Ceylon), pine apple, and shaddock. Himalaya Mountains trees are sometimes of enormous size, measuring twenty feet in diameter, more than a hundred and fifty in height, and exhibiting a sheer branchless trunk of

ented by a vast crest which waves about  
gigantic canopy.

#### MINERALS.

pect to *Mineral wealth* India is one of  
est of known countries. Grains of *Gold*  
be found in the bed of many of the  
n rivers, while rich mines of the same  
ore and of *Silver* occur in the Carnatic,  
and Bengal. There are *Copper mines*  
ountains of Kumaon, and in the pro-  
f Agra and Ajmere. *Iron* is common  
out the peninsula. Assam and the  
m Mountains furnish large quantities

of *Lead*. Some mines of *Tin* are worked in the  
district of Ajmere. *Zinc* is exported in large  
quantities from India to England. *Quicksilver*  
and *Antimony* are found in a few places. This,  
too, is the land of the *Diamond, Ruby, Sapphire,*  
*Amethyst, Onyx,* and other precious stones.  
And in this country are quarries of *Marble* and  
*Alabaster,* of *Sulphur, Coal* and *Naptha,* of  
common *Salt* and *Saltpetre*. Tradition has  
hardly exaggerated in the accounts it has  
transmitted to us respecting the minerals and  
metals, the precious stones and gems of heaven-  
favoured Ind.

## Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

### A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE  
THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY  
PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.



HE present series of interest-  
ing stories, gathered from the  
Book of Nature, may be con-  
sidered as a sequel to my two  
former volumes of a like kind,  
"Anecdotes in Natural His-  
tory" and "Records of Animal Sagacity."

I am anxious in those publications to plead  
for the dumb, and to show how well  
animals are of more humane and kind  
than too often, alas! falls to their  
share—shown, and showed abundantly,  
—and the same applies to other ani-  
mals, more or less to all—possess, in addi-  
tion to natural endowments, qualities—good  
—of every kind that give a character  
—inness to the moral nature of man. I  
now intend to show again, how  
easily, in many, nay, in numberless  
instances, they have displayed the virtues, if  
I be allowed to call them, of courage,  
fidelity, affection, love, friendship,

kindness, good temper, fortitude, confidence,  
docility, prudence, gratitude, attachment, duty,  
trust, and many others, as well as the faculties  
of imitation, recollection, calculation, and  
cleverness, in addition to reasoning powers of  
no mean order, and even jealousy of favour  
shown to another.

This last-named trait of character we can  
see for ourselves in any house in the country  
where two dogs are together, and in one in-  
stance it has gone so far, as I have shown, as  
to exhibit itself in an act of violence in con-  
sequence, which though I do not mean to  
excuse either in dog or man, yet I may fairly  
adduce as a proof of the reality of the existence  
of the temper of mind I have mentioned.

Will any one tell me what good moral quali-  
ties more than these man possesses, or that he  
even has these always in equal strength and  
power with the instances I have adduced, and  
mean still to adduce, of their possession by  
animals?

"Histories," says Pope, "are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." "That most quadrupeds," says another writer, "have all the bodily senses that man has, and that many of them feel the various passions by which our humanity is distinguished, would seem to be no matter of disputation; for even insects exhibit the emotions of fear, anger, sorrow, joy, and desire, and many of them express these passions by sounds peculiar to themselves." Dupont de Nemours imagined he understood the language of beasts and birds. He actually published "Translations of the Songs of the Nightingale," and "The Crow's Dictionary," "Chansons du Rossignol," and "Le Dictionnaire des Corbeaux." Montaigne will have it that beasts have language, "and if we do not understand it, it is not their fault." Milton imagines Adam master of the language of animals:—

"Know'st thou not

Their language and their ways? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly."

One short story only of myself before I go *in medias res*. I was dining some years ago, as a magistrate for the East Riding, with the judges at York; and whereas on previous similar occasions there had been several magistrates present, and the conversation animated and agreeable, on the day in question the whole party consisted of only the two judges, their two "Marshals," a Church dignitary, one other magistrate, and myself.

The evening went on very heavily, and though the judges, in the most kind and gentleman-like manner, did their best to promote conversation, and we did the same, the conversation flagged, and dulness was the order of the day. At last the happy thought occurred to me to broach the subject of Natural History. I did so, and from that moment all went on as merrily as a marriage-bell, so that one could hardly get a word in edgeways, and as pleasant an evening was passed as need have been desired.

I venture to hope that my readers will thus be carried pleasantly through the pages I have taken in hand, and will find most of the anecdotes and stories I have to relate as interesting as they will be new to them.

The lion's share must be given to the dog, well described by Byron, as,

"In life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone."

## THE DOG.

### I.

Among the Grampian mountains the glens chiefly inhabited by shepherds, pasture on which their flocks range in every direction for many miles. It is business of the shepherd to visit such the different extremities of his pastures to turn back any of the flock that straying to those of his neighbours.

It is a common practice with the landers to accustom even their very children to the rigours of the climate on one occasion a shepherd took with him of about three years old. To have extensive view, he ascended a summit of distance, and as this was too fatiguing child he left it at the foot of the mountain charging him not to stir till his return scarcely had he reached the top when the mists came on which frequently rapidly on these mountains as in a few almost to change day into night.

He instantly hastened back to find his child but owing to the darkness, and his own confusion, he missed his way, searched in vain the morasses and cataracts of the mountain and was at length overtaken by night. Last as he wandered on he came to the edge of the mist, and found by the moonlight that he was within a short distance of his child. Further pursuit now appeared fruitless and dangerous, and he returned home, having not only his child but his dog, who had fully attended him for years.

At the break of day the shepherd accompanied by several of his neighbours, went in quest of his child, but without success. On returning to the cottage, at the appointed night, he found that his dog had been with him and had instantly left it on receiving a cake; and so it was for several successive times. He therefore determined to remain one day, and on the dog departing, with his cake, he followed him, to the cause of so strange a procedure.

The dog now led the way to a cat's paw bank of which almost joined at the top, separated by an abyss of immense descent, presenting a spectacle at once astonishing and appalling, and down one of these rugged almost perpendicular descents it passed, and at length entered a cave, the entrance of which was almost on a level with the ground. It was with difficulty that the shepherd followed but on entering he beheld, with feelings

described, his child eating the cake the dog had just brought.

## II.

My mother's father, General W——, hounds at Stanhope, in the county of Kent sent a hound to a gentleman and sportsman in Surrey. The dog was sent (from Sunderland I believe) to London whence it was conveyed to its master in Surrey.

One day, General W—— received from his friend thanking him for the hound which was approved of, stating that after being kept some time in the country had been taken out hunting, that he was in pack, &c., but after the hunt was over disappeared. Either before or after the dog was received (but I think before), the dog at General W——'s heard either a bark at the door, when one of them said, "Why, that's so-and-so" (naming the dog), and on opening the door, there, sure enough, he was!

This animal, without the possibility of being lost on the road, had not only found his way to London, but in taking the right direction after crossing the Thames, must have been led by instinct or observation, or both. Marvellous as are the impulses of a dog to instinct alone, I am convinced that the reasoning powers of dogs are far beyond our conception of them; but can it be that they observe, so as to remember, the position of the sun, &c.?

## III.

Aquest has recently been held at Kent, on the body of Elizabeth aged six years. She was left in a room on the ground floor, at No. 10, Ashford Street, with two younger children, by their mother who had gone out to market. By accident she had set herself on fire, and screamed a little dog jumped through a pane of glass into the room; and on the instant returned, which was in a few minutes, with him tearing away the child's clothes with his mouth and paws. Upon his seeing her, he went up to her and laid hold of her to draw her towards the child. The child was removed to the infirmary, but died of the effects of the injuries. Verdict, "Fatal death."

## IV.

They show an abhor indecision in their masters.

When once you have ordered a dog to do a thing, be firm, though mild, and persevere till the end is attained.

If twenty persons in a room were conversing, and my little dog "Minnie" appeared fast asleep, yet the moment I uttered a word she would draw up her limbs, "shrug" them as people say, with pleasure, and repeat this on hearing my voice after each cessation for a time. She would follow no one but me, and was always delighted to see me take my hat, or hear any one say I wanted the hat, or was going for a walk: yet I could, without any set form of words, or any peculiar form of emphasis, and by the mere ordinary remark that I should not be able to have her with me—I could, I say, be quite sure she would not attempt to follow me. To gratify the curiosity of friends, I would let her start with us, and get perhaps part of the way into town, yet she would, at the least hint in words, without waive of the hand, sink her tail and go back. Then I would perhaps say, "Well, I don't know, I think you may go, if you'll be a very good dog." She would be in an instant all animation.

I am aware this is not actual reasoning, but it is instinct of higher order than non-observers give animals credit for.

She would never offer to follow me if the church bells were ringing. One "special service" evening, she followed me unobserved, till I got into the pew; took her seat, at my bidding, under the pew bench, and was very ready to take the lead towards home on my quitting the church, and as averse to follow me next morning when I started in the direction of the sacred edifice. On reaching the boundary of the churchyard, poor Minnie started at top speed past, and was very glad when I got beyond a spot she seemed not to approve. If I were out to any late hour, she took no notice of the family retiring to rest. Her place was at the foot of the stairs, but if at any time I chanced to retire before the usual hour, and perhaps go by the back stairs, the little dog thought something must be wrong, and would wander about whining, barking, and restless, until some one or other out of compassion carried her up, and just held her up to see that I was in bed, after which she would lay down quite contented. If a lamp was by mistake left burning, after all had retired to rest, Minnie would make a great row, till some one came down to extinguish the light. Again, I had been absent for some days, and my little dog was found seated on a table

gazing at a life-sized portrait of its master. "Where is master?" said my wife. The dog, looking hard at my portrait, set up a howl which seemed to tell it understood the question.

## V.

I was one day fishing in the Wye, accompanied by a Scotch terrier, the property of a neighbouring clerical friend. While I was engaged in my pursuit, Pepper was busy hunting a narrow bed of reeds just below me. In a few moments I heard the plunge of a water-rat which he had disturbed. I listened for the plunge of the dog; but to my surprise—for I knew him by no means slack in the pursuit of such game—it did not follow. I turned to see the reason, and it was at once apparent. The dog had, the moment the rat plunged, gone four or five yards down the bank; and there he stood at the edge of the water, one foot up, ready to dash upon his victim the moment it appeared at or near the surface. In another second I saw him make his spring, and a few moments later he was at my feet with the dead rat in his mouth.

Now surely we cannot say that the dog acted thus by instinct. We cannot say he acted "without intelligence" "without any view to consequences," "without knowing for what end or purpose he acted," or even "without deliberation," and "independently of experience." For why did he not dash into the water in

instant pursuit? Why did he not run up-stream instead of in the contrary direction? Why, because he must have "judged of self-evident things" and drawn conclusions from them, viz., that in the water the rat would very likely elude him; that the rat would not swim *against*, but *with*, a tolerably strong current; that the rat must therefore emerge some little way *down-stream*; and that if he went down to be ready, he would be sure to capture his prey—this being his end and motive.

## VI.

The following instance of the reasoning powers of the dog happened some time ago, and came under my father's notice: it bears striking similarity to one mentioned by Mr. Atkinson in his paper on "Reason and Instinct." My father was one day out shooting with a setter. He shot at a hare, which he wounded but did not kill: the setter instantly gave chase, jumped an adjoining brook, and was quickly followed by the setter, which caught her in a little time, and brought her dead to the side of the brook; but here was a difficulty, the brook, although not very wide, could not be jumped with the hare; but Poll was without an expedient: she dropped the hare into the stream, then ran some yards down it, sprang in, caught the hare in her mouth, it floated down, and swam with it to the other side, where my father took it from her.

(To be continued.)

## SPRING.

THERE'S perfume upon every wind,  
Music in every tree—  
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—  
Sweets for the sucking bee:  
The sick come forth for the healing breeze,  
The young are gathering flowers:  
And life is a tale of poetry  
That is told by golden hours.

N. P. WILLIS.

The Winter with his grisly storms no longer dare abide,  
The pleasant grass with lustrous green the earth hath newly dyed;  
The tree hath leaves, the boughs do spread, new changed is the year,  
The water brooks are clear sunk down, the pleasant boughs appear;  
The Spring is come, the goodly nymphs now dance in every place:  
Thus hath the year most pleasantly so lately changed her face.

EARL OF SURREY.

# Columns for Young Men.

## SELF-CULTURE.

BY W. GRAHAM MURPHY, A.B., ARMAGH.

**M**AN is a complex being. The body, the soul, the spirit—that is, the physical, the intellectual, the moral—compose the man. All need cultivation, development. The term “self-culture,” however, commonly suggests improvement of the intellect, and to this we shall confine our hints; only premising that soundness of mind depends, in a greater degree, perhaps, than we are aware, on a healthy condition of body; and that no real excellence is attainable apart from one spiritual condition ~~one~~ that extends to all the parts, even the ~~rest~~ of our nature—the condition of Purity. It is first to be observed that self-culture ~~implies~~ *self-knowledge*. To begin to act impulsively on large, vague notions concerning great things which it is possible to attain, almost sure to end in results as vague as its origin. Enthusiasm is a good thing to give one a start; but the race is won by length and resolution. First, then, the old maxim, “KNOW THYSELF.” Although there may be much latent, ~~weakened~~ capacity in the mind, a man is ~~usually~~ shrewdly conscious of the sort of ~~work~~ for which he is qualified. There is a ~~series~~ of instinct in such matters. So that, ~~a~~ little prudent self-inspection, he can form ~~an~~ estimate of his own powers as will save ~~him~~ from the disappointment and the absurdity ~~it~~ would arise from their misapplication. For every one has a peculiar mental temperament, which, like his features and expression, ~~mark~~ him off from all others, constituting him *individual*. The letters of the alphabet, or ~~set~~ of chessmen, may be arranged in an almost infinite variety of combinations: so with the ~~culties~~ feelings, tastes, and physical energies ~~of~~ mankind. Education, indeed, may diminish the distance between one intellect and another, ~~it~~ as original inequalities may be aggravated ~~rough~~ neglect. But important structural ~~ferences~~ will always remain. Only now and

then, for instance, do we meet with the mental material which can be developed into a mathematician, a statesman, a poet. The principle laid down of old concerning the latter class of mind, “*Poëta nascitur, non fit*,” is susceptible of a wider application. To aim, therefore, at being that which only the man of genius can be, must, at the best, result in an artificial success. Ambition is laudable, and the stimulus of a high example is a right motive. But to imitate may be only to caricature. There are few “originals,” in the technical sense; but it is a man’s dignity to be original in the sense of being just what he is, for *that* no one else can be. Most must be content with a comparatively inferior position. Yet, though you may never get beyond mediocrity, *that* is excellence in so far as it is genuine—not an affectation, not a pretence. Be real, be natural—in a word, be *yourself*, or you will be nothing.

Having thus learned in what direction your taste and talent point, begin to bend your energies thither. Let not impatience urge you at once to grasp more than you can hold. Rather let your care be to make sure of your ground as you go on. A smattering of many subjects is a cheap accomplishment; but if your ambition extends only to that—if you have not courage to grapple with the difficulties that put solid attainments out of the reach of the mere trifler—then, after all, you are not made of the true stuff; your real aim is not knowledge, not self-culture, but amusement, or that sort of reputation which ministers to vanity. He only who loves knowledge for its own sake is animated by the true motive; and if he is not—for no man is—insensible to applause, neither is he unconscious of the place it should hold in the estimation of the wise. Grapple, then, with the difficulties in your way, for the discipline of overcoming these is an agent of peculiar importance in forming the character of the self-taught man. It induces the habit of self-reliance; it gives energy to the will; it begets a feeling of power, and at

the same time teaches the art of keeping it in reserve.

As to reading, that course is likely to be most profitable to which you are led by the motion of your own mind—not that which is taken up on the chance of finding something to give the thoughts a turn. Among the shoals of books which the present prolific age produces, one's attention is apt to be bewildered. It is remarkable, indeed, that so high a grade of both language and thought characterizes the greater part of our current literature. Not to speak, however, of much that is silly, shallow, and pretentious, and some publications that are really dangerous and demoralizing, even among those books that are marked by sense and good purpose, it is not easy to guard against dissipation of thought. Read, therefore, only the best books. The best book is not that which merely suffices to elicit your interest, nor that which leaves behind pleasing impressions, but that which is suggestive, which sets you thinking, which makes you stop half-way down the page, and leads your meditations in such a direction that you can come back again, with a deeper thirst, to the same source.

Again, do not be tempted by the greater attractiveness of a modern—though sometimes an improved—style, to neglect the study of old and standard authors, those who led the van of the intellectual march, and whose works are the result of more patient research and deeper meditation than the literary competition of our own day permits. The study of the writings of Bacon, Locke, Butler, and the more eminent among our historians, gives such a masculine tone to the mind as fits it to deal with other topics, small and great, in a right spirit. Better to master one subject, and thereby form the habit of concentration and the love of completeness, than to aim at a comprehensive and specious sort of information. If you wish to give clearness, method, fixity to the intellect, study mathematics and kindred subjects. If you would enlarge your range of thought so as to rise above the narrow-mindedness and prejudices of your own or of any single age—if you would know human nature—if you would have facts broad enough to form a basis for conclusions regarding social life, politics, religion—then read history, biography, books of travel. But if you choose to fill your mind with unreality, with fictitious and fantastic sentiment, with literary sweetmeats that give a distaste for

more solid food—in fine, if you desire your attention led along without tiring of thinking, then devour the thin novel, and its tribe, as they come, and avoid the rapid sameness from the printing-press, that modern miracle, that fountain which sends out, from the same source, sweet and bitter.

Again, whatever opinion, sentiment strikes your attention, make it *your own*. It means more than retaining it in your memory. You must weld it on, as it were, to your previous knowledge. To be of use, in this sense, it is not awkward or mechanical, it is assimilated to your mental constitution, the body changes food into flesh and bone. Let it filter through your thoughts as to acquire a colouring from your own individuality. Let the matter picked out be used as fuel to the fire already burning. By itself it is like the artificial heat from covering over the flame, while the knowledge acquired by mental process is like the healthy glow of warmth from vigorous open-air exercise. This is the distinction, in fact, between knowledge and information.

Another important point in self-culture is the necessity of methodical habits of thought. To think justly is far more difficult than even to speak correctly. Good habits of thought are a bar to all slovenly work. By method, also, the amount of work the brain is diminished; and, in this sense, time and toil are of the highest value. Method facilitates all work, special work.

To produce these habits requires often long-continued effort. You must train the mind to keep to its work. The mind learns to demand obedience from the faculty; for it will often try to shirk its duty. It is a truant that, when sent to school to play. Thus, starting from some question, we are sometimes surprised to find ourselves so far away from it that we do not tell how we got *there*. In conversation, one suddenly discovers that he has wandered from the point," and, with a puzzled look, stops to find his way back. In our daily life this tendency is proverbial. The power of concentration can only be maintained by acts of will, until the habit be formed. To form this habit, in a reflex way, produce order and force of character.

The operations of mind are w



The objects of its attention are linked another by a principle which is called association of ideas." What each such link shall be we cannot determine by of will, but the *quality* of mind we regulates the nature of the association in which our ideas are connected; so that the one takes this turn or that according as the effect is of one kind or another. Indeed, the difference between the various grades of it might be easily decided if we could the *sort* of link which habitually runs through their trains of thought. The same will start twenty different minds in different directions. The inferior capacity will follow out the looser principle of association, such as contiguity in time or place, as one thing to another by their merely connexion. The higher order of mind follows the less obvious and more abstruse such as those of cause and effect. It is one of great importance to regulate our use of thought; and though we cannot unite the successive ideas, we can divert our course from one channel to another by exercise of the prerogative of the will. Do not let thought degenerate into reverie. The oarsman steers the oars, and puts forth its strength; the fish glides idly with the stream. It is an active exercise, when one is struck by the suddenness of the turn thought has taken, to trace the *principle* of association, by tracing the various links in the chain till the desired idea is reached.

We have in the art of writing a valuable means of correcting this tendency to vagueness and vagueness. Writing gives sharpness, precision, to thought, by first compelling us to fix it in words, and then by re-acting on the mind itself. We do not speak now of systematic construction, though that is a part of art. We speak of the necessity of giving our ideas a boundary and a shape in language. If you cannot do this, your thoughts are too shadowy to be of use. Profound thinkers, no doubt, often find great difficulty in giving utterance to their ideas; but this is because they deal so closely with the things themselves as to be unable quickly to revert to language. There is a difference between having an idea for which there is a word, if it could be remembered, and being unable to find a word because there is no definite idea to

suggest it. If reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, writing makes a correct man. So says the great Bacon. If you wish, then, to methodize your knowledge, and to be an accurate thinker, write. And when you write, aim at terseness and vigour. Avoid diffuseness; avoid false ornament. Let your sentences be short; your connexion evident, without being too explicit; your meaning free from ambiguity.

Writing serves also to fix those fugitive shades of thought that are as evanescent as the various changes in the face of nature. Bright glimpses come and go. Sometimes, when the mind is dullest, an idea will flash from it like the electric gleam from the murky cloud. These we retain by writing. So the painter's hand trembles with eagerness to catch, at the right instant, the delicate fast-fading tints of sunset. Or the photographer, in the twinkling of an eye, arrests, upon a sensitive surface, the ship in full sail, the passing cloud, the very specks of spray that jet from the breaking wave; or what is as restless as any of these, the unique expression that flits over the human features and is gone.


Once more—cultivate *all* your powers. Let not one dwarf the rest. Preserve the balance and harmony of all. Let Memory find exercise, without being burdened by a mechanical agglomeration of things; let Imagination attain sufficient range to keep the other products of the mind from feebleness and monotony, without either insulting Reason or offending Taste; and let Reason uphold the prerogatives of its throne, neither grasping at authority in those higher truths that are beyond the limits of its empire, nor permitting any other faculty, however obtrusive, to take the lead in the government of the mind.

It is plainly a duty to raise the powers with which we are endued to all the excellence of which they are capable. And it is as plain that to do so is our happiness. A mind well regulated—and this can only be when a Divine influence permeates it—gives a man such dignity as elevates him above the littlenesses of the world. Powers possessed, but not regulated, are like an engine thrown off its track, self-torment and self-destruction. In so-called great men, what folly and childishness do we often see! Therefore, "in understanding be ye men."

# The Poetry of Home.

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## By the Fire.

AY, am I still a child?  
Or is it that old memories return,  
As, by strange thoughts beguiled,  
I linger where the smouldering embers  
burn?

In days of long ago,  
When nature with the daylight seemed  
to tire,

And shades passed to and fro,  
And one by one we gathered round the fire,

Softly our voices fell,  
And thicker grew the shadows on the wall;  
A silent, secret spell,  
With gathering darkness, stole upon us all;

And wondrous things we saw—  
Strange weird-like pictures of the winter's hearth;  
Whilst with a childish awe,  
We gave to dim imaginings their birth.

The long cathedral aisle  
Those glowing embers pictured to our sight;  
And dark funeral pile,  
Illumined by a strange unearthly light;

And caverns lone and deep,  
With broken rocks and ruined columns strewed;  
And Druid altars steep,  
All in a wild and shadeless solitude.

And other things were there:  
Chambers of glory lustrous to behold,  
Lit up by torches' glare,  
With ceiling and with floor of burnished gold;

And ships of various form,  
All motionless upon a fiery sea—  
A sea without a storm,  
And glowing in its own intensity.

With earnest, steadfast gaze,  
Such changing fantasies our souls descried,  
Until the flickering blaze  
Grew weary of its fitfulness, and died.

And closer still we drew,  
As those fair visions vanished one by one;  
The red light paler grew,—  
Then passed away, and darkness reigned alone.

Thus childhood's hopes depart!  
Joy-born imaginings of bliss and fame,  
Which dwell in every heart,  
Rising and falling like the flickering flame.

And as our years roll by,  
We lose the light of many a bright ideal;  
Youth's earth-born visions die,  
For time is short, and life is very real.

Such musings come and go,  
As all alone I linger by the fire:  
Musing of joy and woe,  
And of fair hopes which Time has seen ~~en~~

Until I take my stand  
Where I may gaze upon the outspread sky,  
And on a glorious band  
Of steadfast stars in solemn company.


A still unbroken calm  
Over the woods and o'er the meadows reigns  
As though an evening psalm  
Of silent praise were chanted o'er the plain

A voice within my heart  
Whispers of hope irrevocably mine;  
Life's flickering joys depart,  
But everlasting is the light Divine!

*The Author of "Wayside Pill"*

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## To the Early Primrose.

ILD offspring of a dark and sullen  
Whose modest form, so delicately fit  
Was nursed in whirling storms  
And cradled in the winds;

Thee, when young Spring first quitted  
Winter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the  
Thee on this bank he threw,  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the  
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her  
Chastens her spotless purity of breath,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

H. K. W.

# Home Recreation.

BY AUNT MERCY AND UNCLE CHEERFUL.



OUR PRIZE VOLUME is awarded to "J. F. O.," but rather for *general* help in our Recreation page than for any *special* contribution.

At page 114, the second read "finals reversed."

is, Answers, &c., are to be sent by of the same month in which the Enig- are published, to "Aunt Mercy and xerful," care of the Editor, Worcester.

## 3, ANAGRAMS, &c., FOR MENTAL EXERCISE.

### I.

lebrated Grecian athlete.  
ieraldic figure.  
of the Lipari Islands.  
spal prohibition.  
English poet.  
lebrated German painter and en-  
ver.  
mous Spaniard.  
ountain in Palestine.  
reek chronological period.  
wn in Thrace, on the Euxine, where  
African bird.  
in first issued by Henry VII.  
tials name an invention; the finals,  
the inventor. J. F. O.

### II.

celebrated brothers.  
sidence of the Knights Templars.  
ncient kingdom of Italy.  
anet.  
rm of printing.  
ct of Parliament passed in the reign  
William the Third.  
founder of a museum at Oxford.  
rticle used to produce light.  
me of some of the Popes.

10. A combination.

11. A race of kings.

The initials name a great discovery; the  
finals, the discoverer. E. P.

### III.

1. A king of Assyria.
2. A fabulous animal.
3. A place famous for carpets.
4. A sportive animal.
5. A Greek poetess.
6. An ecclesiastical title.
7. A Saxon queen.
8. A sea in Europe.
9. An unfortunate favourite.
10. A modern poem.

The initials name a great poet; the finals,  
his usual appellation. E. P.

### IV.

#### AMERICAN TOWNS TRANSPOSED.

VOLATSRADS.  
IRNPUTRECO PA.  
HACUHIAUH.  
PYMAHCACE.

ANON.

### V.

#### NAMES OF NOTE IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

1. Three-fourths of a plain, two-fifths of a fishing-net, and a vowel.
2. Two-fourths of a joke, a consonant, three-sixths of a small animal, a pronoun, and two-sixths of a property.
3. A consonant and an animal.
4. An elastic fluid, three-eighths of to concur, a consonant, and two-fourths of want.
5. Four-sixths of a small gate, four-sixths of an Irish river, and a pronoun beheaded.
6. Two-eighths of a young bird, a note in music curtailed, and a relative.

NELLIE.

## VI.

## BOUTS RIMÉS.

[The subject, "*Woman's Love*."] ]

.	.	.	.	.	.	knows
.	.	.	.	.	.	blows
.	.	.	.	.	.	rise
.	.	.	.	.	.	skies
.	.	.	.	.	.	on
.	.	.	.	.	.	gone
.	.	.	.	.	.	fill
.	.	.	.	.	.	ill

## DEFINITION.

"*Temper—Good and Bad.*"

## ANSWERS AND SOLUTIONS.

(See page 58, Vol. III.)

## I.

1. *Thales*. 2. *Heliotrope*. 3. *Eliab*. 4. *Aristotle*. 5. *Loch*. 6. *Pentecost*. 7. *Half*. 8. *Argo*. 9. *Byng*. 10. *Euroclydon*. 11. *Tahiti*. 12. *Clock*. 13. *Asia*. 14. *Druids*. 15. *Mirabeau*.  
—*The Alphabet. Cadmus, a king of Thebes.*

## II.

1. *Agricola*. 2. *Lysander*. 3. *Ellis*. 4. *Xystos*. 5. *Agin-court*. 6. *Navarino*. 7. *Doit*. 8. *Edgehill*. 9. *Rooke*.—*Alexander. Aristotle.*

## III.

"Ni(le), l(ad), des(troy), p, (h)er, an, d(on), um(brage).—*Nil Desperandum.*

## IV.

Mu(se), s(ix), (s)i(x), C(l)o.—*Music.*  
TERESA.

## V.

Sir Isaac Newton was a great philosopher, and the powers he displayed dazzled the age in which he lived, and left a train of glory to shine after him. Humphry Davy, the Cornish boy, not only invented the safety lamp for the miner, but he was a great scientific discoverer also. To James Watt we are indebted for the discovery of the power of steam; and now all our manufactures and conveyances are worked by this new and mighty force. Stephenson threw bridges over rivers which no one had been able to span, and Brunel carried a tunnel under the river Thames, which no one thought could be tunnelled. Benjamin Franklin coaxed the lightning from the skies; and Wheatstone made it carry our messages all over the land, and

under the very ocean, to foreign climes. McClintock risked his all, and life it rescue Franklin and his brave crew.

(Other noun paragraphs from LILLIAN TERESA, LISSIE, E. B. B., and JULIA

## DEFINITIONS.

Labour:—

"The royal road to a Fireside reward."  
JUL

"Bread-sauce to the hungry man."  
JUL

"The appetite's whetstone."—M. A.

"The sweetener of repose."—LILLIAN

"The mind's exercise."—E. B. B.

"Often a treadmill turned by tired feet."  
JUL

"A blessing in disguise."—TERESA,

"The motive-power in the world's machinery."—WILLIAM S.

"A universal tonic."—J. F. O.

"The alpenstock to climb the hill of adversity."—ROSA MARY.

"'Tis, of man's every power, most precious."  
—REBECCA.

"Productive industry."—H. I.

"The best antidote to ennui."—ANNIE

"The forerunner of profit, and the shadow of gain."—J. F. O.

"The porter who relieves Time of his burden."  
L.

"A blessing when it does not degenerate into toil."—LILLIAN E.

"Ignoble and profitless drudgery; the slave; honourable and remunerative to the free."—ANNIE R. S.

"The moral 'bitters' before the 'sweet life.'"—J. F. O.

"The overture to the tune of 'Nada más, nada.'"—J. F. O.

## BOUTS RIMÉS.

Slowly the finger o'er the dial *creeps*,  
And marks the flight of the departing  
Mortal! be watchful, lest thy spirit *slide*  
Or loiter pleased among life's wayside  
Up, and be doing! brace thy soul in *pride*  
And seize the moments as they *quicken*  
There is a sound of anguish in the *air*—  
Sin, want, and suffering sadly *pass* thy  
Up! ease and self-indulgence nobly *flee*  
Gird thee for work, and gird on *bend*  
REF

## The Home Library.

*Sabbath and the Decalogue.* A Reply to Rev. Dr. Macleod. By Henry Stevens, L. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halli-

commend this as a very able pamphlet, who has thoroughly mastered his subject. It means would we deprecate the most ~~king~~ examination of the Sabbath question. ~~we~~ long felt that much misunderstanding ~~men~~, on this and several other topics, from neglect of the study of the Old Testament ~~tion~~. Mr. Stevens truly observes—

confusion of mind in many Christians, in of the nature and use of God's law, is almost belief. I remember once, in a clerical meeting, of position and experience and attainments, the words, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour, thy enemy,' to show the difference between Old Testament dispensations. He was that the words, 'and hate thy enemy,' so part of the original text of Moses, but were y the Jewish rabbis, and that there were no rds in the Old Testament Scriptures. He then he text, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a o show the difference between the old dispensation the new. He was now reminded that the r Saviour here pointed out and corrected was, rabbis had made this—one of the judicial laws or the guidance of the Jewish magistrate, ix. 16—21—the rule of private life between man, so as to gratify private revenge. And the Jewish magistrate was ordered simply to man to recompense his neighbour for the injury done him—the value of an eye for an eye, and th for a tooth—this was good law still; and astice, not justice, would have been the con-; had our Lord not allowed this principle to for the guidance of the magistrate, for which was ever intended. Nor did the vicar seem nvinced till he was reminded that perhaps the precept for a Christian, even now, was that ad formed part of the Hebrew Bible from the their third king, namely, 'If thine enemy feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in ; thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' "   
bs xxv. 21, 22.)

questionably there exists in many quarters accountable ignorance of the *unity* of and Christian teaching in the enforcement of moral and spiritual obligations. Not since we received by post a newspaper—"Are we to be Jews or Christians?"—th Judaism is actually charged not only e introduction of false views of God, but ith the encouragement of immoralities duct, which immoralities, with equal fulness, are said to prevail to an un- extent among professing Christians!

Dr. Colenso is hailed as the harbinger of true Christian light. "He has helped us to get rid of the Pentateuch, and now we shall begin to be Christians instead of Jews." That this trash should be put into the hands of the working classes of the community is a most painful consideration. May it not account in a great measure for the alienation of so many of our working men from the Christian Church?

It ought to be needless to say one word in refutation of these downright perversions and misrepresentations of Old Testament teaching; but there can be no doubt these perversions and misrepresentations have found at least a measure of support in the erroneous impressions which prevail even amongst Christian people as to the relative position of what are commonly called the "Law" and the "Gospel." We want to get a firmer grasp of the Seventh Article of our Church—the plain and simple statement, "The Old Testament is not contrary to the New; for both in the Old and New Testament, everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and man, being both God and Man."

Mr. Stevens is fully alive to the "theological confusion" to which we refer, and he rightly judges that it arises mainly from forgetfulness of the fact that the "Law" of the Old Testament was designed to be a schoolmaster to bring to Christ: "to convince Jew and Gentile alike that they had transgressed, and must sue for pardon." As confirming this purpose of the "Law," he points out very forcibly the remarkable anticipation of Gospel blessings in which the Old Testament saints rejoiced:—

"Moses himself proclaimed God as 'forgiving iniquity and transgression,' as the ministers of Christ do now. And the Church of David's time sang 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered,' even as the Church does now; and 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.' And six hundred years before the time of Christ, members of the Jewish Church had heard, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' " (Isa. i. 18).

Now, we are persuaded that right views of the Sabbath very much depend on our clearly recognizing not only its legal sanction in the Decalogue, but the gracious, *Gospel* character of the gift. It was a "gift"—a gift to the Jew no less than it is to the Gentile—"I have

given them my Sabbaths:" and the prohibition of the Fourth Commandment is, as it were, only the *casket intended to preserve the gift*—a casket the value of which we only know aright as we realize in our happy experience the "blessedness" of the day.

Of course we are quite aware that in its full significance, as an ordinance of Christian privilege, the observance of the Sabbath—the Lord's day—by the ungodly is impossible; even as the observance of that other ordinance of Christian privilege, the Lord's Supper, is impossible. He who is not ready to regard the "whole" moral law—and by the "moral law" we understand the moral obligations to God and man, summed up indeed in the Decalogue, but insisted upon *throughout* both the Old and New Testament—as a law in which he "delights after the inner man," can render no acceptable obedience to any *one* of its precepts. At the same time, because the ungodly cannot keep the Sabbath in its *spiritual* character, or indeed any of the moral or Ten Commandments, it does not follow that they are openly to violate the *letter* of the Sabbath law, or set at nought the other commandments.

Moreover, we may add, in the case of the Sabbath law, that it is so manifestly a law of *blessing*, that one would think even the *unspiritual* can scarcely fail to see the strongest motives prompting them at least to regard the injunction to abstain from work. If the command had been to "*labour seven days*," the opposition to the law might have been more easily comprehended.

Mr. Stevens opens his pamphlet with the remark, "*The law of the Sabbath* is one question; *how we ought to observe it*, is another." He has discussed the former question with great ability and power: we think he would render an equal service if he now discussed the latter question. We believe a *wrong way* of observing the law has sometimes prejudiced men against the law *itself*.

*The Praise Book*: being "Hymns of Praise," with Accompanying Tunes. By WILLIAM REID, M.A. Harmonies written, or revised, by HENRY EDWARD DIBBIN. London: J. Nisbett and Co.

A COMPILATION which is really of standard value. The hymns selected are not only thoroughly evangelical and eminently spiritual, but, what is sadly lost sight of in many modern Hymn-books, the *poetry* is of the highest character. As to the music, the volume contains nearly all the standard psalm and hymn tunes, the finest German tunes, and many new tunes, or tunes never before printed in any Hymn-book, "by such composers as Havergal, Reinagle, Dibdin, and Dykes." The Editor's "Introduction" to the work, is an admirable treatise. The book is "got up" for the drawing-room, and will make a tempting present. We hope there is a smaller edition in preparation for popular use.

*The Mine Explored; or, Scripture elicited from Scripture Characters.* Lady. Twenty-seventh Thousand. *The Teacher Taught.* By the Author *Mine Explored.*

Vol. I. Doctrines and Duties Word of God, Second Edition.  
II. Genesis. New Edition.  
III. Exodus. Second Edition.  
IV. Leviticus. Second Edition.  
V. Numbers.

"*It is Written Again*;" a Help to a Clear and Harmonized Reading of the Scriptures. By the Author of "*The Teacher Taught*." Second Edition. London: James and Co.

THE circulation these works have attained ought to render it needless to say of them here. We are well assured that standard worth will be increasingly recognized as they are increasingly known. But in book-making days, the attractive no fresh claimants on the notice of the public is apt to lead to the displacement of the forgetfulness of old friends which perhaps done us far better service; and therefore it may not be unnecessary to remind readers that "*The Mine Explored*" and "*The Teacher Taught*" are really invaluable for every "Home Library." The method of teaching recommended is the fruit of experience, and has been abundantly and we can certify that the instruction imparted to the young, by parents and school teachers who use the helps furnished will prove *substantial* as well as *interesting*. A desultory, unconnected, haphazard we fear in some instances we must be trifling—*misuse* of the Bible, has been productive of no slight evils in Christian lands, and we know not of a better remedy for evils than the adoption of these manuals of Scriptural instruction. "*The Peep of Day*" is in the nature of a companion to "*The Mine Explored*" and "*The Teacher Taught*" will prove in the hands of earnest parent or teacher of the Bible student.

"*It is Written Again*" is a work adapted to give a comprehensive view of the Word of God, as forming one connected whole from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation. The author justly observes:

"This mode of reading the Scriptures, when it is said '*It is written*,' we may say '*It is written again*,' is calculated, by God's blessing, to serve the mind from error, and to enable it to grasp the truth. Isolated passages and detached portions may be made to speak anything, and to support any conclusion. May it not be hoped that if young persons, desirous of following the guidance of the Holy Spirit, will thus *study the Scriptures*—comparing things with things, and not being led away by conclusions, drawn from detached passages—be fortified against the attacks of subtle reasoners, and be preserved from the errors on the right hand and the left."

references and remarks" which are introduced will be found of great service in clearing some Scripture difficulties; and the "Appendices" are full of interesting information on points of Bible criticism. One Appendix gives a number of texts which are misapplied and misunderstood. We quote a few of these as specimens:—

## HOW USED GENERALLY.

vi. 15.—"Precious in the sight of the Lord  
of His saints."

if the Lord secured to His people *happy*

10.—"In that day a man shall cast his idols  
and his idols of gold, which they made each  
himself to worship, to the moles and to the

ly used as a *proof of conversion* to the Gospel

v. 17.—"Ephraim is joined to idols; let him

ly used for judicial hardness of heart, as if  
even up Ephraim, and no one was to try to  
n.

ii. 24.—"Strive to enter in at the strait  
many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in,  
not be able."

if a sinner might sincerely strive to enter  
narrow way, and yet *should not be able*.  
Heb. xii. 17.

L. 17.—"For ye know how that afterward,  
would have inherited the blessing, he was  
for he found no place of repentance, though  
it carefully with tears."

if Esau wished to repent in the full sense  
of, and yet was not able to do so. It thus be-  
cause of uneasiness to many a newly-awakened  
doubts his acceptance with God.

L. 18.—"For ye are not come unto the mount  
be touched."

thought to contradict the historical relation  
of the law on Sinai.

all be thankful if our notice of these works induces many of our readers to make  
it their own. The Author eschews the fable of a royal road to learning; but she gives a  
labour, which will effectually prevent any real student from ever wishing for such a road.

*Deliverance of Israel from Babylon.* An  
Oratorio. The Words written by THOMAS  
JACKSON, Jun.; the Music composed by  
JAM. JACKSON. London: Novello.  
The Words selected from  
Holy Scriptures, by the Rev. F. H.  
LID, M.A.; the Music composed by  
JES. B. ARNOLD, Mus.Doc. London:  
Novello and Lucas.

ings attach themselves more perti-  
nently than a bad name when once it is  
known. Whether well or ill-deserved at the  
time, subsequent labour to shake it off  
is so far as correction of the world's belief  
concerned, as bad as thrown away. It is thus  
peculiar to the current opinion that "the  
are an unmusical people." When that

## MEANING WHEN VIEWED WITH THE CONTEXT.

That God so values His saints, that He *preserves*  
*their lives* as a jewel. David was evidently praising  
God for *deliverance from death*; and the verse seems  
similar in sense to Psalm lxxii. 14. Boothroyd's  
translation is—

"Too precious in the eyes of Jehovah  
Are His saints, to give them up to death."

Really expressive of the great fear and haste con-  
sequent on the dreadful judgments predicted, 10—19.  
In that day, the idols will be found a useless burthen;  
and therefore they will be thrown away to facilitate  
escape.

It is an address to *Judah*. See verse 15. Judah is  
exhorted not to *associate with Israel* ("let him alone")  
lest he should do as Ephraim does. "Go not up to  
Gilgal, &c., neither associate with Ephraim, lest you  
should follow his example." *God did not give him up*.  
See xi. 8, 9.

An exhortation to enter in at the strait gate, *while*  
*there is opportunity*; for a time is coming when it  
will be too late to seek to enter in, viz., *when the*  
*master has risen up and shut to the door*. Matt. xxv. 10.  
It merely requires different punctuation, and not to  
separate the sense where the verses separate. "Many,  
I say, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able *when*  
*once*," &c.

Looking at it with the context, and with reference to  
the history, the meaning evidently is, that Esau's  
petition was rejected by *his father Isaac*; and that  
Esau found no way to *change his father's mind*,  
although he tried earnestly to do so, even with tears.

It means: Ye are not come to the mount (Sinai)  
that *could* be touched. In other words, ye are not come  
to a *material mount*, but, &c.

remark first found credence, we know not. It  
certainly was not the continental belief three  
centuries since, for the English masters of that  
period were held in esteem as musicians of the  
foremost rank. And of an English Protestant  
Church musician so recent as Dr. Blow (1648  
—1708), the Vatican librarians show a MS.  
which they regard as one of their musical  
treasures. Possibly the subsequent advent and  
residence in England of the great Saxon musi-  
cian, Handel, who dwarfed all by whose side  
he was measured, by inducing a foolish fancy  
that other countries, but Germany in particular,  
abounded with incipient Handels, had much to  
do with giving rise to the proverb.

If this supposition (perfectly original so far  
as we know) be correct, it follows that we have

paid dearly for the honour of fostering this great and unapproached genius. To further his reputation, we have scrupled not to permanently mortgage our own. But this is simple injustice. We gave to the world, as has been shown, some of Handel's most worthy predecessors; we surely ought to be able (or explain the reason why not), to enter the lists with his successors. And, notwithstanding the common belief to the contrary, we are certain that our English composers are thus able. In the particular musical form which Handel brought into its well-known almost perfect condition, the Oratorio, we can point to, alas! comparatively unknown works of English composers of the past and present generations, equal if not superior in skill of construction to any contemporary German works, excepting, but merely from respect to the popular verdict, the two oratorios of Mendelssohn. At the head of this notice will be seen the titles of two extensive works of this class, which are an honour to our country. Our limits forbid us to analyze them with a view to single out their several points of beauty; but could we persuade our readers to accomplish this task for themselves, our best wishes in the matter would be abundantly realized.

*Religion a Reality.* By the Author of "Old Peter Pious." London: W. Macintosh. SIMPLE in its aim, and admirable in its execution, this little book should be widely circulated. It would prove a most suitable Confirmation gift. As a Sunday-school prize, also, nothing could be better. But it might be a monitor in every home. We quote a few of its monitions:—

"Would we 'follow the Lord fully,' we must follow Him in our daily life, adding to the happiness of those around us by little acts of love; for it is by trivial deeds ever recurring that we may let our 'light shine before men.' It will not be as bright as we could wish, but let it be as bright as we can make it. Let a merry, playful word show to the little ones that religion makes us happy. Let the bright morning welcome to our beloved relatives show that we have been catching an early ray from the beams of the Sun of Righteousness."

*St. Paul: his Life and Ministry,* to the end of his third Missionary Journey. By the Rev. T. BINNEY. London: James Nisbet and Co. MR. BINNEY is a massive writer. He does not dilute the truth he teaches, but concentrates it. He speaks out, in earnest Saxon, the deep feelings and convictions of a well-taught mind, and a thoroughly disciplined heart. We thank him sincerely for this fresh contribution from his gifted pen. Many have written able works on the life and character of St. Paul; but now we have read it we could ill spare Mr. Binney's graphic and forcible portraiture. We hope he will speedily resume his subject, and complete his work by "accompanying the Apostle from prison to prison, tracing the course of his last labours, and, in the end, becoming the witnesses of his martyrdom."

*The Sepulchre in the Garden; or, The Buried and Risen Saviour.* By the Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS. London: James Nisbet and Co.

AN Easter book which we can cordially recommend, but we must add one word of reservation. Mr. Landels should write cautiously when he writes controversially. Dwelling upon "The Mission and Equipment of the Disciples," he makes one or two statements which are, we think, alike unwarrantable and uncharitable. We regret these brief passages, because in other respects the work is eminently Evangelical and practical, and deserves a high and permanent place in our religious literature.

*Little Harry's Troubles.* By the Author of "The Story of a Bee and her Friends." Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

A VERY interesting tale for young people. It is "A Story of Gipsy Life." The lessons are well drawn out, and we consider it an admirable book for "The Home Library."

*The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.* Edinburgh: Gall and Inglis.

OH, for such a book when we were boys! We had "Robinson Crusoe," it is true; but the engravings and the binding of this edition seem almost to make the book another book. It ought to be, if it is not, a *sine qua non*, that every English boy should read "Robinson Crusoe." It will ever be a book amongst books.

*Homely Readings on Homely Subjects.* By the Author of "Words of Consolation." London: W. Macintosh.

WORTH scores of tracts. The right kind of Christian literature for the respectable poor. Sure to be read, and by God's blessing sure to promote home happiness. We cannot express our commendation too strongly.

*The Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year Book for 1866.* Edited by SHIRLEY HENDER, F.R.H.S. London: Groombridge and Sons.

WE simply note this publication. It is emphatically "The Garden Oracle." Every year it has its specialty. This year it is brims and running over with original information on Ferns and their cultivation.

*The Youth's Magazine.* 1865

*The Child's Own Magazine.* 1865.

*Diamonds in the Dust.* By CHARLES REED, F.S.A.

*Talents of Trust.* By JOHN TILLOTSON.

*Class Register.* 1866.

*Things that are Lacking.* By the Rev. J. F. SERJEANT.

THESE publications of the Sunday School Union are all excellent, and will be found invaluable in our Sunday Schools.

[Many Notices unavoidably postponed.]







# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER VII.



“**W**HY did you look so strangely at Miss Purvis when you first met her, Dr. Graves?” asked Oliver Wyndham, on finding themselves alone in the silent street.

“May not an old man admire such beauty and sweetness, as well as a young man?” replied the doctor, laughingly. “At all events, you need not be jealous of me.”

“Jealous!—how should I be jealous of **y**ou? Oh no, my good friend, you quite **s**take me. I only thought you looked as **y**ou had seen Blanche Purvis before. I **a** sure you never could have seen any one **e** her.”

“There you are mistaken, Oliver; for I **h**ave seen one individual extremely like her.

“**W**as long ago—very long ago; but the **r**ecollection could not be overlooked.” And an **v**oluntary sigh betrayed the interest which **h**e felt in the circumstance.

“And this resemblance brings back to your memory the feelings and events that were connected with that poor man in St. Paul’s?” said Oliver, inquiringly.

“It does so,” replied the doctor. “It **r**ecalls a period of much happiness, and much **a**nxiety and sorrow—a period when I was hopelessly separated from the only **w**oman I ever loved, and that by treachery and falsehood. Blanche Purvis is in many **r**espects—especially in her graceful form, and the **c**lassical contour of her features—the **l**iving image of her whom I then lost. But let us now dismiss the subject. I hope,

Oliver, that your life may never be darkened by such a cloud as has overcast mine; but if it should please God thus to try you, I also hope and trust that you may be supported by the same humble faith, and the same Divine strength, that has carried me through trials that would otherwise have crushed me.”

So saying, he walked rapidly on; and Oliver had some difficulty in keeping up with him. They proceeded almost in silence to Dr. Graves’s dwelling, where Oliver was furnished with the requisite medicines, and then he retraced his steps towards the lodging of Mr. Purvis.

He was passing rather slowly along one dimly-lighted and narrow street, into which the moonbeams only entered faintly. He was weary with walking, and with all the excitement that he had undergone; and his mind was occupied with many thoughts and conjectures. Suddenly the silence was broken by the rumbling sound of approaching wheels, and the sharp ringing of the ominous bell. Oliver looked up, and he saw the gloomy and ponderous dead-cart coming towards him; and then he also heard the deep, solemn cry, “*Bring out your dead!*”

At the summons several doors were opened, and corpses in various coverings—but all uncoffined—were brought out, and placed in the cart; and Oliver’s ears and heart were wrung by the cries and piteous lamentations that issued from the dwellings, in many of which there were other victims who would help to fill the dead-cart when next it came its nightly rounds.

But all who then heard those sounds of grief were not alike affected by pity. There was a large tavern in that street, in which Oliver and Dr. Graves had noticed lights, and had heard songs and laughter as they passed it together. The great hearse now stopped at a house opposite to the tavern; and again the dread summons was uttered, and again it was responded to in a wild cry from an upper window.

"Here are three dead!—all—all I loved! and I shall quickly follow!"

Then the window was closed; and the watchman at the door admitted the buriers, who soon came forth, bearing three dead children wrapped in sheets, and followed by the distracted mother.

As each little corpse was cast into the already well-filled cart, fresh shrieks broke forth from the unhappy woman; and when the last infant was added to the heap, she burst from those who held her, and tried to climb into the hearse, for which indeed she almost looked a fitting passenger. But the attendants dragged her back, and forced her into the desolate house; and the watchman locked the door, saying, as he did so, to the driver of the cart,

"You may stop here to-morrow night. She will scream herself to death in an hour or two; and it is plain enough that she has got the distemper already."

Oliver would have given her aid had it been possible; but he knew that it was too late; and the continued shrieks that rang through the house, told of anguish that must soon terminate in death. He turned away with a heavy heart; but what was his disgust when he saw the window of the tavern thrown open, and the heads of several wild revellers appear, flushed with wine, and expressing rude mirth and excess.

Nor was this all: loud voices called to the bereaved mourner opposite, and bade her cease her cries, and go after her dead children to the quiet and peaceful pit in Aldgate, and not disturb those who were refreshing themselves, and fortifying their constitutions at a respectable tavern. Oliver thought that one of these voices was familiar to him, and he

looked up; and, as he did so, he caught the eye of Guy Egmont.

"Egmont!" he exclaimed, almost involuntarily, "do I see you here?"

"And why not?" retorted the young man. "Why should not I try to cheer my depressed spirits, and strengthen myself against infection, by spending a pleasant hour among my friends. Come up and join us, Wyndham. We will admit you, even though you have been into the pestilential atmosphere of St. Paul's. We have preventives, and cures too, on the table that will enable us to defy the plague to-night!"

"I am bound on an errand that admits of no delay," replied Oliver. "I am carrying medicine from Dr. Graves to the patient of whom I told you. Leave this place, Guy, and come and walk with me. The cool night air will do you more good than the fumes of that heated room. I thought you had gone home to rest."

"And so I did—but I could not rest," said Egmont, as he came out of the tavern, and took Oliver's arm to steady his steps; for the sudden change of temperature made his head feel rather giddy. "I could not rest," he continued, "because the image of poor Clara haunted me; and at last I began to fancy I had got the plague myself; so I started out to get a bottle of good sack; and now I feel well—quite well. Do not I look so?" he added, rather anxiously; and he drew Oliver towards a lamp, and turned his face to him.

"I trust you are well," replied Oliver "but if you fear the pestilence, you had better keep within your own door, and not venture into taverns, or any places of public resort. Go home, Guy; and I will call on you to-morrow, and give you all the directions that I have received from Dr. Graves. See, we are approaching the house where my patient lives. I must wish you good night."

"I cannot go home alone, Wyndham; will wait outside for you."

"I shall not leave this house until morning," said Oliver. "I have promised to watch here through the night."

"Then let me go in with you, and remain

below while you keep your watch up-stairs. That wine has made me feel dizzy—I dare not go on alone. The porter will let me go in with you.”

Oliver saw that Guy spoke truly; and he feared that if he attempted to proceed unsupported, he might fall, and lie all night on the cold, damp pavement. So he complied with his request, and took him into the house. He called Mrs. Bounds, but he received no reply; for the landlady had ensconced herself in her own chamber on the ground floor, and had locked and bolted her door, and had fully made up her mind not to come forth, or hold any intercourse with any one who came from the infected room.

So Oliver showed his friend into a sitting-room near the entrance, and left him to get what repose he could there, while he hastened up to Mr. Purvis's apartment.

It was a relief to him, and yet a disappointment, not to find Blanche by her father's bedside—for he was glad that she should be resting after her recent exertions; and yet the whole aspect of the chamber was changed, and he reproached himself for feeling that her absence had power to lessen his interest in the patient, whose case he thought had so entirely absorbed his attention.

From Elsie he learned that Mr. Purvis had scarcely moved since he had left the house; and this, he hoped, was a very favourable symptom. He took up his position where he could watch the patient; and he began to meditate on all the events of the last few hours, which had been so singularly interesting, and yet so painful and so sad. Both his mind and his body were very weary, for he had not yet entirely recovered his strength, and his feelings had been strongly wrought upon.

At length fatigue, and the perfect stillness of the room, overpowered him, and he slept. But it was only to see again, in wild and exaggerated dreams, all that he had recently witnessed; and to hear again in fancy the sounds of pain and grief that had rung so fearfully on his bodily ears. In all the incoherent visions of the night one form was ever visible. It came as that of an angel of mercy, into the midst of every scene

of death and woe, to speak of peace and hope, and to minister relief. That form was the one bright image where all else was dark—that voice the one sweet sound in the midst of agony and strife. And Oliver was content to endure the gloom and the horror that seemed to surround him, for the sake of that one gracious exception.

Suddenly he awoke, and that very form was standing near him, and those gentle eyes, which had shone in his dream like stars, were fixed upon him, and a sweet, happy smile lighted up the features of the maiden.

“I am glad that you, too, have had some rest,” said Blanche. “My father sleeps still. Surely he will awake cured!”

“I trust all danger is past,” replied Oliver, rising from his seat with a slightly bewildered air, as the reality of his situation, and of his self-imposed and neglected duties, presented themselves to his mind, and he became conscious that he had not watched as vigilantly as he had intended to do. “Where is Elsie?” he continued, looking around the room, and missing the nurse.

“I sent her to lie down while I took her place, about an hour ago,” replied Blanche. “I have been watching my dear father's deep and quiet sleep, and your more troubled slumbers. The changes of your countenance were very rapid and very marked. What were you dreaming about?”

“I could hardly tell you of all my dreams, they have been so dreadful.”

“But they were not all dreadful, surely,” said Blanche, smiling archly. “Such a look of pleasure came over your face just before you awoke, that I am sure you must have seen in your imagination some one whom you love. Perhaps your mother, or your favourite sister.”

“I have neither mother nor sister,” replied Oliver; and a sudden sadness came over his expressive features. “I have few to love—for very few love me.”

And the shy and sensitive Oliver Wyndham actually blushed like a young girl as he thought whose image it was that had made him smile in his sleep. He turned away quickly, and Blanche thought that she

had unwittingly offended him; and this grieved her gentle spirit, and imparted a reserve to her manner which was not natural to her.

Oliver approached the bed on which the patient lay, and he looked earnestly at his calm, still features, and then he softly took his hand and felt his pulse.

"I wish Dr. Graves were here," he said. "Your father has slept many hours now, and yet I dare not wake him."

"Is there danger in this long sleep? Is it not the very thing we desired?" exclaimed Blanche, with a look of sudden and deep anxiety. "Oh, Mr. Wyndham, let us send for Dr. Graves—the watchman will go; I will run and give him orders to do so."

And with all the quickness of her impulsive nature, she darted from the room, and ran down stairs to summon the watchman. Day had now begun to dawn, and a faint light pervaded the rooms and passages. Blanche hurried towards the entrance; and, as she did so, she necessarily passed the door of the sitting-room in which Oliver had left Guy Egmont. He had not closed that door, and Egmont had sunk down upon the ground, and fallen into a deep and heavy sleep—the sleep of intemperance, which was followed by the stupor of disease. The poison of the dire pestilence had entered his mortal frame, and all the stimulants that he had swallowed to ensure his safety had only aggravated the disorder, and fixed it in the brain.

There he lay, in the very attitude into which he had fallen—and as Blanche glanced into the room, she was startled by the sight of his prostrate form.

Blanche Purvis was very brave. She could meet danger or endure suffering with uncommon fortitude; but she was also highly imaginative, and partook a little of the temperament of the natives of the sunny East, among whom she had been brought up. In the dim twilight the recumbent figure had a very strange aspect, and the upturned features looked sharp and livid, and almost unearthly. Can we wonder that she turned and fled back without reaching

the entrance door, or calling the attendant porter?

Her countenance, as she re-entered her father's chamber, was expressive of terror; and Oliver hastened towards her.

"What has happened?" he inquired eagerly. "I fear you have seen some of those sights which, alas! are now so common in the streets. I ought not to have allowed you to go down."

"Not in the street—in this very house!" she replied. "There is an awful form in the room below!"

"What can you mean?" exclaimed Oliver. Then recollecting himself, he continued hurriedly, "It is my friend, Guy Egmont. I had forgotten that I had left him there."

"Go down then and look at him. I fear that he is ill, Mr. Wyndham," said Blanche with much more composure. "I will go down with you, and send off the watchman at once."

"You had better remain here, Miss Purvis," said Oliver.

"No, I will go and do my errand now," she replied, smiling faintly. "I am not afraid to go with you."

Oliver could not gainsay this; so he led the way downstairs, followed by the eager girl. He reached the door of the lower room, and, as he looked in, the dreadful truth instantly forced itself upon his mind.

"Desire the watchman to lose no time, Miss Purvis," he said hurriedly; "and then return to your father."

He entered the room, and closed the door behind him. Blanche obeyed him in despatching the watchman, but not in going back to her father. She felt irresistibly impelled to follow him into the apartment, and to look again—under the protection of his presence—upon the apparition that had so greatly alarmed her.

The door gave way noiselessly to her hand, and she stood to look on the scene before her. The first rays of the morning light shone into the room, and fell faintly on the pale and rigid features of what Blanche now saw to be a corpse. On the ground, beside the lifeless body of his friend, Oliver Wyndham knelt. He had taken one of the

ands in his, and the deathly coldness had shown him that all human aid was vain; and the grief and agony depicted on his countenance were terrible to Blanche, for they told of something worse than sorrow—they told of horror and remorse.

Guy Egmont—the strong, the active, the richly-gifted Guy Egmont—was dead. He had passed from the heavy sleep of intoxication to the fatal stupor of disease; and from a stupor to death. His wild, reckless, infidel spirit had passed away in utter unconsciousness, without one cry for mercy; and Oliver Wyndham shuddered as he recalled his past life, and his state of mind during his last hours on earth.

"He is gone," he murmured—"gone to a awful and unknown state, with all his sins upon his head! And I am spared—I, who was his associate in sin and unbelief, I who have ventured into such perilous contact with the disease that he so feared and shunned! O Lord!" he continued, sighing and clasping his hands convulsively together; and lifting up his dark expressive face, glistening with emotion—"O Lord! why hast Thou spared *my* life?"

Then he bowed his head, and pressed his hands to his brow, and his whole frame shook with the mental conflict.

A gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a low sweet voice responded to his eager inquiry,

"God has graciously spared you, Mr. Wyndham, that you may serve Him, and promote the welfare and happiness of His creatures."

Oliver looked up with such an expression of yearning anxiety—and yet almost of despair—that it went to the young girl's heart, and awoke a sentiment of deep interest and pity. Had she been accustomed to the conventionalities of English life, or had she thought of herself, or of mere appearances, she would not have entered the room, or have ventured to intrude on Oliver Wyndham's grief. But Blanche was a very uncommon character. Beneath the gentle grace of her general demeanor, there reigned a strength and determination that led her to forget all minor or selfish considera-

tions where any important object was to be attained. She saw that Oliver was wretched—she felt that she could say words of comfort to him—and she thought of nothing else. Her own faith was very strong, her own hope was a fervent and influential sentiment, and she desired to impart those blessed feelings to all whom it might be in her power to influence. Therefore it was that she approached Oliver, and replied so promptly to his agonized appeal.

Her words fell like dew upon a thirsty land, and they stilled the tumult in Oliver's distressed spirit. Still his habitual disposition to reject all ideas of his own personal value in the estimation of others, prevented his accepting Blanche's reply in its full meaning.

"I may indeed devote my life to the service of God," he said thoughtfully, as he rose and stood beside Blanche, with his eyes fixed sadly on the dead face before him. "I may spend my days in works of charity, and brave death, as I have done lately, in the hope of saving the lives of my fellow-creatures. I may work and labour on by day and by night, and try to believe that I am thus atoning for the sins and follies of my past life. But I can never hope to make others happy, or to enjoy happiness myself. A bar has been laid upon me, and I cannot shake it off."

"Oh, do not say so!" exclaimed Blanche quickly; and then she blushed at her own earnestness, and at the pleased expression in Oliver's dark eyes as he fixed them upon her face.

Ere he could reply, their attention was drawn from each other, and from the sad spectacle before them, by the sudden appearance of Mr. Purvis at the door of the room. He had awoken, and found himself alone; and in a state of partial unconsciousness, he had arisen, thrown his capacious velvet robe around him, and descended the stairs with tottering and uncertain steps in search of his daughter. He now stood in the doorway, gazing with strange and wondering eyes from Blanche to Oliver, and from Oliver to the dead body of Guy Egmont.

"Blanche!" he exclaimed in a feeble and

terrified voice, as his daughter sprang to him, and threw her arm around him to draw him away—"Blanche, why have you left me? and who are these?" And he pointed at the corpse and at Oliver.

"Come away, dear father," said Blanche. "It is cold here. Come back to your bed."

"But who is it that sleeps there on the ground? Is he dead—dead of the plague—dead because he has entered this infected house? Then I have killed him; and I shall kill you too, my child. Leave me, Blanche—leave me while yet you are safe!" and he strove to disengage himself from her arms.

"Help me, Mr. Wyndham!" cried the distressed and agitated girl. "He does not know what he says."

"Yes—yes; I know that death is all around us, and that all must die. But I know, too, that *Thou, O God, wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee*; and I have peace—*perfect peace*. Come, my child, I will go back to my bed and die. This good man will take care of you when I am gone."

He turned to leave the room, supported by Blanche and Oliver, who made no reply to his last observation.

In the passage they encountered Martha Bounds, who had been disturbed by the stir and the voices in the house, and suspected that robbers had entered, as was but too common an occurrence in those days of terror and disorder. Cautiously she was approaching, when she beheld the almost ghastly face and tall draped form of her lodger. He seemed to her as an embodiment of the dreaded pestilence—whether alive or dead she did not know; and with a scream of terror, she fled back to her kitchen, and locked the door after her.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"Did you say 'Wyndham'? Is that the name of this good young man, Blanche?" said Mr. Purvis, as he sank upon his couch, and looked inquiringly at Oliver.

"Yes, father; this is Mr. Wyndham who brought medicine from Dr. Graves, and who

kindly sat up with you all the night while I rested."

"He is very good," said the invalid. "I knew the name of Wyndham very well once—long, very long ago—I do not remember where." Then after a pause he continued, in a rambling manner, "He was a bad man, I think, who bore that name. Who was he, Blanche? Never mind, I am very weary and very cold: let me sleep."

The patient was indeed sadly chilled; and he shivered fearfully. Blanche and Oliver covered him with blankets; and while the young girl knelt by him, and chafed his cold hands, her companion once more descended the stairs to seek the porter and despatch him for Dr. Graves.

On his arrival, Dr. Graves found his patient very weak in body, and very wandering in mind; and he declared that his recovery would, humanly speaking, depend upon the nourishment that he could be induced to take. This department Elsie took upon herself; for Mrs. Bounds still refused to render any aid in the sick-room, and very grudgingly allowed the nurse access to her kitchen. Nothing but the awe in which she held Dr. Graves, strengthened by the promises of Blanche that she should be well rewarded, induced her to allow her lodgers to remain under her roof. She would willingly have despatched them to the pest-house; but that she feared she might lose all her expected profits. "The plague had entered her house—for that there was no remedy—and so it might as well run its course. Perchance Mr. Purvis would die, and then his daughter would either follow him to the dead-pit, or be too much distracted by grief to take much heed to her property; and then she, Martha Bounds, would have a rich harvest."

The intelligence, which was conveyed to her by Elsie, that a dead man lay in her ground-floor sitting-room, was very appalling to her at first. But by-and-by she began to hope that he had not died of the pestilence; and then she went to the door, and looked in; and then, as she saw no plague-spots on his face and hands, she approached him. A gold chain was visible round his neck; and her eyes sparkled greedily at the



Should she take it from the unconscious? Should she venture on such an act with what might possibly be a the dread disease?" She paused and as she did so, she saw a diamond sparkling on the cold, dead hand. So much for her honesty; and too much for her fears. Hastily she drew up, and then snatched at the chain. It lay, and remained in her hand, with its end suspended to it, but as she drew it out, the collar of the dead man's tunic and Martha Bounds saw the fatal mark on his neck.

Her suppressed cry of terror, she flung down the treasures on the ground, and rushed out of the room, where they lay until the dead-cart came its nightly round. When the buriers came in for the day at Egmont, their keen, searching eyes discerned the jewels, and their daring hands recovered them. All that remained to Martha Bounds was the conviction that she had caught the plague. Hurriedly she called the porter, and sent him to the chemist for a variety of specifics. He lost not a minute in employing; and the next time Elsie Crowther re-entered the kitchen, she found it filled with aromatic smoke, while Martha was washing her hands and face with vinegar and preparing a dose of the "*Royal disinfectant against all kinds of infection.*" When she saw Elsie, she broke out in a series of invectives against the dead man, and against those who had dared to bring him into the house to die; as if one plague-patient was enough for any honest woman to shelter under her roof." To which Elsie replied,

"Mrs. Bounds, if you escape the plague now—as I have no doubt you will need not fear to come and help that poor lady upstairs. She looks sadly ill; and her father is very restless, and wandering. I fear the doctor has lost sight of his life being spared; or, at all events, his reason being fully restored." "I must look to myself first," replied Mrs. Bounds, and she swallowed her sovereign. "If I escape this time, I will see

about assisting Miss Purvis. She has been liberal in her promises. I believe she would give all she possesses to save that old man's life; but in truth he looked more like a ghost than a living man when I saw him go upstairs."

"Miss Purvis does indeed seem devoted to her father," said Elsie. "If you are attentive to his comforts, you need not fear being well paid for your trouble—if that is what you look to—for your lodgers are as rich as they are good."

So saying, Elsie left the kitchen; and Martha Bounds muttered to herself, "That is well; I care more for their riches than their goodness. I have no doubt that old nurse will make a good thing of this attendance, for all she talks so scornfully of *being paid*. I wish I could get over my fears, and take to nursing. It must be a profitable calling in these days."

And she replenished the charcoal in her braziers, strewed upon it a fresh supply of rosin and brimstone and sweet herbs, and then sat down to lament the loss of Egmont's chain and ring, which yet she had not had the courage to return and secure.

We will leave her to these very unprofitable reflections, and return to the more interesting personages of our story.

Mr. Purvis recovered from the plague, but it was very slowly. The chill which he took when he left his room so slightly clad, very nearly proved fatal. And though the skill of Dr. Graves, and the devoted attention of Blanche—assisted constantly by Elsie, and very frequently by Oliver Wyndham—were instrumental in saving his life, he yet continued very feeble, and it was painfully evident that his mind had received a severe shock, from which Dr. Graves doubted whether it would ever fully recover.

Blanche had no idea that such a calamity was at all to be apprehended. She spoke of her father's great weakness, and of his frequent wanderings, as merely the remains of the disease, which time and change of air would, by-and-by, entirely remove. And her joy and gratitude for his preservation, and the hope of his restoration to health, were so earnest and so touching, that neither

Dr. Graves or Oliver Wyndham had courage to damp her spirits by uttering a doubt as to the perfect recovery of the beloved patient.

Every day Oliver found himself in the room of the convalescent; and every day his admiration of Blanche was increased by the sight of her gentle, graceful manner, and her unaffected beauty; and not less by listening to the natural expression of her pious gratitude for the past, and her firm faith for the future. Such a mind as hers he had never come in contact with since he lost his mother; and sometimes — while Blanche was very earnestly conversing with him, and trying, by her simple and Scriptural arguments, to arouse in him a faith and hope like her own — the image of that much-loved and regretted mother would rise up before him, and he could almost fancy himself again a child, and again listening to her holy instructions.

Once he told Blanche of this strange fancy; and she smiled sweetly, and said,

"I shall take advantage of this imagination of yours, Mr. Wyndham, and speak as freely to you of all the defects of your creed as I think your mother would do if she were here. Will you allow me to do so?"

"Oh, so, thankfully!" exclaimed Oliver, and his looks showed that he meant what he said.

From that time a very pleasant kind of intimacy was established between the young people, which became a matter of course to Mr. Purvis, and awakened no new ideas in his wandering mind; but which Dr. Graves observed with daily increasing satisfaction, though he wisely made no remark to his young friend on the subject. Had he done so, Oliver would stoutly have disclaimed all thoughts of Blanche Purvis except as a kind friend and adviser, to whom he looked up as to one of a superior order of beings, but whom he could never dare to love, or seek to win. And Blanche also, if similarly questioned, would have declared in all sincerity, that she felt a great interest in Oliver Wyndham as a friend and benefactor to her father and herself, and also as a highly-gifted and most amiable man, whose talents

had not been rightly directed, and mind was rendered gloomy and unset by the want of a simple and confiding view of the Revelation and the promises of God; she had never yet even suspected that deeper interest had found a place in her heart, which she believed to be wholly exclusively devoted to her father.

So the days went on, and half the year passed away; every evening Oliver came from his rounds, and brought a report of gradual decrease of mortality in the city. But as yet no improvement in the aspect of the streets had taken place. The streets were still empty and desolate; and growing in many of what had been thoroughfares. None of those who had returned from the pestilence had yet ventured to return: no trade was yet carried on in deserted shops and warehouses; no amusements were resumed; no carriages rolled through the streets except the funeral dead-cart! But, as we have already observed, the comparative decrease in the number of deaths had inspired in the authorities of London with a foolhardy confidence and a disregard of proper precautions, which had caused the waning disease again to break out in numerous fresh cases.

Mr. Purvis listened to all that was related of the state of the city with apparent interest; and sometimes he made remarks that seemed to betoken intelligence. But then again his mind would wander, and he would reply so incoherently as to distress and even alarm his daughter. She could not, as time passed on, refrain from herself that her father's powers of mind, which had been so great and so remarkable, did not return with his bodily strength. At length a sad foreboding took possession of her spirit. After a time, she found it necessary to tell her fears to Oliver, and to listen to his sad confirmation of them. He could not deny that those fears were well founded; and the pain he felt at this admission seemed almost as great as hers at hearing it.

Then it was that Oliver saw most fully the power of true religion in enal-

believer to endure even the heaviest ; and he was led to reflect more than he had ever done before on defects in his own religious principles. He saw a young and unsophisticated man unflinchingly and uncomplainingly receive a blow that evidently struck deeply at his heart, and shattered all her present happiness. He saw her resignation to the will of God, in that will doomed her to a life of anxiety, and even of dread. He saw as it were, press down into the folds of her own heart the feelings that quiver with pain and sympathy, and with a sweet and placid smile to her chamber—there to minister to his cheer his often depressed spirit, with unflinching patience his freedom from irritation, and his oft-repeated and childish remarks. Yes, for the talented David Purvis did, become almost a child in mind, and occasional and brief indications of talents and powers for which he had been remarkable. Only on the subject of religion did his intellect remain clear ; but not now on the deep things of religion which he had loved to discuss and to controvert ; it was not on mysterious and dogmatic doctrines that his clouded spirit found rest. It was in the simple truths of the Gospel that the enfeebled mind of David Purvis found rest, and peace, and joy. It was the love and mercy of his Saviour that he delighted to dwell, and on the bright promise that love had purchased for him. In the weakness of his strength and power he had committed his intellect to the teaching of the Holy Spirit ; and now, when that intellect was weak and failing, those holy and simple truths remained "*as an anchor of the soul, steadfast,*" though all other learning and other bright perceptions were rapidly passing away.

He would Mr. Purvis dwell on the fundamental and saving truths of Christianity

in conversation with Oliver Wyndham. He would address him as if his powers of mind were no greater than his own, and would reiterate some simple truth, and dwell on it in all its practical bearings, as if he had been giving instruction to some young and unlearned inquirer.

Then Blanche would sit by silently, as if occupied with her work. But not a word nor a look were lost on her. She saw that the deep respect and sympathy with which Oliver now regarded her father gave to every word of his a double weight and influence. She perceived that the fact of Mr. Purvis having retained the simple truths of Scripture when all other knowledge had wellnigh forsaken him, had made a deep impression on Oliver's reflective mind. She also felt that the striking manner in which her father's whole thoughts and conversation were now influenced by religious feeling, must have a reflected influence on the heart of his attentive hearers ; and she acknowledged how a merciful and gracious God can bring good out of the greatest apparent evil. She almost rejoiced in the infirmity that had—for a time, as she hoped and believed—reduced the strong and enlightened man to a level with a "*babe in Christ* ;" and thus fitted him to meet the requirements of a mind that was now unfitted for argument, and had need of "*the pure milk of the word.*"

Sometimes Elsie Crowther was present when the invalid asked Blanche to read the Bible to him, and while he afterwards "*expounded the Scriptures*" with the simple power of truth and feeling ; and she rejoiced with sincere thankfulness that circumstances had been thus overruled to the spiritual benefit of her beloved young master. She saw, as clearly as Dr. Graves did, that his heart was yielding to two beneficial influences, and that each strengthened the other ; and she hoped and prayed that both the new sentiments that had been so strongly awakened in his breast might be confirmed and blessed and perpetuated.

# APRIL.

CAVATINE, by S. G. HATHERLY, Mus. Bac.  
Composer of the Oratoriette "Baptism"

*Andante non troppo.*

A - PRIL hail! With cheer - ful tone I bid thee wel - come,

wel - come, wel - come: not a - lone For that thou com'st and bring'st a - long The

sight, and smell, and tune - ful song Of leaf, and

flow'r of min - gled hue, And ma - ny a plum - ed war - bler new:

flow'r - - of min - gled hue, And ma - - - ny a plum - ed war - bler new:

*p* But that with ho - ly wis - dom fraught, Thou wak'st with - al the *cres.*

grate - ful thought, That, when these plea - sant things are o'er, Things

still more plea-sant are in store In God's ce - les-tial Pa - ra - dise "For

those that love Him;" pas - sing bliss "Which hu - man eye or ear can

scan, Nor dwell they in the heart - - of man."

*Abridged from Br. MANT's British Months.*

## MARRIED AND SINGLE.

BY J. M. WILSON.

important question is not *when* a man marries, but *who* he marries. They talk of life tying up his hands, and placing a barrier before his prospects; in short, as if a blight over his worldly expectations—like an untimely frost, nipping and freezing an opening bud. It is one of the most popular fallacies which ever float on the surface of the chit-chat of society. A married man, young or old, is always a more sensible sort of character than a bachelor. A man takes unto himself an amiable and

a prudent wife, even though she bring him not a shilling as a dowry, and although he may be young in years and a beginner in business, he doeth well. Had he doubled his stock, his credit, and his custom, he would not have done better; for he has a double motive to do so. He has found one to beguile his dulness, to soothe his care, to cheer him forward, and to stimulate him to exertion; and that, too, tenderly as the breath of May fanneth and kisseth the young leaves and flowers into beauty.

## THE EVIDENCES OF OUR FAITH, AND THE PROGRESS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. T. RAGO, INCUMBENT OF LAWLEY, NEAR WELLINGTON; AUTHOR OF "CREATION'S TESTIMONY TO ITS GOD."

## V.—A CHAPTER ABOUT LIGHT.

SOME years ago, a theory was broached, and widely advocated, that the Holy Scriptures contained all the germs of scientific truth; and that all true science must be founded upon its statements. In fact, a vast number of fanciful cosmogonies were published, founded upon as fanciful interpretations of the early chapters of Genesis. Like many other airy castles, built of mist, they have vanished before the light of patient and searching investigation; and we have learned to smile at the wise folly of those who constructed them.

A very opposite idea is now beginning generally to prevail. It is, that in the Holy Scriptures what are called *scientific* truths are in a certain sense purposely ignored. That is to say, that for the higher purposes of moral and spiritual instruction and training, second causes are as it were set aside, or kept out of sight, in order that we may be brought into more direct and immediate contact with the one great First Cause, the originator of all, to whom we are responsible for our actions as rational and moral creatures. Thus the machinery of the universe, if I may so term it, is put out of sight, that our attention may be more directly centered on the hand that works it.

To me it certainly appears that, independent of any evidence which might be brought forward to maintain it, this latter would be a much more probable theory than the former; first, because the instructions which the Scriptures contain are connected almost entirely with our moral and spiritual well-being; and, secondly, because we have no rational ground for supposing that God would *reveal* to us such facts as He had given us power to ascertain for ourselves by the exercise of our reasoning faculties.

While holding these views, however, I am at the same time led naturally to believe that Inspired writers, though they did not teach science, would generally be led to make use of language in full accordance with the facts of science, except when they make use of the language of phenomena or appearances, which is, to a great extent, the common language of mankind. And, further, I am led to believe that when Inspired writers make use of meta-

phor or allegory, or when, to impress the more clearly or more forcibly, they make what is called an anthropopathy, represent God as possessing human feelings or passions, the figurative language, of what kind, would tend towards right views and our relations to Him.

As connected with the first of these principles, critical investigation has brought many things to light which are astonishing. Hebrew words, which have been somewhat loosely rendered into Greek or modern languages, are found, when their root meaning is traced, wonderfully to coincide with scientific facts which have only recently been discovered; and changes of terminology, phrases which long appeared to have no significance, but to be merely used, as in writing, for the purpose of avoiding repetition, or to make the sentence *sound* better, now to have a meaning which for 1800 years was wholly unsuspected.

Such is the case in the mention made of LIGHT in the first chapter of Genesis. There are two words frequently used in this ancient document, one signifying "create," the other "make;" neither of these is connected with light; another is called requisition, signifying "let be," or "let stand." Yet men, not regarding this change of terminology, or not considering it of any significance, for thousands of years treated the "let" as an exchangeable word with the other, and talked and written of God making or creating light just as they talked and wrote of God having made or created any material thing; and it is only after the most patient investigation and experiment *seemed* to teach us that light is not, what was thought to be, a material substance, but merely an *effect* caused by the undulating wave-like motion of transparent particles of matter, that we have seen any significance for this change of terms in the record. The present generally prevailing opinions respecting light are right, the words "create" and "make" could not have been used consistently in any other than an accommodated

making the change of terms, Moses has to write with strict scientific accuracy. It use this word *seems* as casting doubt it is called the "undulatory theory of light" at merely to indicate that there is a great uncertainty connected with all scientific facts which are incapable of demonstration. In these things, as well as in religion, we are obliged to have recourse to faith, and not to certainty. I accept the theory, understanding that some new discoveries shall shortly notice have thrown some doubts in its way. I accept it because the words of Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, and others have made it manifest that it does not account for all known phenomena connected with the subject, it accounts for most of them, and that in a more satisfactory way than any other theory which has been offered. There is much uncertainty connected with the beautiful and glorious irradiation of light leads us to certainty about many other things. True, we really *know* comparatively little about that mysterious but powerful agent which conveys to us nearly all our blessings with which our lives are filled.

Yet man's industrious investigations have been wholly in vain. Some facts we have retained which will serve to make us humble and admire; and the more we know, the more are we inclined to look with sympathy on the mistake of those sages of old who dimly guessing at the facts we know, have recognised in light and in the sun what fallen man had lost and yearned for—the vision of his God—and blindly wor-

shipped by very simple means that great light was discovered; and a very simple instrument of triangular glass called a prism has perhaps taught us more respecting the nature of light than all things beside. If we pass sunlight through a small hole into a dark room, it will show a bright patch on the opposite wall; but if we pass it through a prism, instead of the bright patch being present to our view a line of light of different colours, always in the same order (now order), red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. This is called the spectrum. It is caused, or supposed to be caused, by the different rays of which light is composed, being refracted (that is turned aside) at different angles. By experiment it has been found that the yellow ray has the most illuminating power, the red the most heat-giving, but

neither of them the most active chemical power. In fact, *all* have their effects, in different seasons of the year, upon vegetation, and the whole chemistry of our world; and the constitution of the world would be quite altered if any of them were absent.

But, further, exact analysis has shown in the spectrum, not only these rainbow colours, but numerous dark lines across them, which, though some of them are variable, are *generally* constant. And on the outside of a soap-bubble, when blown and thrown into the sunshine, in which most of us in our childhood have rejoiced to see the same bright prismatic colours, those same dark lines in the same relative places are visible. Sir John Herschel (if I may in a few words attempt to popularize his elaborate treatise) ascribes this to the meeting or crossing of rays of the same degree of refrangibility (that is refracted at the same angle), which neutralize each other. He illustrates this in various ways, but the illustration which I think will be most generally understood is that of the meeting of two waves of the same height on a sheet of water, which, instead of making one larger wave, subside into a level. Thus, in the undulatory or wave-motion of light, two rays of the same nature and velocity, meeting, neutralize each other, and make darkness.

If other light, however, instead of sunlight, be used, and passed through the prism, these black lines do not appear. Some indeed are occasionally found, which are supposed to be due to vapours floating in the atmosphere. But this is *only* an occasional occurrence. Instead of black lines, certain bright lines are thrown across the spectrum, varying in their places and colours according to the medium by which the flame is produced. The different gases and metals each have their own lines. The flame produced by the burning of magnesium wire, which in its intensity most *resembles* sunlight, and which I have seen throw entirely into shade the many jets of gas in a brilliantly lighted room, only differs in this respect from other artificial lights in the position and colour of its own lines.

A stricter and closer comparison showed that these bright lines corresponded exactly in position with some of the dark lines in the solar spectrum. This led to the idea that the dark lines were produced by the combustion of the same gases and metals, the rays of which, passing through the cool vapours of the same substances, were neutralized, and became dark. I have not seen the paper presented by Mr.

Huggins to the Royal Society, and therefore have to take his views at second-hand. But the theory as expressed by one of his exponents is that the sun is a red-hot body in which these various gases and metals are in a state of combustion, and their rays, passing through its photosphere, where the vapours of the same substances are floating, are thus neutralized, and made dark. Against this view, the supposed ascertained nature of the sun's spots seems to give strong testimony; and it is also discordant from the modern idea of the sun itself being a habitable and inhabited body. I do not consider this, however, a *necessary* part of the theory, because the combustion of the various substances might be supposed to be going on by electric or electro-magnetic action in the photosphere, and the cooler vapours to be floating in an atmosphere outside.

Against the theory itself, in its present condition, I offer no objection. It is interesting; it is probable, and has many coincidences to support it, though many difficulties and objections have yet to be overcome. Against the theories which have been *built upon* this theory, I do however object most strongly, and that is the reason why I have at this time taken up the subject; though I hope the reader has found sufficient interest in it to repay the trouble of perusal, independent of what is to follow.

A few more facts, and then we come to the point. The sunlight as reflected by the moon and planets has been analyzed in the spectrum, and these have shown, as far as could be observed, the same dark lines—none *within* the orbit of the earth showing any different lines as due to their own atmospheres. Some of the outer planets, on the other hand, have shown additional lines, indicating the presence of some other elements, and perhaps of a denser atmosphere, giving them, it may be, a greater proportion of heat and light in their far-away positions than man's fancies have generally assigned them. And some of the fixed stars have also been thus analyzed, and given evidence (according to this new theory) of the presence of many of the same metals there as in our own sun and system, betokening a common brotherhood, and I would add betokening by their family likeness the work of the same Creator.

So far well. But men have proceeded further, not merely with observing but with theorizing. In last year's volume of *OUR OWN FIRESIDE*, page 124, under the head "*How did it come?*" I called the reader's attention to the fact that,

from the appearance of certain bright white clouds, called nebulae, in the heavens, called nebulae, at a distance incommensurable with the distance of the nearest fixed star, La Place had drawn out a "nebular theory," explaining how from diffused gas drawn together by the laws of nature, all the worlds may have been formed, and other processes of formation; by which the believer appeared to obtain what he desired, a universe without a God—systems of worlds forming themselves. Further showed how, by the extra-power of Rosse's telescope, many of these nebulae supposed to be unresolvable, had been resolved and discovered to be far-away galaxies, clusters of stars whose distance hid from us all but the dim light of their common centre. Thus was the dream of self-creation dispelled by facts which led us to conclude if not all, the nebulae were galaxies at too great a distance to be seen by separate distinctness.

By a delicate instrument which was brought to bear upon them, the spectra of many of the nebulae have been obtained. And though the observers intimate many difficulties attending the faintness of the objects, are such that the results are very uncertain, yet because the nebulae do not produce a spectrum resembling that of sunlight, but rather that of incandescent bodies, by men who stand so high in science, their opinions necessarily have weight, and the nebulae at least are gaseous bodies. We must fall back upon La Place's theory. Indeed, at the last year's meeting of the British Association, the President of the Mathematical and Physical Science Section is reported by the *Athenæum* to have said,—

"In one curious instance, that of a nebula in the sword-handle of Orion, the former and spectral observation appear to be in variance. The former showed the nebula to be partially resolvable, at least into a few stars; the latter showed a spectrum of only a few lines—a criterion of gaseity. The sole contradiction is *doubtless* to be found in the suggestion, that the bright spots are not but aggregations of the gaseous fluid. If this suggestion would lead us to conclude that here a cosmic process actually is before our eyes, the birth of a star, the formation perhaps of solar systems, the nebular theory realized in fact."

The speaker certainly had the most perfect right that "strict scientific induction forges ahead, yet to receive this as an ascertained fact."



rt of careful philosophy is involved  
rd "doubtless." Is it consistent  
*scientific induction* to set aside, with-  
what appear to be the *clear* dis-  
Lord Rosse's telescope, supported by  
l supported by the ascertained con-  
similar but nearer bodies, because  
an of observations, the validity of  
ot yet be said to be established,  
st doubt upon them?

ession "a spectrum of only three  
a criterion of gaseity," is somewhat

Learned men as well as unlearned  
mes to quote from each other rather  
out conveying the *exact* meaning  
e words were previously used, and  
mination or investigation for them-  
the speaker really meant that the  
he *flame* of gas is not refrangible,  
, like sunlight, yield, when passed  
e prism, a spectrum of the usual  
colours, he may readily satisfy him-  
is is an error by experimenting, as  
y times done, with a prism and the  
his own dwelling. In mine at least  
a perfect spectrum. If he means  
as or vapour, we may well ask where  
all we see such matter emitting any  
han reflected light—as, for instance,  
of comets, in clouds illumined by  
id in the radiant atmosphere above  
urnace? But be it ever remembered  
light is not the light of the gas, is not  
therefore cannot indicate *its* nature  
rum. And yet, again, if as we are  
l require a telescope of *vastly* greater  
any yet constructed to show us the  
it of a planet revolving round the  
l star, how shall we deem it possible  
ted light at the distance at which  
lace the nebula in Orion (which  
een seen from the tropics with the  
a distance from which, according  
t computation I have yet seen, it  
light thirty thousand years to travel  
ry rate of more than eleven million  
ute. Of such imaginings, if ever  
lace in the human mind, well may  
xpressive English adage, "What a  
shine!"

h by the way, and now for argument

Either the results of the spectral  
the nebulae are real or they are  
and whether real or imaginary I  
how that they give no evidence in  
nebulæ theory.

They may be only imaginary in consequence  
of the faintness of the light; and we are  
scarcely justified in expecting that the light from  
a multitude of stars so distant that they could  
only make their existence visible by one faint  
white spot, should have the same effect as sun-  
light on a prism. Lord Wrottesley's description  
of the observations in question,\* which is the  
best and clearest I have yet seen, is quite con-  
sistent with this view. He says,—

"Mr. Huggins commenced by observing the  
planetary nebulae—that is, nebulae which appear  
circular or oval, and present discs like planets.  
On examination, it appeared that the light of  
these nebulae unlike any other celestial light  
which had been analyzed by observation of the  
spectrum, was not composed of light of different  
refrangibilities, and therefore could not form a  
spectrum. It is for the most part of one colour,  
and after passing through the prism remains  
concentrated in a bright line occupying in the  
instrument the position of that part of the  
spectrum to which it corresponds in refran-  
gibility. A more careful examination with a  
narrow slit, however, showed that, a little more  
refrangible than the bright line, and separated  
from it by a dark interval, a narrower and much  
fainter line occurs. Beyond this, again, at  
about three times the distance of the second  
line, a third exceedingly faint line was seen."

I will only add that results not very dissimilar  
from these have been found by observers who  
have endeavoured to obtain a spectrum on too  
dull a day from the diffused sunlight in our  
atmosphere. It is therefore, to say the least,  
premature to conclude from the results of such  
observations that the nebulae are certainly  
gaseous.

But if, on the other hand, the results of the  
observations are not imaginary, but *real*—if the  
light is *sufficient* to reveal the nature of the  
materials from which that light arises, and the  
nebulae in question may safely be pronounced  
to be "nitrogen, hydrogen, and a substance at  
present unknown,"† what is the evidence it  
gives? Why, we may safely conclude, on the  
plain evidence of spectral analysis, that we  
have *not* before our eyes a realization of the  
nebular theory, or the birth of a stellar group.  
From no such nebulae, resembling enormous  
comets' tails, did the universe or system of  
which our earth forms part arise, for they  
do not contain the elements necessary to its

\* See his lordship's Lecture on Light at the Midland Insti-  
tute, Birmingham.

† See President's Address, British Association, 1865.

existence. They contain only three elements, while our earth has at least sixty-four. For if the observations be worth anything, and there be metals there even in a gaseous state, the *bright* lines indicating their presence should appear. And if there be no metals present, it may safely be said that the dream of producing a universe, or even a stellar group, out of such materials, is one of the most baseless visions that ever occupied a philosopher's brain.

It may be asked, for it has been asked of me by an earnest Christian friend, "Why contend so strongly against the nebular theory, by doing which, if it should prove true, you may be only setting a trap for yourself or others? We all agree that the earth was once without form and void. How can we be sure that it had not previously existed in a state of gas? The only correct definition of creation is 'a bringing into existence of that which did not before exist;' and as nothing is told us about the process, it would be *creation* just the same, whether done instantaneously or by a process of natural law extending over an indefinite period."

Now I grant this to be true; I grant even that such words as "He spake, and it was done: He commanded and it stood fast," do not necessarily mean an *instantaneous* action when referring to Him with whom a thousand years are as a day, and one day as a thousand years. But my objections against the nebular theory are founded upon three strong bases—the present aspects of Nature, the order and course of Providence, and the general tenor of the Holy Scriptures.

That theory, if it admits a God at all, *thrusts Him too far from us*. Its deity, in my estimation, resembles an absorbed Buddha or a quiescent Brahma, who roused himself into spasmodic action at some far-away point of duration, and either calling matter into existence, or, finding it existing, stamped it with laws by which it should form itself into worlds, and furnish itself with vegetable and animal creatures; then retired from the scene, and left

it to the dominion of unchanging, unde and inexorable law. But the whole as nature speak to me of a living and a God. The whole course and order vidence speak to me of a God who ad the laws He enacted, in such a way t and virtue meet their due reward. . Holy Scriptures, if they teach us a teach that He is always and everywh sent, working and acting among u besides their direct dogmatic teaching figurative language has any meaning a there be any purpose whatever in second causes (the whole machinery universe) out of sight, that our attent be concentrated on the Hand that guid *must* be to teach us that God is a *pre interested* Being, who is "nigh at hand them that call upon Him, unto all t upon Him in truth"—that He will "f desire of them that fear Him"—that "hear their cry and save them."

Thus Nature, Providence, and Script me that God is neither a Buddha, a B Mithra, a Moloch, or a Fate, nor any c tion of any or all of these. They tell *living* and a *present* God, who, while a and beyond all, is yet among all and all; whose energy *keeps lighted* all th that He hath lit in Heaven's bright p round us; who *works* in Nature's forces life, their power, the great self-living whom all hangs dependent. They tell God who, while His power sustains all at one and the same time sustains a thing; that move upon those worlds, an the flowers that greet their eyes with a God, in fine, whose infinite comprehe no more perplexed with multiplicity th whelmed by vastness or baffled by mim but can at the same time measure forces that roll a million million star and listen to each dependent creatur that, in the almost boundless universe of hangs in dependence on Him—*Ineffa* present everywhere.



## OUR SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

## III.—NELLY BROOMIELAW, THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

father's memoir,\* Nelly has been already mentioned. I only recapitulate a few "pansies remembrance," in embarking on her own life. Our readers will recall her tall, slender figure, in which, and in her features, she came down to the feminine type, she resembled good old Broomielaw. Her accomplishments in music, drawing, and other marks of female education; her singular languages, not merely the modern ones, which were her pastime, but in the ancient and Hebrew; her ambition to be a mathematician like the boys, and the success with which she pursued her scientific studies; her girlish attachment to the promising student who died in the bloom of his young life; her sedate demeanour beyond her years; her cheerful, sisterly kindness and attention to the pupils, particularly to the sick, and friendless little fellows who had no one to go to in the holidays—when their enjoyment of Nelly's society and kindness most made their solitude welcome, they sincerely loved and admired her;—these are the premises of the tale to be submitted to the readers.

At the departure of her younger brother for the Indian appointment, obtained under the circumstances stated in our sketch of Vandenberg.

Archibald—*vulgo* Archie—if there was any one in her love for both her brothers, he was her favourite. A year or two younger than herself, and young for his years in habits of thought and life, she, so much older than he, was looked up to by Archie as a comfort to mother and sister. He never sought aid, whether in a classical or algebraic question, much less in any personal scrape, but she did not extricate him with an ease which surprised him, and with a simplicity which harmed him. He called her "a philosopher disguised in female attire"—"a don in the habit of a better angel," as other angels called her, for they were all brothers and sisters in her.

Nelly was his playmate as well as his comfort. He would rather at any time take

a stroll, with her arm linked in his, across the fields, than join in the most tempting popular game with the boys. He was a quiet, shy lad, more afraid of himself than of anybody else, with no confidence in his own powers of any kind, and requiring lots of encouragement to give himself fair play. He always did his work better than he expected, but never so well as when Nelly was by to cheer him on.

But the time came when he was to leave them all, and embark alone for an indefinite period, possibly for life, to the "far Ind." The boy trembled at the separation, though his good sense was grateful for the eligible prospect which his appointment afforded him. It had been long decided that his elder brother, Andrew—"Sandie"—should succeed the Doctor in the school, and as Archie preferred almost any other calling, the Indian opening seemed most opportune. But the price was painful. It cost him expatriation from father, and mother, and Sandie, and Nelly, and broke up the little family circle.

Weeks of preparations of all kinds for his outfit, preceded the mournful goodbye day. The schoolboys thought it a good opportunity to show their hearty respect for Broomielaw, as well as their personal affection for Archie; so they subscribed and presented him with a handsome dressing-case, with all its equipments in silver or ivory. Sandie gave him his own gold watch and chain, because it was the best, as well as the only thing of value he had to bestow upon "his own dear Archie." The Doctor's memento was a richly bound and costly illuminated Bible, inscribed "To my beloved son Archibald, with his dear father's love, and earnest prayer that this sacred volume may be his daily counsellor, and that, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the Saviour whom it reveals may be his hope and solace in life, and support in death." His mother's present was a prayer-book bound in the same style, and simply marked in the blank page, "Dearest Archibald, with his mother's love. 'Pray alway.'" Even the servants of the establishment clubbed a keepsake for "dear Master Archibald," and its embodiment was a

\* See page 78.

good morocco dispatch box, fitted with a Chubb's lock, "for they'd heered tell them Indiamen was dreadful thieves, and Mr. Chubb 'ud puzzle 'em."

Archie's class in the Sunday-school begged to add an ivory pencil-case, including knife and pen. A rich old maiden aunt didn't know what to send her good and dutiful nephew, except her blessing, and a cheque for £50 to buy him a horse when he reached India, and if it cost more, she would gladly remit him the balance. The second master contributed a saddle and equipments complete for his aunt's horse, and "hoped it would remind Archie of two old friends in the same stirrups." The shrewd old tutor had for many years desired a closer classification with Aunt Phoebe, but had never got up courage to venture on a broader intimation of his connubial views, than this symbolical saddling Miss Phoebe's nephew's horse.

The other masters, not to be excluded from the general expression of respect and regard for the son of their generous principal—on account of both too, Archie being a universal favourite—contributed in a body a silver inkstand. Other presents, from other old friends of the family, came pouring in, in various shapes, for Archie was the pincushion into which many a grateful acknowledgment of his venerable father's services was delicately stuck.

Everybody had given a "forget-me-not" of some kind or other, and the young man's needs seemed all anticipated, and supply exhausted. What could Nelly give? She felt how truly and devotedly she had given herself to her dear brother, so that any formal or inferior pledge of her affection or remembrance seemed superfluous. Her fingers day and night for six weary, sorrowful weeks had been at work upon all kinds of ingenious devices for his comfort and convenience in the far land, where no mother nor sister would be near him to look to his domestic minutiae—the thousand trivial things which we never appreciate till we miss them, and they teach us by their absence that we are not at home. But Archie must have some little *specialité* by which sister Nelly should be personified in his fond memory; not that he could ever forget sister Nelly, only Nelly herself felt there should be something on the table, in his Indian home, of which he could say to strangers—"This was sister Nelly's." They both "thought so too," but what must it be? Folks who never make a

present may smile at the difficulty, but it was a difficulty, especially when the last door seemed shut in her face by an old pupil sportsman sending a gun and case, complete with powder and shot, accompanied by the "hope to see a tiger's skin sent home for the Doctor's summer cloth, before the fowling-piece had spent a year in India. Ordinary *articles de voyage* were of course most liberally supplied by Archibald's parents, the extraneous list of reasonable *articles de luxe* was filled, and Archie insisted there was nothing more he wanted or desired. But Nelly was not to be foiled that way. She must have her representative at the court of Archie. The only question was, what shall it be? It must be something which had been her own. Dear Sandie's hint was suggestive here. She liked that present of his own watch. It would please both brothers for her to follow their excellent elder brother's example. The most precious jewel Nelly possessed was a locket of gold, which had been presented to her the day she came of age, with her father's and mother's hair, crossed and tied by a braid of her own, as if she were the filial loving link between the two. This, as an emblem of the fond parents so loath to part with him, and of the dear sister who bound both their hearts together in affectionate reaction on his brother, and himself, Nelly placed tenderly and temporarily round Archie's neck the day before he embarked for India.

Father, mother, sister, brother, all of them accompanied him to the ship, lying off Gravesend, and it was no small comfort to them to pace along the spacious decks of the magnificent East Indiaman. She was the "Golden Fleece," bound for Calcutta, with between seventy and eighty passengers on board. The Broomielaws took an early farewell dinner on board with Archie, as she was not to sail till daybreak the following morning, notwithstanding the urgency with which passengers were summoned on board before twelve o'clock on the day preceding. Perhaps it is useful to allow a margin to procrastinators.

Well, all the family group did their best to keep up each other's spirits, especially for Archie's sake, whom they should presently leave alone among strangers, and with all a landsman's dread of the tedious sea voyage before him. They made the best of everything: visited his cabin, and sat there in cheerful loving converse about three hours; praised its appointments, and admired its commodious-

But the chief incident of interest arose at their introduction to Archie's fellow-traveller in the same cabin, in whom the boy instantly recognized an old pupil who had been at school about seven years ago. His name was Hans Vandenberg, son of that respected Dutch merchant, long settled in the East Indies, to whose influence Archie owed his education, and to whose bounty he owed his present position. It was the happiest omen, that with a friend, at once an old pupil of his father, and the son of his benefactor. It brought a great unexpected comfort to them all.

Hans was a popular boy at school for a certain manliness of character which was well known to the military calling which he followed. Nelly at once remembered him as the little fellow who got his cadetship at a young age, and embarked at once for India. He was now returning to India, after a year's leave to Europe on sick leave, and the picture of a robust and buoyant spirits, standing above six feet high, "without his shoes." They were glad to find Archie had such a friend on board, as their destination lay in the same direction.

Vandenberg was now a captain, and a generous young fellow. He had risen in the ranks of a regiment to which he had been originally attached, having seen much service in the East and survived great numbers of his seniors in the fatalities of war. Then it was a tender interest in him that he was the father of the little Indian boy, Carl Vandenberg, whose untimely death at school had so long distressed them all. They had thus a memory in common, a subject of common interest to them all. Nelly's recollection of the last few days of his brother's life affected the captain. It recalled his schoolboy days, and the face of the little boy whom he had only seen as an infant, when the child was sent away from India. It led the Broomielaws to have a subject of conversation about, which diverted attention from their immediate sorrows. His friends and he, all in India, he rather felt going home in the morning abroad. Then they all adjourned again, the captain accompanying them. He had no relatives in England to bid him farewell, and seemed to be not sorry to participate in however indirect a shape, with the friends of Archie's friends.

They couldn't leave them at once, as the ship was detained. So they walked about the deck, and made up for any excuse to seem to be merry. They sat down on the deck, and the captain, sitting aboard of a drove of pigs, the

hilarity of the sailors, and an occasional conflict between a headstrong pig and his naval captors, seasonably relieved their gloom. Then followed the embarkation of the milch cow, who lay prostrate on deck, as soon as they moved her out of the shore steamer, in exemplary resignation; as if she felt they had somehow got the better of her, with that rope so cunningly adjusted midship of her body that she rose equally as the beam of a pair of scales, and lay where they dropped her, as if she had nothing more to say to it. They switched her on her legs, but her awkward gait on the hard deck planks, so different from the green turf she had been used to, claimed every allowance for the series of stumbles which the naval emigrant made on her way to her destined cabin. A cow unused to the sea is as awkward there as a landsman, and that is saying a great deal in extenuation of the quadruped.

At length however the parting moment came. All had kept up their spirits creditably to this point. Archie bid first of all farewell to his mother, and the old lady kissed him long and tenderly, as she pressed him to her bosom in silent anguish. She could only say, "God bless my boy!" and was afraid to say more, lest Archie should detect the tears which were raining fast down her cheeks. Sandie kissed his brother, and could not conceal his anguish. The Doctor wrung his hand; and when the dear fellow, long arrived at man's estate, kissed his father, which he had not done for the last few years of manhood, it brought back such an endearing recollection of the boy's childhood, that its simplicity and unexpectedness overcame the Doctor, and he wept over him, even more than Sandie. Then Nelly's turn came, and she embraced him tenderly, and by a painful effort at self-command, though the falling tears belied her vocal composure, she said, "Cheer up, dearest Archie! Goodbye—God Almighty bless you, my own dearest!"

Then Archie gave way uncontrollably. He sobbed aloud. He hid his face, as one who was ashamed of his abdication of strong manhood, but could not choose but yield to his overpowering grief. The young captain tenderly offered his arm to Nelly, who was fast succumbing to the anguish of the separation.

"Let me see you ashore," whispered Captain Hans; and hailing a boat, he involuntarily assumed command of a party which had lost all command of themselves, and ordered the boatman to pull to the Tilbury Fort side of the Thames, where the carriage was waiting which

had conveyed the sorrowing family to the place of embarkation. The sympathy, self-possession, and opportune kindness of the captain on that occasion made its first impression on Nelly's heart, at the most susceptible crisis of her life.

Many boats were hurrying to and fro between the shore and the "Golden Fleece," and about midway, the boat conveying the family was run foul of by a wherry full of drunken sailors, and in an instant was capsized.

The whole party were precipitated into the water. The Doctor and Sandie seized the side of the boat and supported themselves, crying lustily for help for Mrs. Broomielaw and Nelly, neither of whom could be anywhere seen. Presently the waterman rose to the surface with Mrs. Broomielaw, and in another instant Captain Vandenberg, who had dived after Nelly, appeared supporting her head above the water. The only boat available for the rescue was the one which was filled with the drunken crew. But they could not hesitate. The men pulled them into their boat, with the Doctor, his wife, and son, and turning the boat's head, pulled back to the shore.

But two of the sailors opposed their boat's proceeding anywhere except direct to the ship. In vain the others, with better nature, and not being so much intoxicated, reasoned with their messmates; one of the recreants snatched an oar from the waterman, and forcibly pulled the boat round again, with a violence which threatened to upset the crowded wherry. Captain Hans seized the man by the throat, and with one fearful blow full in the face, knocked him down in the boat, where his messmates held him down, swearing fearfully. Hans then seized the other man, and threatened to throw him overboard if he stirred hand or foot till the wherry landed her passengers.

"Sarved 'em right, Captain," said the rest, "only don't report 'em aboard, sir."

"Give way then to the shore," said Hans, "and I'll overlook their conduct. You drunken scoundrels nearly cost this lady her life. I was only just in time."

Drenched to the skin, shivering with the bitter cold, and their hearts heavy with their recent sorrow, the whole party landed in miserable plight. Nelly, but for the stout heart and strong arm which encircled her waist to keep her from falling, would have been unable to proceed a step. Her limbs trembled under her with the excitement; her nerves had been previously unstrung, and before they had gone many yards from the shore she fainted. The

captain took her up in his arms, and carried her to the carriage, handed mother, father, and Sandie, and met beside the coachman, urged him to drive into the Fort, for there was no inn and stopped at the commandant's quarters who was an Indian officer, and friend of his father's.

The occurrence was rapidly explained, were instantly lighted or mended in the rooms, abundance of hot water procured, a total exchange made of their wet garments for dry ones, through the prompt hospitality of the commandant and the kindness of his family.

Hans ordered the carriage to be put away while dinner was being prepared, and while dinner was being prepared, a metamorphoses effected, he had gone aboard to allay apprehension in Archie and change his own dripping garments. Finding however his friend already fallen a his berth, worn-out with his recent sorrow that the evening had set in wet and dark he would not wake him to go through the parting scene by taking him ashore, therefore left him a note, in case he woke, stating he was dining with his friends at the Fort, previous to their return to the ship, and would be back aboard shortly. He also told the ship would not sail till daybreak, as the wind was rising, and wind and tide dead against them, and resolved to spend an hour with his old friends before he left them for England, probably for ever.

It was seven o'clock when Hans returned to the Fort, and the family party were seated at dinner, and had in some measure recovered from the excitement of their adventure. He was received with joyful looks, for all believed his sudden departure to be the result of a summons from the ship, and she was weighing anchor. She had indeed sailed a mile lower down the mouth of the river, and was supposed to have finally sailed, when she had then cast anchor for the night.

To them all, he reappeared as a link of connection with poor Archie, and when he told them that his motive in abruptly starting the ship was to intercept the commotion and perhaps exaggeration, of any painful recollection of their mishap to poor Archie, they all gratefully at him, and Broomielaw blessed him for "a dutiful pupil to his master." When he added that he found Archie composed in sleep, and wouldn't wake, he left him a note to explain his absence, and

ould be any the better for a second commandant struck in with the

ht, Hans; old Vandenberg's blood veins, my boy."

from time to time stealthily wanner scarcely tasted food to the ible young fellow, her admiration t every gaze, as the bee gathers from every additional flower she manly officer, the little friend and her girlhood, had saved her life—enderness of sensibility for her, and in their sorrow, which betokened unselfish spirit; and even the little e coolness and self-possession with elled the petty mutiny in the boat, r from petty in her then affrighted d—all combined to raise Captain gh place in her womanly estimate . Nelly inwardly rejoiced that her had such a companion for his such a friend as a convoy in the tedious land journey after their ndia. It was a great comfort to d they said so, "that Archie had uch good hands."

all do very well," said Hans. "We r stage coaches nor railways yet in shall take our locomotive degree nd get the rails before the coaches; nounce Archie and I shall travel per a Bath chair, with a trifle better

o well enough, I'll be bound," said dant; "your father never ran his t a stone wall."

fter hour passed in agreeable chat, ing, and indeed informing the com- is lively accurate itinerary of the by sea and land which Archie and traverse, exhibiting an accurate e with the geography, political ren- ners, customs, religion, and pro- ch country which they would have ough, unusual in so young an officer. ie request of the commandant, he an Indian song in Hindostanee, and ed for its translation into English, ung to the same tune a metrical his own, though he did not say so, no ordinary poetical power and was a young Brahmin's farewell and the faith of his fathers, on his Christianity. The last stanza ran

"At Vishnoo's shrines I bow no more,  
Nor dare I say farewell;  
Ye blush with stains of human gore,  
And burn with fires of hell:  
My heart and soul, asunder riven,  
Its home and Father hath in Heaven."

Nelly begged him to write for her a copy of the English verses, side by side with the Hindostanee original, playfully stating her intention to learn the language, and that she would like to have by her a graceful Anglo-Indian model. Hans blushed with delight at the compliment to his verses, and instantly set to writing them out, the Doctor facetiously congratulating "the happy combination of Mars and Apollo," and the commandant shouting, "Bravo, Captain Laureate!"

One verse so nearly analogized poor Archie's case, that Sandie and his mother shed another tear for him, and even Hans' voice slightly quavered as he lingered with increased pathos on the line,—

"My own sweet sister's eye."

The young convert's natural yearning at the point of separation found utterance in the adieu:—

"My father's house, my mother's side,  
My own sweet sister's eye,  
My brother in his manly pride,  
I bid ye all—goodbye.  
A sojourner on earth I roam  
Christ's outlaw from my pagan home."

Nelly happened at the moment to be looking at Hans, and Hans happening at the same moment to look at Nelly, naturally their eyes met, and each unconsciously betrayed to the other a hidden application of the words, somewhat beside their grammatical import. But love is subtle as the schoolmen, at non-natural senses, and isoteric bearings. Before they were half aware of it, Hans and Nelly had both committed themselves to a tacit acknowledgment of mutual admiration.

The hour was long past ten—the night was dark—and the distance to town considerable. The carriage was ordered. The Broomielaws replaced their dried garments, and with repeated expressions of gratitude for their hospitable reception, took their leave. Hans' last act, as he handed Nelly last into the carriage, was to fasten on the shawl, in which he muffled her up from the bitter cold, a pin, whispering in a faltering voice, as if it were his turn to sorrow now, "Wear that for my sake,

dearest!" and instantly vanishing into the darkness, before Nelly could reply or return his gift, had she been so disposed, the carriage drove off, and the family were gone.

Hans returned on board with a far heavier heart than he had brought ashore with him. That night had so far sealed his future. Circumstances had rapidly developed a passion which he dared to hope was in some measure reciprocated. It was the turning-point in the young man's life. The ambition to become worthy of Nelly suggested that night the resolution, accompanied by earnest, heartfelt prayer for strength to keep it, to devote himself more decidedly to God, and to his profession, that the day might speedily come when he should return to England on the business which now lay nearest his heart. These thoughts and self-communings engrossed his mind till he reached the ship.

On descending to his cabin, he found Archie had awaked half an hour, was sitting up, and commencing his four months' sea voyage by a domestic cup of tea. The friends shook each other heartily by the hand. Hans told him he had been spending the evening with an old friend of his (Hans) father's, the commanding

officer at Tilbury Fort. But they had fortnight at sea, and Archie had got sea-sickness, and got his sea legs, before he had the heart to tell his friend of the incident in the boat (which he made as light of as possible), and of the commandant's hospitable and pleasant evening, and the composure with which he had seen them in their carriage *en-route* for town. This greatly affected Archie, and he wrung his friend's hand gratefully as he cried, "I shall never forget it." "I shall never forget it."

Then Hans, with some embarrassment, confessed to Archie what he had done and said to Nelly at parting; how he had pinned on her shawl a diamond pin, his poor mother's gift, and begged her to "wear it for him," how he hoped to rise in the service some day in a position to offer her his hand together with such expectations as he had from his father.

Archie again shook his friend's hand, and said, "From this day we are brothers! that understanding, welcome on both sides. I shall leave them in their tedious voyage to the continent." (To be continued.)

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

### THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN: AN EASTER MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. WM. LANDELS.

"In the garden a new sepulchre. . . There laid they Jesus."—ST. JOHN xix. 41, 42.

It was meet that the sepulchre should be placed in "a garden," seeing that it was to contain the body of our Lord.

His presence there gave to the grave a significance which it had never possessed before. It exerted a mighty influence on the nature, and aspect, and issues of death, and changed the consequences of suffering to all who believe. His glorious resurrection, so soon after His burial, was the pledge of a like resurrection to those who put their trust in Him; and shows how His presence, from the deepest sorrow, causes highest joy to spring.

It was meet, therefore, that in His sepul-

chre, at least, death should be associated with the repulsive, but with the beautiful. And it is meet also in the case of our Lord. I like to see flowers scattered around or strewn upon the graves of our loved ones who lie beneath, with angels bending over them, crown in hand, and anointing the death's heads and crosses of their former days. The latter may remind us of our mortality, but the former points to the greater appropriateness to the immortal life which our mortality shall put on. (It is that your sepulchres should be in a garden, ye who put your trust in



b in which He lies, in the person of  
abers, is a seed-plot of immortality,  
ich radiant and glorious forms shall

The body which moulders there,  
gles with the dust, defaced and dis-  
beyond recognition, its parts dis-  
into their original elements, is but  
; like the seed preparatory to its  
; up into nobler life; "for that  
ou sowest is not quickened except

It lies there now without sign of  
r the process of dissolution going on,  
ne of the watchers have grown weary  
ing for the promised resurrection,  
ey say is to take place at the advent  
Lord; and scoffers shake their heads,

"It will never come; where is the  
? Since the fathers fell asleep, all  
ontinue as they were." But though  
er may be long and trying to weak  
ich needs the support of sight, the  
ime comes when the earth shall open  
doors, and release the imprisoned  
Thy dead men shall live; together  
dead body shall they rise. Awake  
; ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew  
dew of herbs; and the earth shall  
r dead."

meet, too, that the sepulchre should  
"garden," because of the change  
he Saviour's death is to produce in  
ct of the world.

ed by sin to a desert state, physically  
rally, it shall yet be covered with  
like beauty and fertility, because  
as died. It is a sufficient pledge  
novation that it has contained His  
e. The world shall be made beau-  
whose soil He has condescended to  
e plant which has sprung from that  
destined to fill the world with its  
and its fragrance. The garden in  
stood is but a faint emblem of what  
h shall become, both morally and  
ly, because He has lain there.

re said to take possession of a country  
ey have buried their dead in it.  
e henceforth bound to it by stronger  
e tender ties than previously existed.  
stant lands they return to it when  
nity offers, and like if possible to

make their home near their household graves.  
So the Saviour may be said to have taken  
possession of the earth when He was buried.  
He will never forget or regard with indif-  
ference the world which contains His tomb.  
He prizes the very dust which has been  
hallowed by His presence. He will return  
living and glorious to the place where once  
He lay dead and dishonoured, and the same  
scene which witnessed the commencement  
shall witness the completion of His triumph  
over sin and hell—over death and the grave.  
The earth shall rejoice at His presence, and  
become beautiful and fertile as the garden  
of the Lord. An unknown majesty shall  
slumber on every mountain, and an unknown  
loveliness deck every vale. Flowers shall  
bloom in perpetual spring, and fruits ripen  
in perpetual harvest. Nor shall mildew shed  
its blight, nor tempest spread desolation,  
over the radiant scene. Over all the land-  
scape shall be spread beauty, not only sur-  
passing all that now exists in the most fairy-  
like regions, but all men's lingering memories  
of a paradise that's gone—all that poets have  
dreamed of a paradise to come. It will have  
all Eden's loveliness, with something better  
than Eden's innocence, and more than Eden's  
security; for the moral will be in harmony  
with the physical. Sin shall no more defile,  
nor storm desolate, nor cloud darken, nor  
foes invade; "for the tabernacle of God  
shall be with men, and He shall dwell with  
them." And when the inhabitants of other  
worlds trace the cause of the wonderful  
transformation, they will look to the place  
where He was crucified, and in the annals of  
eternity will be chronicled the story of how  
the world which was desert became garden,  
because in this garden there was a sepulchre  
in which the Lord lay.

Once more, it was congruous that the se-  
pulchre should be in a "garden," as sym-  
bolical of how the presence of Jesus tends to  
change our sorrow into joy.

Christ in the sepulchre transforms the  
receptacle of death into the source of higher  
life. And therefore would I exhort you to  
have no sepulchre without a Saviour in it—  
no trouble in which you do not seek to have  
the presence of your Lord. To be exempt

from trouble is scarcely, perhaps, what you should desire—certainly what you have no right to expect, seeing that every garden has its sepulchre; nor is it necessary, or even conducive to your welfare, that you should. The garden with the sepulchre containing the Saviour was better than it would have been had there been no sepulchre there. And a life all pleasure would neither be so desirable nor so profitable as a life whose sorrows are sanctified by fellowship with Christ. When He is in it, the sepulchre becomes the fairest and most fertile spot in your garden. Scenes of trouble in which you were led to seek and find most of His presence are those on which you look back as the occasions of your purest and vastest joys.

Nor should you seek, as is sometimes done, to have the sepulchre of your own fashioning, saying, "If I had only such-and-such trials, I could bear them well: I should not complain if I were only like so-and-so." Such talk is worse than childish. No man ever yet had to choose his own trials. He who gives the garden, gives the sepulchre with it; and determines at once its position and its form. The trouble which a man chooses is no trouble worthy of the name. It is chosen because it is pleasant to bear; and it is a misnomer to call that a trouble which can be pleasantly borne. No man makes his own cross. He neither chooses the material out of which a true cross is made, nor does he give it the shape in which the essence of the cross consists. He cannot do so. In the nature of things it is impossible. For a cross is something which runs athwart our pleasure, and against the grain of our choice. And though there be some, as you may remind me, who recklessly pursue a course which involves them in trouble, and persist in it after the trouble comes; it is not in trouble thus wantonly sought and obstinately

clung to, that men may expect the supporting and transmuting influence of the Saviour's presence. He will not be laid in any sepulchre; but only in that which God has ordained.

No; you must not seek to choose your troubles, any more than you should hope to be exempt from them. All that you need is to have Christ in them. His presence will do for you what it has done for others: not only sustain you under them, but make your inward joy to abound in proportion to your outward tribulations; and cause you to be so exercised by them, that your trials shall produce in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Disappointment and afflictions will appear comparatively light if He is with you, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the "light affliction which is but for a moment worketh out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Thousands of times in the history of the Church men have acknowledged that it was good for them to have been afflicted; and have blessed God most fervently for the ploughshare which drove deepest into the soul, and the storm which wellnigh overwhelmed it, and shook it to its foundations, compelling it to relinquish every earthly stay, and take refuge in Him alone. And should soul-crushing trouble draw or drive you to seek after God, you will have reason to thank Him that ever it was sent. And when in the after ages you trace the influences which have moulded your destiny, and the occasions which have contributed to the richness of your future inheritance, you will regard as not the least important of these the troubles which led you to seek, and in which you have enjoyed the Master's presence. Nor will you deem it a ground of complaint, but rather of abounding thanksgiving, that in the garden of your life you had a sepulchre, and in that sepulchre a Saviour.

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BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

**A**MONGST the migratory birds which bring us the glad tidings of Spring, the Swallow is perhaps the most cheery, not only in its merry twitter, but in its graceful and happy-looking dead Swallow is seldom found, and the little bird is picked up with tenderness and lamentation. A distressed Swallow is seldom thought of. The first autumn storm suddenly makes every one fear for the least they should be caught by our northern blasts before they have set out on their adventurous flight—away into a sunnier to them a happier clime.

What an adventurous journey of theirs, what a journey it is! What an astonishing fact, think of it, that creatures so tender and delicate should, year by year, undertake such an enterprize—true to the season—as true as the revolutions of the stars, waiting for no instruction from the higher intelligence of man, indeed, more intelligent in this matter than he with his knowledge and invention.

Why are we so mysterious about it," say our people; "the commonest thing in nature—only an exemplification of one of the laws of nature, which we call the instinct of animals."

What is the instinct of animals, and how does it come? Can the philosopher tell

The instinct of animals may truly be regarded as one of the most striking manifestations of Divine power in the creation and order of the universe. It is one of those manifestations the contemplation of which seems to lead us sensibly, and at once, into the knowledge of God, so that we can only bow our heads and say, like little children, "I know

It is of God, whose ways are wonderful and past finding out. I do not even know whence the Swallows come, much

less how they find their way, nor how it is that they have strength and power to fly so far; but I know that they always come with the sweet and joyous Spring, and I feel that there is something strange—mysterious—almost sublime, in the fact of these little creatures being able to undertake that great enterprize, so as to know exactly when to set out, and to go forth and come back in safety." Surely the instinct of animals has in it a deep lesson for the humble and reverent spirit, whose delight is in studying the works and ways of the Most High!

I have said that a distressed Swallow is an object of universal pity, and that, on the other hand, we all look with kind welcome upon these blythe messengers of Spring; and all feel anxious for their safety when they appear to be loitering too late in our dangerous and uncertain climate.

I have sad recollections of one autumn long ago, when, in the eastern parts of Yorkshire, the Swallows were caught by a sudden and extraordinary storm, and died by hundreds. Their instinct did not serve them to provide against such a disorder of the elements—such a departure from ordinary and natural rule. The storm occurred in the month of September, while the fields and gardens were still wearing their summer aspect. It came on with thunder and lightning, and sheeted rain, and wind so violent that flocks of sheep and cattle crowded together into whatever shed or cover they could find; and some of our cows, as if driven mad with terror, turned furiously upon the stupified sheep, and gored them so that many died in consequence.

While watching the fury of the storm, my father called our attention to the Swallows; the poor terrified little Swallows, all dragged by the pelting rain, which continued unabated through the day and the greater portion of the night. What could be done for the Swallows? They appeared inclined to come in for

shelter at our windows, and very welcome they would have been; but had they done so they would soon have been frightened out again by the sight of our dogs and cats, and perhaps of ourselves.

At last it occurred to us that in a large, unoccupied chamber, with two windows, they might be free from all enemies, both real and imaginary. These windows had the great merit of opening at the top as well as the bottom. We drew them down a few inches, and then closing the door behind us, left the Swallows to take possession. This they did almost immediately, and in great numbers, perching on the cornice above the windows in a long close line, as many as could possibly stand there, arranging themselves with the greatest precision side by side.

Of course we often went to peep, but that was all. We would not have disturbed our little guests for a great deal. We only peeped, and in doing so, could see that the two black lines over the windows were complete, the tails to the walls, and the little beady-looking heads at exactly equal distances—the whole company resembling some new kind of ornamental finish to the cornice of the windows. There must have been as many as forty or fifty Swallows, perhaps more; and there they spent the night, safely sheltered from the storm which raged without.

In the morning the rain had ceased, and the sun shone out for awhile, although something like a premature winter had come on, with a sharp feeling in the air. At an early hour we peeped again, of course, but our friends had fled—gone forth into the world again. In the course of a day or two their final flight took place, and not a single Swallow was to be seen in the country.

The pertinacity with which Swallows, as well as some other birds, will build their nests year after year in the same place, is another phase in their life of instinct which tends very much to attach us to them as companions and friends—we naturally love those who love us, and towards those who seek our company from evident preference, we sometimes stretch our kindness to a wonderful extent. Troublesome as they were, we always liked that the same swallows, or what we believed to be the same, should come every year and build their nest in the porch at my father's door. And so strong was this remembrance of the Swallows, and their nest, and so agreeable the association, that when, many years afterwards, in a very different part of the country, some Swallows showed

signs of locating themselves under the porch of my own house, I welcomed them cheerfully for the sake of long ago—perhaps for the sake of some who had gone in and out at my father's door—who had talked their evening talk while the sun was setting, or the moon—  
—or who had bid farewell there never to that threshold more.

At all events, I did cordially welcome the Swallows, and gave strict orders that no harm should be done to frighten or drive them. The first preliminary step toward their settlement was a fruitless one. It consisted of peeping, twittering, and fluttering in and out under the portico, where one of the birds observed, would, on suspended wing, glide in and go through with that sweet little song of the Swallows, which, although it contains a great deal of, "*swit-ther* and *swat-ther*," has yet tones of peculiar sweet and tender melody as a whole, is perhaps one of the most beautiful songs in the whole chorus of nature.

It requires, however, a little close attention to be sensible of the fact. The Swallow darts about so rapidly, and has so many chirps, and twits, and at times, especially under any kind of terror, either real or pretended, give out such sharp, cutting notes, that their actual song may fail to be noticed or understood. And yet the song is the most exact in its cadence and melody, concluding with a soft kind of refrain, like the expiring sigh of a spirit exulting with its own ecstasy; or as if the voice uttering every expression of encouragement and even triumph, of which it was capable, should say, in a low tone of peculiar tenderness, "*And I love you so much.*" Let any one who may deem this an idle fancy of mine, just to the actual song of the Swallow, and judge for themselves.

The early visits of our Swallows last year proved to be only visits of inspection of the birds, which we took to be the first man, was confident—sure that the place was the answer; the other, and the one who had the best right to decide, seeing she would not sit in it, appeared to bring forward some objections, most likely fearing it would be too small.

In a short time the bustle was over, and the enterprise died out; and the Swallows departed. In the course of a fortnight or three weeks they came back, very much in earnest this time. Whether some intermediate experiments had failed them, or what had happened

ld make out; but now it was business y had in hand—direct, speedy, and no loud indeed, and triumphant was the he one bird now, and very encourd busy were the little workers all

The first patch of clay against the quite an event in our household. We t was placed in a wrong position, re would never be room enough for scarcely for the tail of the mother ng; but we supposed they knew best. e, it was not for us to interfere. So ed away, the song bird ever more enand more triumphant.

grew the nest against the wall, and ad reason to believe that there were we dared not look, for we entertained , not by any means confirmed by subacts, that Swallows were timid and creatures, and might forsake their so much as peeped over the edge.

time the sitting commenced—that f patience which seems to combine derest and wisest instincts of nature ded secrets. The brooding gentletherhood, the heroic perseverance of a to bland in the feathered bosom of hen bird as she sits her appointed igh glowing days, and starry nights, eding sun and storm.

ur lady Swallow began her incubation, season for continual transit in and door, above which the nest was built very few inches. We sat upon the about the door, through long summer when the sunshine fell on the oppoof the house; but nothing disturbed patient, brooding mother, who never or courage, though cats would watch ten her from below, and dogs and with innumerable disturbances, made ion altogether anything but quiet and

rely never was good wife, intent upon , more honoured by her husband than wallow. Never did chivalrous knight, t troubadour, sing songs of more light to his lady-love than were sung le Swallow to his mate. Throughly scarcely ten minutes ever elapsed e did not come, with fluttering wings under the porch, while he went the perfect melody, always ending peculiar sigh of tenderness—"And I e much!"

have been very pleasant and cheer-

ing to the little hen bird to receive these visits of affection; but she took no apparent notice. Her business was to be still, sedate, and silent. She had a great charge in hand—weighty responsibilities—something far beyond the value of a song. She must be quiet until the task of duty should be fully accomplished, and then!—

The happy and glorious consummation occurred one Sunday morning, when a little chip of broken shell was found upon the step of the front door. We were all intensely interested in this discovery. From that time, life and gladness filled the hearts of both the parent Swallows, as they darted in and out with a world of business on their hands, or rather, in their mouths—business beyond all our calculations in amount and execution. It was really almost mortifying to see how those young Swallows did eat. Never satisfied, they stretched their gaping red mouths over the edge of the nest, looking, to our fancy, neither interesting nor attractive, as we had expected they would be. Indeed, they developed no character worth speaking of—did nothing but gape and swallow. The parents were perfect slaves, as regarded the duty of catching and bringing them food; but in other respects they were far enough from being slavish in their fears, or in their general bearing.

The male bird—we were sure it could not be the other,—proud of his new dignity as paterfamilias, seemed disposed to defy the world. So far from being disturbed when we sat about the door, these birds would dart in and out almost close to our heads, and one, no doubt the father, would dash into the hall, even into the drawing-room sometimes, sweeping out again before we had time to see more than a twinkle of his wings. Instead of being intimidated by dog or cat, he would swoop down close to their ears with his sharp, incisive cry, as if threatening to cut off their heads, and then away again before they were sure that their heads were on.

With, all this bravado, we observed that there was one circumstance which always cowed and quieted the parent birds. It was the presence of a stranger. Whenever a visitor was added to our garden party, the Swallows scarcely ventured to approach so near as to feed their young, and when they did so, it was very silently. When they did not dare to come at all, they would take a higher position on a parapet above the portico, and sit there looking down with grave concern upon the altered

state of things below. It was wonderful with what precision they could detect the presence of a stranger, and how changed their behaviour would become in consequence.

On one important and alarming occasion, we had a party of children who played about the garden, and drank tea in a pretty large company on the lawn in front of the door. I had forgotten the Swallows that afternoon, when, happening to look up from the tea table, I saw the parent birds sitting most disconsolately on the parapet, not daring to come down; and we observed that they remained there during the rest of the evening, so that their poor children in all probability went supperless to bed. It must have been a sad time to them, for the evening we noted was the part of the day when the greatest amount of feeding went on, that being the time for the finest catch of flies.

Such excessive feeding was not without its results. The young Swallows grew rapidly. Seeing the boldness of the parents, we also grew bold, and peeped. To our astonishment we discovered that there were five Swallows, already large, and growing rapidly larger, in that extremely small nest, which was so situated that in stretching out their necks to be fed the young birds almost thrust themselves over the edge. Certainly the case looked dangerous to us, but we still supposed the Swallows knew best about their own affairs.

And thus they fed, and grew, and the five greedy mouths stood open all day long, a little to our disappointment and disgust.

Up to this time a Swallow had been to some of us a thing almost spiritual, and certainly highly poetical, in its associations. The exquisite form of the bird, its light wing, and graceful movements, its apparent timidity, and above all that wonderful migratory instinct, had tended to invest the Swallow with a character widely different from that of a voracious eater, and what was worse, a thing that did nothing but eat; for, as already said, these young birds remained entirely undeemonstrative. They did not even quarrel in their nest, as some young animals will, nor evince the slightest tendency to care for anything but eating. Let us hope this was only a preparatory stage of their existence, bearing the same relation to their after lives as that of the caterpillar does to the life of the butterfly. Another cause of our dissatisfaction with the young birds, was that they remained so long in their nest. We wanted them to try their

wings, and at least to flutter, but in they certainly did know best.

It happened one eventful evening all went out to ride, leaving the Swallows in their accustomed health and safety. One of the last to reach home on our return, and when I arrived at the door—the door from that of the nest—I was met by one of our party, with a countenance of sorrow and deep concern, that I felt sure some calamity had occurred. “What could I asked.

“The Swallows!”

“What of them? Is it the cats?”

“No. The nest has been broken off the wall.”

“What then?”

The nest truly had fallen, and in two pieces by the weight of its contents, but, as well as they could keep together under such circumstances, the young birds remained in their usual positions. They neither fluttered, nor struggled in any way, but lay in their broken nest still and passive on the floor of the portico by the open door, through which other animals were accustomed to pass with pleasure.

My own belief is that the young birds absolutely did not know at that time they had either legs or wings. They were not to use them, and therefore instinct had imparted to them this important piece of information, lest they should presume to do so upon their knowledge. There they lay, much like sardines, compact and motionless. We took them up, broken nest and all, and either flutter or resistance on their part for convenience in keeping them together, we placed them in an earthen plant saucer.

What to do next with them was a question, for it would be cruel, we thought, if the parents should forsake them the moment they were so desperately hungry, and not ready to take care of themselves. So we made the experiment of placing them above the portico, in a kind of hollow, overlooked from a chamber window. We raised them on a stool, in order that they might see them better; and there, sure enough, they came, faithful to their greedy parents, and comforted and fed them as before.

The young birds had no shelter in their new place of abode, and when the sun's beams were full upon them. Finding their parents had not been driven off by the

, although their distress had been their cries heartrending, we tried to soothe them, and placed over the young slanting boards, in the form of a screen, to screen them from both sides. This also made no difference to them; nor did our reaching out of the nest, or removing the boards in order to see if they were safe; for we could scarcely imagine that no disorder should occur while the young birds were always as we had placed them, perfectly packed much like sardines as ever.

In this manner they remained for about a week, the appointed time of flight not having yet arrived. At the expiration of a week, with the expectation that we could see, instinctively they might go; and off went four of the birds—off on their untried wings, flying away into space, and entirely inaccessible by us from the rest of the family. Away they went, careering in the air, darting high and low, with varied, and hearts never palpitating with fear.

The smallest of the family, the youngest one day longer, evidently a great disappointment to the parents, who continued twittering with courage it all the time. The next day also was gone, and for the rest of that summer (1864) we saw and heard none of our Swallows. Did they leave us, or did they still circle in the air, watching our movements, biding us as old friends?

From year to year, when the time for building came round again, I often wondered if the Swallows would return to the nest, or whether, having learned wisdom, they would choose some position more commodious for the multiplication of their tails; for it was evident that space wanting in the former nest for the

accommodation of so large a family, and they had literally thrust their nest and themselves off from the wall.

Often as I sat with open doors this summer, I heard under the porch the same song as before, and thought I could detect the same remonstrance, as if the mother said, pleadingly, "Don't you remember what happened last year?" To which paterfamilias would reply with his song, no doubt a song of all kinds of pleasant flatteries, ending always in the same tone and cadence, with that most pleasant flattery of all, "and I love you so much!"

But notwithstanding all this, prudence carried the day. The birds departed, as on the former occasion. They also returned as before, at the expiration of ten days or a fortnight, and then began busily to build again in exactly the same place. Patch after patch of clay was added, and to this hour the commencement remains as they left it; for they actually did leave it, after working at it for two or three days.

This time they left it entirely. I rather suspect that the prudent mother, brought to a lively remembrance of what she had suffered on a former occasion, threw up the enterprise, most likely saying, "It is of no use. I will not go on. Do not you remember what occurred last year to our beloved offspring from want of space, to say nothing of the inconvenience to my own wings and tail?"

Whatever might be the remonstrance, or even resistance to which paterfamilias was subjected, the project was given up *in toto*. Away the birds flew, leaving their unfinished nest, and I have no doubt settled for domestic purposes in some safer place not far off, for though I never could discover exactly where, I heard continually through the same space of time as before the same happy song, with the same tender conclusion, "I love you so much!"

## THE TWO EASERS.

### A TALE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "HOME LIFE," ETC.

A happy season of Easter; and hence, an amiable and affectionate standing by the window, arranging of flowers, and warmly expressing at having a fortnight's holiday.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "how nice it is to stay at home with you all day, and have nothing to do!"

"Nothing to do, Annie! is that such a treat?"

"I mean that I have no lessons to learn, no exercises to write, and all that sort of thing, but merely to amuse and enjoy myself."

Her mother looked up from her needlework, and smiled. "Then your idea of happiness consists entirely in self-gratification?"

Annie coloured slightly, and after a moment's hesitation replied, "No, mamma, I know that the best way of being happy one's self is to try to make other people happy. But I don't see how I can do so, at least just now; I have no brothers nor sisters to please or take care of, and I have so little money to give away."

"You will meet with plenty of opportunities of being useful, Annie—even during a fortnight's holiday—if you have only a willing mind. I will not point out any now, because I would rather that you discovered them yourself."

Annie stood at the window, apparently in deep thought, and Mrs. Lawrence presently left the room.

In a few minutes Annie's attention was arrested by the sight of a poor, thinly-clad little girl, who had sat down to rest herself on an opposite step. She was very pale and forlorn-looking; her cheeks were thin, her eyes were heavy, and she seemed tired and feeble. On her lap was a small basket, containing a few little shell pincushions, some needle-books, and some kettle-holders.

"Poor little girl!" said Annie to herself, "how sad she looks! Perhaps she is hungry, and cannot get any money to buy food with. I wonder where she comes from, and whether she has a father and mother, and whether they scold her very much if she does not get rid of her pincushions. I might buy a kettle-holder of her for Betty—she was talking of making one the other day; and if the pincushions are pretty, two of them would do nicely for nurse's little children. It would be doing good in two ways, first to the poor girl, and then to the others. I will run and ask mamma if I may beckon to her to come over; mamma said I was to try and be useful, and this will be a small beginning."

Away ran Annie to her mother, and quickly gained her consent. The poor pincushion girl stepped forward with alacrity on seeing Annie's uplifted finger at the window, and offered her scanty stock for sale. She was very respectful, but there was a timidity and a slight hesitation in her manner, as if she were not perfectly accustomed to her employment; and she did not puff off her articles as such girls usually do,

although she appeared extremely desirous to dispose of them. Both Annie and her mother were much interested in the poor girl when the little purchases were made, they asked her several questions; and they asked so kindly that she quite brightened up, and was ready to tell them all that they wished to know. Her mother was very ill at heart, that home was a small top room in the wretched part of the town—and was entirely dependent on the precarious earnings of a child. Sometimes she could scarcely get a pence a day, sometimes she took more, but the best they were nearly half starved.

"And you have no father, nor brothers nor sisters?"

"No, ma'am, father died three or four years ago—we had plenty while he lived—but that time we have been very badly off. I used to get a little washing and cleaning, and sometimes some needlework; but for the last two or three weeks she has not been able to work at all, and some of our neighbours have come to buy a few things for me to sell. Mother didn't much like it at first, but she is now glad to do anything that would bring a little money for her. And I don't stand in the streets; I go to the kitchen in the respectable houses, and the servants are sometimes very good to me."

The girl spoke with a correctness and propriety which showed that she had been brought up; and Mrs. Lawrence made her sit down and have something to eat, and wrote the name and address of her mother in order that she might ascertain the truth of her story.

"And what is your name?" said Annie to the grateful little visitor rose to depart.

"Rose—Rose Dawson."

Rose! what a name for that pale, meagre-looking girl! It was very unusual, Annie thought, but she did not say so. She whispered something to her mamma, and she ran to open the door to let Rose out. Mrs. Lawrence shook her head, and seemed disappointed. What had Annie said? Her own remark after she returned that her mother will tell you.

"Mamma! why didn't you wish me to give the poor little girl my half-crown for her mother? I could have done without my story book."

"Because, my love, it was too much for me at once to a stranger; we must be prudent as well as generous. Besides, I intend to



poor woman, and if she is really in I believe she is—we will endeavour her."

"ay I go with you, mamma?"

Annie, this afternoon, if the weather tinue fine."

very afternoon, Mrs. Lawrence and er, with a well-filled basket, set out errand of mercy. They had some finding the narrow street, or rather, h Rose had named, and when they it Annie wondered how any one bly reside in it.

mamma! what a dirty miserable

s in such places as this, Annie, that of our fellow-creatures live."

apt close to her mamma, as, after a es, they began to ascend a narrow rk, steep, broken stairs; for she felt id, and had it not been for the 1 of Rose's pale features, would ve wished herself at home again. le tap at the door was answered by Come in," and Mrs. Lawrence, fol- Annie, entered the room. It was , crooked, and badly lighted, but it and tidy. On a low sort of bed he poor widow, whose dim eyes and eeks plainly told how ill she was. red much surprised to see such un- visitors, for Rose had not yet returned account of her morning adventure. ence sat down beside her on an old old her, gently and briefly, through nel she had heard of her distress, rilling she was to render her some

The poor invalid was so weak that most overcome by the joyful feelings kind words and such kind promises ; but when she had taken a little h had been brought in the basket, red herself, and was able both to r thanks, and to relate a little of her y. There was the same refinement gence of mind about her which her ad manifested, and Mrs. Lawrence she had expected, that her previous en passed under very different and cumstances. It would take too long t all that was then said, so you must t with knowing that Mrs. Lawrence plied the present wants of the r, and arranged that Rose should r pincushion selling, and remain at tend upon her mother.

"Do not trouble yourself about the future," said Mrs. Lawrence, kindly, "He who has now appeared on your behalf, will provide for you in days to come, and all you have now to do is to strive and get well as fast as you can."

Rose returned just as Annie and Mrs. Lawrence were going away, and when she saw the provisions on the table, and heard the plans for their present comfort, her bright looks eloquently spoke her gratitude. Poor child! she was so delighted with the happy change in their affairs, that she could not keep herself quiet the rest of the day; and it would have done you good to see what a hearty meal she made as soon as they were left alone. The widow's heart was filled with gratitude to God for His providential aid, and she felt that the earnest prayers which she had offered to Him day by day were answered. She had feared that she should have to leave her orphan child without a friend in the wide world; and although she had endeavoured by faith to entrust her to the care of her heavenly Father, and to say, "Thy will be done!" her anticipation of such a trial had been very painful. But now, should she be called away, her little girl, she felt sure, would find a friend in the kind lady whom God had raised up for their help.

It was not, however, God's will that Rose should lose her dear mother. Mrs. Dawson's illness, as the doctor said who was sent to visit her, was rather the effect of want and sorrow than the result of positive disease; and now that she had nourishing and sufficient food, she speedily regained her strength.

Annie's holiday was much occupied in thinking about Rose, and in working for her. Her half-crown, with an additional shilling, was expended in the purchase of a new cotton frock for the little girl; for Annie was so anxious to buy something for her with "her own money," and Mrs. Lawrence gladly encouraged her self-denying efforts to do good to others.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Annie, at the close of her fortnight's holiday, "what a happy Easter this has been! I shall always remember it."

"I hope you will, dear," said her mother. "I hope you will often look back to it, as a proof that forgetfulness of self is the surest road to personal happiness; and also, as a stimulus to renewed exertion. And the holy thoughts which this season has suggested to us, Annie, should strengthen our purpose to do more for the good of our fellow-creatures. Our Saviour died for us, that we should not

henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again; and if we really love Him, we shall increasingly strive to imitate that benevolence, unselfishness of spirit, which so pre-eminently distinguished Him."

And Rose and her mother, theirs had indeed been a happy Easter! Yet it was only the earnest of future prosperity; for Mrs. Lawrence, and her warm-hearted daughter, were not satisfied with relieving the immediate wants of their poor neighbours, but were desirous to render them permanent help. Their laundress had lately died, and as Mrs. Dawson proved to be an excellent hand at getting up linen, they resolved, when she was well enough, to entrust her with their own washing, and to interest themselves in procuring her similar work from their friends. The poor widow had soon as much promised as was sufficient to provide for herself and child. A neat little cottage with drying ground was engaged for her by Mrs. Lawrence, and she removed to her new abode. Rose could not be spared to go to school, for she was a valuable assistant to her mother, but Annie readily undertook to give her occasional instruction at times which were mutually convenient; and Rose, who was intelligent and persevering, learned perhaps more in this way than many girls do who regularly attend school. Rose was a nice, well-behaved child, so that Mrs. Lawrence fully approved of the intercourse which subsisted between her and Annie; and the young teacher and her grateful pupil grew very fond of each other.

But this is a world of changes; and so Annie and Rose found it—for before two years passed away, an unexpected event caused their separation. An uncle of Mrs. Dawson's husband—who, on account of some foolish and trifling dispute, had long been estranged from, and, indeed, lost to his family—sent for his niece-in-law and her daughter to come and live with him. He had been very ill, and illness softens the heart—at least it softened his—and made him think of the poor widow, and offer her a comfortable home, as his housekeeper and nurse. He had no nearer relations left than Rose and her mother; and he was tired of being attended on by strangers; so he found them out, and would take no denial; and indeed, Mrs. Dawson did not think it right to refuse to go. She knew how much her husband would wish it if he were present; and she trusted, that while she administered to the earthly comfort of the invalid, she might be

able to speak a word in season as Saviour of sinners. So she and Rose town of S—for a far distant part of the country, not, however, without many and tears on bidding farewell to their friends. They met with a hearty reception on their arrival, and were soon happy and comfortable; but they did not forget their former trials and difficulties, which were frequently the subject of their thought. Very touching were the recollections of Easter week always brought with it.

\* \* \* \*

Easter week! Many, many years have away since little Rose, with her basket of cushions, sat down on the doorstep, but Easter has come again, and school-boys and girls are once more rejoicing; and the busy mechanics, with their wives and children, are enjoying a holiday stroll in the country.

In a narrow, dull-looking house, on a festival season, sits a pale and careworn man, by the couch of her apparently dying child. Delicacy of constitution, mental anxiety, and poverty of living, have made him unable to grapple with disease, and he is fast approaching the grave. Change of air, and general improvement, might yet save him; but, alas! he has neither, and he must die, as thousands do, without want of timely aid. He has fallen into an uneasy slumber, and his wife weeps over him; but tears cannot send the child's health into his pallid frame—nor provide for the urgent necessities. She is roused by the sounds of childish sorrow, and fearful lest the noise should awaken the sleeper, she hastens downstairs, and in the midst of a group of little ones.

"What is the matter with Charlie?" she says, pointing with her finger to the child above, as she takes the little fellow in her arms and gently soothes him.

"Charlie wanted more to eat," replies the elder one, "and because we wouldn't have it, he cried."

"He shall have some another time," says the poor mother, trying to speak in a cheerful tone, "we musn't eat it all up to-night as there's none for morning."

"But I want it now," sobs the child, "I'm hungry!"

"And I am hungry, too, mother," says the meek, fair-haired little girl at her side.

It is enough to melt a heart of stone. The sorrowful mother cuts them a slice

precious loaf, and then hurries away her grief. Throwing herself on her knees by the bedside, and covering her face with her hands, she implores help of that God who call upon Him in the day of trouble; that He who feeds the young ravens by their cry, will supply her starving children. She prays as those only pray who have never been comforted like hers.

At last the trampling of little feet upon the stairs interrupts her fervent petitions. "Come, mamma," says a little voice, in a whisper, "there is a lady wants to see you."

Rose listens downstairs, wondering who it is, and is greeted with much emotion by a young girl, a well-dressed and pleasant-looking

"You have forgotten me," says the visitor, and quickly, "you do not remember Rose Dawson!"

Rose, as she speaks, for she herself can hardly believe that the sorrowful wife and mother before her, is the once graceful and happy Annie.

It is Annie; and this is their first meeting since they parted in early youth! Annie, who, with her parents, and married what is called a good man, but who, by unexpected losses and failures have left her husband and herself from one day of poverty to another, and now they are almost destitute. Rose, who on the death of her father and mother, became possessed of considerable property, has this evening discovered by what is termed a mere accident, the situation of her youthful benefactress, and has immediately hastened

upstairs and down there are in life!

At a sad meeting; but Rose's natural goodness soon puts a brighter look on things. She persuades Annie, after they have had a long conversation, to return to her poor husband, who is anxiously asking for her; and she sends out for abundance of provisions, and, with the aid of the delighted landlady, makes a blazing fire and spreads a comfortable table. She slips quietly away, before Annie comes down again, to avoid any thanks;

and soon despatches a hamper filled with wine and other delicacies for the invalid. At the bottom is a folded paper containing a bank note, and these words are written on it, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." Yes, the promise is fulfilled; the early kindness of Annie is richly and unexpectedly recompensed. The joy which she imparted to the widow and orphan, is now returned into her own bosom. The light which she cast over their dreary Easter, now sheds its brilliant rays over hers. She gave, and it is given to her again, full measure, pressed down, and running over!

Will you take another peep at her dwelling the next morning? Rose is there again, loaded with toys and books, and sweetmeats for the children; she seems as if she cannot do enough for them all—and her bright looks and animating words are as welcome as her gifts; while Annie's pale face wears a smile something like the one which beamed there in former days, and her husband really appears to be already recovering his strength. What a happy day they spent together! They are not so merry, it is true, as in past times, but there is a deeper and more chastened joy in their hearts, and they are filled with gratitude and love towards God and towards each other. With pious thankfulness they talk of the risen Saviour, on whom they depend for present grace and for future glory; and then with child-like confidence they ask, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?"

And now our simple sketch must draw to a close. Rose's grateful assistance rescued Annie and her children from the deepest distress, and her husband from an anticipated grave; and if the imagination of my readers can stretch across another twelvemonth, they may see Annie and her family on the next Easter Eve, sitting round the pleasant fireside, in the possession of health, happiness, and every comfort; while Rose, no longer Rose Dawson, with her tall, kind-looking husband, has joined the cheerful group, and is relating to her eager little listeners, the long-promised story of Annie and Rose, or the first Happy Easter.

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### III.—THE HINDOOS AT HOME.

BY JAMES KERR, ESQ., M.A., LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE HINDOO COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

#### DRESS OF THE NATIVES—ORNAMENTS.



THE ordinary dress worn by the natives of India consists of two thin cotton sheets, one of which is wrapped round the waist, and the other round the body and shoulders. In Bengal, the piece of cloth which is worn round the waist is called the *dhotee*. It is tight above, forming a kummerbund or waistband; but hangs loose down the legs to the ankles, except when the wearer is engaged in such a way as requires it to be tucked up. The other piece of cloth is worn like a scarf or plaid round the body and shoulders. In the cold weather it is sometimes drawn over the head. Many of the lower orders wear only the *dhotee*, without the scarf for the upper part of the body. The cloth or material varies in fineness with the rank of the wearer, from coarse cotton to the finest muslin.

The sheets of cloth are worn just as they come from the loom, without ever being touched with the needle, and are kept in their place by tucking the ends under the folds.

This dress, as worn by the wealthier classes, is elegant and graceful. The scarf, of beautiful white muslin, is arranged neatly round the body, veiling all but the neck; and the *dhotee*, also of thin muslin, hangs like loose drapery

down to the ankle. It may, in the eye of an European, appear somewhat simple; but it is singularly well adapted to the climate like that of India and its weather.

The costume of the natives is to be perfectly uniform in all parts. It varies slightly in the different provinces, but is somewhat different in the north, the east and west. To some extent, it varies with the variations of climate. In the northern provinces, it is worn tighter round the waist, and is of warmer materials, being adapted to the climate in which the cold is severe for a large part of the year. In the warmer provinces, south it is lighter and softer.

The Hindoos, those of them who wear the old native style, wear no shoes. The turban, or *puggree*, which has been adopted from the Mahomedans, they wear sandals or *loas*, which are put off when they enter a house. The sandal is a piece of wood fitted to the sole of the foot, which is kept on by a knot between two of the toes.

The Hindoo female dress is very different from that of the males. European travellers are struck at its simplicity. It consists of a web of cloth, eight or nine

\* Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Kerr, the author of "The Domestic Life, Customs, and Habits of the Natives of India," just published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., London, has consented to contribute several articles illustrative of "The Hindoos at Home." In the preface to the work, the title author remarks: "It is seldom that Europeans in India have opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with the people of the country. There is a great gulf between us and them. It happened that peculiar circumstances brought me into close intimacy with a large number of intelligent natives." That Mr. Kerr has fully availed himself of his position, will be manifest to the readers of the present and following pages. They do not allure many to make themselves possessors of his comprehensive and exhaustive details of the domestic life of the people of India, but there are sixteen chapters dealing with the subject intellectually and morally considered. Several biographical sketches of natives are also given. An elaborate treatise on the vexed question of Indian Caste, furnishing a summary of all that is known on the subject, occupies nearly one hundred and fifty pages. The author shows how much misconception exists among many of those who are usually well-informed, and how erroneous the popular ideas are on one of standard reference.

round the body. It can be so arranged to cover the whole body, and be the head also.

of cloth has a border at each end, the male attire, is worn as it comes from, without the aid of the dressing once touched with the needle. The material varies in fineness with the rank of the wearer. The labouring classes wear a piece of cloth, while the wealthier classes wear the finest muslin. The colour is white, sometimes blue, sometimes of a gaudy colour, such as green or

males who are in poorer circumstances, with the exception of such as are sayahs in the houses of Europeans, are walking about in a state of semi-nudity, with legs and shoulders bare, and with a piece of dirty cloth round the

general rule it may be said that they do not follow the vagaries of fashion as we like the extent we do. It may be believed almost without exaggeration, that the orthodox Hindoo dress at the time Alexander crossed the Indus, is still the Hindoo dress worn in the present day, the same time it may be observed that considerable deviations from the ancient have taken place among those classes of society, who, in past times, had much to do with the Mahomedans. Many of the lower rank, on public occasions, wear the same dress, consisting of loose trousers, a shawl, and a turban. The ornament, too, seems to have been adopted from the Mahomedans.

It is the power of fashion, that the natives are now beginning to wear the same style of dress, or something approaching it. They have not yet ventured to wear a tailcoat; but pantaloons, shoes, and stockings, are coming into general use among the wealthier classes, who associate with Europeans. I have even observed them, in one or two instances, to lay aside the Mahomedan turban, and adopt a cap bearing some resemblance to an English cap. Many of the higher class of natives in the Presidency towns now wear a white cotton or of silk, loose muslin and a white turban.

The male dress, too, has undergone some change. In addition to the wrapper, it is usual in the present day for Hindoo

women of the higher ranks to wear a petticoat and bodice, in imitation of the Mahomedan female dress. These form no part of the ancient Hindoo costume.

Hindoo parents take a foolish pride in loading their children with ornaments. You will often see a young boy with massive silver rings round his ankles, so heavy that he can scarcely walk. When they grow up, these ornaments are generally laid aside. But it is not so with the females. Hindoo women wear massive rings on their fingers, arms, and ankles. Rings on the toes are not uncommon, and gold coins worn in the hair, or round the waist. And, more remarkable still, almost every woman, rich or poor, has a gold ring in her nose. It is a much prized ornament. To be without it, is regarded by some castes as a sign of widowhood; and married women, it is said, have a superstitious dread of removing it from its place, even for a single instant.

The proverb holds good in India, that "all is not gold that glitters." Not unfrequently brass and pewter are made to do duty for gold and silver, and glass for precious stones. There is an odd kind of ornament which many of the poorest women wear on their wrists, consisting of a number of painted rings, made of a resinous substance called shell-lac, which in appearance resembles sealing-wax. These ornaments bear about the same relation to gold bracelets, that paste diamonds do to real diamonds. They are, however, showy, and please the wearers.

Shells and flowers are also worn as ornaments. You sometimes see young Hindoo women wear sweet-scented flowers (such as the Indian jessamine) as an ornament for the hair. I am told that flowers which have been presented as an offering to some deity, are most prized for this purpose.

It is a common practice for Hindoo women to paint the eyelids, and round the eyes, with lampblack, and the tip of the fingers and nails with the red *henna* plant. You frequently see young children also, both boys and girls, painted in this fashion.

Among the poorer classes of both sexes, there is less attention to personal cleanliness than one would wish to see. The clothes they wear are of a dingy colour, and are often worn to rags before they are washed. But among the middle and upper ranks, and even among respectable domestic servants, it may be said, without the slightest exaggeration, that cleanliness is the rule. Indeed, it ranks among them as a religious virtue. They are cleanly, not

merely from a regard to comfort, but as devout Hindoos, and their washings and purifications are unceasing. Along the banks of the river, and wherever there is a supply of water, they may be seen bathing from morning till night. Even among the lowest ranks ablutions are pretty frequent. In the heart of Calcutta the labouring classes may be seen constantly pouring water over their bodies, from the channels which convey it through some of the streets of the city.

#### NATIVE HOUSES.

Generally throughout the country, the houses of the natives have no pretensions to elegance or architectural beauty. In some districts there is scarcely a single superior house to be seen; and in others they appear only at rare intervals.

The houses of the poorer classes are mean-looking in the extreme. They are small huts of only one apartment, and without windows to admit the light. The walls consist of coarse straw mats, fastened to a framework of bamboos; or of reeds, or alternate rows of straw and reeds, plastered over with mud.

The dwelling-houses of those who are a degree above the poorest classes, are buildings of a neater and more comfortable kind. The walls are of solid clay, and of considerable thickness. The floor is generally raised a foot or two from the ground; and there is a neatly thatched roof overhead. In Bengal, the sides of the roof in the better class of cottages, swell out dome-like, and converge to a top—presenting to the eye an appearance not unlike that of an inverted boat. These cottages, in some of the rural districts, have an appearance of great neatness and comfort.

In order to maintain that privacy which is so congenial to native manners, the rural cottages may often be seen surrounded with a hedge, or other thick fence. Sometimes a bank of earth is thrown up all round the house, with a fence on the top. In the rural districts, you may often see the cottages standing beside a clump of trees. Sometimes they are shaded by the beautiful tamarind tree; sometimes by the palm, or the bamboo. There are few features of the Indian landscape more interesting to the traveller than these rural cottages, shaded with palms, or embowered, as it were, among tall bamboos, which bend gracefully over them with their golden stems and dark green leaves.

Here and there brick houses are met with; generally of one story—more rarely of two or

three stories high. They have flat roofs (with a little parapet all round), which are covered with a composition of clay and lime, so hard as to be quite impervious to the rain. Those brick houses which are inhabited by the wealthier classes, have generally a square area in the centre—the apartments being ranged on each side, with an inner verandah in front of them all round. This square area, which is open to the sky, lets in the light, and makes up in some measure for the absence of windows. It also contributes greatly to the coolness of the apartments, which in this climate is so indispensable. Even in the largest native houses of this class, the stairs inside are generally extremely narrow; and the walls—not only outside, but inside—unplastered.

It is quite common, among the upper and middle ranks, for members of the family to live together after marriage. Father and son, uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces—all live together as one family. When additional accommodation is needed, the house is enlarged by the addition of new apartments.

In the houses of the poorer classes there is very little furniture. A mat laid on the floor supplies the place of chair, table, and bed. There are a few earthen vessels for holding water or rice, an earthen vessel for cooking, a rude oil-lamp, made of the shell of the cocoa-nut, another piece of cocoa-nut, with a stick stuck into it, to form a spoon or ladle, and two small smooth stones for pounding curry. These form about the sum total of the furniture of the poorer classes. Those who are in better circumstances may have a charpoy, or wooden cot, along with a few brass lotahs, or drinking cups.

Even the wealthier classes indulge but sparingly their taste for furniture. On entering the house of a wealthy baboo of Calcutta, you find the apartments bare and almost empty. There may be a chair or two for European visitors, and one or two cushions to recline upon, and a white cloth spread over the floor; but there is little more. Such is the primitive native style as exhibited in the houses of wealthy Calcutta baboos.

A striking exception to this rule may occasionally be met with, particularly among the more Anglicized baboos: some of whom have their houses gorgeously furnished in the European style. They are apt to go to excess. They do not know where to stop, and imagine they cannot have too much furniture. The apartments are literally crammed full of chairs, tables, and sofas; while the walls are covered

shades, and mirrors; and magnificent  
hang from the ceiling.

#### FOOD—MEALS—STIMULANTS.

A very general opinion among Europeans of the Hindoos, through the length of India, live chiefly upon rice. However, is not the case. It is true that the principal article of food in Bengal, the coast, and in particular districts anterior, where there is an abundant water for purposes of irrigation. The inhabitants of the Upper Provinces and the central parts of India live more on kinds of grain, such as maize, and barley.

Meat is not so entirely a prohibited food in India as many suppose, especially in northern India. Many of the highest and Brahmins eat mutton, goats' flesh, and the flesh of the wild hog. In Bengal, and in most parts of the south, flesh may be lawfully eaten by all when it has previously been offered in sacrifice. This may be one reason that sacrifice is so common. In the southern provinces there is no kind of flesh-meat so much eaten as kids. Among all ranks kids are killed for the purpose of being offered in sacrifice and then eaten.

Many kinds of fish are abundant in the rivers of India, and are much used for food by the natives. They are generally consumed in their natural state, but in some parts of India they are dried and sent to a distance to be sold. The most common, perhaps, of all Indian curries, which is eaten by all classes of people. The ingredients are very various. It scarcely anything, be it flesh-meat, or vegetable, that may not be made into

a curry, a peculiarity of this favourite dish—that which gives it its distinct flavour—consists of the hot spices with which it is seasoned, as pepper, betel, chillies, &c. It always tastes hot and pungent. It is especially common in warm climates to stimulate the system and give a tone to the system. At the same time it is frequently considered unwholesome. In India, it is a universal favourite. The European and native, is equally fond of it. It is perfectly wholesome, and is especially adapted to the climate. The diet which, above all others, is best adapted to the climate.

The natives of India are fond of sweetmeats

—which indeed constitute a considerable part of their daily food. Sugar is almost invariably one of the ingredients. Some of the sweetmeats most commonly met with are made of ground rice and sugar, formed either into cakes or round balls. Sometimes curds are used as one of the ingredients, and not unfrequently the crushed kernel of the cocoa-nut.

The quantity of sweetmeats consumed in Bengal is enormous. They are found piled up in pyramids in almost every bazaar. They are generally, I think, more wholesome and suitable for food than those sold at home. Some of them are very good indeed, and have a delicate flavour; others, which are boiled in ghee, are too rich for the European palate, though relished by the natives.

Milk and butter are also favourite articles of food here as elsewhere. Milk is most relished by the natives when sour and curdled. The butter generally used by the natives is boiled, to make it keep longer in this warm climate. In this state it is called *ghee*, and has a strong flavour. Wealthy Hindoos use it largely to season their food.

It is usual for natives in some parts of India, however wealthy they may be, to have their food served on leaves for plates.

But those whose habits we have the best opportunities of observing, eat their meat from unglazed earthen plates. By some castes, in accordance with their peculiar notions in regard to cleanliness, these plates must not be used more than once. After serving a single turn, they are thrown away, but, being very cheap, they are easily replaced. Certain classes, such as the Bengal sepoy, and many of our domestic servants, eat their curry and rice from a brass pan. They have also a small brass vessel for holding their drinking water.

The natives eat their food with their fingers: they use no knife, fork, or spoon. They do not even use chopsticks, like the Chinese, but eat their food in the manner which must have prevailed in the most primitive times.

Hindoos generally use the right hand only when eating; and in drinking water from a cup, some of them pour it into the mouth without allowing the vessel to touch the lips.

The Hindoos are unquestionably a temperate people. Their favourite beverage is water; and, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, there is an abundance of it, pure and good, in most parts of the country.

Generally speaking, the higher castes abstain from intoxicating drinks. It is only the low

castes who indulge the habit of using such stimulants.

The most common intoxicating liquor drunk by the natives is what is here called arrack. It is distilled from rice, and is highly intoxicating. It is generally condemned by Europeans as a most unwholesome beverage. Most Europeans of experience are convinced that strong drink is utterly unsuited to the climate of India, and that those who partake of it beyond the strictest bounds of moderation are almost certain to shorten their days.

The Hindoos are a temperate people, but there are some exceptions. It cannot be said that they abstain, one and all, from intoxicating liquors. The feeling of aversion in regard to the habit of dram-drinking, is not universally the same in all parts of India. Among some of the hill tribes, for example, no disgrace attaches to it.

Opium, and what is here called "bang" (an extract of hemp), are used to some extent; and in some provinces more than in others. The Rajpoots take opium to excess. They consider it more respectable, it is said, to regale themselves with opium than to drink intoxicating liquors. In some parts of India many of the higher ranks, after bathing in the morning, take a pill of opium.

Tobacco is now cultivated all over India, and is used by all ranks of the people. No one loses caste by smoking tobacco. In Bengal, Hindoos of all ranks, and of all castes, smoke incessantly; and to such an extent is it carried, that it has been computed each grown-up person consumes, on an average, one "seer," or two pounds, of tobacco every month.

It is not usual for women of respectability to smoke. In so extensive a country as India, with its millions of people and its varied climate, it is to be expected that considerable diversity should prevail on almost every point. In some

districts no woman of rank or respectability smokes. In others the rule is not so rigidly observed. "In general," says a shrewd observer, "it seems to be considered more appropriate for the fair sex to chew tobacco, than to smoke it."

You cannot be long in India without observing that the natives are fond of chewing a certain green leaf called pawn. This is the betel leaf; and it is usually eaten with the nut of the same plant, along with some powdered lime made from burnt shells. It is wrapped up in small packets, which the natives carry about with them. It is stimulating, but not intoxicating. It has a very pungent taste, and stains the lips and tongue of a bright red colour. All classes eat it, the Brahmins as much as any other, and both men and women. It is constantly taken after meals, and during a visit, or when travelling. The custom is quite unknown among the European residents, who seem, on the contrary, to have a dislike to it.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

Our illustration, facing page 185, gives a view of Madras from the beach.

Madras is the capital of the presidency of the same name. The site of the city formed the first acquisition of the British in India, who, in 1639, obtained permission to erect a fort. No worse position could have been chosen, as it is situate on a flat, sandy shore, where the surf (as seen in our illustration) runs with extreme violence, and is surrounded by salt-water creeks or rivers, which prevent the introduction of a stream of fresh water into the town. The climate is very hot. The population is estimated at between 700,000 and 800,000. It has some good streets and bazaars, but the houses are very irregular. Madras is an episcopal see, and the seat of all the chief government offices for the presidency.

### THREE DAYS IN CLASSIC AND HISTORIC GREECE.

BY ARCHIBALD POLLOCK BLACK, M.A., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "A HUNDRED DAYS IN THE EAST."

#### ATHENS.

*Monday, May 30th.*—The coast before us is bold, rocky, and mountainous, treeless, and seemingly void of population; but the morning sun shines with unusual brilliancy to one enter-

ing Greece—and especially the port of Athens—for the first time. It is neither beauty of scenery nor loveliness of atmosphere that could either add to or detract from the charm inspired by being within the limits of this classic land.

\* "A Hundred Days in the East." London: John F. Shaw and Co. (See Review, page 230.)



rus, or port of Athens, has the of a modern town, having a hande, wide streets, gaudy shops, and id convenient fish and vegetable he harbour is well sheltered, ships coming close to the quay.

asty survey of the place, I step into which there are numbers plying for en this and the city, which is seen nder Hymettus and the shadow of olis. The road is straight as an ming in the old line between the haleric and the Piræic walls, which ed by Themistocles some three or and years ago, to connect the harhe city. There are only portions of aining, that stand at different disields or among vineyards, like hoary as if watching the city and the

Athens' gods. The road is being 1 both sides with trees, French hile houses of entertainment are

From the amount of traffic, the f the plain, the railway in contemll not only be cheaply constructed, on to the citizens, and remunerative reholders. The public vehicles are y clean, having a white linen coverover sides and seats; they carry four o out, are drawn by two excellent l harnessed and driven, and are far . appointments to our four-wheeled fare for the journey being one 3½d.); the driver is civil, which may be generally the case when the fare ariff.

aw near the glorious old Acropolis, on my right, my mind and memory umult of emotion. Who, although classic attainments, or even the preould stand in Athens, the most rety of antiquity, without having his : the æsthetic and classic strongly Every stream, fountain, and river, and valley, nay, every step, has a balmed in either epic song or classic

ng along the crowded thoroughfare, ph a large square, I reach the Temple or tower of the winds, and gaze with 1 its beautiful design. This gem, Jyrrhestes, is octagon in form, and uch mutilated and time-worn, is ndid specimen of Greek taste. Rems of the various winds run along on each side, the figures in *alto*

*relievo* expressing, by appropriate gestures, the rising storm or the gentle calm.

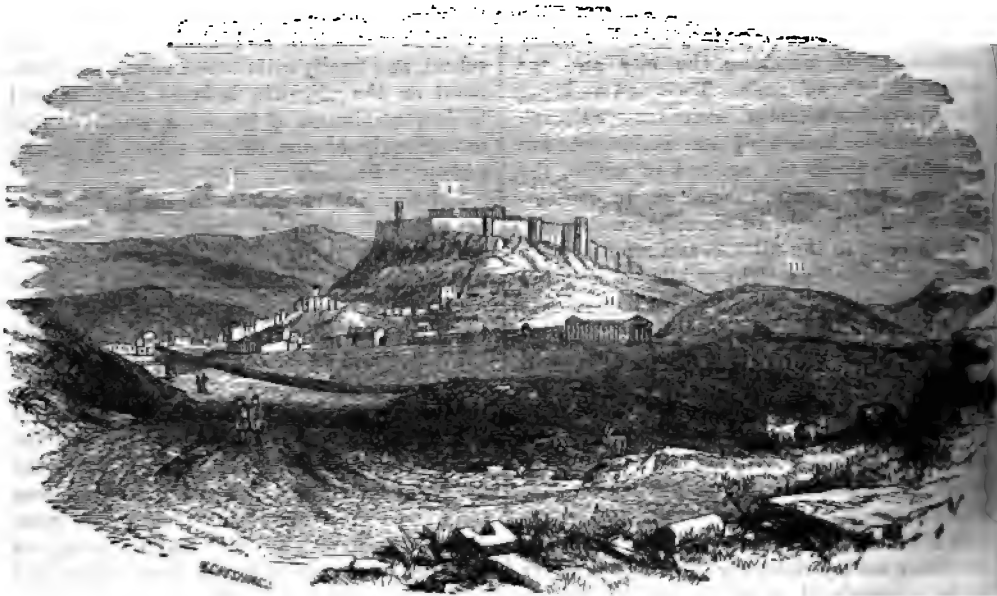
I soon climb the hill, and sit down on a broken column of the Acropolis, to luxuriate on the wondrous view before me, the city and surrounding country, the banks of the Ilissus, the windings of Cephissus, Mount Hymettus, with its twin peaks, and woody precipitous flanks, the road leading from the ferry of Salamis contrasting curiously with the Phaleric Way, the ruins of the Academy on the north, the Lyceum on the east, the Stadium on the south, and looking to the west the glorious temple of Theseus; these are seen at a glance. The eye wanders with pleasure over a scene unsurpassed—Palestine excepted—in the world; the picture, looking city ward, is filled in with cathedral and church, palace and school, and finally rests with awe and astonishment on the gigantic isolated columns and broken architrave of Olympus, which remind me strongly of the ruined colonnade of the temple at Baalbec.

Skirting the mountain on the right, I examined the extensive excavations that are going on in the ancient Dionysian theatre, which contained seats for thirty thousand persons. There were anciently within these walls statues of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and of the comic dramatists, Aristophanes and Menander, whose writings are quoted by St. Paul. The circular seats are still in good preservation. A few of the columns and pedestals are still *in situ*; the *sedilia* remain just as when the senators rose from them after witnessing some public spectacle. The names are still legible; groups of sculpture, comprising heads, legs, torsos, and inscriptions, are strewn about; in a word, the place is a quarry of antiquarian treasures. Winding round the hill, under the frowning battlements, which are pierced with windows and arched doorways, I walked up the incline to the principal entrance, and sat down on a marble block, which is covered with Greek characters, and again gazed awe-stricken on the marvellous and magnificent ruins on every side, indignant, too, to know that some of these are not worn by Time's gradual and remorseless tooth, but by the shot and shell of the Turk. I cannot help fancying the thousands of years of eventful history, the illustrious dead, whose names fill the pages of the world's records with all that Greece and its capital have done. These, like Banquo's ghost, seem to flit before my mental vision and crowd upon my memory; I

feel fascinated and spell-bound; it is only with an effort I can rise and leave the spot.

Crossing a field, probably two hundred yards wide, I reach and mount the ever-memorable Mar's Hill, now a bare and rugged rock, on which the great apostle of the Gentiles stood when addressing the Athenians, and directing their minds from dumb idols to the true and only living God. On this height a tide of deeper emotions, stronger and purer than those experienced in looking at the merely beautiful, the grand, or the antique, wells up in my heart. "I am now," speaking audibly—a habit I have fallen into of late, probably from being much alone in my wanderings—"on

becomes holy ground. Granted. Probably, I have seen as much superstitious worship of holy places as falls to the lot of most clergymen—nevertheless, truth compels me to state, that in the Holy Sepulchre, at Gethsemane, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, I have prayed with an earnestness and fervour, which I am certain was intensified by the scene and the associations with which they were connected. Nor is it possible, judging from my own case, for a Christian not to feel a similar influence, when he stands on Mar's Hill, reads the same verses, looks around upon those monuments, the Acropolis on the right, the Temple of Theseus at his feet, and reflects that these edifices and scenes



I. THE ACROPOLIS. II. TEMPLE OF THESEUS. III. MAR'S HILL.

that place where Paul stood and preached that wondrous sermon recorded in Acts xvii. Here Dionysius the Areopagite, and Damaris were converted, a philosopher and a woman, showing that 'in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, but a new creation.' "I fall upon my knees, and pour out my soul in prayer, and afterwards read the whole of this passage of Scripture, under such emotions as I never before, and may never again, experience, while perusing that portion of the Divine Word.

This may be regarded by some as verging on superstition or an undue veneration for holy places. It may be contended that wherever the knee is bent, and God invoked, that place

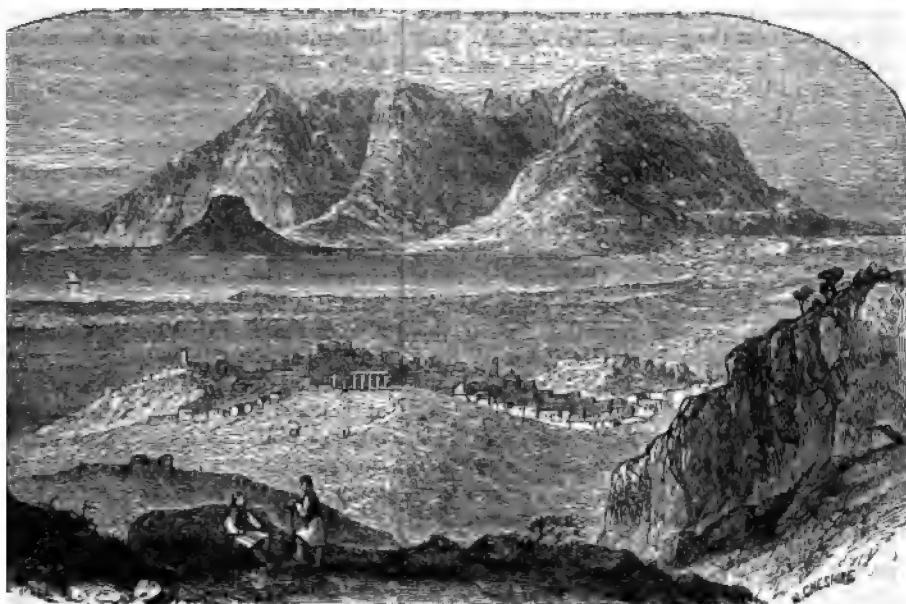
were under the eye of Paul when he stood on this spot and said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." If a man could behold and only half comprehend these things, and not feel his devotion quickened into fervour, his faith rise higher, his prayer become more earnest, his soul and spirit, so to speak, sublimated and spiritualized, then his moral constitution and mental idiosyncrasy must be very different from mine. I cannot leave this mount. I am

it were, on Olivet, in Gethsemane, or  
ere at Capernaum.

down on a squared and levelled ledge,  
at *Bema*, I surrendered myself to  
n. Methinks I behold St. Paul on  
platform. There on his right rises  
e-crowned rock, crowded with shrines  
dedicated to strange gods and god-  
namented with all the adornments  
th could purchase or genius achieve  
le designed to gratify a voluptuous,  
trous taste. Every avenue leading  
l swarms with priests, and the great  
imself is encircled by sages, philo-  
and magistrates; the city below the

tious" (given to idol or demon worship). Paul  
himself, a Roman citizen, skilled in philosophy  
and master of various languages, knew and  
therefore appreciated the acquirements of the  
Athenians; but he also perceived that they  
were spiritually blind, "and his soul is stirred  
within him." He fully comprehended the  
mental superiority of his audience who had  
assembled this morning to hear him speak of  
"Jesus and the resurrection." Happy day for  
Greece, and happy day for the Athenians, that  
the apostle of the Gentiles proclaimed from  
Mar's Hill the story of the cross and the future  
inheritance.

Again I lift up my voice in prayer to God,



CORINTH.

s, crowded with orators, poets, and  
besides thousands of youth drawn  
y corner of Greece to the schools of  
A thousand interesting objects fill his  
overwhelm his mind with emotion.  
and turmoil of the busy crowd, like  
ng sea on a shingly beach, reaches  
His generous heart bleeds until he  
r a city "wholly given to idolatry."  
g on his way to the height he must  
rved and been amazed at the number  
n, and the infinity of deities, their  
in Athens equalling, it is said, the  
n—namely, 60,000. Well might he  
"In all things ye are too supersti-

that He would, in His own time and way, cause  
His Gospel once more not only to visit this  
classic land, but that it might throughout the  
whole world have "free course and be glori-  
fied."

It requires but little observation to per-  
ceive that the present inhabitants are very  
different in most respects from the Athenians  
of old—they seem to lack the genius, litera-  
ture, abilities, and inspiration of ambition  
which distinguished their ancestors. At pre-  
sent they are living wholly upon traditions  
and long-departed greatness, like the Jeru-  
salemites in our Lord's days, who boasted of  
being Abraham's seed, and rested satisfied: so

the men of modern Athens repose in self-satisfied tranquillity, recounting the bygone glories of the poets, statesmen, and warriors to which their country gave birth. Futile satisfaction! A living dog is better than a dead lion, or a young living nation than the ashes of a dead state.

A short distance from this ever-memorable pulpit of the apostle, stands the school and prison of Socrates; and in the immediate vicinity stands the "pnyx" or platform from which Demosthenes harangued the citizens and turned the statesmen against Philip of Macedon.

Having spent two hours in reading and meditation, I descend the bare but interesting rock; and cross a ploughed field, in which two men are turning over the ground. The soil, like that of Ephesus, is profusely mingled with marble, brick, and tiles; in short, the *débris* of ancient Athens. They are looking, I am informed, for antique coins, glass and metal ornaments—relics that find a ready sale amongst connoisseurs, collectors, and travellers.

The next point is the Temple of Theseus, a noble ruin, almost entire, considering its antiquity and war's merciless violence. It was erected immediately after and in commemoration of the victory of Marathon, when the Persians were driven from Grecian soil. The material is pure marble, which has now, however, from years and atmospheric influence, assumed a yellow tinge, not unlike the limestone walls of Jerusalem, or the freestone of which many of the houses in Glasgow are built. It is a beautiful structure, surrounded by lofty fluted columns; the esplanade or approach lined with rows of statuary, sedilia, and inscriptions; many of them, though sadly mutilated, are of priceless value. The interior, now used as a museum, is filled with a fine collection of Greek, particularly Athenian antiquities, which have been accumulating for several years.

Having completely fatigued and exhausted my body, without at all satisfying my mind, for the mind is never sated with the beautiful, I hasten into the city, and betake myself to a restaurant, to recruit and refresh the outward man. The furniture of the establishment, attendance, and dishes, were all such as would be found at a second-class eating-house of a similar description in Paris. The charges extremely moderate.

Four different calls had to be made before I obtained my passport from the police, and the

manners of the officials were more brusque than affable. I secured lodgings with a private family, and there became acquainted with a young man, a native of Alexandria, a student at one of the Athenian medical schools, who on receiving his diploma intends returning home to practise in the land of the Pharaohs. He is well read and intelligent, whilst his manners are as gentlemanly as if he had been brought up in Belgravia, or *né* in the Quartier St. Germain. Jaded by lionizing and excitement, I retire early to rest, thus closing my first day in classic and historic Greece.

#### CORINTH.

*Tuesday, 31st.*—I engage as dragoman a young Dane, who speaks, less or more fluently, eight different languages. In a few minutes we are at the gate of the Acropolis; here I paid three drachmas (2s. 2½d.) for our admission. A guide accompanies us, but more to prevent spoliation, or to check pilfering, than to afford information, whatever may be said to the contrary.

We are now within the citadel of Athens. If the Tolbooth of Edinburgh was the "Heart of Midlothian," this may be called the soul of Greece. The Acropolis is supposed to have been founded by Cecrops, about B.C. 1556, and if so, is coeval with Moses. Though properly a fortress or citadel, the buildings consist chiefly of temples erected by the Athenians in honour of their deities. These, surrounded by a battlemented wall, are congregated on the lofty summit of this rock or hill, that rises, like a huge pedestal, from the Attic plain, to a height of 500 feet, and is only accessible on the eastern side. The gateway or "Propylæa" of the stronghold is a noble pile, majestic in its simplicity, and is supported by six fluted marble columns, twenty-nine feet high, flanked by the Temple of Victory. It was not, however, till B.C. 440, at which period architecture had attained its highest pitch of excellence, that the Acropolis was enriched by its grandest trophy—the Temple of Minerva, better known as the Parthenon, and universally admitted to be the most perfect structure ever fashioned by mortal hands.

This masterpiece, the joint work of Ictinus, Collicrates, and Carpon, adorned by the master mind of Praxiteles and by the chisel of Phidias, the prince of sculptors, was constructed during the sumptuous sway of Pericles. It was built entirely of white marble, in form an oblong in style the purest Doric, and occupied an area of 223 by 102 feet, having on the sides nineteen

columns, six feet in diameter and thirty-four in height, the pediment decorated with marble figures representing the birth of Minerva, and the combats of the Centaurs with the Lepithæ. It was despoiled of some of its chief ornaments by the vandalism of Lord Elgin, and Britain became the receiver of the stolen property, an act as unjustifiable as it was barbarous; yet, though plundered by collectors, battered by the hammers of the Iconoclasts, and the bullets and bombs of the Turks, it still continues a monument of unparalleled beauty. The names of its architects, and all who had a share in its erection, will be borne down to remotest posterity, even though the ruins still existing should be utterly demolished, and not a "wreck" left behind.

The temple of Baalbec may have been more gigantic than that of Minerva, but in comparison it is a rude, undigested heap: the one may be compared to the finest porcelain, or *Ébènes* china, the other to common delf. Never in my life did I wish more to possess Ruskin's power of word-painting, or George Gilfillan's rich vocabulary, than at the present moment; I am too prosaic to describe in fitting terms such a gem of art and triumph of genius.

Within the temple there are four statues of *shaped* females, which excel all I have ever seen in delicacy of chiselling and grace of proportion; each fold of the dress is a study; so is the veil, and the face-like tracery. I gaze on these monuments with ever increasing pleasure; they are so lifelike, that under the eye of the spectator they seem actually to breathe. Again and again I return to admire them, and freely would I give all I possess to become the owner of such glorious works.

A number of navvies are busy excavating, and although shafts have been sunk twenty feet under the actual level, they have not yet reached the foundation of the Parthenon. A large space is partitioned off for fragments of sculpture either dug up or collected amongst the ruins, one department consisting entirely of heads, another of arms, and other mutilated portions of statuary. In a further section there are thousands of inscriptions on slabs, pedestals, and *sedilia*, in every shape and size of the Greek character, some in the uncial without stops, others so minute as to require a glass to decipher them. They are embedded in plaster, not merely for preservation, but in order that they may be more easily read or copied. There is little doubt but that the fine arts, especially the formative, were much influenced by the

Greek mythology, without some acquaintance with which, an understanding of their gods, temples, and sculpture, is simply impossible.

According to the best authorities, they worshipped twelve distinct deities, the *dii majores*, besides a host of heroes and virtues, to whom they paid a lesser degree of homage. Their first attempts at sculpture were undoubtedly representations of their penates. Hermes originally was little more than a simple pillar or cube, and latterly a stone was added for a capital, which ultimately assumed the appearance of a head. It is related by Pausanias that Diana was represented by a column, Jupiter by a pyramid, and Castor and Pollux by two posts with a cross-piece, expressive of mutual affection. In short, the sculpture of Greece and the pottery of Corinth were as rude as our own country's products before the time of Wedgeworth; but happily for Greece, Dedalus arose, who threw around the sculptor's art new power and beauty. Next was born the art of painting, modelling in clay, casting in bronze, and engraving on gems. In successive ages great men appeared, such as Alcamenes, Agelades, Scopas, culminating in the names of Phidias, Praxiteles, the authors of those wondrous creations.

A man, who occupies the porch with a stall, has specimens of marble, Mar's Hill quartz, tear-bottles, sepulchral lamps, and photographs, for sale, the former of which, if *bonâ fide*—sometimes more than doubtful—are not out of place. I purchased a few as souvenirs of my visit to the Athenian Acropolis.

Leaping into one of the modern Athenian stage-coaches, I am forthwith conveyed back to the Piræus, where I take up my quarters at the Lord Nelson—a private lodging being, for the nonce, unattainable. The *Gibraltar* ship of war is lying in the harbour. I meet with one of the officers, glad, like myself, to see a countryman in a foreign land, and so we fraternise. The sun has been terrifically hot all day, the thermometer ranging from 80° to 90° in the shade, a heat sufficient to produce sun-stroke, unless great caution be exercised. No doubt the Greek dress, with its chaste and flowing drapery, besides being picturesque, is well adapted for such a climate, but the head-gear—the red fez—is anything but calculated to protect the face from the ardent rays of the Attic Phoebus; whereas the Turkish turban, with its many folds, whether of muslin or glaring coloured silk, effectively shades the brow. However, I have donned the national

fez, out of compliment to the people amongst whom I am sojourning; but it has left me browned, burned, and blistered. A Spanish sombrero, or an old Scottish bonnet of the '45 type, would be a better investment for the traveller in either Greece or Turkey.

Now seated—the time evening—on a projecting balcony overlooking the harbour, I hear three Scottish engineers talking on the pavement below, in the beloved accents of my native land. They are connected, I have learned, with the man-of-war in the offing. The scene is pure, peaceful, and lovely; the setting sun, throwing his slanting rays, and bathing in gorgeous glory mountain and plain, sea and rock, reminding me of those two or three Claudes in the National Gallery. The view is extensive, embracing the whole bay, the Acropolis in the distance, with the everlasting hills in the background, seemingly chiselled out, and standing in bold relief against the sky; whilst the subdued hush of the rippling waves, as they play murmuringly along the beach, the boats flitting past between shore and offing, the splashing of the oars or the jerk of the rowlock, strains of music floating over the bay from some ship just dimly visible, the boatman's song mellowed by distance into melody, lights sparkling, like shifting stars, from the ships at anchor, the hum from the streets, mingled with the occasional barking of dogs, so pleasingly lull my senses, that I fall into a deep reverie, which is at length broken by the commonplace but necessary communication, "Supper is ready."

*Wednesday, 1st June.*—A steamer is advertised to sail to-day for Kalamaki, a village lying in the Gulf of Salamis, on this side the isthmus, a few miles from Corinth. It being announced that the boat will remain long enough to admit of the passengers visiting Corinth, I proceed on board. The deck is crowded, from stem to stern, with Greek passengers, affording me an opportunity—the first I have had—of mingling with all classes of the community, and becoming acquainted with some of their habits and usages. They are extremely Turkish in outward appearance, though to tell them so would be to expose one's self to their anger, if not their dagger, for no nation do they more thoroughly detest. It was at Syra that I first heard their jubilation of nationality, their cherished anticipations, and their hopes of soon being united into a great people, the same spirit seemingly animating all ranks and ages.

Having leisure to look around me, I direct my attention to the coast of Salamis. The country is rugged and desolate. Not a house or habitation, an ox or an ass, nor a single living creature, has been visible since we left the Piræus; bald, gray rocks, and bare mountains, is the universal characteristic of the coast and islands of the blue Ægean. Kalamaki, our destined port, appears on the right or north-east corner of the bay, embosomed in foliage, and reposing under the shelter of a shrubby hill. We drop anchor about 200 yards from the beach. Our little steamer, the *Hydra*, named after an island and town lying east, population 40,000, has done her work cleverly, the voyage having been accomplished in something under four hours. We are rowed ashore at a cost of twenty lipta (twopence, English). This harbour is the point of debarkation for passengers between Athens and Corinth and Patras. The town consists of a few cottages and fishermen's huts, but it has no less than four cafés, all, however, equally wretched.

On shore there are some native carts, drawn by two horses, for the conveyance of luggage; there are also coaches to convey the passengers to Corinth and Patras. Availing myself of one of these, which go at a tolerably fair speed, we are driven over a hill and through some downs to Lutraki and Cenchreæ, of which last Phœbe, the servant of the Church, was a native.\* The path is rugged, and there are some rough chasms here and there on the way; but, generally speaking, the surface of the country is level. Twenty minutes brings us to the remains of the wall that stretched across the isthmus, near which was the Stadium, where the Isthmian games were celebrated. Before entering Corinth we visit the amphitheatre, which measures 290 by 190 feet. The structure is in a good state of preservation, and, as at Pompeii and Ephesus, has rock-cut arched passages, through which the gladiators and wild beasts passed to the arena.

Modern Corinth is a short distance from the site of the ancient city. A few fluted Doric columns still standing isolated and alone, except where united by an architrave, are the sole survivors to tell where Corinth stood, and what Corinth was. The Corinthian Acropolis, or Acrocorinthus, however, is the real object of interest to the traveller. Like its Athenian prototype, it stands on the summit of a height, rising 1,400 feet from the ground, and is seen from a great distance: "*Qua summas cupit*

\* Rom. xvi. 1.

*thus in auras tollit, et alterna geminum tegit umbra.*"\* Strong by nature, steep ravines and precipitous sides, it is a fortification enclosed by walls, battlements, drawbridge, and bastions. The site is a quarry of ruins, the *débris* of palaces, and mosques; the view from the city is to the scholar no less beautiful than to the soldier. Immediately under the eye of the ble-sea'd Corinth, that once rivalled Athens, and surpassed her in commerce; and stands over the isthmus separating the Peloponnese of Ægina and Lepanto, and also bearing the name of the city, stretching to the south to Patras. The seats of the Muses also are visible on the map—dark Parnassus in the distance; while through a break in the snow-capped Olympus, the abode of the gods, lifts its head. My time being limited, I hasten down over ground that has never been drenched and deluged with blood during the war of independence which was taken and retaken thrice. But the present city has deeper interest for me than these.

Paul and Priscilla lived, laboured, and shed after their exile from Italy, and Paul himself laboured for nearly two years in the ministry of the Gospel; and in the Church of Corinth he wrote two of his precious epistles. A desire to visit the Acropolis and Mar's Hill has brought me to Corinth, whereas I should have returned from the Black Sea and the Danube.

When I see all I could see of the Corinthian city, I enter one of the light waggons, and drive across the isthmus. I ask myself whether these six columns can be the remains of ancient Corinth, that have survived Rome in art, commerce, and

heb. lib. 7, 108.

† Acts xviii. 1—7.

maritime glory? It is so; yet though thy commerce and navy exist no more, thy laws are forgotten, and thy legions are dust—though the names of thy statesmen, thy orators, poets, and sculptors, be blotted from the page of history—though thy palace be in ruins, thy gymnasia, and thy temples levelled, and thy double-headed harbour filled with sand; though all these be so, nay more, though thy foundations are obliterated or swept from the record of history—yet the Church of Corinth, the Corinthian saints, and the two Inspired letters shall remain imperishable—nay, while time shall last, and language be spoken, these writings of the apostle will be treasured and embalmed in the memory of all believers; when other cities which now fill a large space in the world's esteem, and dynasties yet to be founded are forgotten, the name of Corinth shall be preserved on something more enduring than even *as perennis*!

The country round Corinth, though similar in appearance and outline to that around Ephesus, is scarcely so fertile, being both mountainous and rocky, the hills on every side presenting bare and sterile declivities, which proclaim their poverty to every passer-by; whilst, again, Corinth and Athens lie not only on the same mountain range, but have many other points of similarity. Each has chosen for the site of its Acropolis an abrupt rocky eminence, adapted for either temple or defence, and each is likewise surrounded by a framework of hills—both in close proximity to the Mediterranean, for convenience in case of war, or the facility of trade. Possibly other reasons than those mentioned may have induced the founders to select these localities in preference to others. The question is an open one, and may be discussed by any who choose to take the subject up.



# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narratives

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HER  
THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY  
PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE DOG.

#### VII.

THE contractors engaged on the Boston (U. S.) Waterworks had a valuable cart-horse injured some time ago. The animal was led home to the stable, where about fifty horses were generally kept. The ostler had a water-spaniel, which for some months had been constantly about among the horses in the stable living on terms of great intimacy with them. Immediately after the disabled horse was led in, he lay down and began to exhibit signs of great distress. The spaniel at once ran to him, and commenced fawning around him, licking the poor animal's face, and in various other ways manifesting his sympathy with the sufferer. The struggles and groans of the horse being continued, the dog sought his master, and drew his attention to the wounded animal. He showed great satisfaction when he found his master employed in bathing the wounds, and otherwise ministering to his wants. The ostler continued his care of the horse until a late hour in the night, and then called the dog to go home; but the affectionate creature would not leave his suffering friend, and continued with him all night. Forty-eight hours after the horse was injured, the faithful dog had not left the stable, day or night, for a minute, not even to eat; and from his appearance it was believed that he had scarcely slept at all. He was constantly on the alert, not suffering any one to come near the horse, except those attached to the stable, and the owner of the horse. His whole appearance was one of extreme distress and anxiety. He often laid his head on the horse's neck, caressing him and licking around the eyes, which kindness the poor horse acknowledged by a grateful look and other signs of recognition.

#### VIII.

A gamekeeper in the north of England an old dog, of a cross-breed between the and setter, which was well known thro the country for its uncommon sagacity; wife having gone one day to work in adjoining the house, leaving no one in her husband's canine pet, she was surprised its running up to her while at work, seizing hold of her apron and other significant gestures, endeavouring to draw her into the house. Being well aware, from the manner, that something had occurred in her presence, she hastened to the house entering found a quantity of clothes which had placed before the fire enveloped in flame. She was only just in time to extinguish it and had it not been for the sagacity of the dog, the building would inevitably have been destroyed.

#### IX.

That animals have a most intimate knowledge of cause and effect, which is a very principal if not the chief ingredient in the few who will take the trouble of observing their actions can doubt. In illustration I will mention an anecdote which was told to me a short time ago by a clergyman of high respectability and undoubted veracity and which came under his own personal observation. Whilst staying at the house of a brother, who possessed a beautiful little spaniel breed, my friend, together with the rest of the family, was alarmed about the middle of the night by the violent ringing of the bell. Everyone was of course in confusion, and on a search being instituted, the dog was found in the dining-room, pulling at the bell-cord with his teeth. On examining him, he was found to be very ill, and



his singular mode of acquainting the  
th his distress and procuring relief.  
d not be said to have been the effect of  
uition, as he had never been known  
thing of the sort before. What then  
ll it but an evident and decided proof  
g's knowledge of cause and effect, or,  
words, of his reasoning power?

## X.

Dogs are also acute physiognomists is  
How many have I known which, on  
frown overspread the countenance of  
ster, would drop their tail, and shrink  
th an evident sense of fear; and on  
mile would have produced a precisely  
effect. Many also which are kept as  
the protection of property, can distin-  
mediately from the appearance of the  
with whom they come in contact,  
they are such as call for their inter-  
or not, showing their "respect for  
' by allowing the well-dressed gentle-  
pass by unmolested, and, on the con-  
hibiting every symptom of anger at  
ed beggar. An old dog of the pointer  
ith which I was intimately acquainted,  
me during his peregrinations to two  
ading from the same point to his own  
et him have travelled both equally,  
ways select the shortest—even, in some  
s, where the difference in distance was  
as to be scarcely perceptible.

## THE DUCK.

## XI.

There is now a fine duck, which was hatched  
hen in the spring of 18—, there being  
young ones produced at the time. When  
ducks were about ten days old, five of  
were taken away from beneath the hen  
during the night-time, the rats suck-  
ed them to death, and leaving the bodies

My duck, which escaped this danger,  
runs all the other ducks and fowls in a  
extraordinary manner as soon as the  
pear in the building in which they are  
l, whether it be in the night or the  
g. I was awake by this duck last spring  
midnight, and as I apprehended that  
they were making an attack, I got up im-  
ly, went to the building, and found the  
injured. I then returned to bed again,  
telling the rats to have retreated. To my  
surprise, next morning I found that ten young  
ducks had been taken from beneath a hen, and

sucked to death, at a very short distance from  
where the duck was sitting. On this account,  
I procured a young rat-dog, and kept it in the  
building; and, when the rats approach, the  
duck will actually rouse the dog from sleep,  
and, as soon as the dog starts up, the duck  
becomes settled again.

## THE ANT.

## XII.

A gentleman of Cambridge one day observed  
an ant dragging along what, with respect to  
the creature's strength, might be denominated  
a log of timber. Others were severally em-  
ployed, each in its own way. Presently the  
ant in question came to an ascent, when the  
weight of the wood seemed for awhile to over-  
power him. He did not remain long perplexed  
with it; for three or four others, observing his  
dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As  
soon, however, as he got it on level ground, they  
left it to his care, and went to their own work.  
The piece he was drawing happened to be con-  
siderably thicker at one end than the other.  
This soon threw the poor fellow into fresh  
difficulty; he unhappily dragged it between  
two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts,  
finding it would not go through, he adopted the  
only mode that even a man in similar circum-  
stances would have taken—he came behind it,  
pulled it back again, and turned it on its edge,  
when, running again to the other end, it passed  
through without the least difficulty. Some  
Indian species, according to an anecdote related  
by Colonel Sykes, exhibit feats of dexterity  
which one can scarcely ascribe to mere instinc-  
tive sagacity. It is known, perhaps, that ants,  
like cats, have a repugnance to water; to pre-  
vent their approach, therefore, the legs of a  
well-garnished sideboard of sweets were im-  
mersed in water, and detached from the wall;  
notwithstanding this precaution, however, they  
committed their depredations upon the colonel's  
good things. He was curious to discover their  
mode of effecting their purpose, and he accord-  
ingly watched the process. He observed a so-  
litary ant climbing up the wall of the room,  
and when it had mounted to rather more than  
a foot above the level of the sideboard, it  
took a spring across to it; soon after, others  
followed the example of their pioneer, and each,  
with like success, safely reached their tempting  
bait, and presently a host of these carnivorous  
little epicures were regaling themselves upon  
the luxurious repast. Sagacious and dexterous

as this interesting fraternity are seen to be, we meet with an amusing instance of their folly and want of concert. A wise and laborious ant was toiling up the bark of a chestnut tree, and pulling after him an entire snail-shell, the size of a hazel-nut. He halted occasionally, as well he might, but he never lost hold of the shell, though the mere weight of it, one should have thought, would have pulled his mandibles out of joint. In a few minutes he had raised it upwards of three feet, and all was going on prosperously, when it so happened that three or four idlers of the ant kind, and presently as many more, met him on his way. Our labourer had almost done his work; his hind legs were already within the hole into which it was his plain purpose to introduce the shell, when the new comers (who are always ready to help one another) proceeded to do just the reverse. They

got upon the shell, they entered it, they insisted in sticking to it; he could not crawl and then the shell swerved to one side or other, according to the disposal of his mandibles within, who had not even the sense to turn the boat. Still, by great exertion, he held on, and might perhaps have accomplished his purpose when two more strangers thought proper to contribute their weight, and brought about a catastrophe. The weary but persevering ant was obliged to "let go," and the shell, freed from its "insides," and half a dozen "outsides," fell to the ground. They left the conveyance in an apparent alarm, and scampered off in all directions, while he remained for some time at the spot of his discomfiture. The shell was subsequently examined, and was found exactly to fit the hole in the direction in which it was dragging it, and no other.

(To be continued.)

## LOST AND FOUND.

### AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY THE REV. A. H. BULL, THE VICARAGE, MARKET DRAYTON.

HAVE you ever lost your way in the winding lanes of a flat country district, where the high banks or thick trees shut out all distance from your view, and prevented you from seeing your direction? Or have you ever wandered through the streets of London in search of the house or square that you left that morning, while you thought that every turning which you passed would bring you into the right direction, and every square which opened upon you was just like the one which you desired?

In both cases you would soon find some one of whom you might ask your way. But what if you were thus circumstanced on mountains all covered with pathless woods and dense thickets—if you were a wanderer in a wild country where no curling smoke tells of human life for miles, and no lowing of cows, or bark of dogs, or voice of man cheers the vast solitude?

To be lost in such a country, without guidance or knowledge, almost without food, and without a companion—such was once my lot; and if the readers of OUR OWN FIRESIDE would like to hear my tale, I will give it to them as simply as I can.

I was staying for a few days in the one of the Australian Alps, on that bold spur called the Kurrajong, which rises above the little town of Richmond. On the last day of our stay I determined to make an expedition on foot towards Mount Tarnah, through a forest track, which was roughly described and arranged for my family to leave our lodgings and go down to Richmond before me, in case I did not return within the time appointed for the same evening.

It was Friday, November 9, 1860, when the days are just lengthening for summer, and a full heat is not developed. I took an early breakfast, and started alone about 7 a.m. with an umbrella, and the materials for a light in my pocket. The morning was fine and clear. I trudged away merrily up the mountain road, and turned down the rock-hewn path to the left, until I reached nearly the bottom of the valley. Here I met a foot-traveller, who was in no other way remarkable than that he was the last human being whom I met after many weary hours afterwards.

A little farther on, the road seemed to turn too sharply to the left, somewhat away

ing of Mount Tornah, and I thought keeping more decidedly to my right make my way through the forest or to the proper road, especially as I had believed that an old track had come or near that point. I soon came to a round, and had to climb precipitous at having begun the climb, I, as an pedestrian, did not like to abandon it—wisely or not is another question. I had not yet fully realized what it was through woods which *lead nowhere*, seen wont in England to explore woods of ground which would, after *some* denials, bring one out *somewhere*.

For this may be, when I had attained I saw no road, only a deep gully or beneath me, interminable brushwood at beyond, but a line in the distance the road *might* be. I descended into the of the gully with no small difficulty, there found a dense mass of brushwood, rich of the matted tropical vegetation grows in such luxuriance in all damp

There was no water, but the young shrubs—especially the Tea-tree shrub so thick that, even setting my back to them, I could hardly force my way. Then I had to climb the opposite the rocky gully; and when all was stated, I seemed no nearer to my end.

A long line turned out to be a mere terrace of rock, and no true road was. Gully after gully was thus passed, all alike, and all tending by their mazy deep bottoms, and thick foliage to disperse the eye from its right bearings, mislead the foot; especially as no distant was sufficiently clear or well known to light direction. The hot sun above, the atmosphere of the lower parts, where no has access, greatly increased my bodily ion. Moreover, I was impeded by the quantity of dead wood which meets one y step in these wild forests. This latest year after year, is quickly rotted, loses the semblance of strong wood, so the traveller climbs the wooded steep, a fallen stem which seems to afford a threshold, gives way under his tread, and a clinging branch yields in his grasp, both tantalizing and wearying with fre- isappointment.

I went on climbing rocks, or descending the depth of ravines, or pushing my rough dense thickets, until nearly

1 p.m., when I reached an open glade with a fresh rivulet.

Here I willingly made a halt, to take some food and consider my situation. Now, if not before, I had found it necessary to abandon the plan of seeing Mount Tornah. A more serious necessity began to press upon me of regaining my road, or finding some other means of return to our morning's quarters. I ate one or two hard eggs, with a sandwich, or whatever frugal store my pockets had been able to carry, which happily included a small flask of wine. Not knowing how long a walk might still be before me, I prudently left a small store for future needs. Thus recruited, I betook myself again to my walk. There was yet the greater part of the afternoon before me, and I might without much difficulty gain some clue to the maze in which I was involved, so as to reach the Kurrajong inn before night. If I could once get there, and mount my good little grey steed again, all would be well.

But further efforts of the next hour only served to convince me that the way home was as hard to find as the way to Mount Tornah. Still the eye beheld with increasing despair the old succession of thick forests, deep gullies, and steep rocks.

Too quickly the conclusion forced itself upon me that I was *lost*—utterly lost! I knew not the bearing of the point whence I had come, on account of the many and trackless turns which I had been forced to take, and I was therefore quite ignorant also of the quarter toward which I should turn for making my escape. Around was the inextricable maze of forest; far off—I knew not how far—was the place which for the present was my home.

None, probably, but those who have been in a similar position can tell or conceive the feelings of poignant pain, self-reproaching shame, or dull despair, which in turns claim possession of the mind.

Still I could but do my best, by steady walking on some determinate plan, to regain the open plain. I had sound health and strength on my side. I knew that I could endure a tolerably long pull without exhaustion, as I had still a few mouthfuls of food. Moreover, the weather was fine, and in time—though it might be long—I could probably do what others had done, and find my way out of the difficulty. Above all, the Christian man of course refers on such occasions to a higher source of strength, guidance, and comfort than his own bodily or mental powers. At all

events, I believe that it never entered my head to suppose that my loss was irrevocable, or to doubt that I should in due time be enabled to escape.

But which way to turn?—there was the difficulty. I knew the general "trend" of the Blue Mountains range to be nearly north and south, and the open plain which I wanted to reach was on the eastern side toward Sydney. But it was impossible to know how this *general* direction might be modified by bends or spurs projecting east or west; and for one entangled in the midst of these mountains it was very difficult—more than would at first be supposed—to discern the direction of the nearest ridges. However, I believed that I was yet on the ocean side—the Sydney side—of the watershed. I gained a general idea of *east* from the sun, though I knew not how much north or south of east I ought to steer my course; and I remembered how in a much smaller area of mountain country an old friend had told me that a sheep running down an old watercourse had assisted him to the probable direction of human habitations. Here I had no sheep, indeed, but there were several small watercourses. Whither would these run? They must run *down* the mountains, therefore *out* of the mountains—therefore become *larger streams in the plains*. And on any one of these larger streams, so precious is the commodity of running water, I felt sure that I should find some settlements. Once among men again, I could probably get horse or vehicle; at least, learn my whereabouts, and return to my friends.

The new thought filled my mind, and prompted instant motion, vigorous action. Henceforth it seemed that my efforts might have a definite shape, a decided course, a tolerably clear and not hopeless purpose.

I soon found a small stream which ran, as the sun showed, in a generally eastern direction. So without further delay I chose this for my guide. Down its grassy sides I walked hour after hour, sometimes along its pebbly bed, sometimes in the forest, more or less passable on either side, till the little brook which I could step across had become a brawling torrent, swollen with a considerable mass of water, tearing a way for itself under trees and rocks a chasm deeper or shallower according to the nature of the soil.

Travelling became more difficult. It was hard to walk in the bed of this torrent; and as the wood thickened on one side or the other,

I had to cross the stream, over big stone fallen trees, as best I might. Continual climbing over masses of rock or timber lay in the way added much to the fatigue what was more important delayed my march. Time and strength were every evening was already fast approaching. The great question was, whether my strength would hold out during the time that was requisite—and I knew not how long that be—for tracing this stream down to the inhabited plain.

In this view, the delay caused and the loss of strength spent by surmounting each or obtruding log, were of great importance particularly as my strength began to fail these many hours of hard walking, climbing, and oppressive heat. Time after time did a trivial tumble or slip of the foot bring me to the ground, and I lay in the grass, hardly able to rise. A drowsy faintness immediately followed the recumbent position once or twice, from sheer exhaustion, I was able to get on my feet for a few minutes; but soon as I tried to make fresh efforts, feeling that all depended upon my own exertion.

Now and then the ear was mocked by a crack which resembled the distant crack of a man's whip, or even a human voice. Generally there was an awful sense of solitude. Save the continual rush of the stream, the silence of surrounding nature was only occasionally broken by the scream of a bird—for there is little or no *song*—the hum of the multitudinous insects, the croaking of the frog, the splash of a great snake or iguana in the water. One of these snakes had occupied a natural bridge—a tree lying athwart the stream—which I was crossing; a thick scud started from under a branch before me, and something running along the trunk of the tree itself into the stream. Many gorgeous flowers, as the magnificent crimson Waratah, or little blossoms, as the simpler Epacris, broke the monotony of the dull bush foliage. Sometimes the valley through which the stream flowed was narrowed into a rocky gorge, with perpendicular walls of immense height, beautifully hung with flowers and the green fern, or clothed with innumerable mosses and lichens.

Through these my path was closely confined to the stream; in other parts there was temptation constantly recurring to cut across the bends which the stream took, and to take my way by climbing over the shoulders

hills round which it ran. But as constantly I resolved to adhere firmly to my once-formed plan, to abide by the chosen stream, and never leave its guidance until it brought me out of the mountains, else I might lose sight of it altogether and be thrown out of my course. So again and again I crossed the stream whenever the path on either side caused difficulty or delay.

In this crossing I had one misfortune, which might have proved very disastrous to a weaker frame. In crawling along one of the tree-trunks which spanned the stream, my flask fell into the water. I heard the glass within its leather case crash upon the stones, and knew that my small stock of wine, now doubly precious, was gone. However, there was no use in bemoaning this loss. A huge wall of rock again lay before me, and through another of those awful yet most grand gorges the stream must lead me.

And what was beyond? Could there be yet my approach to open plain? or was I now far enough down the stream to reach a habitation that night? I knew not; but at all events I must push on: time and strength were the only considerations. But I soon became convinced that no such happy termination was at hand—that I must pass the night in these solitudes, and that it would soon be too dark, not only for travelling, but for choosing a bed.

To make my resting-place by the side of the stream, and among the exhalations which are so copious in low damp places at night, would be highly dangerous; but among the overhanging rocks I hoped I might find a cave or hollow sufficient to save me from cold winds and heavy night dews. After walking as long as the last gleams of the rapid twilight would allow, I turned aside to climb the steep bank: the first slip brought me to prostration, whence I was quite disinclined to rise. I tried with my pocket knife to cut a few bundles of bracken to lie upon; but even this exertion was too much; and I sank on the ground again, content to rest for a time as I was; but while I sat or reclined at this spot, I plucked several long stalks of grass, tough enough when plaited to make a tolerable substitute for wine. I felt, however, that I must not allow myself to be absorbed in sleep until I had gained a position more decidedly removed from the noxious influence of the lower ground; and

so after a short rest I again aroused myself to explore the rocks.

It was now so dark that I had to feel my way. The rocks were very steep—mostly perpendicular; but a few saplings grew here and there which assisted my climbing. I tried one and another place where a darker spot than the rest seemed to indicate a cleft or hole. Getting up and swinging down by a tree, or jumping down, was rather perilous work in the dark, and I was glad at last to find a hollow into which I could pretty nearly drag my body. There I determined to rest until the first dawn; and then at least I hoped an hour or two would bring me to a settlement.

I settled myself as well as I could, half sitting, half lying; opened my umbrella over the mouth of the hole; then tied one end of the plaited string to the inner spokes, and the other to my arm, so that if I fell asleep my shelter might not fall away.

My situation was not very pleasant; I had only light summer clothes, and they were very wet; little or no food, and less capability of eating. I am not a smoker, else I might have done something to supply the lack of food, and at all events to strike a light and make a fire. The worst of all was the thought of a dear wife and child, who would know nothing of me, and might be distressed with terrible anxiety. On the other hand, I had by no means lost hope of escaping. I was safe from injury; that was a great matter. The rest of a few hours even in that sorry lodging would recruit my powers for next morning's work; and I felt at least quite sure that I had hit upon the right way for safety. Moreover, my wet clothes gave much less annoyance than I expected, and the umbrella kept my little cabin tolerably warm. Above all, I could pray. Though I had to confess with shame the folly which had brought me so much trouble upon myself and others in undertaking so rash an adventure; yet there was a merciful Father who could hear me even there—One with whom I could hold converse\*—who could watch over me, and guard those dear ones for whom I was anxious.

Thus with a few intervals of broken slumber the night passed.

\* An excellent friend, a veteran officer in the ranks of the colonial Church, said afterwards, in a letter of warm Christian sympathy, that I had enjoyed a privilege which he had never had—a night alone with God. He certainly took a higher and nobler view of my position than I had done.

(To be concluded next month.)

# The Poetry of Home.

## An Easter Carol.

"And the Angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—ST. MATTHEW xxviii. 5, 6.

**C**HRISt is risen from the dead;  
Let earth and heaven rejoice!  
Men and angels, join to spread  
His praise, with heart and voice:  
Join in hallelujahs, join  
Rapturous songs with one accord;  
Hymn His attributes Divine,  
And worship Christ the Lord!

Victor! rising from the grave,  
By Thy right hand of power,  
Mighty art Thou now to save;  
Earth's millions are Thy dower.  
By the travail of Thy soul,  
Thou Thy love to man hast showed;  
Trampled death, and death's control,  
And conquered by Thy blood.

Kneeling at Thy sacred feet,  
We worship and adore;  
Joy and sorrow strangely meet,  
And mingle evermore.  
Where the cruel nails and spear  
Pierced Thee, hanging on the tree,  
There we read Thy love most dear,  
Thy scars of victory see.

Talking with Thee by the way,  
Our hearts in rapture burn;  
Gladden us again to-day:  
Return, O Christ, return!  
Breathe upon Thy Church and me,  
And break and bless the bread Divine;  
All our longing hearts would be  
Renewed, and made like Thine.

Gathering round our glorious Lord,  
At Bethany we stand;  
Sweetly falls His parting word,  
And consecrating hand.  
While He spake, from earth He soared  
Upward, in majestic flight,  
Soon by angel-hosts adored,  
And hidden from our sight.

Baffled are the dark designs  
Of hell and Satan now;  
Victory's crimson wreath entwines  
Around His sacred brow.  
God of God, and Light of Light,  
Thee, omnipotent, we own,  
Reigning in Thy royal right,  
On heaven's eternal throne.

BENJAMIN GOUGH,

Author of "LYRA SABBATICA."

## Easter Light solving the Mystery of

### I.

**H**Y roam'st thou, sad and  
eyed,  
Pale pilgrim, sable clad  
While earth bedecks her li  
In vernal sunshine glad  
"The snowdrop's reign is  
gone,  
And gayer flowers unfold—  
Narcissus with its clusters fair,  
And crocus gleaming gold.  
"But thou the while dost paler grow  
More sadness hangs o'er thee,  
As if this pomp of loveliness  
It sickened thee to see."

### II.

"There was a time when I drank  
The sunshine of the Spring,  
Which now upon my faded brow  
Doth baneful shadows fling.  
"But nature's face is changed to  
In funeral trappings clad,  
The more all other hearts are gay  
The more my heart is sad.  
"Earth, in her winter dress of gloom  
Is welcome to my eye;  
But spare me all her pomp and  
Of vernal pageantry."

### III.

"O say not so, thou pilgrim pale  
But muse and pray awhile;  
And so shall nature's darkened face  
Resume its morning smile.  
"Look on her with the eye of faith  
And so thy heart shall learn  
Of her mysterious loveliness  
The meaning to discern.  
"We may not turn in gloom away  
For ONE her ground hath trod  
And left a glory round her path  
Our Master and our God.  
"And since that hour, this world  
Is but the outer shell  
Which wraps a world more won  
Wherein His chosen dwell.  
"And He who framed that inner  
With His creative breath,  
Has rent in twain the barrier that  
That parted life from death."

"Alike on either side the tomb,  
That unseen realm is spread,  
It knows no severing line between  
The living and the dead.

"The saints we see not, gathered there,  
Blend with the saints we see,  
One hidden life pervading all  
In mystic unity.

"And in the fulness of the time,  
This outer world of sin  
Shall burst and shrivel, and disclose  
The glorious world within.

"Then shall the sons of God no more  
Seem like to sons of clay,

Their hidden and mysterious life  
Made manifest that day.

"And all the beauty that we see  
Clothing this outer earth,  
Is but the type, perchance the germ,  
Of her immortal birth.

"Then shrink not from the gorgeous Spring,  
For all her flowers are born  
Blest harbingers, to herald forth  
The resurrection morn.

"And dream of dreariness no more,  
But rouse thee, toil and pray;  
So thou in thine own lot mayst stand,  
On that revealing day." V.

## The Home Library.

*Fidelity and Unity.* A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. By the Rev. HUGH M'NEILE, D.D. London: Hatchard and Co.

In this letter to Dr. Pusey, the utter impossibility of union between two churches, one of which declares that to be essential to her highest act of worship which the other declares to be "idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians," is, we should think, shown to demonstration. But, alas! the casuistry of the skilful dialectician is almost equal to the task of proving white to be black, and black to be white. Dr. Pusey finds no difficulty, for example, in reducing seven sacraments to two, or expanding two to seven, so that a church which maintains that there are seven, and a church which maintains that there are "two only," may, nevertheless, be in perfect agreement:—

"All that is necessary for the purpose," writes Dr. M'Neile, "is to show the force of the limitation, in this phrase—'of the Gospel.' Two sacraments are ordained in the Gospel. Five things commonly called sacraments are not sacraments of the Gospel. It does not, however, follow that they are not sacraments at all. They may possibly be sacraments of something else, not of the Gospel. It is not necessary to be so curious as to inquire *of what* are they sacraments, if not of the Gospel. That would be contentious. A loving desire for unity will silence such cavils, and conclude that in denying five to be sacraments of the Gospel, it was intended to assert that they are sacraments somehow; and that therefore the Church of England admits even sacraments—two of the Gospel, and five not of the Gospel—and may enter into union on this point with the Church of Rome, which maintains that there

are seven sacraments of the Gospel. To see the dexterity with which this is accomplished, I refer to 'Eirenicon,' pp. 21, 22."

This will help the reader to understand how Dr. Pusey proposes to bring about what he calls the Unity of Christendom.

His only *cruz* is "the age of Mary." Even Dr. Pusey stumbles at the gigantic imposture of the Immaculate Conception, which has been palmed upon Christendom as a part of Christianity. This, he says, "is the great barrier and ground of alienation of pious minds in England." How thoroughly he is aware of the nature of the gross Mariolatry of Rome is apparent from the following extract, which we quote because Protestant testimony is often said to be exaggerated, and Dr. Pusey is a witness not likely to come under this charge:—

"It is one of their most learned writers who says, 'it is the universal sentiment of the (Roman) Church that the intercession of Mary is not only useful, but also, in a certain manner, necessary'—'necessary with a moral necessity, because the Church seems to think, with St. Bernard, that God has determined to give us no grace except through the hand of Mary.' So, then, it is taught in authorized books, that 'it is morally impossible for those to be saved who neglect the devotion to the Blessed Virgin;' that 'it is the will of God that all graces should pass through her hands;' that 'no creature obtained any grace from God, save according to the dispensation of His holy Mother;' that Jesus has, in fact, said, 'No one shall be partaker of My Blood unless through the intercession of My Mother;' that 'we can only hope to obtain perseverance through her;' that 'God granted all the pardons in the Old Testament absolutely for the re-

verence and love of this Blessed Virgin; that 'our salvation is in her hand;' that 'it is impossible for any to be saved who turns away from her, or is disregarded by her; or to be lost, who turns to her, or is regarded by her;' that 'whom the justice of God saves not, the infinite mercy of Mary saves by her intercession;' that God is 'subject to the command of Mary;' that 'God has resigned into her hands (if one might say so) His omnipotence in the sphere of grace;' that 'it is safer to seek salvation through her than directly from Jesus.'—Pp. 101—103.

Dr. McNeile, in two or three pages, traces upon what an attenuated thread of Holy Scripture all this Mariolatry rests.

In a single prophetic reference (Isaiah vii. 14), and in the evangelistic record of the circumstances attending Christ's birth, she is called the Virgin; but from the period of the Incarnation, none of the sacred writers ever call her so. She is recognized by her Jewish neighbours as Joseph's "wife," and as the mother of other children. "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother's name Mary, and his brethren James and Josce, and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us?" The beloved disciple, to whose care Mary was consigned by the dying words of her wonderful Son, makes mention of her several times, but always calls her the mother of Jesus, or woman. *He never once calls her the virgin:* and that for the simplest and most conclusive of reasons, that he did not commence his narrative until her children were grown up. Speedily after the Crucifixion, the curtain drops upon her history, and *she is mentioned no more.* God's blessed instrument in the Incarnation, there is no further specialty of connexion between her and Christianity. Only once in all his epistles does St. Paul allude to her (Gal. iv. 4); and the same is true of all the Apostles. In the Epistle of James, in the two Epistles of Peter, in the three of John, and the one of Jude, *there is not one, even the slightest, allusion to the mother of Jesus.*

Well does Dr. McNeile ask, at the close of his sketch of the Scriptural History of Mary, "Whence the position, the breadth, the almost absorbing interest ascribed to her, in what Dr. Pusey would call Catholic Christianity? Whence the habit of calling her Holy Mary ever Virgin, or the Holy Virgin, or the Blessed Virgin, or the Virgin at all?" "Was it to the Apostles the promise was made, 'He shall guide you into the whole truth?'"

Proceeding with the consideration of Dr. Pusey's "fond dream of the unity of Christendom," Dr. McNeile gives what we believe to be the true interpretation of our Saviour's prayer for the ONENESS of His people.

That prayer was for "all believers in all ages and nations," for "all who have believed, for all who do believe, and for all who shall believe, until His coming again." It was not a prayer for "visible uniformity in creed, and custom, and worship." Were this the meaning, it has, so far in the world's history, been offered

in vain—Christ's prayer in vain! But a prayer for "the 'manifestation of God,' the whole 'family whose name is written in Heaven,'—divided by cent time, and by thousands of miles during their earthly pilgrimage; divided by prejudices of education, and by differences of judgment, and conscience, and hindered from holding much intercourse by sickness, some by poverty, some by the pressure of worldly business, some by unbelief, and all by a greater or smaller tarnish," it was a prayer that all these may be gathered into one—the very terms of who shall believe?—contemplating a period as the period of its fulfilment. Such, it is not a prayer in vain, but "in strict accordance with the revelation of God, and therefore infallibly sure of and exact fulfilment."

"The present Unity of the Christian Church," Dr. McNeile continues, "consists simply in the union of each member of the Church with the Lord, the Head. They have union with Him, not another through union with Him. It is not a duty to be performed, or aimed at, but a truth to be believed. The words of the inspired Apostle are not to be obeyed, but there is one body. It does not depend upon the will of man, or the conduct of man. It is the revealed will of God Almighty. 'There is one body.' The fact of the Church is a fact, whatever we may call it."

The Catholic Church thus constitutes a fact—the real obligations of Christians to "endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," are next upon:—

"In the exercise of this spirit, our English Church has legislated against the unbearing, and, in its essence, contentious and separating demand for outward conformity in all things. With one single reason, namely, that the supremacy of God's Word is respected, and nothing ordained against it, she has uningly and unifyingly decided that 'it is not that traditions and ceremonies be in all places the same, but that all things be done to edifying.' This is the apostolical spirit, after unity. It is in the recognition of this liberty, and there alone the 'bond of peace' can be found amongst imperfect churches."

It appears to us that the grand error of Dr. Pusey's school is unquestionably that Christendom and Christ's Church are identical. This is a fundamental and grievous delusion. The unity of Christendom is secured by submission to the usurped authority of Rome, proper, or Rome *alias* Oxford, and is anything rather than the unity of the Church. It would be the unity of a sect, from the truth, issuing speedily in the



of old, even unto death, of those CHRIST, and not the Church with claims, to be the HEAD.

ty of Christendom of which Dr. Pusey manifestly of this character. Its is Romeward, not Christward. He writes Dr. McNeile, "an embrace in and Greek idolators, because they o that form of Church government deemed essential; and refuses a d of fellowship to the Presbyte-the Congregationalist, though they vital doctrines of the Church whole filed." "Seventy millions of Pro-adds the Rev. Hobart Seymour, of Reformed Churches in Europe ica, Dr. Pusey deliberately and of e ignores. He desires no peace, or o union with them. All his yearn-longings, and sighings are for union hurch of Rome."

not extend our notice further, but we te the telling appeal with which Dr. oncludes:—

indeed so? Is your willingness to open a after unity, indeed so one-sided? Where, id you learn that what we believe to be and venerate as ancient, and approve and d and orderly—the Episcopal government ch—is essential to the being of a Church? from our Anglican Mother, whose modest concerning it, is confined to an historical its antiquity, and its uninterrupted use; re extends to the exclusion of those who P. And where did you learn that unity in a the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, though r forms of government, is not Christian t surely from Him who said, 'Forbid them that is not against us, is for us.' and dear sir, do not make yourself a ck to those celebrities of the Roman Church m you are 'wearing your heart upon your They would spurn you with scorn, if you ul in requiring such retractions as are indis- towards any real union. And they tolerate ces, not with any the slightest idea of taking wards your centre; but because they think ake use of you as a convenient decoy. They eyes upon those Anglicans who, unsettled rogress, and unable to stop with your per- ome time to time pass over to that trea- pose which is consequent upon a vicarious ity. For such you are unconsciously acting t; and the influential and astute leaders in n Church to whom you address yourself, your arguments with well-dissembled sin- der to foster your delusion. They perceive sty of purpose, and are well aware that for ficiency of a dupe, it is indispensable that not know himself to be a dupe.

no such management is necessary, their tone ristically different. To the 'Deans, Canons, iests, and other Priests' of the English me hundred and ninety-eight in number— put forth their vehement longings for visible ith Rome, the answer of Cardinal Patrizi, the Holy Office, is straightforward and t refuses to admit that our's is a Church at shews explanations. It rejects compromises. s submission, absolute unconditional surren-

der to 'the Chair of Peter,' as the one only condition, not of union—that would imply that there already exist some features in common—but of admission into the Church, the one only Church in which there is entrance to the kingdom of heaven. Rome says, 'I am: presume not to question me, or impertinently to put yourself on a level with me, as though we could for a moment even discuss a mutual concession. Concession! No, I speak: let the world hear or perish.' The Cardinal's words are,—

"Christ has willed the Apostolic Chair of St. Peter to be the organ, centre, and bond of unity; it follows that, all societies whatever separated from the eternal and visible communion and obediences of the Roman Pontiff, cannot be the Church of Christ, and cannot in any way whatever belong to the Church of Christ, to that Church which in the creed after the praise of the Trinity, is proposed as the object of our belief—a Church Holy—a Church One—a Church True—a Church Catholic (St. Augustin de Symb. ad Catech., cap. vi.)—a Church which is called Catholic, not by its own children, but by all its enemies (St. Aug. de vera Relig., cap. vii.); and has obtained the name Catholic so exclusively that, though all heretics wish themselves to be called Catholics, still, when any stranger asks, where do men meet for the Catholic service? no heretic dares to point to his own church or his own house (St. Aug. contr. epist. fundam., cap. iv., No. 5.)—a Church through which Christ imparts the benefits of the redemption as through a body most entirely joined to Himself—a Church from which, whoever is separated (though he may deem that he is living laudably, still for the sole crime that he is severed from the unity of Christ), shall not have life, but the anger of God abideth with him (St. Aug., cap. 141, al. 152, n. 5). It follows also both that the name of Catholic cannot belong by right to such societies, and also that it cannot be given them, in fact, without manifest heresy."

"Said I not true, that what you call the unity of Christendom is a fond dream? the dream of an amiable enthusiast, who is better acquainted with books than with men; and who has allowed the desires of his heart so to interpret his books, and so to blind him to stubborn facts and non-possimus characters, that he is bringing upon himself the ridicule, mingled with the goodnatured compassion, of the civilized world?"

We will only add, that we hope that the writer of this admirable letter will bear in mind that in its present expensive form its circulation must be limited, and take steps for a cheap issue. We are glad to be able to introduce it thus fully to the notice of many thousands of readers who might otherwise never have seen it.

*A Hundred Days in the East; a Diary of a Journey to Egypt, Palestine, Turkey in Europe, Greece, the Isles of the Archipelago, and Italy.* By ARCHIBALD POLLOCK BLACK M.A., F.R.S.A.E. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

AN early copy of Mr. Black's most interesting narrative of "A Hundred Days in the East" has enabled us to introduce the work in our present number, by a paper on "Classic and Historic Greece," with specimens of the illustrations. The interest our readers will feel in the graphic sketches of Athens and Corinth will be an earnest of the pleasure in store for them if they will take Mr. Black as their com-

panion for the *ninety-seven* other days devoted to his journey, which we can assure them he turned to equally good account. He tells us that, "from circumstances and choice, having travelled without tent or escort, he found himself in localities and amidst scenery seldom visited by ordinary tourists, and so mixed more with the inhabitants, and became more conversant with the indoor life of the peasant and operative classes." Hence his work, especially that portion devoted to Palestine, in no way interferes with other books of travel extant. He has not aimed to be "learned" in his investigations—"to support a theory, settle doubtful historical questions, enter upon pætolological researches, or re-arrange sacred geography;" but every page is a picture—one of a series of pen-and-ink sketches, descriptive of the scenes, ruins, cities, and peoples, just as they presented themselves before his eye as he went along; in short, an extension of the passing impressions of the moment jotted down, as a photographer would take a negative, from which to print his positives on returning to his studio. The notes, we are informed, "were written daily, on horseback, in the tent of the Beduee, the native hut, or in the midst of the scenes, rocks, and ruins described." Here and there a traveller's expressions are somewhat too freely rendered, and in one or two instances we think a revision of a sentence would guard against misconception of the author's meaning. But, as a whole, the volume will secure to Mr. Black the grateful thanks of every reader.

*The Science of Home Life.* By ALFRED J. BERNAYS, Professor of Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital College. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

It would be difficult to say what this book does *not* contain. A closely-printed index, extended over twenty-two pages, will give the reader an idea of its comprehensive character. We think it just the book for the home library, and it will be found as interesting as it is instructive. As a "seasonable" extract, we quote the following:—

#### "EFFECTS OF COLD ON THE BODY.

"The effects of cold on the body are, like those of heat, threefold—physical, chemical, and vital. The immediate, direct effect of cold is to diminish the vital activity; its subsequent secondary effect is, by inducing a reaction, to increase the same. The first effect of cold applied to a limited portion of the body is to cause it to shrink, partly from diminution of the smaller vessels. Hence the skin is pale and shrunken, so that rings, gloves, &c., which fit tightly in warm weather, sit loosely on the same parts in cold. The skin assumes also a roughness, known as 'goose's skin,' which is believed to be due to the contraction of minute muscular fibres in its substance. The secretion of its surface is entirely arrested. If the cold be excessive or long-continued, the part loses its sensibility, and, from want of circulation, becomes frozen, and in this state readily dies—mortifies.

"The utter insensibility of a frozen part is well illustrated by an account given by a French officer, Beaupré,

of his own experience. 'I perceived one day on a journey,' says he, 'that two officers, prisoners of war, and my companions in misfortune, had the points of their noses of a horn-white, the colour of old wax. I warned them, and frictions with snow were sufficient to remove this first stage of congelation, which they had not suspected. But what appeared to them very singular was that, while I gave them advice, I myself needed the same; my nose was in the same condition.' The treatment of a frost-bitten part must be very carefully conducted. The too rapid application of heat induces such a violent reaction, that the part inevitably dies. It should, therefore, be rubbed with snow, so as to warm it very gradually.

"The exposure of the whole body to cold, if not too severe (30° to 45°), is, to the young and vigorous, in whom it excites a healthy reaction, agreeable and exciting. But if it be excessive or long-continued, it induces over the whole body those effects already described in part. The skin shrivels, the muscles contract, all the secretions are stopped, the cold gradually invades the whole body. At last it causes a general torpor, and irresistible tendency to sleep, which are ascribed to the accumulation of blood driven from the surface in the internal organs, and especially in the brain, constituting a kind of apoplexy.

"This tendency of cold is admirably illustrated by the well-known story of Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, related in Captain Cook's voyages. These two gentlemen had been out botanizing in the hills of Terra del Fuego, and were overtaken, while returning to their ship, by a storm of piercing blasts, accompanied by snow. Dr. Solander, who knew from experience the effects of cold, especially when combined with fatigue, exhorted the company to keep on the move, whatever pain it might cost them. 'Whoever sits down,' said he, 'will sleep, and whoever sleeps will wake no more.' It spite of this warning, Dr. Solander himself was the first to yield to the bewitching strength of the torpor, and to insist on being permitted to lie down. One of the black servants also began to linger in the same way. When told that if he did not go on he would be frozen to death, he answered that he desired nothing but to lie down and die. All remonstrances were unavailing, and there was no remedy but to suffer them to lie down, and in a few minutes they fell into a profound sleep. Fortunately, the welcome announcement was made that a fire was kindled a quarter of a mile further on. Dr. Solander was roused; but though he had not slept five minutes, he had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the flesh was so shrunk that his shoes fell from his feet. The black servant could not be roused, and, together with another in the same condition, died."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Voices of the Soul answered in God.* James Nisbet and Co.

*Harry Lawton's Adventures.* Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

*Memoir of the Rev. John Charlesworth.* Dalton and Lucy.

*Spiritual Voices from the Middle Ages.* Joseph Masters.

*The Australian Babes in the Wood.* Griffith and Farran.

*The Antidote to Fear.* James Nisbet and Co.

*Poems.* By Rev. E. S. WILSHEBE. Hatchard and Co.

*Echoes from Home.* Nisbet and Co.

[Many other Notices unavoidably postponed.]





A STREET IN BOMBAY. (From a Photograph.)


# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER IX.

NE evening Oliver Wyndham came to pay his almost daily visit at Mr. Purvis's lodging. The fourth week of the imprisonment of the inmates of Mrs. Bounds's dwelling had elapsed; and Oliver knew that as soon as the prescribed period had elapsed, and the necessary certificate could be procured, Dr. Purvis intended to order his patient to leave the crowded and still deserted city, and try to breathe purer air in the country.

He dreaded this separation; for who could say that it might not be final? Who could say that the pleasant intercourse which had existed between him and his new friend, and which had aroused in him so many dormant feelings, would ever be repeated?

This thought led him to prize even more the hours that he was permitted to spend in the society of Mr. Purvis and his daughter; and which he felt were so precious to him.

It was his custom to go to his home—to his mother's house, as she had now returned, as her confinement at Mr. Purvis's was no longer necessary—after he had finished his daily work, and to change his dress, and take the necessary precautions against carrying the dread infection; and then to repair to Mrs. Bounds's house to close the evening conversation with Mr. Purvis, or in the absence of Mr. Purvis, to listen to the sweet voice of Blanche while she sang the songs that she had learned in her native land, and accompanied herself

The effect of her music was very striking on her father. If his mind were ever so disturbed, or troubled by dim memories of the past, and vague anticipations of evil for the future, the well-known sound immediately calmed him, and recalled thoughts of peace. So powerful and so constant was this effect, that it often reminded Oliver—who was conversant with the history of the Bible, though he had long disregarded its doctrines and precepts—of the harp of David, that banished the evil spirit from the breast of Saul. Those sweet and plaintive sounds had also the effect of soothing his own spirit, and charming his own anxieties to rest, so long as he listened to them; but it is to be feared that they only aggravated the malady under which he was suffering, and added bitterness to the thought that she who had acquired so much power over him would soon be far removed from his sight, and would probably return to that country whither she and her father were bound when sickness had put a stop to their movements.

On the evening to which we have just alluded, Oliver Wyndham appeared rather later than was his wont in the apartment of Mr. Purvis. The patient had been more weary and restless than usual, and Blanche had found more than common difficulty in charming him to repose. He now lay along his couch in the deep sleep of exhaustion; and his daughter sat by his side with her idle lute in her hand, and her tearful eyes fixed on the pale and wasted features of her dearly-loved parent.

"Why are you so late?" she said softly, as Oliver entered the room so noiselessly as not to disturb the sleeper. "I have longed for your coming," she added, with a smile that gladdened the heart of her hearer, but only made him sigh more sadly the next moment.

"How gladly would I have come earlier," he said earnestly. "You know that, Blanche—Miss Purvis, I mean;" and he coloured deeply at the inadvertency. Blanche coloured also; and Oliver thought it was in anger—but he was mistaken.

"I have been detained this evening by a very sad fresh case of the distemper," he continued. "I grieve to say that there are many such cases daily; although, thank God, the mortality is so greatly lessened. But I fear that the young lady to whom I was summoned to-day will fall a victim to the disease. She evidently has not strength to fight long against such unfavourable symptoms."

"A young lady!—who is she?" asked Blanche, with much interest.

"She, like you, is a stranger in this city, Miss Purvis; and it had been well for her, and her unhappy mother and brother, if they had never come to England."

"Is this poor girl a foreigner, then?"

"No; she is born of English parents; but her life has been passed in the East. Her brother told me that he had persuaded his mother and sister to accompany him to Europe more than a year ago, in the prosecution of mercantile business. They had settled at Amsterdam, where he was very prosperous, until the plague broke out there, and he felt compelled to leave the place. He then came to London, and immediately after his arrival the distemper appeared here, and an old Asiatic servant, who had followed him hither, died. This prevented his retiring to some distant place at once; and he has since that time been unable to remove his mother and sister. Now the pestilence has again entered his house, and I fear that another victim is doomed to fall in the person of his sister."

"What is his name?" exclaimed Blanche, almost breathlessly. "Tell me—is it Morant

—Harry Morant?" and the blood rushed up to her face, and dyed it a rich crimson.

"So he told me," replied Oliver, with a shade of displeasure passed over his countenance that Blanche was too much occupied to perceive.

"Poor Harry Morant!" she said, with a sigh; "I pity him sincerely. And his sister—she is my old friend Kate. Oh, Mr. Wyndham, I must go and see her!"

"You know that you cannot leave this house until the end of the week, Miss Purvis," replied Oliver, rather coldly; "and I much fear it may then be too late to see your sick friend. Neither would I advise you to enter the house, even to see Mr. Morant and his mother; for infection will still remain."

"I have escaped it here, and why should I fear it elsewhere?" said Blanche, with a little of the coldness that marked Oliver's manner, and which had surprised and grieved her. "I would dare a great deal to see my dear Kate once more," she added, more gently; and tears again rose to her eyes. They moved the heart of Oliver Wyndham, and he reproached himself for his unreasonable feeling of jealousy.

"What am I," he said to himself, "that I should presume to feel vexed at any preference that she may entertain? Mr. Morant is a fine young man, far more worthy of her regard than I can be—I who have never even aspired to win it, and who have not a home to offer her!"

Filled with shame for what he now considered his unjustifiable feelings he sought to make reparation by replying very fully to all Blanche's inquiries respecting her friend, and even her friend's brother and mother.

She learnt that they were residing in a street not very far distant from her own present dwelling; and the desire to visit Kate in her sickness, and see her, probably for the last time, once more, became stronger and stronger. She would not believe that there could be any danger to herself, who had already passed unscathed through the ordeal of nursing a plague-stricken patient; and so perseveringly did she press the point, and so bent did she seem on carrying

liver was more and more convinced invalid's brother was her chief objection.

He wronged her! His jealous suspicions were utterly unfounded; and the squire of Blanche's heart was to assure the state of Kate Morant's spiritual

She did not like to tell Oliver that she feared her friend might be without peace and comfort in her life; that she was willing to incur any risk there were—in order to carry to her a message of peace which she had long bygone days, sought to impress upon her, and which she feared her own words were unable to convey. It was this which made her so determined, and in her manner an air almost of obstinacy, which surprised and grieved Oliver.

On the following day to speak of Purvis and his daughter in the presence of Harry Morant, and to judge from the countenance and manner of the nature of the feelings towards Blanche. He did not, however, entertain much doubt on the subject, for how could any one know her who had loved her?

Business at the dwelling of the Morants was completed. He had pronounced that he would be attacked by the pestilence, and he ordered the house, and placed a sentry before the door, and also had provided a nurse. The doctor or the minister or nurse had not been allowed to enter or to go out; but Oliver, the doctor, was never refused admission, took advantage of this privilege to gratify his curiosity, and also to tell Blanche the latest news of her

On the following day, therefore, he returned to Mrs. Morant's dwelling, and was at once being informed that her daughter's condition was declared by Dr. Graves to be a very serious one. Her weakness was very great, and although the physician considered it possible to subdue the disease, he did not expect her to recover. All this he heard from her brother, for Mrs. Purvis was in Kate's chamber, "where," he added, rather sneeringly, "some

minister is trying to give that comfort which the physician can no longer administer. I must say I see no use in his terrifying our poor dear Kate by telling her that she has probably only a few days to live. She will know it soon enough—and so shall we."

And an expression of unfeigned sorrow took possession of his countenance as he said the last words.

"Surely," replied Oliver, gravely, "if Miss Morant's case is so alarming, it is better that she should be made aware of her danger. It is only kind and right to warn her of her approaching change, that she may be the better prepared to meet it."

Harry Morant looked fixedly in Oliver's face, and then said, drily,

"Have you also learnt this cant? I should have thought that you had seen enough of death, in this *city of the dead*, to have made you more philosophical on the subject. Death is an evil—an evil that we cannot escape; there is no use in forestalling it, for that cannot make it better."

"Those are not the views that are held by another stricken family to which I have been called," replied Oliver. "Mr. Purvis and his daughter feel and speak of death and its consequences in a very different tone."

"Mr. Purvis and his daughter!" exclaimed Harry, quickly. "What Mr. Purvis? What is his daughter's name?"

"Mr. David Purvis is the gentleman to whom I allude. He has recently come from the East; and his daughter's name is Blanche. Do you know them, Mr. Morant?"

How keenly Oliver scrutinized the countenance of his companion as he asked this simple question. And how injured did he feel at his reply. Harry was evidently excited by the mention of the Purvises; but he tried to speak indifferently, as he said,

"They are my most intimate friends. Blanche has been a sister—more than a sister to me, and to Kate also. But you did not say that she has been attacked! Surely this dire pestilence has not seized her!"

"Miss Purvis is safe at present," replied Oliver, gravely and coldly. "But her

father has been most dangerously ill, and has hardly yet recovered. They are going away into the country immediately."

"I must see them—I must see Blanche before they leave London!" exclaimed Harry, eagerly. "I have lost sight of them for many months; and my letters have been unanswered. I knew not that they were in England."

"You cannot leave this house, Mr. Morant. You know that you are now a prisoner, and cannot cross the threshold for a month." And Oliver was conscious of a feeling of great satisfaction as he pronounced that fiat.

"I will see her!" muttered Harry; and Oliver feared that he would find some means of effecting his purpose, in spite of every obstacle. And then he recalled Blanche's strong wish to visit Harry's sister, and a very painful conviction took possession of his breast.

While he stood silently ruminating, and indulging some bitter feelings, the clergyman who had been attending the sick girl entered the room, and Harry introduced him as Mr. Manvers.

The benevolent and earnest expression of this good man's countenance inspired involuntary respect; and, notwithstanding Harry's contempt for his sacred mission, he addressed him very courteously, and asked his opinion of his sister's state.

"Miss Morant is very ill," he replied. "I greatly fear that she is weaker than she was yesterday; and the fever at times runs very high. Would to God she were able to look forward with more peace and resignation to the great change that awaits her."

"Have you, then, been telling her that she is doomed to die?" said Harry, sternly. "She was calm and hopeful until you came. I knew what *the consolations of religion* would do for her! She might as well have been left to sink quietly, and not have had her last hours embittered by sad forebodings."

"I am sorry you view my attendance on your sister in that light, Mr. Morant," replied the clergyman, gently. "Dr. Graves requested me to call again to-day, and endeavour to prepare her for what he fears is

inevitable. The hours of life and that remain to her are too precious wasted. Oh that I could awaken Morant to a sense of their inestimable and lead her to *lay hold on the hope as her*, while yet there is time!"

Luke Manvers raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, and seemed to pealing to One above for grace and to save the dying girl. Even Harry impressed by the solemnity of his manner and touched by the interest he so evidently felt in his sister.

"What hope do you allude to, Mr. Manvers?" he said. "If you could tell anything that would give us a hope of her life, there is no sacrifice that we will not make to obtain it."

"I cannot help you to prolong her life, my young friend. I have no power to prescribe for her bodily health. I have told her, in my Master's name, that her immortal soul may be healed, and she is gifted with everlasting life. I have pointed out the way—the only way—salvation; and I have urged her to embrace it, ere it is too late. Talk not to me of her to die in a state of apathy which I call peace! Would you let her walk bravely and consciously over the edge of a beetling precipice, if by calling aloud to her, and arousing her fears, you could turn her aside at the last moment? Would you suffer her to be poisoned draught, however sweet, snatching it rudely away you could not give her? Would you thus deal with her body; and shall not I, as the Lord's man, give her warning of impending doom, and tell her how she may escape it, even though it may be a shock to her? Would you learn that her days and hours are numbered?"

Harry was silenced. There was something in Mr. Manvers's manner so different from anything that he had ever before witnessed, that he was fain to be contented to see abroad—so dignified and earnest, yet so simple and unaffected, that he could not help feeling both respect and admiration. He saw that Luke was in earnest. He saw that he meant what he said, and therefore he



ist the impression which his words  
pon him. After a pause, he said,  
ill you call again, Mr. Manvers? If  
ate knows that she must leave us, it  
well to tell her of anything that can  
he thought less bitter—at least to

e bitterness of death has been taken  
for all who believe in the salvation  
Jesus Christ has wrought for them,"  
e minister, quietly and solemnly. "If  
n resign your sister to *Him*, you may  
r farewell without repining, for you  
ow that she is safe and happy for all  
y, and that you may rejoin her in the  
where she goes to dwell. May it  
God to give both her and you such a  
as may enable you to realize that  
ly joy now, and share it hereafter.  
return this evening."

aying, Luke Manvers took his leave,  
nt forth to his work of visiting the  
d dying in the infected city. He was  
those courageous men who had never  
d their flocks—as so many others did  
he plague broke out—but had con-  
to officiate both in churches and  
all through the past dread months  
pestilence. Many of the clergy had  
victims to the disease, and to the  
and anxiety which their office laid  
em. But others had been preserved,  
as by miracle, and yet went on with  
lessed work, calling together such as  
venture to church for public prayer,  
iting the fearful and the sick in their  
mes.

Manvers was not insensible to the  
of thus mixing with infected persons,  
athing infected air. He knew that  
he walked the streets of London,  
*was not a step between him and death.*"  
also knew that he was in the path of  
s much as the soldier who leads a  
hope, and he could trust God with  
lt. He had very early sent his wife  
nily into the country; thus, as he  
ensuring their safety, and greatly  
g his own anxiety. And now he  
l the gradual decrease of the pesti-  
nd looked forward to rest and peace,

either in this world, or in a better, as his  
Lord should see fit to appoint.

## CHAPTER X.

OLIVER WYNDHAM soon followed Mr.  
Manvers from the house where Kate Morant  
lay stricken with the pestilence; and he  
walked slowly and thoughtfully towards Mr.  
Purvis's lodging. He felt much depressed;  
and he tried to account for the unwonted  
feeling of sadness by attributing it to sorrow  
for the hopeless state of the poor young girl,  
and to sympathy with Blanche's distress and  
anxiety on her account. But Oliver was  
accustomed to analyze his own sentiments—  
not always from a desire to conquer what  
was wrong, and strengthen what was right,  
but more frequently from a morbid habit  
of self-depreciation; and he could not con-  
ceal from himself that his despondency arose  
mainly from the unwelcome conviction that  
Harry Morant was deeply attached to Blanche  
Purvis; and that she was by no means in-  
different to him, and his various advantages  
and attractions.

"But what is it to me," he said to him-  
self, "whom she may prefer, if only he is  
worthy of her? To me—poor and homeless  
—unblessed by nature and by fortune—she  
can never be anything but a *bright particular*  
*star*, on which I gaze in admiration—almost  
in worship! To have known her—to have  
been permitted to study her noble and beau-  
tiful character—to have felt the influence of  
it upon my own heart, even in the least  
degree—for this I must be ever thankful;  
and go on my lonely way with no other  
object but to strive to become less unlike  
her!"

Just then he turned a corner in the street,  
and, as his eyes were bent on the ground, he  
came in rather violent contact with Dr.  
Graves, who was walking very rapidly.

"What, is it you, Wyndham?" exclaimed  
the physician; "and walking so leisurely!  
Have you no work to occupy your time in  
this still infected city?"

"Yes," replied Oliver, and he coloured  
deeply. "There is, unhappily, still plenty

to be attended to. I am now returning from Mrs. Morant's house, and I am carrying a sad report of her daughter to Miss Purvis, who, I find, has been acquainted with her for years. Blanche Purvis seems to feel an extraordinary interest in the family, which is evidently reciprocated—at least by one member of it."

"Whom do you mean—Mr. Morant?"

"Certainly," said Oliver—and again his pale cheek was flushed. "Do you think him worthy of her, Dr. Graves?"

"I really have not considered the matter at all," replied the doctor with a smile, "nor do I believe that Miss Purvis has ever given it a thought."

"Why so?" exclaimed Oliver quickly. "Why should she not think of the evident attachment of such a man as Mr. Morant, who has every advantage of fortune and position to offer?"

"Because I consider Blanche Purvis to be superior to all those attractions. Because I have already discovered that Mr. Morant is an infidel, and I know that Blanche is a Christian. Because I am certain that when she gives her heart, it will be to a man whom she can respect as well as love, quite independent of those advantages to which you allude."

"But Morant is a very intelligent and well-bred man, and he is also strikingly handsome."

"Quite true, my young friend—he is all that you say; and yet I hold to my conviction that Blanche Purvis would decline his hand if he were to venture to offer it."

So saying, the doctor shook Oliver by the hand and hurried away; leaving him to pursue his opposite course in rather a less dejected frame of mind, for which he did not attempt to account to himself.

In order to draw out as much as possible the real nature of Blanche's feelings towards Harry Morant, Oliver repeated to her nearly all the conversation that had taken place between himself and the young man, and also his remarks to Mr. Manvers; and, in spite of Dr. Graves's cheering assurances, he could not help falling back upon his own former conviction that Harry was more to

her than merely the brother of her friend. Blanche's eloquent countenance betrayed such a lively interest in all that Harry had said—such sorrow for his light and careless observations, and such satisfaction when she heard of his invitation to Mr. Manvers to repeat his visit—that Oliver could but suppose she felt a keen interest in him, irrespective of his sister.

Her sorrow for the hopeless state of her young friend Kate was very deep, and she again expressed the greatest desire to visit her, which desire Oliver again endeavoured to repress; while he also reminded her of the impossibility of accomplishing it until the period of seclusion was over.

Blanche said no more, but she did not therefore give up her project. She felt as if she had a sacred duty to fulfil, and nothing could deter her from attempting it.

By-and-by Oliver Wyndham left the house, and, as he did so, Blanche requested him to send Elsie Crowther to her that afternoon. The request did not surprise Oliver, for Elsie was in the almost daily habit of calling at the house, and assisting Blanche by performing many little services which she could not ask of the timorous and uncourteous landlady. He therefore readily promised compliance, and ere long the kind and useful nurse appeared.

By what arguments, or what persuasions, Blanche overcame Elsie's objections to aiding her in her scheme, we cannot say. Probably the nurse felt as the young Christian girl did, that the awakening of a dead soul was a paramount object, and that all minor considerations must give way to the duty of making the effort; and also, while she looked into Blanche's pleading eyes, and listened to her sweet touching voice, she doubtless felt that an appeal from her to the heart of one who loved her could not be made in vain.

So it was that Nurse Crowther assented to all Blanche's propositions, and immediately set about carrying them into effect.

It was Mr. Purvis's custom to fall asleep in the afternoon, at which time Blanche always retired to an adjoining room, where she occupied herself in reading or working—merely leaving the door ajar, that she

near any sound in her father's apart-

ment, with some difficulty, and a little persuasion, induced Martha Bounds to take her up to her father's room, and to promise to watch whether Mr. Purvis awoke, and to reply to his summons should he require any attendance. She persuaded her to lend her a large black cloak and hood, in which she fully shrouded her slight figure, and her sweet young face, from observation. Disguised, she left the house with Elsie; and the porter, who still kept guard at the door, did not refuse the piece of money that she slipped into his hand, or to oppose her egress.

Quickly she set forward, but her long absence from the house, and all the fatigue attendant on the journey that she had gone through, had greatly weakened her, and she was obliged to lean on Elsie's arm for support.

As they proceeded, interrupted only by the remarks of a few idle and reckless men who were parading the deserted streets in search of some occupation for their idle thoughts, and who would greatly have rejoiced if Blanche had been alone. As she clung closer to her protector, she drew her dark hood still more over her face, and hurried on with trembling steps.

At the door of Mrs. Morant's dwelling she and her companion were met by another man. The porter whom Oliver had appointed to watch the house, refused to allow of their entrance. But when he perceived Elsie Crowther as an appointed servant, he no longer objected, and he also admitted her "assistant," as she truly was, to go in with her.

As Blanche was divesting herself of her cloak and hood, Harry Morant came in into the entrance hall. He had just the door opened and shut; and before that either the doctor or Mr. Mandrel arrived, he had hastened down to his room, and to give the last report of the patient.

It was his surprise—and his pleasure in seeing Blanche Purvis under his roof! He had, as Oliver Wyndham had promised, loved her for years; but he

had never succeeded in inspiring her with any sentiment except a certain degree of gratitude for his constant affection, and a lively interest in his true welfare. As the brother of her chosen friend, she had necessarily lived on terms of intimacy with him, which were only interrupted by her continued resolution to check the expression of any feeling warmer than friendship. Both her father and Mrs. Morant, and also her friend Kate, had, during the residence of the two families in the same eastern town, tried to induce her to change her resolution. But Blanche Purvis was not a girl to be persuaded to take so important a step lightly or inconsiderately. She had discovered the principles of Harry Morant to be almost infidel; and when she represented to her father that, such being the case, she could neither love or esteem him, he ceased to urge the connexion.

So deeply did Harry Morant feel the disappointment, that it was one great reason for his leaving the city in which the Purvises dwelt, and going with his mother and sister to Holland. The departure of her early and much-loved friend, Kate, was a great grief to Blanche. They had grown up together from childhood, and regarded each other as sisters. Only on one point did they differ, but that was a very vital and important point, and one that caused Blanche much sorrow, even at the early age at which she was separated from her friend. Blanche had indeed lost her mother when she was almost an infant; but she had been brought up by a father who was well able to supply that Christian mother's place, and who had imbued her mind with the simple truths of the Gospel from the time that she could comprehend them.

Kate was not so blessed. Both her parents were worldly persons; who, though sensible and amiable, and much respected by all who knew them, were yet uninfluenced by the true spirit of the Gospel, and did not strive to live according to its pure doctrines and holy precepts. All that she saw and admired in Blanche and her father was easily obliterated from her mind by the counter-influence of the society and the

conversation that she met with in her own father's house; and even after Mr. Morant's death no essential change took place. His widow sought distraction from her sorrow in business and in pleasure, and her children naturally did likewise. Nothing ever lessened the affection that had so long subsisted between Blanche and Kate; but the former never forgot that her friend was ignorant of saving truth. As she grew older, and her faith became more established, she reflected yet more seriously on the difference which existed between herself and Kate; and she prayed unceasingly that the blessing which had been bestowed upon her own soul might be vouchsafed to Kate also.

No wonder that she felt a keen interest in her present dangerous condition, and that she longed to see her once more, and to know whether she was now able to meet death with a peace and joy that she used to regard as a visionary and enthusiastic idea.

After this necessary interruption, we will resume our story.

"Blanche!" exclaimed Harry, as he sprang forward, and seized her hand. "Do I indeed behold you again, after so long and weary a time of separation? May I augur favourably from this voluntary visit? May I hope that you are willing to renew our former happy intimacy?"

"I have ever looked on you as a friend, Harry," replied Blanche, at the same time gently disengaging her hand. "And Kate is as dear to me as she ever was. I could not hear of her being so near me, and so ill, and not hasten to see her. Will you let her know that I am here, and anxious to go to her. I have but little time to stay. My poor father may awake and miss me."

"Do you not fear to enter Kate's room, Blanche?—she is very ill."

"Oh, no—I fear nothing if I may but see her, and speak to her as I used to do. Let me go to her, Harry."

What a charm there was in Blanche's earnest eyes! No one could resist them. Harry turned away with a deep sigh, and led her upstairs. At the door of his sister's room he left her, and entered softly; and in a few moments Blanche heard the well-

known voice of her friend, calling accents on her name.

She entered; and though she had prepared herself to see a sad change of appearance of her friend, she was startled at her aspect. Kate had thrown herself up in her bed, and her arms extended towards Blanche. Her face looked darker and larger than in contrast with her pallid countenance there was a restless brilliance in the betrayed fever of body and disquieting mind. Her long black hair had fallen from its fastenings, and flowed over her neck and shoulders in wild disorder added to the wan and deathly look of her whole figure.

"Oh, Blanche—dear Blanche!" murmured, as her friend approached and lesslessly embraced her. "This is good indeed!"

"I could not know you were so near me, I did not try to see you, Kate."

"But do you not fear the pestilence? do you not fear death?" whispered the poor sick girl. "I do, Blanche; she hid her face on Blanche's shoulder and wept."

Harry left the room, much moved; his mother quietly followed him. She could not bear to see Kate's distress, and they knew not how to give her comfort.

When Blanche was alone with her mother, she drew from her a full confession of doubts and fears, and anxious forebodings, her regrets for the years of life and that she had wasted, and the opposition that she had neglected—and which now she was up now to condemn her.

"I knew the right way, Blanche," said, sadly; "and I chose the wrong way. I thought that even if all you said were true, and I could not doubt it—I would come by-and-by, and act upon it. I thought I should have time—abundant time—for serious thoughts, and such a self-life. But oh, Blanche! I have but a few days—perhaps a few hours—to live. My soul is in darkness, and in fact cannot take comfort from all that good Mr. Manvers tells me of the love and

"Lord Jesus Christ—for oh, Blanche, it does not apply to me!"

A look of blank despair came over the girl's countenance, that deeply pained the heart of her hearer.

"It does apply to you, Kate!" she said softly and affectionately. "Thanks be to God, all the blessed promises in the Gospel do apply to every human being so as life remains! Think of the thief on the cross, dear Kate! Think what his life was! And yet, no sooner did he say to his heart, '*Lord, remember me!*' than all was pardon—all was peace! An immediate entrance into the Paradise of God was promised to him, and eternal life and happiness secured. If such mercy was granted to the thief, shall not the same be bestowed on the returning penitent who calls on the name of Jesus?"

A sudden light seemed to break upon the face of the dying girl. It was as if a thick cloud had been rolled away, and the face shone forth in his warmth and his joy.

She grasped her friend's hand, and, in an almost inaudible voice from emotion, she murmured,

"I see it, Blanche—I think I see it now! He who pardoned that malefactor will forgive me, even though I have sinned against light and knowledge. Oh that I might live to prove the sincerity of my repentance—that I could yet have some time to serve Him in which to serve Him on earth! It cannot be—I must go into His presence just as I am, with no claim for mercy but my utter helplessness!"

"He asks no other, Kate. He has said, *that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast him out*, and He has never disappointed any who came to Him humbly and sincerely. He knows the desires of your heart, and He has no other proof of your repentance than your faith in Him, darling Kate—only believe in Him, and you shall have peace and eternal joy hereafter!"

How eloquent was Blanche's countenance! How strong was the confidence in the truth of all she

said was powerfully depicted there; and it had a blessed influence on Kate. She looked into her friend's speaking eyes, and she drank in every word that fell from her lips, as sweet water to a thirsty soul; and when she ceased to speak, she lay calm and silent, and quiet tears flowed down her pallid cheeks.

After a long and apparently happy pause, she said very faintly,

"Yours has been as the visit of an angel to me, Blanche. God grant that the peace which your words have given me may abide with me to the last! It will not be long—we shall not meet again here—but oh, we shall meet before the Throne of the Lamb! I can believe it now."

Blanche stooped to kiss the pale brow that would soon be cold in death. The excitement which had enabled her to speak words of comfort with an unfaltering voice, had now passed away, and she could not restrain her tears. She knew that she must take a last farewell of the friend of her childhood and youth; and she could not find words to utter it.

"God bless you, dearest Blanche!" whispered Kate. And then they parted.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Mrs. Morant and Harry returned to Kate's chamber, they were surprised and thankful to see the calmness and peace that dwelt on her countenance. All restlessness was gone; and a heavenly joy shone in her eyes as she told them of the blessed hope that now filled and gladdened her soul.

Neither her mother or her brother could understand or enter into her feelings; but they rejoiced that by any means she had been rendered more tranquil and happy.

Mr. Manvers also saw her again in the evening, and he was equally gratified at the change, and quite able to comprehend and appreciate it. It was with feelings of confidence that he prayed by her bedside, and committed her to the keeping of *Him who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth*; for he saw that she was sinking rapidly, and that she would never see the morrow's sun arise.

# BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

FO FOUR VOICES.

Words by BENJAMIN GOUGH,  
Author of "Lyra Sabbatica."

Music by S. G. HATHERLY, Mus. Bac.  
Composer of the Oratoriette "Baptism."

1. Come, beau - ti - ful Spring! Thy gar - land - ry bring, Of 1.  
 2. At thy com - ing, earth, Breaks forth in - to mirth, And the 2.  
 3. As thy foot - steps ad - vance, There is life in thy glance, And 3.  
 4. A - long the green lanes, Where so - li - tude reigns, The 4.  
 5. O! beau - ti - ful Spring! By pea - sant and king, In 5.  
 6. Thy life giv - ing pow'r Un - folds ev' - ry flow'r, While 6.

1. leaf - age and flow'rs, And sweet al - ter - na - tions of sun - shine and 1.  
 2. win - try and sad, Dis - solves in sweet smiles, and cre - a - tion is 2.  
 3. love in thy smile, Which bright - ens our hope, and sweet - ens our 3.  
 4. hedge - row grows gay; And prim - rose and vio - let their beau - ties dis - 4.  
 5. pa - lace or cot, Thou art wel - come to all,..... what ev' - er their 5.  
 6. chil - dren in throngs Shout wel - come, in in - no - cent laugh - ter and 6.

1. show'rs; Come, beau - ti - ful Spring! Thy cho - ris - ters bring, Their 1.  
 2. glad; From long si - lent nooks, Clear stream - lets and brooks Break 2.  
 3. toil; The li - ly of Lent, With its head meek - ly bent, And the 3.  
 4. play; The win - ter - bound wheat Springs up at thy feet, To 4.  
 5. lot! "The win - ter is past," With its hur - ri - cane blast, And 5.  
 6. songs! O! ju - bi - lant Spring! Thy prai - ses we sing! But our 6.

1. con - cert to swell, In pas-sans of joy o - ver moun-tain and dell. 2.  
 2. loose from their chains, Leap-ing down from the hills through pas-tures and plains. 3.  
 3. snow-drop so white, With the cro-cus, in de-li-cate clus-ters u-nite. 4.  
 4. wel-come thee near; And the i-ci-cle melts be-cause thou art here. 5.  
 5. snow-drifts and gloom; And 'the time of the sing-ing of birds is come.' 6.  
 6. rap-ture is aw'd, For the glo-ry of Spring is the good-ness of God!

## MAY-DAY.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,  
 Whom vernal stars obey,  
 Bring thy warm showers,  
 Bring thy genial ray;  
 In Nature's greenest livery drest,  
 Descend on Earth's expectant breast,  
 To Earth and Heaven a welcome guest,  
 Thou merry month of May!

Mark how we meet thee  
 At dawn of dewy day!  
 Hark how we greet thee  
 With our roundelay!  
 While all the goodly things that be  
 In earth, and air, and ample sea,  
 Are waking up to welcome thee,  
 Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,  
 And birds upon their spray,  
 Tree, turf, and fountains,  
 All hold holiday;  
 And Love, the life of living things,  
 Love waves his torch, and claps his wings,  
 And loud and wide thy praises sings,  
 Thou merry month of May!

## OUR SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

## III.—NELLY BROOMIELAW, THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

THE family sat in the carriage in silence for several miles, till it was broken by the Doctor observing,

"I'm thinking of that gallant bairn, young Hans. He has the material in him for a general, and we shall hear of him again. We must consider some suitable present to send after the brave laddie, to let him see we remember our obligations to him. What shall it be, Nelly?"

"The best thing we have to give him," she gratefully and proudly said.

"That we canna weel do, unless ye went yourself, Nelly," said the Doctor, gaily recovering his spirits, and bent on cheering up the party. He little thought how near the mark he was sailing, for Nelly had been dwelling alternately on Archie and Hans all the way—with the latter now and then out of his turn, and robbing Archie. Those few last whispered words of Hans had sunk deeply within the young maiden's heart, and she knew, for the first time in her life, she loved, and was loved in return. The horror of the moment she sank into the sea was forgotten, nay almost welcome, as the dark ground throwing out into chivalrous relief the image of her brave rescuer from the jaws of death. He had saved her life, and won her heart, by the same act. But Nelly must answer her father's hypothesis. So, repeating her father's gaiety, she said,

"He has one of us already, dear pa, in poor Archie."

"I am right glad," rejoined the Doctor, "our own bairn has such a companion. God grant they may be every way useful to each other. It was a good sign, Hans' song of the Hindoo convert, instead of the stuff which young fellows generally sing. I am inclined to hope 'the good seed is in him.' We did our best to sow it in his schooling."

"Let us send him a pin," said Nelly, "in return for the one with which he fastened my shawl."

"I thought he was at something of the sort, you sly puss," said her mother, inwardly delighted at the Captain's attentions, which had completely established him in Dame Broomielaw's good graces.

"Yes, ma," said Nelly, glad to distract her mind at once, for she never had been apart from that dear good mother in her life. "yes, ma, he pinned it on in the day; he begged me to wear it for his sake; and I could answer him or return the gift, if it were gone; the carriage started, and all was confusion without, and gloom within. You were angry with me, dearest ma?"

"You never gave me a moment's rest for your precious life, dearest," said the Doctor, tenderly embracing her. Old Broomielaw said, "Amen! with all my heart," and his daughter also. Sandie added his blessing, and promised to be her Archie and Sandie both in one.

Thus Nelly was relieved of her secret, and felt she could indulge in her natural affections without the guilt of dissimulation or concealment. They slept at the house of the maiden aunt of whom we spoke before, on their way home through London. The following noon found them at home occupying their usual quiet tenor of their duties.

Nelly's coming of age had been celebrated in the early part of this year, and every year the school, every master, and every servant of the establishment, had made her some birthday gift, in honour of her accession to legal womanhood. Old friends and new, far and near, had sent her some memento of their regard. All her presents were arranged in the drawing-room, bazaar-fashion, and were submitted to the gratified inspection of the family.

Then she begged her papa to call a meeting of masters, scholars, and servants, and other friends, contributors to the mass of presents, to beg their consent to the whole, which turned into a real bazaar, with such articles as might be procured from the general public, to establish a ragged school in the town, where it was so much needed. "She trusted that it would not be displeasing to them to divert their attention from herself to the poor little pariahs and waifs cast upon the mercy of the street, who were so painful to her to witness their privation and misery without attempting some means of alleviation, and if given from a grate



goodness to ourselves, they and she reap a rich blessing from sowing such

sentiments Broomielaw conveyed on 1st to the meeting, and they met, not an unanimous response, but further donations of pence and shillings to the

ragged thus far, and adding the munificence of £100 from her own savings to others to co-operate with her, Nelly's personal application to every lady of whom she had the slightest acquaintance for a subscription, and to hosts of young ladies for donations of work, and fixed the Ragged Bazaar to come off at a period three months later. Some stirring articles signed "Nelly" appeared in the local paper from the pen of Nelly, setting forth the statistics of the case, the connexion of uneducated labour with crime, its expense to the community and ruin to the young outcasts, and the appeal by a few touching instances of homeless thieves standing in the dock, of the invariable stature covering their heads with their hair, till a stool was brought to stand before them so that the jury could see the childish

simple truth was too pathetic not to be true, as it so well deserved to do. The facts were too eloquent not to reach the conscience of latent charity in the heart of the English public, ever ready to respond to the authenticated appeal of distress. The bank in the town opened a subscription independently of the contingent provided for the bazaar, and merciful money fell in dew of heaven, which is twice blessed, blessing him that gives, and him that

beneficial day arrived. It had oozed out of her generous sacrifice (not that she deemed Nelly had made of her birthday gifts, but the example told upon her neighbours).

The bazaar was her ovation. The high she presided, taken by her when her lady saleswoman had made her seat, and one of the remotest and least frequented in the Town Hall, was nevertheless frequented. The modest grace and of old Dr. Broomielaw's daughter was the chief of the day, and the purchases made all were the most considerable of any held. The total sum realized effected its purpose; the ragged school was closed though a generation has passed away

since its erection, and not one of her race has been for many years in any way connected with the locality, the popular gratitude still calls it "Nelly's Ragged School."

This was one of the characteristic monuments which the generous, noble-minded, pious girl left behind her: a trophy which her Christian heart felt well worth waiting, working, and praying for, and dedicating to the grace of God, and to the welfare of her fellow-creatures. Oh, young ladies, your youth and beauty, and perhaps position, gives you an influence for good or evil, for the side of wisdom or folly, benevolence or selfishness, God's glory or your own vanity, Christ's compassion for the multitude or the absorption of every feeling on some fancy of your own, and all these things you will have to answer for in the last day.

Don't skip this paragraph, I beseech you in all Christian courtesy, for it is the most important we have written yet in Nelly's story. I would not have recorded her story at all but for the good, sound, exemplary lessons in it, which I earnestly desire other young ladies may be induced to learn and practise as she did. This worthy schoolmaster's daughter was a capital model for anybody's daughter, peer or peasant, for she simply "did what she could" with her opportunities, and that was what Christ commended, because it was all she could do, and what few of us ever really will do.

I have known many a meek and pious housemaid who has served God in her sphere in a way which put to blush her mistress; as I have often known many a mistress who, with equal if not greater obstacles in her way, has set an example to her family and domestics of serving God, which none of them had the grace to follow. "God accepteth according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." But how few give, whether to God or man, "of such things as THEY HAVE." The widow of "the two mites" has many a widowed or equally self-denying sister who will rise up in judgment against the profuse expenditure upon selfish indulgence of thousands of wives and sisters who live only to themselves, as if there were no other lives to be cared for and sympathised with.

Not that we advocate that impulsive habit of indiscriminate almsgiving which is no real charity, not even to its objects. It operates on them as a premium to mendicancy, destroying their wholesome sense of self-reliance; and it abstracts from genuine distress, which inquiry would have discovered, the amounts squandered

on pretenders. Thus, not to speak harshly against careless giving, it is a constructive complicity with the mischiefs and guilt of mendicant imposture. What is wanted, is, for each neighbourhood, or in the case of cities, each section of population, to take the real inquisitive charge of its own poor. A system of uniform investigation into every applicant's case, and into those far worthier cases which make no application, would with comparative ease meet all genuine wants. Fraud would be detected; the idle, the drunken, and the dissolute would see their "gains were gone," and give up the trade; patient, modest poverty would be brought to the light of Christian sympathy; and a sufficient answer would be always ready for every beggar who either stopped you in the street or knocked at your door. You would simply take the address of the party. If they lived at a distance, at once refer them to the neighbourhood where they were known or could be visited. If within the circle of your residence, either go yourself or depute another to ascertain the facts, and act accordingly.

When the writer first came to reside in London as a minister of religion, and a supposed stranger to the arts of the 'mendicant pariahs,' his house was besieged with applicants consisting of all orders and degrees of men, clerical, military, professional, scholastic, commercial, and tagrag. Some of the more ingenious among the *soi-disant* respectables let him in considerably; then he adopted the rule, and rigidly adhered to it, of taking the address of every case. The majority of the addresses were fictitious; other cases were unsatisfactory; a few real. The money saved from the two former classes left abundance for the real cases, and the writer's house ceased almost entirely to be "a house of call for beggars."

Let no man say, "I have no time to investigate cases." If you would bear your fair share of the social burdens of your day and generation, you must make time, or find some member of your family or competent friend to supplement your personal lack of service. It is unjust to your neighbours, and to the deserving poor, to get rid of the difficulty either by turning a deaf ear to every application, or by persisting in promiscuous distributions to perpetuate the evils of the mendicant system.

Nelly had a soft heart, but it was regulated by a sound judgment. In the district which she visited, under the direction of her rector, instances of gallant toil and struggle for the

bare necessities of life came frequently to her notice. She used to say, "I feel me good to come into personal contact with the distress of others. The sympathy excites me against my own selfish love of ease, pusillanimous flight from uncomplimentary situations. To avoid duties because they are disagreeable, is *throwing down* instead of *taking up* the cross."

Some of her female friends agreed with her sentiments, they requested the rector to form them into a private committee of to whom he might delegate the investigation of any case forwarded to him for that purpose by families unable or unwilling to examine themselves. Always accompanied by a lady or matron, two visitors made inquiries, and as long as the system continued considerably checked the begging imposture in the locality. Nelly of course had her share of the sneers of pleasure-seeking, untutored maidens, whose useless lives were reproved by her example; but her cheerful, unostentatious way of retorting their objections had great effect, even upon them.

If, for instance, they condemned the idea of visiting the poor at their own homes, she would suggest, "It is unbecoming a lady, Nelly suggested, "It could be unbecoming a lady which our Lord did, and which He reckoned on for points of commemoration in the final judgment." "*Sick, and ye visited me.*"

"But the lower order generally are in their habits, and habitations too," so she would say, "If the visits of their superiors were frequent, they would improve," said she, "imitation is an ascending quality."

"But there's the danger of infectious diseases." "That peril is not confined to the streets," said Nelly; "and if it were, it is a cogent reason why the cause should be inquired into and removed."

"But there are people *paid* to look after the wants and complaints of the poor. It is the business of young ladies: it belongs to the clergy, and scripture readers, and officers."

"Ah, my dear friends," said Nelly solemnly, "we can no more pay people to do our duties than to atone for our sins. It is a danger of mistaking the annual collection for a discharge of the personal responsibility; as if charity were a Christian duty to God an anniversary meeting of Christian men and women's work for the poor meant the machinery of a society to (

m. Societies are blessed combinations for the extensive benefaction, but they are no exemptions from individual liabilities."

Well, Nelly, do as you like—only let us do as we like."

Dear ladies, it is not what we like, but what God wills, that is the Christian rule. He who died for us all in Gethsemane, would have preferred letting that cup pass, but He taught us a lesson, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'"

You won't say we can't be religious unless we are glad about among inferiors in station and in life? It would be as disagreeable to me as it is to us."

Yes, the *gadding* among them would be," said Nelly; "but the showing a kind, unaffected interest in their physical wants and spiritual welfare is welcome to the 'poor man who is despised by his neighbour,' and practically illustrates St. James's beautiful definition of true religion and undefiled before God and the Father, which is this, 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.'"

By many such an earnest conversation with youthful friends, Nelly was honest to her convictions, and faithful to their predilections for an easier, less self-denying form of religion. Here and there the seed sown was reaped to bringing forth its various degrees of fruit, and the young unpretending evangelist and her companions, found her way, and, what she felt of infinitely more moment, a way for it, into their hearts.

Christians are less useful to their friends in proportion as they are less faithful to their duty. Earnest men embrace what opportunities they have, and make as many more as they can. Much of the "bread she cast upon the waters was seen after many days."

\* \* \* \* \*

We must not forget our Indian travellers. The first letters received from them were conveyed home by a vessel they spoke at sea, after being three weeks out. Archie wrote in excellent spirits, had not suffered even a day's sickness, and confessed he had gratuitously magnified the discomfort of the voyage. Captain Hans wrote two letters—one to Nelly, the other to her father. I need not reproduce them at length. To Nelly his letter made a formal offer of his hand, "if he could have the happiness to hope she would wait for him till at three o'clock and he could procure another leave of absence to England." To her father he addressed a most respectful request to be "forgiven

for the abrupt revival of a boyish passion, under the critical circumstances which had quickened it into life again; he besought the Doctor's sanction of his engagement with his daughter, should his proposal be honoured by the lady's acceptance, an honour he scarcely dared to hope, yet it would be the heaviest disappointment of his life should it unhappily fail."

Broomielaw was puzzled how to act. "He admired the young man," he said to his wife; "he could not forget the fine fellow had probably saved his daughter's life; but he (the Doctor) had throughout his school-keeping life steadily set his face against any love-matches between his pupils and any member of his own family. Now that the difficulty had arisen was the time to meet it, and at whatever sacrifice he must be true to his rule."

Mrs. Broomielaw dissented from this view, on the ground that "Captain Hans was no longer his pupil, nor had been these seven years; that he was long of age, and therefore free to choose for himself, and knew his own mind."

"Do you think our little Nelly loves him, mother?" inquired the Doctor, anxiously dwarfing back to the fondling inches of her childhood, the tall beautiful woman in her twenty-second year.

"I know she does," quoth Mrs. B., "and so do I; didn't he save both our lives?—the brave handsome laddie!"

"Well Nelly herself shall decide; bring her here, mother."

So Nelly was brought, and opened the pleadings by tenderly embracing her papa, and hiding her blushing, innocent face in his bosom.

"Why this is rank bribery to begin with," said Broomielaw, who thereupon stated clearly to Nelly his own difficulty, and her mother's view, and "as we couldn't agree," he added, "we have called in a third party. Now, my child, it is your own happiness on one side, the credit of your father's rule on the other; if you can reconcile them, be it as you decide in any case."

"I fear we must refuse poor Hans," said Nelly, very softly and mournfully; "alas that he was ever pupil here! If we

'Had never met or never parted,  
I had ne'er been broken-hearted.'"

So Nelly wept on her father's bosom, and he pressed her there prouder and fondlier than ever.

"I knew it was in her," exclaimed the Doctor; "where conscience is stronger than passion, the heart never goes astray."

"Fine talking," said Mrs. B., "but why should all the giving up be on poor Nelly's side? Couldn't we give up the school?—we have enough?"

"Woman," said the Doctor, "your maternal instinct has gloriously forestalled my tardier judgment. I was only casting about in my mind how it could be done. The school *shall* be given up, though the sacrifice is almost as sair as Hans' would ha' been. Sandie shall be installed my successor at midsummer."

"There's a middle course," timidly and tearfully suggested Nell, still embracing the Doctor, "let Hans further decide. I would not marry even Hans against his only remaining parent's will. Write out, dearest papa, to Mr. Vandenberg, and leave your answer to his son in his father's hands. I will school myself into the determination to abide by the result, be it what it may."

"Bravo, Nelly," said the Doctor, delighted with such a satisfactory solution of the dilemma; and it was so arranged. In the meantime, with her parents' sanction, Nelly wrote her own reply to Hans, to meet him at Calcutta, reaching thither long before him, by the overland mail. We must not betray the contents of that, further than the general statement that Nelly acknowledged Hans' "fervent utterances of love had touched a chord of reciprocity, and that, subject to his father's sanction, her heart and life were his."

And now many weary, waiting months must elapse before the anxiously expected answers could arrive, and all parties reverted to their

ordinary avocations. Nelly pursued her philanthropic tasks and pious labours with more energy, that their scene at least soon probably change with the new year; in life she should be called upon to face the matter now nearest her heart, happy, because she had hope; and even suspense suggested an unfavourable agency, she had received, in answer to self-submitting, confiding prayer, a resignation beforehand to whatever the God should be. It was the first great test of her faith, but she found, because she sought, "strength equal to her day."

By a tacit understanding of its extent until results were known, her implied consent with Hans was never made the subject of conversation, much less of pleasure. It might be after all less theme for humors of condolence, and father, mother, kept Nelly's secret as sacredly as she kept herself. There is often a prematurity in these matters, in their earlier stages a partial development or inconclusiveness very gratuitously embitters a case of disappointment. Such subjects are always reserved for the family circle, and should be lightly dealt with there.

"His conduct is bad enough"—a line to me, whose bachelor proved incorrect; "his conduct is bad enough; but the fault is for me is, I told all my friends we were married."

Then she might have spared her "worst of it" (if that was the worst of it) was little harm done) if she had been communicative.

(To be continued.)



## HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A NEW TESTAMENT EXHORTATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have Faith in God."—MARK xi. 22.

that is to end in praise must be the gift of faith. Indeed, prayer is the gift of faith—true prayer, as opposed to counterfeit prayer, which asks nothing, receives nothing, and therefore returns nothing to the Author and Giver of all good.

Without faith we cannot pray. Hence ouraviour introduced perhaps the most encouraging invitation to prayer He ever gave, with the exhortation "Have Faith in God."

The miracle had been performed. The barren fig-tree, symbol of the barren professor, was now judged. Under its judgment it was now removed. "Verily I say unto you, because Christ's word came true. For," he said, "behold, the fig-tree which thou cursedst is withered away." (Matthew 21:12-14 with 20, 21.) Strange work of unbelief! Peter might well have marvelled if the fig-tree had not withered if Christ's word had not come true. However strange, Peter's unbelief is pardonable to man. The natural heart of every man, is "an evil heart of unbelief" (Heb. iii. 12); "slow to believe" (2 Peter 3:18). The divine truth has spoken (Luke xxiv.

For example, how is it with you? Have you received the Bible, the casket of all truth, as the very Word of God? Remember the test, and apply it: "The Word of God, which effectually *worketh* in you to believe" (1 Thess. ii. 13). The blessed Lord rebuked Peter lovingly. He showed mercy with judgment. He would not say "evil with good." His faithful servants shall act as a stimulating encouragement to the doubting, mistrusting disciple. He is not surprised at his involuntary rejection of the spirit which dwelleth in man: "He knew what was in man;"

and He knew also what was in God. Therefore He graciously exhorted the Apostle, and those who were with him, to "have faith in God"—in God, not merely as the revealer of truth, but as the hearer and answerer of prayer. Adopting a proverbial saying, by which the Jews were wont to express the greatest possible difficulty, He declared the invincible power of the prayer of faith: "Verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark xi. 23, 24).

Spiritually this is so. The words of Jesus "are spirit, and they are life" (John vi. 63). This truth has been one of the sweetest key-notes of Christian psalmody:

"Prayer moves the hand that moves the world."

Bearing in mind to whom and under what circumstances this most encouraging view of prayer was given by our Lord, we have an illustrious exhibition of the inexhaustible fulness of the provisions of Divine grace. Instead of reproving the doubter, who was in effect rejecting the Divine word as a testimony, He exhorts him to have faith in God as a giver. The "mystery of godliness" alone solves this mystery of grace. "God so loved the world," the God-rejecting world, "that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Faith in Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," is the Gospel antidote for man's unbelief.

To this faith, we, as Christians, are called. Can a more momentous question be pondered by us, Have we faith in God?

There can be no doubt the Saviour's exhortation is general. The application of it to the subject of prayer was designed to illustrate the actings of faith in one important particular; but it really embraces the whole of a Christian's experience, since that experience is indissolubly connected with the exercise of "Faith in God."

I. It will aid us in the attempt to grasp the full meaning of the exhortation, if we first notice the influence of faith as it operates on man *apart* from that spiritual experience to which he attains as a believer in God.

Faith is a pregnant word. Its powerful influence in human relationships, and as affecting human interests, supplies an argument from analogy which should constrain every man to feel the vital importance of faith as it affects spiritual relationships and eternal interests.

To sustain this argument, let me place before the reader two facts capable of familiar illustration. The first fact is this:

*Faith is the ruling principle in man's nature.*

The conscience, the affections, the will—all confess the supremacy of faith.

Faith governs the conscience. A Roman Catholic bows down before images, and prays to angels and saints. His conscience is silent—utters no rebuke. Why? The simple reason is, because he has faith in his errors. Let his understanding be enlightened by Scriptural truth—let his faith change—then he will no longer be able to engage in this idolatrous service. The attempt would immediately arouse conscience; and she would discharge her office of reprover. In the case of the heathen, the moral sense, the conscience, is so entirely blinded and rendered inactive by a false faith, that the wretched mother sees not the guilt of infanticide. A Christian's conscience, because enlightened by a Christian's faith, would pronounce it murder; but the poor heathen has no feelings of compunction to stay her hand.

Faith governs the affections. The will does not do so. A man cannot will to love. There must be faith—the belief that certain estimable qualities and features of character

exist in another, before the heart can be won, the affections secured.

And hence, it may be added, faith through the affections governs the will.

Faith, working by love, is the mainspring of action. It effectually influences man's will and to do. In a word, faith governs the whole man. As a man believes, so he thinks, and feels, and acts. His life is the mirror of his faith. Does not the argument from analogy, arising from the fact thus sustained, expose the utter folly of those who, in spiritual things, give heed to Satan's lies? "It does not matter what a man believes, he only be sincere"?

But the second fact in connection with faith in its human aspect, has yet to be noticed, and this, strengthening the analogy, will expose not only the folly, but the extreme peril of such a delusion.

*The sincerity, the heartiness with which wrong faith is embraced, is the exact measure of the danger to which it exposes us.*

Again our illustrations are familiar. William the Conqueror gained the battle of Hastings by a false movement of his Norman followers. He ordered one flank of his army to feign to be flying. The English, under Harold, believed the feint to be a real flight. They pursued with ardour—with sincerity—and their wrong faith lost them the kingdom. A wealthy merchant, amiable in character, benevolent and considerate of the wants of others, becomes acquainted with a deceiver who persuades him, by specious and plausible representations, to embark his property in some delusive speculation. His friends warn him; but he disregards their doubts. Ruin follows. Here was faith—nay, most good intentions: his benevolence would have led him to make a good use of his gain. But the faith was wrong—misplaced; therefore he lost all. A young woman, possessing warm affections, inexperienced and unsuspecting, is led to believe falsehood, which, humanly speaking, destroys her prospects and her happiness while life lasts. Under other circumstances, she might have been virtuous, useful, happy. By false signs of affection her heart is won; by false promises of faithfulness and future good, her conscience

to marriage is gained ; and then, when too late, she discovers that her husband has deceived her, and she is forsaken, left with a broken heart to the cold sympathies of a selfish world. No matter how many hearts beside her own are broken by her error ; no matter how sincere, how guileless, how yielding she was : this cannot avert the consequences. She sincerely believed the falsehood, and is thereby ruined. Had she doubted, there had been safety in the doubt ; but a wrong faith consigns her to sorrow, till she sinks into her grave.

In the light of the two facts thus clearly established, he who "runs" may surely "read" the lesson analogy suggests—the *momentous importance of religious faith*. On the one hand, the present influence for good which an enlightened faith cannot but exert should awaken the most fervent desire that it may be our own. On the other hand, the lasting and terrible consequences resulting from a wrong faith—a faith misplaced—warns us of the danger of delusion, and moves us to examine with the most serious consideration "whether we be in the faith"—whether we "have Faith in God."

II. Under these salutary convictions, let us now endeavour to bring our Saviour's exhortation, "Have Faith in God," to bear directly upon our own spiritual experience. The practical and personal determination of the question, "Have I Faith in God?" will not be difficult if we carefully and prayerfully consider what the exhortation implies and what it teaches. Few as the words are, we may gather from them by implication what is man's great necessity ; and we may learn from them how that necessity is met in the Gospel of the grace of God.

Observe, then, the exhortation, "Have Faith in God," implies man's great necessity.

That great necessity is "Faith in God." If sin had not entirely enslaved reason, the last thing possible to man would have been to doubt or disbelieve God. Yet this is universally the character of the old Adam. Naturally, he has not faith in God. His heart is an evil heart of unbelief. He has faith in many things, but not in God.

He has faith in objects that deceive the

soul to its eternal ruin. If we understand this, we shall see the importance of the exhortation, "Have Faith in God"—how truly it points out our great necessity.

Men naturally need no precept, "Have Faith in the world."

Some of my readers are advanced in life. Let me ask, Must you not confess you have expected too much from the world? Have you not found the waters bitter you expected would be sweet? The dreams of youth, have they been realized? Is it not with you as with Solomon—have you not felt, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity?" Your experience might teach others ; but will it? Nay : the delusion is too powerful. Many voices drown your warning voice : "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. Let the world have a trial. It has deceived you, but it may not deceive me." And so the world is the worldling's idol. Of the earth he is earthly, and "God is not in all his thoughts."

May the Divine warning be a word of spiritual power to any reader who is bowing down to this idol! "Without God in the world," you are "without hope."

Men naturally need no precept, "Have Faith in the flesh."

Fleshly gratifications, fleshly indulgences, the lusts or desires of the flesh, how many wretched victims of these are in the world—in our own world, at our very doors! Is not vice brazen in our midst? Are not sins which cry to God for vengeance esteemed trifling? And then there is lust in the heart. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts;" and these thoughts are "the issues of life or death" to those who crucify or indulge them. But how few make conscience of their thoughts! How few believe, really believe, that "the thought of foolishness is sin"!

May the Divine warning be a word of spiritual power to any reader who is being "drawn away of his own lust and enticed!" "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin ; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James i. 14, 15).

Once more : men naturally need no precept, "Have Faith in Satan."

There is nothing men are more ready to do than to believe the tempter. "Thou

shalt not surely die:" "Is not the tree pleasant to the sight, and good for food, and a tree to be desired to make one wise?" "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Alas! how many are led captive by Satan at his will! He is "the prince of this world;" and the heart of man, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," loves the darkness, treads pleasantly along the broad road, and will not believe that it leads to "destruction."

Experience can give but one answer when we ask, Are not all men naturally prone to believe in the "world, the flesh, and the devil?" Is it not, then, man's great necessity that this delusive and soul-destroying faith should be supplanted by faith in God? Nothing but this faith can save us from the consequences of faith in the world, the flesh, and Satan; and what those consequences are, analogy suggests, and the Bible partly reveals—"the terrors of the world to come."

Our great necessity felt and acknowledged, with what solemn earnestness does it become us to give heed to the Divine Teacher, exhorting us to "*have Faith in God!*" The Saviour thus points to the Gospel remedy for our great necessity.

Our inquiry now is, What is the nature of that Faith in God which we are exhorted to exercise? The remedy must be understood, or it cannot be to us an effectual remedy. Mistakes are frequent and dangerous. Faith is one of heaven's own coins; and Satan deludes many with a counterfeit.

Faith in God is not saying, "I believe in God." All will say that. They must do so as reasonable men. A traveller in Switzerland, visiting its scenes of interest, had the impiety to grave his signature on a rock—"An atheist." A succeeding traveller traced beneath, "If so, a fool; if not, a liar." This judgment was correct. David pronounced it three thousand years ago: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Psalm liii. 1). But David meant more than most men would mean by these words. He was not speaking of the folly of the man who pretends to say with his understanding,

"There is no God." He spoke of the natural man—the atheism of human nature. "The fool hath said in his heart" (not with the consent of his reason, but in his heart) "There is no God"—"I wish—I would there were no God; I will try to believe there is no God." Thus Adam hid himself from God, tried to forget God: in his folly would have rejoiced to hear God had forgotten him. This is still the atheism of human nature. There are many who succeed in forgetting God, while the very words are on their lips, "I believe in God."

Faith in God—such a faith as Jesus enjoined—is not simply intellectual assent. Jesus was referring to the power of faith to secure gifts from God. He meant trusting faith, confiding faith, loving faith. I meant faith which has its seat more in the heart than in the understanding; faith which is thoroughly practical in its influence; faith which worketh by love, and is known by its fruits. He meant, "Have faith in God as Father, a Friend; One who has at His disposal for you treasures of grace; One who will bestow His Holy Spirit on those who ask Him."

This is the Scriptural doctrine of Faith in God.

Are any of my readers surprised at the simplicity of the doctrine thus defined? Any disposed to say, "If this be all, how easy to receive God's provision for our great necessity? There can be no difficulty in believing that God loves us; that He has forgiving love for sinners—love that would make us His sons and daughters. It cannot be difficult to believe this."

Let not your decision be too hasty. Of practical experience of the powerful workings of this faith will be our safest guide. "Faith, if it have not works, is dead, being alone."

"Faith in God's love brings this blessing with it: 'Blessed is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, and whose sin is covered.' Faith in God's love brings this practice with it: 'We love Him because He first loved us and, loving Him, we keep His commandments.'"

Faith thus quiets the conscience, wins the



sanctifies the life. Only so far as our  
as had these results has it been "Faith  
l."

y say, "We believe God is merciful,"  
ey do not believe it. Their faith is  
feit. They are deluded by a device  
n, or they would not, as they do, "con-  
a sin."

is merciful; but He is not indifferent  
He is not able to regard it as men  
regard it, as a trifle easily passed  
He is *truly, righteously* merciful. He is  
"but that love is "a consuming fire"  
niquity. He is

"The sinner's Friend,  
But sin's eternal Foe."

holy love, His compassionate yearn-  
er prodigal sinners, in Christ Jesus,  
not indeed over-estimate. It is love  
"passeth knowledge." No man may  
it. He who dwelt in the bosom of  
her, who was Himself the "unspeak-  
ft" of His love, could only say, "God  
l the world." This holy love, in the  
of His Son, "God commendeth" to  
e sets it off as it were to advantage—  
o draw our attention to it. It is not  
saying that "Jesus Christ came into  
rld to save sinners," the "chief" of  
; but it is a "faithful saying." It is  
ly a spectacle at which we are per-  
to look; but we are *bidden* again and  
o "behold the Lamb of God, which  
away the sin of the world." God  
ren confirmed His love by "an oath,"  
e might have "strong consolation."  
ly task He assigns to sinners is the  
f Faith: "This is the work of God,  
e should believe on His Son." But  
st not forget what hinges on this  
Surely faith in this "glorious Gospel  
blessed God" will lead to great and  
onding results!

these results, then, let us determine  
r our faith is genuine and Scrip-

who believes that his sins were carried  
y Jesus the Lamb of God, so that  
is by free sovereign grace a child of  
ill find his faith exercising a mighty

transforming influence. Justified, his prayer  
will be, "Sanctify me wholly." His faith,  
through the power of the Holy Spirit, will  
work mightily in him. It will regenerate  
his nature. Christ crucified for him will  
lead to the crucifixion of sin within him.  
The love of God shed abroad in his heart by  
the Holy Ghost will deepen his repentance  
for the past, and constrain him in the future  
to "perfect holiness" in the reverential and  
filial fear of the Lord. Henceforth he will  
feel, "I am not my own. I have been  
bought with a price: I am forgiven 'that  
great debt.' How can I continue in sin?  
How can I sin against love, 'love divine,  
all love excelling'?" "I live by the faith of  
the Son of God, who loved me, and gave  
Himself for me.' How can I sin against  
such a Saviour?"

The influence Faith in God thus exercises  
over the believer may be readily illustrated  
from the book of human experience. A  
wrong is committed by one man against  
another. Time passes. The wrong-doer be-  
comes conscious of the wrong he has done,  
but he is too proud to acknowledge it. At  
length he is prostrated by sickness: raging  
fever is upon him. The sinner against com-  
passionates his condition. He seeks him  
out—relieves him; does more, watches with  
tender solicitude by his side, and endangers  
his own life. The sick man recovers. Im-  
agine his feelings. What faith would be too  
strong for friendship like this? Will he not  
exclaim, "How could I have wronged him?  
What can I now do to prove my sorrow, and  
manifest my gratitude?" Is not this natural?  
And, while such faith existed, could the of-  
fence be repeated? Nay, the worst man in  
the world could not under such circumstances  
return evil for good. Only on one supposi-  
tion would it be possible—namely, *the under-  
mining of his faith*. If some enemy ma-  
liciously slandered his benefactor, whispered  
doubts of his sincerity and his motives, then,  
as his faith went, his love and gratitude  
would go; but not till then.

Let the parable, the earthly story we have  
imagined, convey to us a spiritual, a heavenly  
meaning. Let it suggest a word of con-  
cluding application to the reader who fears

he has not faith in God, and to the reader who trusts he has.

I first address myself to any who fear they have not faith in God.

You are in the position of the man who has wronged another, even God. Sin is the transgression of His law; and you have transgressed. Conscience bears witness to your guilt. You may often have silenced her testimony, and by habitual indifference to God's righteous claims you may almost have lulled the witness to repose. But still her testimony is recorded in the court of heaven; and even now you would hear her condemning voice, if you tried to look up and cry to God, whose laws, all "holy, just, and good," have ever been binding upon you, "Abba, Father." You could not do it. Were this your dying hour, you could not do it. Faith is impossible to the natural man. Sin has created a chasm between you and God: no human effort can bring you near. That chasm must be bridged, or in the day of judgment it will prove an impassable gulf. Behold, then, your great necessity, and hearken to the voice of grace and mercy proclaiming the Gospel remedy. Over the chasm the Son of God has passed. There is now a way of access for the sinner to the holy, sin-hating God. It is a blood-stained way; for "without shedding of blood" there could have been no "remission of sin;" but it is a safe way. God's love has entirely bridged the otherwise impassable gulf. Have Faith in that love. Ask in humble persevering prayer for the Holy Spirit, the promised Guide into all truth; to help you to understand this truth; to "comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God" (Eph. iii. 18, 19). Ask with undoubting confidence. God is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us" (Eph. iii. 20). "Jesus saith, Have faith in God. . . . Verily, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them; and ye shall have them" (Mark xi. 24).

As you grasp, in the exercise of faith, "the mystery of godliness"—the love of God in the atonement of the great Sin-bearer—so will your "mountain" of sin be removed, and be cast into the depths of the sea; so will your repentance and sorrow for sin become "godly sorrow;" so will love to God constrain you to a holy walk; so will joy and peace be your happy portion. Only "have Faith in God."

And now a word to the reader who humbly trusts he has "Faith in God."

To you I would say, Abide in this faith, and pray for its increase. Abide in the love of God. Abide in Christ, the beloved One, in whom you are accepted. And be not ignorant of Satan's devices. Allow anything but a doubt of God's love to you. "Stand in the true grace of God." If you depart from that grace, you are making shipwreck of faith; and a clear conscience, a quiet mind, and a holy life will be impossible. Did your faith never waver, your step would never falter—your love would never vary—your joy would never be diminished—your hope would never be clouded. "Whosoever abideth in Christ sinneth not. . . He cannot sin, because He is born of God" (1 John iii. 6—9). Observe this test of genuine faith in God. It is not said, the believer will not sin against God. "In many things we offend all." But it is said he cannot sin *while faith is in active exercise*. Learn this lesson well, and be ever on your guard against Satan's efforts to undermine your faith. Wherever he cannot prevent faith altogether, this is his constant aim. He knows the sanctifying influence of faith, if we do not. Alas! how sadly do lukewarm and careless, anxious and troubled Christians, bear testimony to the success of this device of the great adversary!

Be not "ignorant of his devices;" "Resist the devil." You may "quench all his fiery darts" with "the shield of faith." *If you are not at peace with sin, God is at peace with you.* Let no unpardoned sin separate you from Him. With "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," in your hand, you may boldly say, "If any man"—any Christian man, any child of God—"sin, we

have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins" (1 John ii. 2, 3). Turn with filial confidence to your Heavenly Father, and in the name of Jesus renew your Faith.

"Jesus answering, saith unto them, Have

Faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith."

### NATURAL SYSTEM OF FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

In every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call "making a litter." A child has had out its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor. Or a handful of flowers, brought in from a morning walk, is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs. Or a little girl making doll's clothes, disfigures her room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying the disorder falls anywhere but in the right place: if in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumbings about "tiresome little things," &c., undertakes the task; if below stairs, the task usually devolves either on one of the elder children, or on the housemaid—the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a scolding.

In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out, more or less consistently, the normal course—that of making the child itself collect the toys or shreds. The labour of putting things in order is the necessary consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact. And if education be a preparation for the business of life, then every child should also, from the beginning, have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behaviour, then the proper course is to let the child feel the ulterior reaction consequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things which have been scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on some one else, the child should on subsequent occasions be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box, the reply of its mamma should be, "The last time you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things which you

leave about; and I cannot do it myself. So that, as you will not put away your toys when you have done with them, I cannot let you have them." This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased nor lessened; and must be so recognized by the child. The penalty comes, too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt.

Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl, who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition, and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed, it never occurred to the mamma to let Constance experience the natural penalty. Nor, indeed, would she try it when it was suggested to her. In the world, the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would else have been gained: the train is gone; or the steamboat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold; or all the good seats in the lecture-room are filled. And every one, in cases perpetually occurring, may see that it is the prospective deprivations entailed by being too late which prevent people from being too late. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind, and losing her walk. And no one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after having felt that this loss of a much-prized gratification was solely due to want of promptitude, some amend-

ment would take place. At any rate, the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

Again, when children, with more than usual carelessness, break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty—the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful—is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to

snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by the hedgeside, where he was cutting a stick, the thoughtless parent, or some indulgent relative, will commonly forthwith buy him another, not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case, a father may perhaps explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labour; that he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for children who lose or break them; and that until they show evidence of greater carefulness, he must make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance.

These few familiar instances, here brought forward because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every parent the distinction between those *natural penalties* which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them.

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

### TRUE HAPPINESS.

The happiness of man consists not in an exemption from trials, but in having his will swallowed up in the will of God. For this we are taught to pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Just in proportion as we approximate to the unreserved obedience of the heavenly host, we shall be happy. Our trials are sent for this very purpose, to mould our will into the Divine will, and consequently to make us holy and happy. ANON.

### USES OF ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity! In God's hand indeed they are. When He puts His children into the furnace of affliction, it is that He may thoroughly purge away all their dross. An eminent writer has spoken with great beauty of the resources which God has placed within us for bringing good out of evil, or at least for greatly alleviating our trials in the cases of sickness and misfortune. "The cutting and irritating grain of sand," he says, "which by

accident or incaution has got within the shell, incites the living inmate to secrete its own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance. And is it not, then, it not be even so with the irregularity and unevenness of health and fortune in our own case? We, too, may turn our trials into pearls." But how much more wonderful are the wisdom and mercy of God in making the spiritual temptations a tresspass of His people their necessary discipline for their highest good—the means to the greatest perfection and stability of Christian characters. CHEER.

### THE LESSON OF THE SPARROW.

"Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than sparrows."—LUKE xii. 7.

The sparrow on the house-top,  
Or chirping at the eaves,  
Speaks holy words of comfort  
To him whose soul believes;  
Speaks holy words of comfort,  
Although the heedless ear  
Sounds only light and trifling  
Can its chirrup hear.

"Fear not,"—this is the burden  
 For ever of its song,  
 "Fear not,"—though God seem slow  
 to right,  
 And man seem swift to wrong;  
 "Fear not,"—the mighty Father  
 Whose hand is over all,  
 Counts every hair upon your heads,  
 Sees every sparrow fall.

Nothing to Him is little,  
 Who is Himself so great,  
 His hand is large for every need,  
 His heart for every state;  
 "Fear not," but only trust Him,  
 'Tis thus the Sparrow sings,  
 And nestles where we all should hide,  
 Beneath th' Almighty wings.

Five of us for two farthings  
 Are sold in every mart,  
 And yet not one forgotten  
 Before the Father's heart;  
 But ye are bought with precious blood,  
 Than gold more costly far,  
 Then "Fear not," ye more value  
 Than many sparrows are.

Ye blessèd little preachers!  
 My grateful heart receives  
 Your lessons from the house-tops,  
 Your precepts from the eaves;  
 And, resting in their shadow,  
 I thankfully rejoice  
 In every sound of life around  
 To hear my Father's voice.

And when my soul is drooping,  
 And when my heart is low,  
 And when I am untrustful,  
 And know not where to go:  
 I'll ask no better teachers  
 Than ye must ever prove,  
 To him whose heart is wakeful,  
 To hear the voice of love.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

#### THE SORROW OF CHRIST.

Christ was "*a Man of sorrows*." To those natures that have in them an element of sadness, there is something in the idea of a sorrowful Saviour that is attractive. I scarcely know anything that throws such a soft sacredness about the person of our Lord, as the fact that sorrow found an abiding home in His Spirit. That the Sinless One should be sorrowful is really surprising. The mind is startled by it. Afterwards it is stilled. A kind of sad composure comes over the soul while thinking of the fact of sorrow in the Son of God. Ideally we might think of Christ in a thousand ways, and connect with His being a thousand glories, yet the beauty of sorrow with its pain we should imagine to be no trait of His.

Certainly, the more He is studied, He appears as the redemptive Man; having a life that was sacrificial; being the sorrowful Sufferer of humanity. He lived and wept, not for Himself, but for man. Though holy, His sorrow was deeper and more pungent than that which agitated the breast of any sinner. He was "baptized in the cloud, and in the sea." His pilgrimage was but one *via dolorosa*. To say that Christ had a sympathetic nature, will not explain the totality of His grief. There was a sorrow that lay deeper than that caused by natural sympathy. Christ was supernatural, and His sorrow was redemptive. Although the Divine nature of the Redeemer could not sorrow, yet the human nature was able to sustain a mightier load of grief, by reason of its connexion with the Divine. Rightly understood, the sorrow of Christ was *super-human*, though not *Divine*. It was *super-human* in the sense that no human being could have endured it. Salvation has its life in sorrow, and Christianity is the religion of sorrow.

*Voices of the Soul.*

# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters

## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

### III.—HANNAH MORE.

BORN FEBRUARY, 1745.



HANNAH MORE was the fourth of five children, all daughters, of Mr. Jacob More, "a man of piety and learning," as she herself described him. He had been brought up as the future owner of a good estate in Suffolk: the property, however, was contested at law; and the decision being against him, Mr. More found himself in a peculiarly painful position, deprived of the resources he had been taught to expect, and unprovided with any trade or profession. He obtained a supervisorship of excise at Bristol; but shortly afterwards was appointed to the humble though more congenial office of master of a small free-school at Fishponds, near Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, about four miles from Bristol. The endowment amounted only to £15 a year; but the school-house contained a comfortable residence for the master, and he derived some further emolument from the small fee paid by each pupil. The decent maintenance of a family of seven persons upon means so limited must have involved the strictest economy and frugality; and when one of the daughters, in conversation with Dr. Johnson, narrating the early history of her sisters and herself, told him "how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased, our appetites increased also, the cupboard at home being too small to gratify them; and how with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortune," she no doubt spoke almost the literal truth.

Fishponds has changed its character since the time of Mr. Jacob More. The quaint little school-house, with the smooth green before it, and a very few substantial houses scattered around, constituted the "hamlet" of which we read in the biographies of Hannah More. The surrounding district was common land; but upon this, within the present century, long

rows and even streets of cottages have been built up, entirely altering the aspect of the neighbourhood, and affording shelter to so many thousands of inhabitants, of so poor and ignorant a class, that were their celebrated predecessor to return to life, she would find more than sufficient occupation for even her extraordinary powers of body and mind in the improvement of their moral and physical condition.

The school-house however remains, in its appearance, in the same condition as when Hannah More was born there in February, 1745. She early displayed remarkable intellectual powers and no less ambition that they should be employed. It was one of her childish dreams to ride upon a chair, announcing she was "going to London to see bishops and bishops," a declaration which is now regarded almost as prophetic, so exactly realized in after-life.

Her parents devoted much time and money to the education of their children, who, young girls, by their natural gifts and accomplishments attracted the attention of many distinguished literary persons in the neighbourhood. By the aid and advice of these friends, the elder sisters opened at Bristol a school for girls of the upper classes. Here, when she was ten years old, Hannah More became a pupil, and a few years later was associated with her in the management. The school aimed at giving instruction very superior in quantity and quality to that which had hitherto been thought sufficient for young ladies. It rapidly rose in public estimation, it soon became the most celebrated of its class in the kingdom, and the higher tone it helped to give to female education was the commencement of the reform in this important department, which Hannah More laboured unceasingly to achieve.

An interesting proof of this school's operation has recently come to light

Afterwards the wife of Zachary Macaulay, her of the historian, was educated here, Hannah More's care and influence may be attributed the admirable qualities enabled Mrs. Macaulay to conduct with success—as we are told she did—the education of her illustrious son. Both and her husband were accustomed to her former schoolmistress upon the to be pursued in the instruction and of their child; and the affectionate which Hannah More felt in the son of her pupil, and the insight into character which led her to predict for him a career, are revealed in two letters, and after Macaulay's death, addressed to his father. Macaulay returned her; and took an opportunity in the House of Commons (in his speech upon copy-right, February 5th, 1841) to express his opinion of her moral and intellectual ex-

cept yet a child, Hannah acquired the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, the ordinary branches of instruction. Conversation must have been already so fascinating, for it is related that her father, an eminent scholar, on one occasion absorbed by it, that he lost all recollection of the object of his visit, and had left the room, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "Why, I forgot to ask how she is!"

In her seventeenth year she composed and published literary production, "The Secret of Happiness," which passed quickly through three editions. It is dramatic in form, written for her pupils, her desire being to impart with moral and refined composition plays, often of a very opposite character, which it was then the fashion for girls to perform. One of the first uses to which the sisters applied their earnings was to amply provide for the comfortable maintenance of their father. Their mother, she believed, at that time dead.

In her twenty-second year, Hannah, with her sisters, visited London, and through acquaintance with Garrick became acquainted with most distinguished personages of the day. Among these was Dr. Johnson, who in conversation with one of them exclaimed enthusiastically, "I love you both; I love you both. I never was at Bristol. I will come to see you. What! five women live together! I have spent a happy even-

ing—I am glad I came. God for ever bless you! You live to shame duchesses."

Hannah's pen had been constantly employed since her first composition, chiefly upon poems, for which she was beginning to receive liberal prices from the booksellers.

In 1782 she published her "Sacred Dramas," founded upon Scripture narratives, and written principally for young persons. Contributions from her pen, each aiming to promote social improvement, continued from time to time to increase her popularity, and she appears now to have felt that the talent thus entrusted to her demanded the entire dedication of her powers to the advancement of the welfare of her fellow-creatures. In 1785 she withdrew from the brilliant society of which she had been the favourite and the ornament, and took up her abode at Cowslip Green, near Wrington, in Somersetshire, a place so secluded at that time that no post visited it even from Bristol. Wrington is celebrated as the birthplace of the great Locke. The house and even chamber in which he was born, on the 29th of August, 1632, are still shown. Here she resolved upon no less an enterprise than a national reformation—the rich she would reach with her pen, while the poor she would act upon as far as should be possible by direct personal communication. In 1788 she published her "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society," in which (paraphrasing a passage in Cicero) she remarks: "Reformation must begin with the great, or it will never be effectual. Their example is the fountain whence the vulgar draw their habits, actions, and characters. To expect to reform the poor while the opulent are corrupt, is to throw odours into the stream while the springs are poisoned." Of this work seven large editions were sold in a few months, one going off in *four hours*. It had a practical effect upon the women of the upper classes, Queen Charlotte being the first to yield to its influence. This was followed by an "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," the two essays forming a complete work.

A closer intimacy at this period with Mr. Wilberforce enlisted the sympathies and the pen of Mrs. More (as she now called herself), in his great enterprise—the Abolition of the Slave Trade. In return, she owed to him the direction of her efforts to the improvement of the then wild district around Cheddar—the commencement of an educational reform with which her name will always be associated.

During a visit at Cowslip Green from Mr. Wilberforce, an expedition was made to the celebrated Cheddar Cliffs. His hostess (who has related the incident in her journal), upon his return eagerly inquired how he liked them. "He replied, 'They were very fine, but the poverty and distress of the people was dreadful.' This was all that passed. He retired to his apartment, and dismissed even his reader." Returning at supper time, the "servant at his desire was dismissed, and immediately he began—'Miss Hannah More, something must be done for Cheddar!' He then proceeded to a particular account of his day, and of the inquiries he had made respecting the poor. There was no resident minister, no manufactory; nor did there appear any dawn of comfort, either temporal or spiritual. The method or possibility of assisting them was discussed till a late hour. It was at length decided in a few words by Mr. Wilberforce exclaiming, 'If you will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense!' Something commonly called an impulse crossed my heart that told me it was God's work, and it would succeed. . . . Mr. Wilberforce and his sister left us in a day or two afterwards. We turned many schemes in our heads every possible way; at length those measures were adopted which led to the foundation of the different schools." The "we" here used includes Mrs. More's sisters. They had retired from their school upon a competency, and cordially aided Hannah in her labours.

It is possible that the Sunday-schools, and week-day industrial schools, already established in the neighbourhood of London by Mrs. Trimmer, suggested to Mrs. More her course of procedure. "The first thing to be done," however, "was to disarm the hostility of the petty landholders; and this our heroine, as she may be most strictly called, now set out to do in person, although weak and delicate in health, and the autumn far advanced." The first to whom she applied "resisted her to the utmost. He would never encourage religion among the poor; it spoiled them, and made them idle and discontented. Nothing daunted, however, by this rebuff, Mrs. More returned to Cheddar, sleeping at a little inn on the road. . . . She proceeded to attack others less influential, but not unimportant to her success. While arguing with one of these, a friend . . . suggested to her adversary that the children could not rob orchards and attend Sunday-schools at the same time," an argument which was found to be unanswerable, and was thenceforth con-

stantly employed. The parents had yet won over. "Some would not send the children unless they were paid, a condition Mrs. More refused at once; others were hensive that attendance at the school afford her a legal control over the child which she would take advantage to *exploit for slaves*." The opposition of the parents in time also overcome.

Mrs. More now took up her quarters at a little inn in Cheddar, while arrangements were making for opening her campaign. A school was immediately hired for a school, and, that she might cut off all temptations to idleness, she engaged it for seven years, at a high rent. A religious and respectable woman was found to undertake the duties.

On the opening of the school in nearly two hundred children and young persons attended, some of the latter distinguished for profligacy, and not unknown to the jurisdiction of their country. Before the expiration of the year, great numbers could repeat the Catechism, read the Testament, and answer plain questions on the great truths of the Gospel. . . . At short intervals, a master and mistress were procured to instruct the children in the various branches of knowledge. With instruction, industry was also encouraged. Useful work, especially sewing, knitting, and spinning, was taught, and the profits applied to the benefit of the children. To procure information for the last of these employments, Mrs. More actually visited most of the principal towns of Somersetshire. The opposition began to see that there was something all in Christian education, and prejudiced opposition gave way. They now came themselves for instruction in spinning, and took interest and pleasure in attending to the devotional exercises also. The mistress and her daughter were supplied with means and occasional sums of money, for distribution among the sick and needy; and they were instructed by Mrs. More to make their charitable visits spiritually beneficial, by teaching the ignorant and awakening the thoughtless, bringing them to the school and to the altar. So faithfully was this duty discharged, that a few years afterwards, almost the whole of the population attended to the grave the remains of the schoolmistress, in whom all felt that they had lost their best of friends: the first view of her life aroused them to provide for that view which she had entered, and the first view



the nature of the provision comprehended their minds. For though in strictness Mrs. More was the prime instrument of pious work, her representative, resident agent, would naturally engross the pre-eminent position in the eyes of the poor.

Cheddar Mrs. More extended her system to the neighbouring parishes, in nine of which her system of schools was before long established. Moreover, she did not confine her attention to the labouring class, but finding that the yeomanry were no less ignorant and degraded, she encouraged them also to send their children (with whom some payment was made) to her schools. The small farmers also availed themselves of this privilege—moral instruction being imparted suited to their higher position in life of these pupils. The practice thus originated, and which closely resembles the system established with much effect at King's Sombourne by the Dean of Exeter, has now become common in Mendip districts, where almost every school derives a part of its support from the contributions of the farmers, who by virtue of their subscriptions the privilege of presenting their own children, obtaining for them a superior kind of education.

The physical exertions of our heroine at this time claim our admiration. When her delicate and precarious health are taken into account, her personal labours at this time are most incredible. While resident at Cowen, or afterwards at Barley Wood, as the greatest part of every year, she was in participation with her sisters, three or four every Sunday, performing a circuit of ten to thirty miles, usually being out for thirteen hours, and frequently passing the night in some of the villages. This was continued, with intermissions occasioned by illness, for upwards of twenty years.

Her schools being in active operation, she was occupied, in connection with them, benefiting the mothers of her pupils; and to them efficient in promoting good moral habits, as well as provident habits, she instituted an anniversary festival, at which, after performing service at their respective parishes, their members repaired to the prettily situated schoolroom. Here they took tea, served by Mrs. More and her sisters, were generally accompanied by a large number of guests, many of them persons of high distinction. The accounts of the

society were then examined, and the journal was read aloud in which was recorded every particular connected with it and its members; and thus it became a matter of anxious care with the latter so to conduct themselves during the year as to stand well on this public occasion.

The school-children had also their annual fête, when for want of a room large enough to contain them, they were accustomed to assemble on the summit of one of the Mendip hills, a spot which affords a grand panoramic view of some of the most fertile and picturesque scenery in the south of England.

Mrs. More continued to extend her efforts from parish to parish, but even these labours did not reach the limit of her exertions. She was meanwhile vigorously using her pen. The French revolution had convulsed Europe to its centre. In its early days, Hannah More, with Burke, Romilly, and other liberal minds, had augured from it happy results. But liberty, which had been its watchword, soon degenerated into license, and the lovers of Freedom stood aghast at the atrocities committed in her name.

The worst doctrines then rampant in France were being disseminated by wily and active emissaries among the uneducated classes in England. Mrs. More was besought to exert her powers to counteract their evil effects, and at the urgent request of her friend, Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, she wrote "Village Politics; by Will Chip, a Country Carpenter," a dialogue, "in which by plain and irresistible arguments, expressed in language pure but universally intelligible," says the Rev. Henry Thompson, "she exposes the folly and atrocity of the revolutionary doctrines." This was followed by "Remarks" upon an atheistic speech, delivered 1792, in the French National Assembly, by Jacob Dupont. The "Remarks" were prefaced by an "Address to the Ladies of Great Britain, in behalf of the French Emigrant Clergy," from which we extract the following beautiful passage: "Christian charity is of no party. We plead not for their faith, but for their wants. And let the more scrupulous who look for desert as well as distress in the objects of their bounty, bear in mind that if these men could have sacrificed their conscience to their convenience, they had not now been in this country. Let us show them the purity of our religion by the beneficence of our actions." The work was sold for the benefit of the exiled clergy, and produced the large sum of £240.

In 1795 appeared the first number of the "Cheap Repository," a publication suggested by the success of "Village Politics," and also undertaken by Mrs. More at the request of Bishop Porteous. With the liberal aid of her sisters, she engaged to produce a number monthly, each to contain a tale, a ballad, and a tract; and this she continued to do until 1798, when want of strength compelled her to relinquish the task. The series included many charming sketches, chiefly founded on fact, and amongst them the celebrated "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." The book was translated into almost every written language; while, at home, it won the suffrages of all classes and all parties, one of its warm admirers being William Cobbett. "Mrs. More's habit," we are told, "was always to work to the extent of her powers, both of body and mind; and her abandonment of the 'Cheap Repository' was a sufficient reason to all who knew her for apprehending that her health had been more seriously affected by her multifarious and incessant labours than she was disposed to allow. The effects of these combined exertions on her frame had been indeed very injurious. She sometimes suffered for whole successive days and nights the most terrific spasms in the head. On one occasion she was found by her sisters lying on her face, with her head against the wall of the apartment, bleeding, and apparently dead. She had become insensible from the violence of the paroxysm, and had fallen from her seat."

In spite of these sufferings, however, in 1799, her great work, "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, with a View to the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune," issued from the press. It met with the most flattering reception; seven editions were printed within the year of its publication; the Duchess (afterwards Queen) of Wurtemberg, George III.'s eldest daughter, adopted it as a guide in the education of the Duke's daughters, and it, together with the "Cheap Repository," received the unusual honour of a high encomium in an episcopal charge.

A little subsequent to this period a distressing controversy arose at Blagdon, in Somersetshire, respecting the conduct of the master of the school founded in that parish some years previously by Mrs. More, at the earnest solicitation of the curate, Mr. Bere. This gentleman's opinions and character were unjustifiably attacked by the schoolmaster. Party spirit

on other topics ran high in the district, a fresh cause of dissension increased the animosity of the disputants. The clergyman, as well as Mrs. More as patroness of the school, had each warm partisans; and though it would seem that she earnestly endeavoured to ascertain where the truth lay, and at length chose the school rather than carry it on without approbation of the resident clergyman, she was visited with much harsh reproach, and in a charge against the sincerity of her adhesion to the established form of religion, and against her chastity! To so staunch a supporter of the Church, but still more to the pious and sensitive woman, such accusations caused a cruciating anguish of mind, while they seriously aggravated her bodily malady. At one time her friends feared for her life, but she made no public answer to her assailants. She addressed an able and dignified explanation of her conduct to Dr. Beadon on his becoming Bishop of Bath and Wells. In this document she gives the following illustration of the groundless accusations brought against her: "When I first established my school, the women used to send crying infants of three years old, to the great disturbance of the rest, while they kept at home children of a fitter age to learn. This led us to make a rule of the rules not to receive any under three years old. I told the mothers 'ours was not a nursery.' On this simple circumstance has been built the astonishing charge that I did not want to instruct children, but to convert grown people." In his answer to the appeal, the bishop treated the imputation levelled at her with deserved contempt, and promised her his protection for her school.

In 1801, Hannah More and her sisters purchased a possession of Barley Wood, a more convenient residence than Cowslip Green, but in a more beautiful locality. Here she wrote, at the request of Dr. Gray (afterwards Bishop of Exeter) her "Hints for the Education of a Princess," which having obtained the warm approval of the King and Queen, and the Princess of Wales, were received as a guide by the instructors of the Princess Charlotte, regarded as the future monarch of the British empire, and for whose benefit they have since been composed. So favourably did this little book impress the royal family, that the Duke of Gloucester gave a grand public breakfast at which she introduced the authoress and other guests; and the Queen desiring her advice concerning her granddaughter,

opposed a conference upon the subject at South—an invitation which, however, the late Mrs. More's health obliged her to decline. A little incident, arising from the friendship and esteem with which Mrs. More was always regarded by the royal family, is interesting as illustrative of the advance of her views as regards social rights since the period when we have been writing. Arrangements were in progress to remove the Exeter and Devonshire mail from the Wrington Road, the post office received a charge from the palace to ascertain if such a change would be inconvenient to Mrs. More, in which case it was not to be made. Mrs. More, however, properly declined any arrangement which involved injury to the public benefit which involved injury to the

At the present day such a proposal, worthy as might be the feelings of persistence towards an individual which it would be regarded as monstrous.

contrast with it the voluntary relinquishment by Queen Victoria, on the introduction of penny postage, of her privilege of free postage, so that by her own desire postage was not to be affixed to her letters as to those of the humblest of her subjects.

After an illness of nearly two years' duration she arranged the plan of one of her successful works, "*Cælebs in Search of a Wife*." This is an essay, thrown into narrative form, upon female education, with especial reference to married life. It contains skillful delineations of character, and an abundance of observation and sound sense. Regarded, however, as a work of fiction, it is, to most persons, tedious and uninteresting; and it is difficult to account for the extraordinary favourable sale it met with immediately on its appearance upon any other supposition than the authoress's attempt to avoid discovery having failed, and that to her reputation its ultimate success was due. This work was preceded by her essays, entitled, "*Practical Christianity*" and "*Christian Morals*," and, in 1815, "*Essay on the Character and Practical Teachings of St. Paul*." Whilst the latter was in press, an accident occurred which might have ever prevented its completion. In a letter to a friend, Mrs. More writes: "I was standing in my room alone about noon, some books, with one side to the fire. providentially, wrapt in three shawls and cold. I heard a sort of roaring wind, which I concluded was the wind in the chimney, and did not look round till I saw

the flames dancing on the ceiling over my head. I then found my clothes were on fire. In vain I tried to extinguish it. Against my custom, I had locked the door; this caused a little delay. I did not attempt to run down stairs, thinking it would fan the flame, but stood at the top calling for help. When I saw them coming up, I walked back to my room. I was become, behind, one sheet of flame. A dear, generous friend, Miss Roberts, took me up as if I had been a child, laid me on the floor, and thrusting both hands into the flames, tore off my clothes; of one shawl not a thread was left; another was reduced nearly to ashes; my other clothes much burned. Only my arm and shoulder were much scorched; but my deliverer's hands were so terribly scorched that she could not feed herself for some weeks. Thanks to a merciful God, we are both quite recovered. Another minute, and nothing could have saved me."

Her sister Martha, describing Mrs. More's demeanour, says: "My sister's composure during the whole exceeds credibility; not a scream or the least agitation of feature. Upon my mentioning this to her afterwards, she replied she thought all was over: making a bustle would answer no end, and she was striving to turn her thoughts another way."

Mrs. More suffered the melancholy penalty which inevitably attaches to long life—the loss of almost all the friends of her youth. Her closing years were saddened by the death, at brief intervals, of all her four sisters. Their mutual attachment, their early struggles, their literary tastes, and active sympathy in the labours of each, had formed a bond the severance of which must have been felt with peculiar poignance.

Notwithstanding the distressing events of her latter years, and her own increasing infirmities, Mrs. More continued to be actively employed upon various topics, though chiefly such as the sick-room and death-bed would naturally suggest. A little poem, however, written in a less serious tone, entitled the "*Feast of Freedom*," resulted from the information communicated to her in 1818 by Sir Alexander Johnstone, Chief Justice of Ceylon, that her "*Sacred Dramas*" had been translated into Cingalese; which he accompanied by a copy of the translation written upon palm leaves. In a visit to her paid shortly afterwards, he explained the measures by which he had effected the extinction of slavery in Ceylon: "Having obtained from the native freemen, among other immunities,

the privilege of sitting as jurors on trials, he asked in return the emancipation of all slave-children born after the 12th August, 1816, the anniversary of the Regent's birthday, a concession cheerfully and gratefully made. The proprietors also gave their slaves a holiday on the return of that day; and on such occasions it is customary in Ceylon to rejoice in choral and rudely dramatic celebrations. Sir Alexander therefore requested Mrs. More to write a little poem in this style, tending to improve the morals of the people, to be sung by the Cingalese at those meetings. Such was the origin of the 'Feast of Freedom.'"

Further proof of her world-wide reputation reached her in the intelligence that engravings of Barley Wood were on sale in New York for the benefit of a female missionary school in Ceylon!

In 1824 Mrs. More published her last work—a selection from former compositions of passages on Prayer. The first edition was sold while in the press, and has been followed by many others.

Having at last resigned the pen, Mrs. More occupied in manufacturing little articles for sale such leisure as the crowds of visitors from abroad as well as from all parts of England—often total strangers, who resorted to Barley Wood for the privilege of conversing with her—left at her disposal: the proceeds were devoted to charitable purposes, one object for which especially she loved to labour being negro emancipation. Her schools and benevolent societies, too, never lacked her care, and the large amounts laid up by the clubs she had instituted still demonstrated the success with which she had instructed the poor in the art of economizing their means.

A humiliating phase of human nature must be revealed to explain her removal from her beloved residence at Barley Wood to Clifton, in 1828. It is painful to record that she was compelled to this step by the ingratitude, dishonesty, and profligacy of her servants, at whose mercy, in that remoteness from friends, her age and infirmity placed her. Happily such baseness is not often paralleled. Where the employer has done his part to call forth trustworthiness, he rarely fails to obtain a response.

At Clifton, Mrs. More spent the last four years of her life, still receiving many visitors

when her strength allowed; at other times, solaced by the unremitting attentions of her more intimate friends. In the early part of 1832 her mind gave symptoms of decay, and she gradually declined until the autumn. On the 7th of September she expired, so tranquilly that the change from life to death was scarcely perceptible.

It had been her wish that her funeral should be private, but rich and poor alike could not be restrained from following her to the grave, and the shops in Bristol were closed, while the bells of its many churches tolled as the funeral procession passed through the city on its way to Wrington. There it was joined by great numbers from the neighbouring districts, including the children of the schools Mrs. More had established. Surrounded by mourners of every rank, the coffin of their friend and benefactress was lowered into the grave which had already received the remains of her sisters. A plain stone, bearing a simple inscription, marks the spot where lies the dust of these five noble-hearted women, by death reunited for ever.

Starting in life with brave reliance upon their talents, industry, and good principles, they had, long before old age overtook them, achieved a handsome independence. Hannah, by her pen alone, had earned £30,000; and inheriting from her sisters the greater part of their property, she died possessed of considerable wealth. Much of it was bequeathed to public institutions, of which no fewer than sixty-seven received legacies under her will. The residue of her estate was appropriated in aid of the endowment of a new church in the parish of St. Philip and St. Jacob in Bristol, the poorest in the city; and a surplus, remaining from a public subscription raised for the purpose of erecting a tablet to her memory in Wrington church, was devoted to the establishment of schools in the same district of Bristol. The school-house faces the church, being divided from it by the road to Fishponds, the place of Hannah More's birth. Opened in 1840, these schools at the present time number many hundred pupils; and in the excellence of the instruction they afford, and the improvement they have wrought in their neighbourhood, have become a noble monument to the pious labourer in the cause of education whose name it is their privilege to perpetuate.

C. A. H. B.

## LITTLE SUNBEAM.

of the village spire were just chiming the sun was setting behind the hills bathing the clouds in crimson and spreading a soft purple over the hills, and fields, and sky. The birds, and, for the robin and lark and thrush led all their powers of song in the end the nighthawk and whippoorwill hardly dark enough yet to venture the cattle were quietly wending their way, and the fish were leaping joyously in the river. The villagers were gathered in the green, engaged in bowling and were at their cottage doors, enjoying a beautiful evening and the lively

of that glorious light penetrated the dark forest to the frowning castle ruin, and little of it stole into the library of the gloomy Earl. Two tall like two sentinels before the windows the entrance; and if a ray of light succeeded in eluding them, it was caught and repulsed by the heavy damask whose presence spread a solemn light only one little sunbeam found its way unpelled the twilight to linger. It was that little sunbeam; it danced impatiently on the pendants that dangled drooped the chandelier; it flashed gaily for upon the clock-face; it slanted over the velvet cushion on the carpet, not the chair in which the Earl was sitting, his face with his hand. He sighed and, almost like an echo, he heard a little laugh: "Ha, ha, ha!"

He started, and looked round. Upon the mantelpiece, a beautiful alabaster clock with a golden pendulum backwards and forwards. But it could not have been the clock that laughed; it was an uncommonly old clock, and had never been guilty of any mischief in its life. In the grate, the coals glowed with a little blue creeping flame, but

The Earl looked behind him. High Gothic bookcases stood a row on either side of a bronze and marble, of ancient and modern grim fixed features and vacant eyes a strange contrast with the boisterous laughter. He looked at the paintings, and a smile disturbed the repose of the countenances. He looked at the

windows, but no one was looking in except the two green sentinels, who waved their long arms stiffly in the evening breeze. Upon the table a delicate little female, exquisitely carved in ivory, stood upon the edge of a shell, and bending over, seemed to smile at her own reflection in a little sea of ink,—but it was the smile that she always wore. Finally, he looked at the little head carved in wood that surmounted the back of his easy chair, and it grinned and put out its tongue and protruded its eyes at him—just as it always had done—but uttered not a sound.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There it was again; the merriest little laugh in the world! The Earl looked upon the carpet, and there, standing on tiptoe in the centre of the spot of light, stood a little mite of a figure! He was a chubby little fellow, with a round little head covered with sunny little ringlets; with fat little hands, and short, thick little wings, that wagged quickly backwards and forwards, keeping time to a fierce little nodding of his head. His face was brilliantly lighted up with a smile, and his eyes literally flashed with intensity of expression. He was strangely dressed in a little suit that vied with Joseph's coat in number and variety of colours. From his whole person there seemed to beam a radiance that filled the whole room, and gave him the appearance of moving in a cloud of light. Whirling rapidly round, first on the toe of one foot, and then on that of the other, and dancing madly about, he finally seated himself with a tremendous spring on a footstool, threw himself back, and relapsed into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!"

Musically and softly came forth the sounds, as the dropping of water upon a silver bell. Suddenly starting up erect again, he looked at the Earl with a mock solemnity.

The Earl could not help feeling amused, in spite of his wonder. He slightly smiled.

"What's the matter, my lord?" cried the little elf. "Here you are sitting by yourself this beautiful evening in this gloomy place! Are you sick?"

"No," replied the Earl, "I am not sick—unless it be of life!"

"Well, then, what is the matter? Is there anything wrong in your family?"

"No," answered the Earl; "my wife and children are very well."

"Yes, and very beautiful too," rejoined the little sprite. "You ought to be proud of them. And how is it about your property—are you likely to lose that?"

"No," was the reply again; "I have more than enough."

"Your estate is magnificent!"

The Earl nodded.

"And your stocks are all secure?"

The Earl nodded again, and smiled.

"And your jewels in the old safe in the wall yonder?" pursued the speaker in a whisper.

The Earl started as if surprised, but nodded again.

"Well, then," exclaimed the little persecutor, starting up and strutting from one end of the footstool to the other, with his hands clasped behind him, "what is the matter?"

"I am disappointed," said the Earl. "My friends have deceived me, and I find the pleasures and honours of life empty and unsatisfying! Life has become a burden to me!"

"Ahem!" coughed the little visitor, looking stealthily up from under his eyebrows. "You have not the dyspepsia, I suppose?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Ahem! how is it that these friends have disappointed you? You have never disappointed *them*, I suppose?"

The Earl did not answer, but looked musingly into the fire.

"And is it," continued he, pertinaciously,—"is it for their sakes or your own that this sad conduct of theirs grieves you?"

Perhaps it was only the reflection of the blaze of the fire, but the little sprite fancied that the Earl blushed. Whereupon he turned three somersaults briskly upon the footstool, and then deliberately resumed his walking with his hands behind him as before—just as if nothing had happened.

"So you don't think this world a very pleasant place?"

"No," said the Earl; "it is *full* of misery; even its happiness is hollow!"

"And it is because you see other people suffering so much, after your earnest and repeated efforts to relieve them, that you grieve so much?"

Perhaps the Earl blushed again; at any rate, the little sprite thought so, and began to dance about at a furious rate, and in great glee.

"Hark!" exclaimed he, stopping suddenly.

"I don't think the world is so very miserable after all! Hark, will you?"

The Earl listened, and heard through open window the murmuring sounds of laughter and gay voices from the distance green.

"But I forget that you see through it much better than they do!"

The Earl muttered something indistinctly.

"You have had wonderful experience of the world for a man who is so young, and he himself up in his room for so many years has mingled with men so little!"

The Earl fidgeted in his chair, and as if he wished his strange little visitor to leave him. "These," said he, to change the subject, "may be well enough off, the cities, in the dirty lanes, and among the factories——"

"True," cried the little fellow, interrupting him, "and that makes me ask when was last among your own operatives over H—— mills?"

The Earl frowned, and was silent.

"I hope, my lord, that your grief is all selfish?"

The Earl's head dropped.

There was a long pause, during which the little elf employed himself in making singular evolutions, that looked as if he were trying to have a game of leapfrog all by himself.

"Please, my lord, read to me a little of that big book which you were reading before I came in."

The Earl took up the book wearily, began to turn over the leaves. It was a quarto volume, splendidly bound, and decorated with a number of very beautiful engravings.

The little sprite seated himself with his legs crossed under him, and his dimpled little hands in rapt attention. Length the Earl began to read: "I have loved the world, nor the world me——"

"Holloa!" shouted the little sprite, springing up to his feet again, "what's this? I can't read any more of it! How could I expect the world to love him, if he did not love the world? Dear me! Do you spend your time in reading such stuff as this? I'll *whut*, my lord; I think I can do something for you, but I haven't time to-night. Come again early in the morning, if you meet me here. Good night!"

So saying, he disappeared—not

w, but right where he was standing. He was as quick as thought. The amazed visitor had also disappeared the bright had lingered first on the carpet, and the footstool. The sun had set.

Aleman slept late the next morning. At so long the night before ponderous and visit of the mysterious stranger, that he had slept soundly at last. He entered his library, his ears were with a tumultuous rustling of paper, to see the cause, he espied the little ant on his quill pen, cantering the books and papers on his table, as supposed to ride a broomstick, or rides a cane.

"Good morning, my lord," exclaimed he. "Late this morning. I have been your help. I have been trying to find that you read to me last night. It is exceedingly."

"Oh, he dropped his feathered horse, the great book, and began to turn leaves. They were so large and heavy, only way he could turn them was to corner of one, and then by getting and tugging, and lifting, to run along and so turn it over. The Earl good-naturedly helped to find him the place, and spelling out each word slowly—for the letters were so large that he could only read them at a time: "I h-a-v-e n-o-t t-h-e w-o-r-l-d, n-o-r t-h-e w-o-r-l-d e!" The little creature drawled out word most ludicrously.

"What I can't make out," said he; "I understand from report, the author of the world very much, and all its parts, if he *did* consider them hollow; and he loved *him* too, and flattered him; and if he didn't enjoy it, it was because he was so supremely selfish that he *did*! Dignified, was it not, to whine and trouble for every one to hear; and so on! But come, my lord, you must go to-day."

"Oh, he pointed to a white cap, and a pair of white slippers, lying on the table. "Come on," said he.

The Earl did so, and found that with the help of the ant he could move swiftly through the air, to his greatest wish, and that with the cap on his head he became invisible, so that he could move himself in the glass. They flew away out of the window.

But Little Sunbeam could not go far without stopping. He was the busiest little creature alive. They were hardly in the forest, when he stopped, and bent over a little violet that just raised her face, covered with dew, at the foot of a great chestnut-tree. Little Sunbeam kissed away the tears from the face that was turned lovingly up to him, and that breathed a delightful fragrance round; and then drawing a little brush from his bosom, he brightened and freshened every tint of colour. Then darting away among the leaves of the old trees, he danced and flitted from one to another, till they all shook and rustled with laughter under his airy step! Sometimes he skipped over the nodding, smiling heads of a field of grain, or frolicked madly over the velvet grass, or dropped suddenly into the babbling brook, and came out flashing, and sparkling, and laughing, brighter than ever. Sometimes he hovered near a peach or apple hanging on the tree, till the downy cheeks blushed crimson under the gaze of his bright little eyes. Nothing was too small for him to see, and nothing so large as to frighten him away. Everything seemed to welcome him as an old friend. The tallest trees, and the tiniest spire of grass, smiled to greet him. He fluttered over the pastures, and the cow stood patiently chewing her cud, with her eyes half closed, and her ears thrown back, as if she loved his sunny tread upon her neck; over the river he flew, and the fish leaped out with fresher and brighter spots upon their scales; over the hedge, and the birds fluttered their gaudy wings, and broke out into songs; over the wall, and the squirrel cocked up his tail more fiercely; over the freshly-ploughed earth, and the beetles and slimy worms went crawling away down in great disgust into the cold and wet and dark ground; over the newly-sown fields, and little green buds and spires darted up under his footsteps. He was very busy. He did not seem to do much, but wherever his warm step was felt, or his gay little laugh was heard, the world seemed happier and brighter and better.

And now they came to the village. He looked in at the church window, and walked softly for a moment upon the pale stone floor. He seemed wrapt in thought; but presently, as if the light of another Sun had dawned upon him, his eyes gleamed with a double brilliance.

He stopped in the village churchyard, and kissed a flower that was blooming on the grave of a little child. He burned brightly upon the doorstep of a cottage, and the old dog that was

lying there wagged his tail, and winked a welcome. He peeped in at the window, and the old cat stretched herself, and walked yawningly and purringly up to rub herself upon the bright spot that shone upon the leg of the kitchen table. The little housewife welcomed him with a smile, and a "Good morning, Little Sunbeam!" and she hummed a soft song as she went about her work with a lighter heart. He looked in at another window of a cottage, and a sick woman raised her head from the pillow with a languid smile: "Good morning," Little Sunbeam!" "Good morning," said he; "I have just looked in again to see how you are getting on, and to freshen up these flowers of yours in the window a little, and to brighten up the old room, and paint a little spot on the wall for you to watch; but I can't stay long this time. I am very busy."

He looked through a dirty broken window into a dingy little shop, where a shoemaker sat at work. The floor was garnished with bits of leather and heaps of dirt. The ceiling was covered with spiders' webs, especially one great web over a dark hole, with an ugly-looking spider in the middle of it. There was an uncomfortable and disconsolate air about everything. The man sat on his bench with a shoe between his knees. His face was dark and gloomy, and his long black beard and heavy eyebrows gave him a savage look. Every time he drew the threads, he groaned as only a shoemaker can.

"Halloa!" shouted Little Sunbeam, "*this* won't do!" So in he darted. He glanced at the spider, and it scampered away into its hole. He burned upon the floor till the bits of leather seemed to be figures in a sunny carpet. He danced upon the lapstone till it was so hot that it burned the shoemaker's fingers. He played with the shoemaker's hair, and pulled his beard, till at last the frown relaxed into a grim smile, and he finally burst out into a loud laugh and song: "Haw, haw, haw!"

"When I was a sailor-boy,  
A sailing on the sea."

"Ho, ho, ho!" echoed Little Sunbeam.

Next he peeped into the village school. The mistress was leaning her aching head upon her hand, tired out with the noise, and confusion, and stupidity of the whole schoolroom. One little girl was standing at the desk with her slate, while the tears were running down her cheeks; and the other scholars wore an anxious look.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. The teacher raised her head, and smiled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. The scholars laughed too, and the anxiety was gone.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. And then he played with the little girl till she shook them cheerfully back; and danced upon the slate so brightly, that it could not help coming right.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. And the cheerful hum of the school again. He actually made so much disturbance that they tried to shut him out by a new pinned against the window; but there was a little hole in it through which he thrust his little head, and made all the children laugh again.

He heard the noise of the mill, and away to see what the miller was doing. He found him standing by a pile of heavy meal, part of which he had carried away. He looked tired and discouraged, and almost to give up in despair.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. As he took hold of one end of one of the bags, and tugged away at it.

"Heave-ho!"

Forty Little Sunbeams could not have done it; but when the miller saw him lifting the bags, and heard his little grunting and groaning, he laughed a broad, hearty laugh, and threw the bag over his shoulder, and walked away, whistling as lightly as if carrying a feather.

The little sprite then leaped through the window into a noisy factory, and flew from fear, or hesitation, or danger, from one room to another. The greasy and dirty men and women, who were wearily and gloomily working the machinery, grew more cheerful; and laughed to see his antics on the shafts and frames and wheels, and on the scarred and stained walls, or among their little sickly flowers in the windows. Even the machinery, which had before kept up an angry roar, seemed now to change its tone, and to whirl away with a lively rattle.

When at last they returned to the village, the Earl was more disconcerted and disgusted with himself than ever. He took off his cap and slippers, and threw himself into his easy chair.

"Well, now," exclaimed the little sprite, "I am sitting on the edge of the table,"



k of my mode of life? Is it not better sit here moping by one's self?"

sighed the Earl, "it is out of my make people happy as you can!"

"of your power!" repeated Little Sunbeam, "you have strength, and wealth, hence; and you might do almost any of good, and make almost any number happy. I can't do much! I'm only little Sunbeam. I have neither money, hence, nor anything else; I can only go and laugh and sing a little!"

"Will do very well for you, who are so —"

"ag!" interrupted the little fellow, and so shrill a whistle that it made the up.

"Will do very well for you, but not for me, no life or spirit! I have no interest in existence, and no desire for it. It is useful, no doubt, but I am not suited

was a long pause, during which the red the nobleman, and the nobleman fire; and the little head on the back air seemed to eye both, and to laugh

"e, now," said Little Sunbeam, "you an out with me on a little expedition; us take a walk, and I will go with you, how your friends salute you."

Earl assented, but not willingly, and it

long before they were equipped and r their walk. The Earl, with hat and lked slowly and gloomily in front, his t upon the ground; and his little com- with a tiny pair of white slippers on and a tiny white cap on his head, iffing and panting behind, half run- d half flying with his fat little wings.

ey passed through the house, the chil- rned by the heavy tread and by the of their mother, left their play, and d behind the chairs, and peeped timidly them, and whispered to one another, cross!" and the mother paused a

in sympathy, cast an anxious and g glance upon her husband, and

As they went through the yard, the og hung his tail between his legs, and way, dropping his head, and casting ; sheepish glances behind him. As t through the wood, the birds stopped and flew away from before them, and rrels darted away to their holes. As sed, the men at work in the fields

worked harder, and pretended not to see them. The passengers in the streets hastened to turn the corners before they came up, or if they were obliged to meet the Earl, they went past with a sulky air, and barely touched their hats by way of greeting. The women who were here and there talking with one another at their doors or windows, drew back and closed them, looking with pity upon the rich nobleman as he passed. As they approached the school-house, the children, who were enjoying a noisy recess, left their game of "tag," and ran behind the wood-pile; and one little girl with flaxen curls, who could not run fast enough, and to whom the Earl tried to speak, began to cry.

They went by the mill, and the miller left off whistling at the door, and went in to fill the hopper. They went through the factory, and the "hands" scowled at him when he had passed, and muttered curses upon the man who had never visited them, even when Betsey Watkins broke her arm in the belt of her loom, or when Tom Peters's cow fell into the ditch and broke her neck, and could give no more milk to his babies. The walk was over.

"Ha!" cried Little Sunbeam, rubbing his hands, when he had recovered his breath again, "we have had a fine walk, haven't we? Enjoyed it a good deal, my lord, didn't you?"

"No," snarled the Earl, "I did not enjoy it. I never do. I wish that I need never go out again. I am not happy, and I cannot make others so!"

"Well, I did not enjoy it much either," replied the little elf, "but I thought you would."

He sat down on the rug as if in despair.

"Now," continued he, in a doubtful tone, "I don't know what to do for you. I wanted to find something that would make you happy, and that you would enjoy, but I don't meet with very good success. Never mind! cheer up, my lord! We'll have it yet. Come with me once more, and if I don't find it *this* time, I'll give it up."

The Earl slowly put on the slippers and cap again, and they flew away. Swift as the wind, they went over hill and valley, many a league, till they arrived at the borders of the west. They alighted in a very singular country, such as the Earl had never seen before; few men have seen it, and those who have, never wish to see it again. The sun hung in thick masses of cloud, and shed a faint lurid light around. It seemed never to have really shone here. The

trees were almost leafless. The grass was of a sickly hue, and consisted of a few long scattered blades. The water did not run in merry brooks, but stood in stagnant pools, mantled with a slimy green. The rocks were sharp and frowning, and covered with dirty brown lichens. In the sighing trees, the only birds heard were an occasional solemn owl, or some wild night-screamer. In the creamy waters a few desolate frogs broke the silence with what seemed a mixture of half-sobs and half-croaks; and the dark rocks echoed the lonely howl of the jackal, the shriek of the loon, and the crying of the catamount. As the Earl stumbled along over the stones, he lost one of his slippers, which Little Sunbeam immediately seized.

"Here, my lord, I leave you! Good evening." So saying, he flew away. The Earl started, and attempted to follow, but having only one slipper, he tumbled head over heels.

Who can tell the misery of the fearful night that followed! He walked up and down, stumbling over the roots of trees, and into puddles of water, till he was cold and sore. It seemed as if the night would *never* be over. He had time to think of the wretchedness of the place—of all the follies and sins that he had ever been guilty of—of all the means and possibilities of escape; and the more he thought, the more desperate seemed his condition.

Morning came at last, if it *was* morning. It was the same lurid light that returned. As he gazed at the pallid sun, he thought he heard a voice singing. He listened, for it was unexpected, and seemed strangely out of place. It certainly *was* singing, and he could just catch the words:—

"Poor Little Sunbeam  
Hasn't any money!  
But his little pencils paint  
Little flowers when they faint;  
With the crimson of his lips,  
Every downy cheek he tips;  
On his wings, he swiftly brings  
To the cells of silky bells  
Little stores of honey;  
And he does a world of good,  
Trying to be sunny.

"Poor Little Sunbeam  
Hasn't any power!  
But he carries in his pocket  
Little bags of yellow gold;  
Golden smiles and golden music,  
And the golden words of old.  
In the steps of sordid Care  
These he scatters everywhere.

Softly treading, radiance shedding,  
Oft he makes the heart that aches  
Sunny for an hour—  
And he paints the bow of Hope  
On Affliction's shower.

"Poor Little Sunbeam  
Hasn't any——"

"O Little Sunbeam!" interrupted the unhappy Earl—"O Little Sunbeam! where are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam, swinging to and fro upon the bough where he was perched. "Ho, ho, ho!"

"O Little Sunbeam, take me away from this horrible place!"

"Horrible?" returned Little Sunbeam, as if in surprise—"horrible?—astonishing! Why, I thought this was just the place for you. Don't you like *this*? Astonishing!"

"O Little Sunbeam! I beg of you to take me away."

"Well, now," exclaimed Little Sunbeam, lifting up his hands in surprise, "I am amazed. Why, what do you want? You want solitude and gloom, and here you have it! You want to be undisturbed, and here no one comes to deceive or trouble you. The world is hollow and heartless and disappointing, but it does not intrude itself here to vex you. Oh, you *must* be mistaken. It's just the thing for you. To be sure, it doesn't suit *me* very well, but it's just the thing for a man of *your* disposition. You surely can't *help* being happy *here*!"

"O Little Sunbeam! I shall *perish* here! I can't live here! Please to take me away!"

"Oho! this is a pretty state of things! You want all your property, all your luxuries, all that everybody can do for you to make you happy, while *you* do nothing for any one *else*, but shut yourself up and brood over imaginary sorrows. No, no! I love to make people happy, but I'll try to make your friends happy for a little while now—so goodbye, goodbye!" and kissing his hand playfully, he darted away.

"O Little Sunbeam!" began the unhappy nobleman; but it was too late. Little Sunbeam was gone.

He sank down into a stupor, disturbed only by indistinct visions and dreams—dreaming that his property, which he had misused, was taken away from him—dreaming that his mansion was burned—dreaming of unhappy families in his employment, whom he might have relieved—dreaming of the wife and friends, who had patiently borne with his moody and un-

ble humours—dreaming of his children,  
had feared his gloomy spirit and his  
ed face!

able any longer to endure this agony of  
he gave a deep groan, and raised his  
No longer in the desolate region, he  
himself in his own pleasant library;  
and himself in his own easy chair, with  
sol evening air blowing on his face, and  
lden sunlight dancing on the wall!

a, ha, ha!" laughed the little voice;  
"my lord, read me a little more out  
t big book, will you?"

Earl started up, and threw the volume  
the room; but it did not frighten Little  
am.

a, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" cried he, as he  
to the chandelier, and there balanced  
f for his final flight, "Ha, ha, ha!"

he broke out in song, as he poised his  
rings:—

Who would be a noble lord,  
nd in frowning castle lonely stay,  
Waiting for the heavy hours  
Fearily to drag away?

I would rather be  
A Little Sunbeam!

Swift as light his airy flight,  
Pretty and fleet his nimble feet,  
And a round little face  
Full of glee!

"Who would suffer over again  
Griefs that are past, and forgotten pain?  
Who would anticipate coming care,  
And tremble at fears and visions of air?

I would rather be  
A Little Sunbeam,  
Laughing and gay the livelong day,  
Living and loving while he may,  
With a dapper little suit—  
Just like me!

"Who would over troubles whine,  
And in selfish sorrow for ever pine,  
Forgetting the suffering and sin  
The rest of the world is lying in?

I would rather be  
A Little Sunbeam:  
A little elf forgetful of self,  
The world to beguile, with a sunny smile,  
Of its weariness and  
Drudgery.

"Flashed through space from the burning face  
Of the glorious rolling Sun—  
Covered with light, as a mantle bright  
Of threads of silver spun—

The world to bless, with my warm caress,  
I linger for a day;  
On the crimson flush of the evening's blush  
I dearly love to play;  
But when shadows deep around me creep,  
Hanging the twilight grey,  
In a golden boat I slowly float  
On the purple flood away!"

## THE PRESS.

ow owes much to its press; as much to  
as to its being the seat of government  
w. Its parliaments and tribunals give  
affluence over the provinces, but without  
as how would its decisions be known or  
d? No man can have travelled in this  
y without feeling that the exalted posi-  
f the metropolis of England is mainly  
itable to the press. It is by the press  
e whole kingdom feels the pulse of the  
; it is thus the tone is given, the key-  
ounded, our public virtue stimulated, and  
ional emotions awakened and nourished.

. . . . The greatest blessings are the least  
appreciated: the person who eats bread daily  
can find no flavour in it; let him go to some  
foreign land, and eat nothing but bread-fruit  
for ten years, and he will appreciate, on his  
return, the flavour of a French roll. But the  
press is not only free, it is powerful. That  
power is ours. It is the proudest that man  
can enjoy. It was not granted by monarchs,  
it was not gained for us by aristocracies, but it  
sprang from the people, and, with an immortal  
instinct, it has always worked for the people.

B. DISRAELI.

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### IV.—THE HINDOOS AT HOME.

BY JAMES KERR, ESQ., M.A., LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE HINDOO COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

#### MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES.



**A**MONG the natives of India, it is considered an indispensable duty to enter into the married state. In almost every instance the bride is betrothed at a very early age. There is some difference in this respect in different parts of the country, but in all it is early. In Bengal the bride ought to be affianced before the age of ten years, and even eight years old is not considered too young. The native almanacs give eight, nine, or ten as the most suitable age. If a daughter is not betrothed at the age of ten, the parent is considered regardless of the happiness of his child. In the northern provinces of India, the betrothal usually takes place a little later, but still at a period which, according to our ideas, would be deemed very premature.

Buchanan, when engaged in his statistical inquiries in the districts north of Bengal, found that all persons, male and female, were married before the age of fifteen; and, so far as he could discover, an unmarried young person of the age of twenty was a phenomenon of which no one had ever heard.

In choosing a wife, the sentiment of love scarcely enters as an element in the transaction. It is not usual for the young people even to see each other until the knot is tied. The whole affair is managed by the parents, assisted by a female agent or professional matchmaker, who acts as a medium of communication between the parties. In fact, all the preliminaries are arranged by these professional agents. Pedigree or caste is one of the points to be carefully considered. The horoscopes of the young people must be consulted and compared. If everything is found satisfactory, if the stars are favourable, then, and not till then, the parents of the youthful couple come to an understanding.

It is looked upon as derogatory into a family less honourable than o When inequality exists in this re balance 'is sometimes nicely adjust payment of a sum of money. There of high-caste Brahmins (the Kool turn this prejudice to good accou marry into families of inferior ranl ceive a sum of money for the sacr make, and as a solace to their wound As they are not restricted to one wife marry an unlimited number, it me hands of a Brahmin of prudence and c turn out, in a pecuniary point of vie profitable transaction. A low-caste is at the same time wealthy, is somet ing to give a large sum for the l having his family connected by mari a high-caste husband.

The Hindoo marriage ceremony frequently described. What is consi most essential part of the ceremony, bride to take seven steps, or for the bridegroom, hand in hand, to step su into seven circles drawn on the floo the seventh step is taken the marria sidered complete and irrevocable. V renceto this part of the marriage rite, says, "The next ceremony is the bride: seven steps. It is the most material nuptial rites; for the marriage is con irrevocable as soon as she has taken th step, and no sooner."

Allusions to this custom are found Hindoo books. Thus, in the *Mahabharata* following apology is put into the mou who had played the part of young L "The marriage ceremonial is not cor the seventh step is taken, and this ste been taken when I seized the damsel.

One of the forms usual at a Hindoo is for the hands of the bride and brid be tied together with a blade of t

ented *ousa* grass. Another part of the ceremony is for the bride's father to tie together the skirts of their robes, accompanying this with the admonition that they must be reunited "in duty, fortune, and love."

It will, I think, be admitted that these forms are interesting and appropriate. Nor is that part of the ceremony less so where the bridegroom repeats the words, "May that heart which is yours become my heart, and that heart which is mine become thy heart."

We read in books of certain customs which appear to be now obsolete or nearly so. One of these is as follows. After it has been settled that the marriage is to take place, the bridegroom is described as visiting the house of the father-in-law to sue for his bride. On this occasion there is a prescribed form of hospitality. A cow is brought in to be killed. The suitor goes forward and intercedes for her life, and his request is at once complied with.

Marriages in India are usually attended with very expense. It is the custom of the country, and prevails all ranks. A native who in other respects is saving and parsimonious, will grudge the outlay at the celebration of a son's or a daughter's wedding. Entertainments are given on a large scale, lasting sometimes eight or ten days, during which there is a constant round of visits and feasting. The Brahmins must be propitiated with presents. Add to this the procession when the bride is taken home, and at which no expense is spared.

These expenses, according to Hindoo ideas, are unavoidable. The father must open his purse liberally, or appear to disadvantage in the eyes of his neighbours. In the case of wealthy families, several lacs of rupees are often spent on such occasions.

According to Buchanan, the wedding of a *brahmin*, one of the higher castes of Bengal, costs at least 150 rupees. A common mechanic of good caste will spend eighty rupees; and even a mallee, or common gardener, never spends less than seventeen rupees on the occasion of a marriage. He states that the ordinary outlay attending the marriage of a poor *coolie* Brahmin is never less than 300 rupees. He has no reason to think that these statements are much, if at all, exaggerated.

At the same time, one is not bound to believe literally true what an ingenious writer states, that a certain *rajah* spent a lac of rupees in celebrating the marriage of two monkeys.

In some parts of India, as in the northern provinces, it is usual for the bride, after the

betrothal, to remain for some years at her father's house. But in Bengal, she is immediately taken to the house of the bridegroom's family, and she continues to reside permanently there as her future home.

The procession of the bride and her retinue to the house of the bridegroom is usually conducted with great ceremony. The bride, seated in a palanquin, is carried in state, with music playing and torches burning.

Captain Alexander Hamilton, referring particularly to Surat, says: "The marriages of the Gentiles in India are celebrated with much pomp. They begin in the forenoon to send a long train of people with covered dishes, or baskets, on their heads, with presents from the bridegroom to the bride, and before the presents march hautboys, drums, and trumpets. After the presents march some female slaves for the bride and bridegroom's use. After the slaves comes an empty palanquin, to transport the bride from her house to her husband's. At night the bride and bridegroom are carried in state through the town, with torchlight and music before them, and fireworks are played off as they pass in the streets, and the parents of the married couple send presents to their friends."

In India, parents have a preference for male children. I have often heard it said that among the common people of Bengal, the midwife gets a rupee for her services when the offspring is a boy, and only half a rupee when it is a girl.

Ward, the missionary, states that one Hindoo woman will sometimes say to another, "Has your daughter-in-law any children?" To which the other replies plaintively, "No, nothing but a girl."

Nor need we wonder at this decided preference for male offspring. It is based partly upon religious ideas peculiar to the Hindoos, as, for example, the belief that certain ceremonies affecting the peace of the soul after death can only be fitly performed by a son, or a son's son. The proper person to perform the funeral obsequies on the death of a parent, is a son, or a son's son. Accordingly, the Hindoo shasters magnify the importance of male offspring, as where it is said, "By a son a man obtains victory over all people; by a son's son he enjoys immortality; and by a son's son's son, he reaches the solar abodes." By the laws of Menu, a wife "who bears only daughters" may, after a certain number of years, be *superseceded*—that is, in plain terms, divorced.

In Bengal, a male child has generally three

names. The first and second are very often the names of particular deities, or heavenly bodies, and the third is the family name. Take, for example, the name Krishna Chunder Dutt. Here Krishna is the name of a deity. Chunder signifies the moon, and Dutt is the family name.

Though the sentiment of love does not usually enter as an element in the marriage compact, the Hindoos are not without their own ideas of personal charms. They have ideas of their own as to what constitutes female beauty. Their *ashastars* contain minute directions as to the qualities to be sought in choosing a wife. Among other qualifications, the choice should fall upon one "who walks gracefully—like a young elephant." In one of the *Poorans* it is said of a young lady, who is described as a model of beauty, that "her gait was like that of a drunken elephant, or a goose."

The negative qualities are still more copiously dwelt upon. Among other restrictions, it is said that a prudent man will not marry a woman "who has a beard," or one who has "thick ankles," or one who speaks with a "shrill voice," or one who "croaks like a raven." Again, it is said that a prudent man will not marry a woman "whose eyebrows meet," or one "whose teeth are apart, and resemble tusks."

There may be some doubt whether the natives of India consider a fair complexion the most beautiful. It is not impossible that in the remoter districts, where the genuine Hindoo taste remains unchanged, a dark and even a black complexion may be regarded as the most natural and beautiful. There are, however, facts which bear the other way, and which appear to indicate that a fair complexion must be considered as entitled to the preference. Those Hindoos who are of the highest caste (the Brahmins and Rajpoots) are generally fairer than the rest of their countrymen. It is also an obvious fact that, among all castes, the wealthier classes, who are least exposed to the weather, are generally of a fairer complexion than the labouring classes. A fair complexion thus comes to be associated in the mind with rank, wealth, and ease. Some weight is also due to the circumstance that for many centuries the dominant races in India have been the white-faced men of the West.

In order to heighten or improve their complexion, it is usual for Hindoo ladies to paint their cheeks of a pale yellow or saffron colour—a fashion which is also followed by some of their

sisters lower in the scale. This goes so far to prove that in the present day a somewhat fair complexion is most appreciated.

I do not know that anything bearing one way or the other can be gathered from the descriptions we have of the personal appearance of Hindoo deities. Some of the most popular Hindoo deities are represented as jet black. Krishna is described as black. The very name has this meaning. This favourite deity is described as of the complexion of a cloud, and we find such expressions applied to him as "dark as the leaf of the full-blown lotus."

On the other hand, Rama, the brother of Krishna, is described as of fair complexion. In the *Vishnoo Pooran* he is said to be "as fair as the jasmine, as the moon, as the fibre of the lotus stem;" and again, "white as a jasmine, a swan, or the moon." While Vishnoo is described as of dark complexion, Sheeva is always painted white, and is sometimes designated *Sweta*, or the *White*.

Every one is aware that polygamy is sanctioned by the laws and usages of the Hindoos; but in point of fact, the privilege of having a plurality of wives is restricted to a few—to those of ample means, who constitute but a small part of the community.

There is a certain class of Brahmins, already mentioned, to whom great latitude is allowed in this respect. These are the *Koolin Brahmins*, the descendants of certain illustrious families who settled in Bengal several centuries ago. It is stated, on what is generally believed to be good authority, that some *Koolins* marry as many as fifty wives; and instances have been known in which even that number has been exceeded. Wealthy men of low caste are ambitious of the honour of forming these alliances, as a means of elevating their families in the social scale.

The *Koolin* often receives a dowry along with each wife. He is not put to the expense of "feeding" them. The wives remain at their father's house, while the husband travels about, and pays a visit now to one and now to another.

This is undoubtedly one of the most objectionable, one of the most hideous, of Hindoo customs. A feeling seems to be growing up against it among the more intelligent portion of the community; and, as some writers assert, even those Brahmins themselves who are not *Koolins* complain of the monopoly.

It is not necessary to describe in this place those peculiar marriage customs which prevail among certain tribes in the Himalayan dis-

id among the Nairs of Malabar. They ined to a small section of the com- and can by no means be regarded as istic of the Hindoo race. And even ere more common than they are, they horrent to our manners, that the less ut them the better.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

Illustration, facing page 241, gives a Bombay, engraved from a photograph. r, capital of the Bombay Presidency, its name from the Portuguese Bom- gnifying "good harbour," and is situate rrow point of land at the south-east y of the island of the same name. It unded by strong fortifications. The a regular quadrangle, with numerous articularly towards the sea; and the encompassed by a broad, deep ditch,

which can be flooded at pleasure. In the centre of the town is the Green, a wide, open space, surrounded with many large and well-built houses. The English church, an extremely handsome edifice, the Government House, the bazaar or market-place, stand here. From the situation of Bombay, it commands an extensive commercial intercourse with the countries situate on the Persian and Arabian gulfs, as well as with the islands in the Eastern Ocean, and with China. The art of ship-building is carried to great perfection by the Parsees, who are accounted superior ship-carpenters. The first line of railway in Hindostan was opened in 1853, between Bombay and Tanna, a distance of twenty miles. Railways will now speedily girdle the three presidencies. The population of Bombay is upwards of 500,000, composed of British, Portuguese, Armenians, Jews, Mahometans, Hindoos, and Parsees.

#### IMPORTANCE OF REST.

as been written about water, air, food, dress, and other hygienic materials ences; little about rest. As a remedial rest is of more importance than has nerally supposed. As a therapeutic ts place is at the very head of the *materia medica*. Little skill, compara- required for a practitioner to know do something, and what to do. But a fund of professional knowledge is re- know when and how to let the patient One-half the world is drugged to death k, and one-half the remainder is fretted . We have frequently saved life by between the patients and their friends. d has a bad fashion of making a terrible ing up a consternation, nursing and ontinually, while sympathizing friends, ually gibbering doctors, meddlesome and whispering watchers, add their influence to the wrong side, and all *Somebody is sick and needs rest*. And e mischief is traceable to a false dogma al science in relation to the nature of Authors teach that disease is an entity, which travels about, pervades the air, as our dwellings, and finally attacks this absurd phantasm is easily transl by the unthinking multitude (un- on this subject we mean) into some- analogous to a witch, a ghost, a goblin,

fiend, or demon, which nothing but the doctor's poisons, dealt out by the doctor's own hand or pen, can pacify, eradicate, exorcise, kill, or cure. The charms and amulets of the ancients were not more silly, and the necromancy and pow-wows of the Indian tribes of the present day are not more ridiculous (are predicated on precisely the same false notions of the nature of disease) than are the drugging, slopping, stuffing, watching, and fretting of the regular physicians of to-day\* and the nurses of their school. Nine out of ten of all the maladies of all the people of the world would get well in a few days if left to themselves, with no other appliances than such as common sense employs. Yet in nine cases out of ten the doctor is called, and if he be a drugopathic doctor, one-half his patients are in danger of a protracted illness, and one-half of these are sure of a ruined constitution, not because of the disease, but in consequence of the drugs. When we visit a patient in the country, our greatest difficulty is to keep the friends quiet, when nothing but let-alone-ativeness is needed. All are willing to do something; every one is anxious to lend a helping hand; and people generally estimate a physician's knowledge and skill by the extent or variety of his prescriptions. Few can understand the quietly-working yet efficient remedial resources of nature when undisturbed.

DR. TRALL.

Trall over-states his case. The "regular physicians of to-day" are wiser than their predecessors.—Ed. O.O.F.

# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrati

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HER  
THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY  
PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE ASS.

XIII.



NE evening in the early part of June, while standing in a field by a lane side, my attention was roused by a noise in the lane, anything but agreeable, and which I found, on looking over the fence, proceeded from a group of four, namely, a man, his wife, an ass, and a dog. The man and woman appeared to belong to the lowest class of tinkers. The man was much the worse for drink, and seemed determined to return to Bishop Auckland, most likely to rejoin some of his companions. With the most dreadful oaths and imprecations he threatened the woman to compel her to give him what money she had. She, however, kept her hold, using the gift possessed by most women (it is said), pretty freely. Coward-like, he knocked her down with a great stick. The poor creature shouted for help; and help was at hand. The noble ass came rushing to the assistance of its mistress, with language as loud as that uttered by Balaam's, braying as it went, as though scorning to take advantage of his cowardly foe. Rearing on its hind legs, it struck the man down with its fore feet against the fence. Perceiving me getting over the hedge, the scoundrel, in his turn, called out for help. My first thought was to leave him to his fate, but seeing the dog also attacking him, and not knowing how it might end—thinking also that two to one, especially as the man was down, was rather too bad—I drove away the assailant. The woman, in the meantime, had got on to her feet, and while showing me her bleeding head, informed me that the man had repeatedly abused her in a similar manner, because she would not let him

have money to waste in drink. I ask the ass had ever interfered before. He replied that he had not, nor could she as reason for its doing so, excepting that interposed in his behalf a day or two when the man was ill-using the ass. His thoughts filled the mind after witnessing the above scene. Had not the ass made in a high degree, gratitude for favour? If gratitude be instinct, what is reason?

### BEES.

XIV.

A curious instance of a change of instinct mentioned by Darwin. The Bees on Barbadoes and the Western Islands collect and lay up honey after the first year. The weather so fine, and the material of honey so plentiful, that they became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, worked no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-house stinging the negroes.

### THE BLACKBIRD.

XV.

A man wishing to have some of the robbers robbed a nest, which contained four eggs, two he left, and the other two he put in a large cage, and removed to his house. An old cock came constantly with food to the young in the cage, going into it and feeding them. The man, watching for such an opportunity, made a run at the cage and caught him; but when carrying it into the house the bird made his escape through a hole in the wires. It was supposed he would not get back; he, however, returned to feed the young as usual; but instead of going into the cage he went to the outside, and put the food through the wires. It may have been that prompted him to find food for his



though removed to a distance, and in an unusual place; but when he found that there was danger in feeding them the old way, it certainly showed calculation to find out a way of doing it equally well without running risk. It was also very curious to see him going to feed the young when any person was watching. The cage was in a potatoe garden, and he would fly to the low end of the garden and creep up the furrow, so that it was impossible to see him until he had finished his duty, when he flew off with great noise. The hen never appeared, and it was supposed she had been killed. Of all that is here stated I was a witness.

#### THE BLACKSTART.

##### XVI.

A railway carriage had been left for some weeks out of use in the station at Giessen, Hesse Darmstadt, in the month of May, 1852; and when the superintendent came to examine the carriage, he found that a black redstart had built her nest upon the collision spring. He very humanely retained the carriage in its shed until it was imperatively demanded, and at last attached it to a train which ran to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a distance of nearly forty miles. It remained at Frankfort for thirty-six hours, and was then brought back to Giessen; and after one or two short journeys came back again to rest at Giessen, after a period of four days. The young birds were by this time partly fledged, and finding that the parent bird had not deserted her offspring, the superintendent carefully removed the nest to a place of safety, whither the parent soon followed. The young were in process of time full fledged, and left the nest to shift for themselves. It is evident that one at least of the parent birds must have accompanied the nest in all its journeys, for, putting aside the difficulty which must have been experienced by them in watching for every carriage that arrived at Giessen, the nestlings would have perished from hunger during their stay at Frankfort; for every one who has reared young birds is perfectly aware that they need food every two hours. Moreover, the guard of the train repeatedly saw a red-tailed bird flying about that part of the carriage on which the nest was placed.

#### THE CHAFFINCH.

##### XVII.

In a large ivy-clad tree in a garden behind a house belonging to a friend of mine, was

found the nest of a chaffinch. I was in the habit of repairing to this little domicile every day, but after about a week discontinued my visits. One day I went out shooting with my friend, and seeing a bird on a tree, just within gunshot, shot at it. It was a female chaffinch; nothing was thought of this, and we walked on. A few days afterwards I was informed that the male chaffinch had been found dead in the nest in the ivy-tree. At first I was considerably surprised at this occurrence; but recollecting that the female had been shot within fifty yards of the nest, it soon struck me that we must have killed the female that was sitting in the ivy-tree; that her mate had waited in the nest, and, finding that she never returned, had pined to death. The parent was perfectly stiff and dry, and had four young birds under its outstretched wings. My friend had this curiosity preserved, in the position we found it, and I believe it still remains in his possession.

#### THE CRANE.

##### XVIII.

Brehm relates some interesting particulars of a pair of cranes which he had procured when the birds were only a few days old. This pair of cranes, a male and a female, soon became tame, attached themselves to their keeper, and came when called by their respective names. Their lodging was in the farmyard, where they very soon took the lead, settled the quarrels of their companions, and punished the offenders according to circumstances. They exacted respect, and kept up their own dignity, ruling over bulls, cows, foals, &c., but declining at all times to interfere with the pigs. When their master walked out, they accompanied him wherever he went, and as they were not sufficiently pinioned to prevent their flying, they sometimes remained out for a whole day, although they invariably returned home at night. When a flight of wild cranes passed over, the two birds never showed so much as a wish to follow them. When the male met with an accident in breaking his wing, the female behaved with the most sensible affection, never leaving her mate for a single instant while he was ill; nor would she allow any stranger to approach him until he was able to go about with her. Not long after the female met with an injury which ended fatally. The male showed his grief, in return, by going about and screaming most piteously, and trying to raise up his sister;

and after the corpse was removed, the survivor went to look for her in every corner of the house, ran up and down stairs, and stopped at closed doors until they were opened to let him in, in order to satisfy his search. Not finding her anywhere, he left the farmyard for two or three days; then again was found, quite disconsolate and dejected, in the grounds, and allowed himself to be driven into his stall, where he stayed for a length of time. When the bird became full-grown, he continued to show a wonderful share of cleverness, far beyond any other feathered species. For want of a companion, this crane attached himself to the bull of the farmyard, which he accompanied wherever he went—marching beside the bull, or standing by when the animal grazed, and keeping off the flies. He followed him in and out of the stable, and when the bull did not make his appearance soon enough in the morning, the crane went to fetch his companion out. At times, when the bull stood still for some time in the meadow, the crane would run a little in advance, and begin to chase round about him for amusement; then again he would turn suddenly back and come to meet him, bowing most profoundly; and this became a frequent amusement to the inhabitants of the village, through which the couple passed on their way home in the afternoon of a summer's day. Some time after the crane became as serviceable as a shepherd's dog to the kine, and would not allow a single animal to stray. When horses were being harnessed for the plough, or put to any carriage, the crane placed himself before them, and made them stand quiet until the driver was on the box, or had the reins in his hands. It was of no use for the horses to attempt to move on, for the bird punished them sorely with blows from his bill, or spreading out his wings, stopped the way. The greatest attachment was shown by this crane to the cook of the family, who was in the habit of feeding the bird; and he made it a rule not to go to bed until she took him up under her arm and conveyed him to his sleeping department. When any one insulted the bird, he was unforgiving and revengeful in the extreme. One day when he was in pursuit of some insects in a neighbouring garden, the owner of the

garden gave him a blow with a stick, upon he defended himself most valiantly a succession of blows obliged him to. Soon after he took his station on a bridge led to the village, and over which the per question had to pass. Here the crane tained the ground, and at last pursued enemy until he was obliged to take she his house and shut the door. From th the crane remained the determined foe neighbour. The courage of the crane question was wonderful; yet on one subj was always accessible to fear, namely, he not endure the sight of any black n object, such as a black dog, cat, or crow his greatest enemy was the chimney-swe

#### THE CROW.

##### XIX.

In Scotland, the Crows, who take such care to keep out of gunshot on every day, on the Sabbath come close up to houses, and seek their food within a few of the farmer and his men, discovering recurrence of the sacred day from the and the discontinuing of labour in the knowing that while it lasts they are safe

#### THE ELEPHANT.

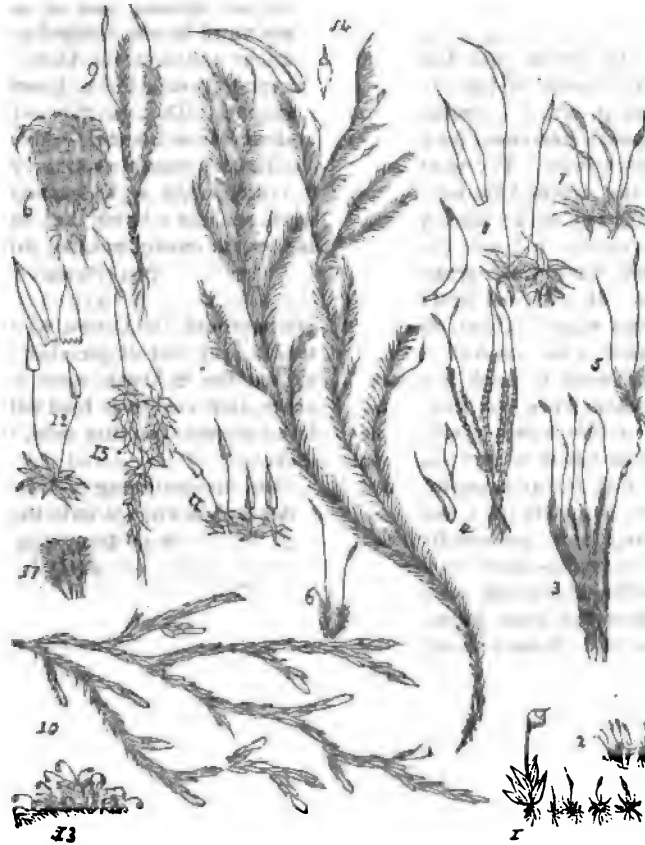
##### XX.

The Baron de Lauriston relates that an epidemic disorder was raging at Lu and the road to the palace was covered the sick and dying, the Nabob came the palace upon his elephant. His slave no effort to clear the road, or prevent poor suffering fellow-creatures from trodden on and killed; but the more passionate beast, of his own accord, lifted out of the way with his trunk, and with so much care among the rest, that were hurt.

Another similar instance occurred at Gapatam. An artilleryman fell off from part of the gun on which he was sitting such a position that in a minute the wheel of the gun-carriage must have over him. The elephant, which was standing behind the gun, saw the danger, and without any command from its driver, instantly up the wheel with its trunk, and kept that position till the carriage had passed over the man.

## THREE CHAPTERS ON MOSSES.

BY MISS MARGARET PLUES, AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD FLOWERS,"  
"GEOLOGICAL RAMBLES," ETC.



## CHAPTER I.

"And close behind this aged thorn  
There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
Just half a foot in height.  
All lovely colours there you see,  
All colours that were ever seen;  
And mossy network too is there,  
As if by hand of lady fair  
The work had woven been."

WORDSWORTH.

I cannot walk in the country, or even traverse  
an urban lane, or cross a disused court, with-  
out a variety of Mosses meeting our eye, whether  
we see them or not. There is no group of  
colorless plants, not even the highly appre-  
ciated ferns, that is worthy of more attention

than this extensive group of Mosses. To be  
found everywhere: on the city wall and garden  
walk, where cinders have been thrown, and  
where damp has gathered, as well as in the  
quiet greenwood, and upon the breezy hills: we  
can never be so situated as to be unable to find  
specimens.

And no plants are so easy to preserve for  
the herbarium. Ferns require much care in  
drying, lest the leaflets crisp before being laid  
in the press, or lest a branchlet be turned from  
its place, or in any way distorted; but Mosses  
need only to be laid fresh and flat upon the  
sheets, and in ten days' time they are fully  
pressed, without any fear of change. They  
flourish to perfection in a Wärdian case, and  
their being slow of growth is an advantage

there, not filling up the space with the speed of the redundant greenhouse Lycopod, which we sometimes see towering over the ferns under a small shade, and absorbing all the light and nourishment.

The structure of Mosses is simple, and very interesting. They appear first as a green film on the surface of the damp soil, and this film, when examined by the microscope, resolves into numerous grain-like cells, which put up a shoot from the point lying uppermost, and soon develop transparent leaves. Some species attain maturity, ripen their seed, and die away in a few weeks; but others live for a great number of years, vying with forest trees in their longevity.

Some weeks before the fruiting season of Mosses, you may notice their verdant tufts to be all covered with stars. These stars are formed of the spreading leaves on the summit of the branches, and contain in their centre a cluster of rudimentary leaves, secreting around their base viscid matter which contains microscopic bodies, sometimes of one, sometimes of two kinds, answering to the male and female parts of a flower. In process of time, one or more of the female atoms becomes furnished with a thread-like stem, the base or bases of which remain fixed among the socket of rudimentary leaves, while the capsule rises on the lengthening stalk. When ripe, this capsule consists of an urn, with a membranous lining; a column is situated in the centre of the urn; and the spores, or microscopic seeds, are arranged round it. The summit of the urn, and of the lining, terminates in a single or double fringe of four (or some multiple of four) teeth, all of which are turned towards the column until the spores are ripe, thus forming a single or double network across the mouth of the urn. Above this is placed a lid, which adheres closely while the spores are immature, and when they are ripe an elastic ring surrounding the edge of the urn expands, and throws the lid off. Over the lid, a veil is drawn, in shape something like a fool's cap; this falls off before the crisis which removes the lid, and disperses the spores.

Mosses are classified according to the situation of the fruit. The first division, being that where the fruit is borne on the summit of the plant, is called *Acrocarpi*. The second, which has the fruit springing from the side of the branches, is called *Pleurocarpi*. Some species of several genera, having their fruit on the summit of small lateral branches, are formed

into a third division, and called *Cladocarpi*. The number of teeth in the fringe, the manner of the opening of the urn, the form of the veil, and the style of the setting on of the leaves, are the points upon which the differences of genera are decided.

While climbing among rocks in the hill districts of North Yorkshire and Durham last year, we found dark lurid patches of dry Moss contrasting with the rich crimson tint of the trap rock columns. These were clusters of *Androsa Moss*, belonging to the first family, the summit fruited group. Here the lid never falls off; but when the mitre-like veil has disappeared, the urn bursts into four pieces, and the spores escape on every side.

Above the rocks, but still within hearing of the waterfalls which enhance their beauty, commence the wide moors—lonely, except on the 12th of August, or while the grouse tempt the sportsmen to explore their vast extent; dreary, but for the purple glory of the heath and the delicious breeze which sweeps over the hills.

Here, on these moors, we tread over a carpet softer and more elastic than the richest velvet pile; but let us beware when we find its white or ruddy colour exchanged for greenness, for there the Bog Moss, which forms all this thick sward, is still immersed in water, and we may suddenly plunge far deeper than we shall find convenient. The Bog Mosses are the most useful members of the tribe. They vegetate the most dangerous swamps, increasing quickly in size, attaining a great length, at last getting their heads above water, and in time filling the whole of the bog; while their debris, being quite indestructible from the presence of a kind of tannin in their composition, forms at last a safe stratum of dry ground. The tannin which, deposited by them, permeates every other substance in the same bog, preserves organic remains for a great length of time, and thus it is that many of the bog antiquities are hoarded. Meeting one day in Somersetshire a cart carrying a load of peat, we picked one of the clumps in pieces, and found it was composed principally of compressed Bog Moss. This group of Mosses is characterized by the leaves being placed in clusters on the branches, being destitute of roots, the fruit borne on short lateral branches, the urn without fringe, and the column being very short.

These is a group of Mosses belonging to the first division which deserves notice for the extreme minuteness of the species. One is before

resent, perfect in fruit and foliage. With aid of my Codrington lens, I can count three long narrow leaves, and recognise fruit-stalk and capsule; yet the whole only measures three lines! These are Earth Mosses; they grow on banks generally, and are characterized by the absence of any distinct lid, the bursting of the capsule and the evanescent duration of the fruit. The only common one is the ordinary Earth Moss. It grows on clayey soil where there is scant verdure, and in such places you may find its closely packed tufts richly adorned with sessile straw-coloured

or group, but one size larger, is that

We may find the species upon walls and dry exposed soil. In the latter situation look for the tiny common Pottia, whose size never exceeds half an inch, and is destitute of fringe or ring, and have a lid (fig. 1).

Related to the Pottia family is the tiny moss (fig. 2); the presence of a fringe is a pal point of difference.

Some species of Hair-mouth Mosses, *Dischidia* and *Trichostomum* (figs. 3, 4, and 5), are found in hilly places, and on freshly turned

the group of Screw Mosses frequent hills, and gravelly places. The Twisted moss (fig. 6) is very rare in fruit. It attains cushions sometimes a foot or diameter, of the most vivid green. Its fronds twisted, becomes more so in dry weather and it justifies the poet's description,

A beauteous sight, a hill of moss  
Just half a foot in height."

All Screw Moss grows on every wall, and on the edge of wall, old enough for moss habi-

tation (fig. 7); and beside it grows the larger species, the Awl-leaved Screw Moss (fig. 8). The more rare Fallacious Screw Moss (fig. 9) favours sandy and clayey banks, and the great Hairy Screw Moss forms dense patches on thatched roofs. These are called Screw Mosses from the spiral twisting of the thirty-two long teeth of the fringe. The Water Screw Moss (fig. 10) is a scarce Moss growing in streams attached to woods.

Trap rocks on the banks of the Tweed in Roxburghshire form a habitat for many Mosses, and here we found the Extinguisher Mosses (figs. 11 and 12), the large veil drawn over the whole capsule aptly suggesting by its shape the name for the family. Here also the hoary clump of the Grey-cushioned *Grimmia* (fig. 13) were studded with pale green unripe capsules, which drooped down again to the cushion by the bending of the slender stalk, like the heads of coy maidens.

The Seaside *Grimmia* (fig. 17) grows on rocks near the sea; it is characterized by the torn base of the veil.

Upon the loose walls in exposed moorland districts grow other Moss cushions, hoary as those of the Little *Grimmia*, but of an extent which may be called gigantic in comparison.

The Woolly Fringe Moss (fig. 14) has such long branches that it grows to a wide extent. I have taken cushions off the walls in Swaledale quite large enough for a door-mat. The characteristics of this family are a mitre-shaped veil, a lid prolonged into a tall cone, and fringe composed of sixteen long teeth. Some species we found growing at the foot of rocks in the Highlands of Scotland; others inhabiting swampy ground; all bearing a more or less olivaceous tint, and forming elastic sward, or pleasant cushioned seats on the low rocks.

(To be continued.)



# Columns for Young Men.

## WON'T, CAN'T, AND TRY.

### AN EPISODE.



It is strange to notice the difference there is in disposition, character, and success, between persons descended from the same family stock. Nobody could suppose that all the three fellows whose names stand up there at the head of this page could be descended from the same great-grandfather. Different as their surnames are, they all had the same family Christian name—"I."

Of the three, WON'T was the eldest—a misanthropic, glumpy old man, too. He was as rich as Pluto, and as suspicious as sin could make him. He had large parks, and family mansions, in which he and his family had entrenched themselves for centuries. The whole world was in movement around him. Old Won't would never budge an inch.

But Old Won't had no notion of the heavenly economy of getting rich by giving; many of his possessions were useless to him, and quite unproductive, that might well have turned in every year fifty per cent. He hugged everything tightly, and gratified and contented himself with the mere beggarly gratification of having. Obstinacy, ignorance, and selfishness—these were the old man's chief virtues, for virtues he called them. Scornfully he always passed by the door of the poor sick widow; savagely he grinned, and thundered "No!" when a piece of ground was requested of him for a mechanics' institute. In fact, the life of this surly old curmudgeon might be numbered rather by negatives than by years—it was one protracted fit of opposition. One answer silenced all inquiries: "Sir, I'm a blunt man; 'Say a thing and do a thing' is my motto; my name is Won't, and I won't."

And the consequence was, that there was "nothing stirring but stagnation" in the neighbourhood of the testy old gentleman. The cottages of his tenantry would have made respectable pigstyes in the time of Thomas à

Becket; and the intelligence and temperance of the cottagers belonged to the very bright and glorious age. To all scholastic improvement in which he was requested the way, the answer was, "I won't." "A sir, may I beg you to read these documents said a neighbour to him once. "I never I don't want to read—read I won't." was only one grim character to whom "I won't," who snapped his withered in the leathern face of the old human stone, and said, "But I will." It was Death, who insisted upon it that the gentleman should step into his boat, and visit other country. How he fared there, at his idleness here, who shall say?

A collateral branch of the family Won't was YOUNG CAN'T; and a weak, faced mortal he was, sure enough. At school, while other boys were, with industry enough, hard at their slates, Euclids, and grammars, this soulless little fellow looked piteously in the face of master and fellow-pupil, and murmured. "I can't."

It was plain enough that for such a character as this, or rather for one so characterless, automaton existence must be selected; it was difficult, for every profession, even the poor Flunkey the footman, required action, soul of some kind or other; in fact, many exertions were made to procure for poor Can't some decent situation where he could do without any labour. It was no use; he shifted to all points of the social compass, but there he stood on the old spot. The times the poor fellow failed in business is no use trying to mention; he was like in one particular—all the world seemed to leave him behind. "My dear sir," he would say, "you see this thing is altogether impossible; it is really no use trying: who can do anything with these times?"

He could never do without his profligate allowance of sleep; he feared both morn-

— they were both consumptive. Whatever he did, he had the happy sing at the wrong time, and putting it in place; and then came the ever-eloquy, "I can't." A nice way, too, of confusing everything he did. He where he was, and yet in such circles he always appeared most at home. him sitting with a pile of unrevised papers before him, and, as I went into the room, he cast upon me a doleful glance, deep-drawn sigh, and murmured, "see I can't!"

A very sickly young man, too; every-thing too much for him. "I can't bear it," "I can't attend to it now, but I have had my afternoon's nap,

no doubt about it—I have had it from authority—he might have married one of the best creatures in all the old country," as said she did cast some kindly words at the stupid fellow; but, happily for him, he attempted to put the delicate matter aside, said, "I can't," and gave it up in despair.

All persons despised the poor wretch, and had courage for himself or for others; he lost sight of, until the other day, in the rough one of the wards of a workhouse should I see, stretched on a bed, but poor fellow! It was evident his last days were approaching; idleness and poverty were his work. The nurse stood by his side, giving him a mixture from the doctor, invoking him to get up; he made many a wry contortion, "I can't, I can't," he said. His head and he died.

One of a different stamp was another member of the same family—the most modest and bold of all my acquaintance—TRY. Remarkable that, without any of the airs of the boaster of what he meant to do, he performed more than any one could have calculated upon his success as a course: there was a rough dignity and manner that bespoke self-respect, honesty, and courage. "Never despair"

was his constant motto. Difficulties beset him: he laughed at them, strangled them, set his foot upon them. He had no possession left to him, like Old Won't, yet he has been getting, I should say, well to do in the world; and he both gives more occupation to others than the old fellow in the course of the year, and his servants love him more.

He had nothing like the money expended on his education that was expended on Young Can't; but he knows more, and makes what he knows yield him a better interest; for he thinks that knowledge, like money, should be put out to interest. I don't know that we so often hear him say, "I'll do it;" but not a week passes but he says, "I'll try."

And he is such a cheerful soul. I have often noticed that those people who have the most to do are the most cheerful. While the life of Old Won't was a real burden to him, and was passed in an everlasting grunt—while the life of Young Can't was like a lounge, with the hands in the pocket, face as long as a fiddle and as white as a candle, and the breath only a fluid to sigh with—Try is always merry and cheerful; his very laugh is like the exultancy of conquest.


A school was wanted in the town where he conducted his business, but all the people said one could not be erected; said he, "I'll try," and the school was built. Can't was his neighbour for some time; but while Can't was tumbling over molehills, Try was climbing mountains. It was observable that he got through ten times the business of other men, and made far less noise about it. There was no setting bounds to the labours of Try. I declare we have not got a good or excellent thing in our village which he did not get for us.

He has lived a good while here now, and we all know him. He wins respect as he passes down the street. People never look at him but they see a walking, moving sermon. It will be a happy day for our village when all our young men follow more closely the footsteps of I'LL TRY.\*

\* "Self-Formation." By E. P. Hood. London: Judd and Glass.

# The Poetry of Home.

## Life-breathing May.

NCE, once again the spirit of the  
Spring  
The grateful Earth with all her bride-  
gifts dowers,  
And bearing wealth of blossoms on her  
breast,  
Smiles, Iris-crowned, upon a throne  
of flowers.

April—sweet, changeful, wavering coquette—  
Her bright farewell has smiled with half-  
checked tear,  
And sleeping coy within young Spring's em-  
brace,  
Leaves her green mantle to the opening year.

Now flits caressing o'er the red-tipped buds  
That loving cluster on the hawthorn spray,  
In hopeful dreams of the long Summer hours,  
The fairy spirit of life-breathing May.

The sweet pink apple-blossoms she thickly binds  
Playful around her brow, and the white  
pear  
And damson buds; and peeping from their  
leaves,  
Pure snowy cherry-blossoms wreath her  
hair.

See, bending low, the heavy lilac boughs  
Beneath the weight of their own fragrant  
flowers!

She weaves with sportive hand a cowslip-crown  
To glad the laughing school-girl's idle hours.

Rises to new life the flower-kingdom all,  
Tulip and daffodil, twin-sister pair,  
Wild rose and honeysuckle, meadow-born,  
And child-loved daisy, May's own darling  
fair;


A beauteous sisterhood; and oh, how sweet  
To us ye come!—how simple, yet how  
dear!—

As in the happy Eden-land of home,  
Greets the first baby-voice the mother's ear.

After her hour of anguish, so come ye  
After the Winter gloom our earth to bless,  
The guileless symbols of a joy to come,  
Prophetic harbingers of happiness.

Ah! thus may we, when life's young Summer  
Its brightness pales before a darker day  
With heavenward spirit ever wear within  
The changeless flowers of eternal May  
A. B.

## A Father's Hand.

WINTER day is closing, as  
shadows of the night  
Have fallen in the passage, where  
lamp is yet alight:  
My baby girl is near me; as I pass  
room to room,  
I trace her tiny figure—just a moment  
in the gloom.

My hand goes out to meet her, at the  
of my heart;  
There is no cry of wonderment, no heart  
start:

She clasps the hand she cannot see, and  
it for her guide,  
Content to trust it, for it keeps her  
father's side.

Ah, little one, how will it be when she  
yields to youth?

When life seems always summer time, and  
thinks all things truth?—

When you believe that every voice in pur-  
tones may speak,

Nor doubt one look in sunny eyes your  
eyes that seek?

And when, perhaps, beyond the rest, soon  
shall cherished be,

And eyes above all eyes beloved, on you  
lovingly,

How will it be if other heart and other  
than mine,

Shall claim to lead you where the path  
the bright sunshine?

How will it be?—I cease to ask; I rather  
that you

And I, and ours, may have the faith that  
the Ever True;

That we, in all the varied scenes of life  
ready stand

To grasp, in darkness as in day, OUR HAND  
FATHER'S HAND. G.



# Home Recreation.

BY AUNT MERCY AND UNCLE CHEERFUL.



**ENDING** the bright Summer months, when outdoor Recreation is so abundant and attractive, AUNT and UNCLE have judged it best to suspend their supply of *Enigmas*,

*ams*, &c.

When Winter nights again come round, hope to reassemble their Fireside circle, while they wish all their nephews and much outdoor enjoyment.

In suspension, it need scarcely be said, not affect the arrangements as to PRIZES; although Aunt and Uncle have a large sum in hand, they will still receive any additional original contributions sent to them, as of the *Editor, Worcester*."

## ANSWERS AND SOLUTIONS.

(See page 114.)

### I.

1. Gondolier. 2. Legate. 3. Alibi. 4. Doric. 5. Ion. 6. Terra. 7. Oration. 8. Negretti. 9. Gladstone. 10. Financier.

### II.

1. Vulcan. 2. Iago. 3. Cecrops. 4. Troy. 5. Ion. 6. Rebellion. 7. Imitate. 8. Albert. 9. Tennyson.

### III.

1. Walsingham. 2. Ida. 3. Nineveh. 4. Heretic. 5. Elai. 6. Son-in-law. 7. Echo. 8. Rostrum. 9. Sulla. 10. Hannibal. 11. Opal. 12. Owl. 13. Winchester School. 14. William of Ham.

### IV.

Length.

### V.

Any admirable "Noun Paragraphs" have sent. We have not space to insert them.)

### VI.

#### BOUITS RIMÉS.

Select one from six or seven excellent mens.)

[*Longfellow's Quadroon Girl.*]

Statue-like awhile she stood—  
Then with sudden flash the blood  
Mantled in the dark blue veins,  
As she clanked the hateful chains:

Down the swarth cheek big tears roll—  
Passed a shudder o'er her soul—  
And with quick convulsive breath  
Low she murmured, "Sooner death!"

SIRRAH.

## DEFINITIONS.

### Punctuality:—

"A spoke in the wheel of success."—REBECCA, J. F. O., and ANNIE R. S.

"A money-box for saved moments."

JULIA C.

"The scourge of the sluggard."—J. F. O.

"A debt we owe to truthfulness."—J. M. S.

"The essence of time."—C. H. H. and F. H. K.

"An immediate answer to the dinner bell."

E. B. B.

"A perpetual blister to the indolent."

MAGPIE.

"The watch that always keeps good time."

WILLIAM S.

"The pivot on which the wheels of business turn."—LILIAN E.

"The spectre that haunts the procrastinator."

M. P.

"Dinner to a minute, and all ready to begin it."—TERESA.

"Personified—the Duke of Wellington."

JULIA C.

"The twin-sister of order."—E. B. B., K. B.

"The timepiece of the commercial world."

ARIES.

"Victory in advance."—DAVID C.

"The Sun's chariot-wheels."—JULIA C.

"Often the beginning of great things."

TASSER.

"Time's multiplier."—E. B. C.

"Oil for the wheels of labour."—SAAON.

"Not the thief of time."—J. F. O."

"I wreathe with flowers

The fleeting hours,

And kiss them as they pass:

Each minute I snatch,

Each moment I catch,

Since atoms make the mass."

ANON.

"Advocated by all: practised by few."

J. F. O.

## The Home Library.

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*Them Also: the Story of the Dublin Mission.*

By the Author of "Holly and Ivy." London: James Nisbet and Co.

A NARRATIVE of facts connected with Mission work in Dublin. Let all who have any doubts respecting the reality and success of this work obtain this book and read it. The delineations of Irish character are admirable.

*Reflections on the Sermon on the Mount.* London: W. Macintosh.

"WRITTEN in private meditation, and without a thought of publication," this little book is the genuine expression of much experimental teaching in the school of Christ. It is not simply a book about religion, but it is a religious book.

*Life's Everlasting Victory.* By the Rev. W. KENNEDY MOORE, M.A. London: James Nisbet and Co.

GERMS of thought on many topics. We recommend this book to our readers who are given to meditation. It will help them to think. "The Seaside," "At Rome," "Among Pictures," "What are we?" "Homeless Here," are, amongst the subjects of these brief essays.

*Voices of the Soul answered in God.* By Rev. J. REID. London: Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a work of substantial value. Taylor Lewis, LL.D. says of it, "I would not hesitate to compare it with anything I have read from Isaac Taylor." The grand themes of evangelical religion are discussed in a manner that invests them with fresh interest for the believer, and also for the unbeliever. As a popular refutation of the broad theology of the day, it will be found most useful. We shall best recommend it by quotations.

### THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

"What are we to think of the existence of savages, with this theory before us? If the good in man is so powerful, why have whole races sunk even lower than the brute? Why all this, too, although a period of six thousand years has been allowed for human development? This is strange progress! The development is in ignorance and sin; it is downward, and not upward. A very curious fact is noted by Professor Guyot and others, that the further we depart from the cradle of the race in Asia, the race deteriorates physically. Hence the inhabitants at the extreme point of South America are vastly lower than those farther north. So the Bushmen of Southern Africa are even inferior to the Hottentots. And when we reach the dwellers of South Australia, we behold the lowest of the human species. Body and mind go down together.

We cannot see much force, then, in speaking of barbarians, of saintly cannibals. And what is these brutalized people can never lift themselves out of their condition. History has never witnessed the phenomenon of a community of savages of themselves into civilized, enlightened, upright 'The human mind,' in the language of Isaac 'contains no law of development taking effect under constant physical law. Development of the intellectual and social, is, in every individual and in nations and races, contingent upon the application of some exciting cause from without.' 'The expansion of the human mind does not place uniformly and universally, for this very thing that a causative power having been conferred upon man—and upon him alone, in the fullest sense the animal orders—no other provision has been made in his constitution for securing the development of his faculties. This inherent force is amply sufficient for this purpose, if it only be put in motion without.' 'The fate of the individual man symbolizes the history or the fate of nations. A tribe—a race, marked as the same from age to age by its physical characteristics, occupies or roams upon its unfurrowed allotment until the awakening from without dawns upon it; on such day dawns, the race becomes extinct, or it is removed to another that has received the quiver of visitation from a higher source.'"

### THE NEED OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

"The supernatural, then, would seem to be utterly necessary. Fully admitting that man is full of the divine within him, yet these are powerful forces which look up is now the part of wisdom. From above and a life must come down. Indeed, to be a Christian we ought to mention the demand for the supernatural as one of the divine vestiges of the soul. This demand often shows itself in a very peculiar manner—of the soul while thinking of the vanity of life, of a feeling of dissatisfaction with mere legalism, exacting it may be, in a sense of want that often comes after a man has done his best, and in a sinking sickness produced by the blasting of human hopes and the utter wickedness of human souls. Sometimes do not know what is wrong with their religious system which they adopt, or with the religious life which they practise; only this is true—they feel uneasy—they want something that is not what. The truth is, mere naturalism does not satisfy. The race has ever wanted a divine life. Even wicked men find a degree of satisfaction in the natural verities. Though practically they are nothing about them, yet their higher nature is satisfied. The Bible will ever be new, and ever fresh, the eternal and the divine run through it. Christian religion will never vanish away, be superseded, or be replaced by a supernatural redemption, and profound is the need of the supernatural."

very soul of the race. The Sabbath, with about God, man, and the Mediator, will till it loses itself in the eternal rest of mere day without work, with its philosophies, will never fully satisfy the sinners. Even simple ethical preaching will fail. The cry will be for a Power that man weakness, and a Saviour that can save sin. The thought of a great Presence is; the solemnity that spreads over the he Almighty is passing by; the stillness around when it is felt that the eternal work in human hearts—these peculiarities defy the spirit of man."

#### THE SOUL IN RUINS.

the strange conduct of our species. Here intellect—no conscience, and no heart. y creation without seeing God; he can see, and see nothing but man. Man has an animal, the animal from an infinity, the monad from a primitive ocean; the mother of us all. Life has sprung, and death is an eternal sleep! Here severing the head of a human being, and then drinking the blood. His dashed on the ground; his mother is kindness. There is a man worshipping of the infinite God. There is another; and having finished his work, he prays. Here is one living a beggar, yet dying of abundance. We behold art and poetry highest perfection, along with the deepest Science and sin are brought strangely ere are prisons with their criminals, le with their soldiers, and the greater human family finding their chief good in se. But it is useless to continue. Any that something is radically wrong. A ace shows that some mental and moral ken place."

*Electric Fireplaces*: a Treatise on the al Use of Fuel, and the Prevention . By FREDERICK EDWARDS, Jun. Edition. London: Robert Hard-

o doubt that the ordinary coal fire in every way, and that a small y of the heat generated from it is able for warming an apartment. e imperfect combustion, resulting luction of much smoke and ashes, at part pure carbon; the escape of products through the register, rned to no account whatever; the of the heat radiated at the top of is often as considerable as that in lastly, there is the singular fact vast majority of grates now in use, contain the fire are of the material at calculated to abstract heat, and it where it is wholly useless. Mr. akes out a good case for Fireside d we should like to compel archi-lders to study his suggestions and

But this will be a work of time. rs refused to believe that railways assengers at more than eighteen ur, or that the streets could be as. And similar incredulity now

refuses to exchange the old-fashioned grates for those made on the smoke-consuming principle. Let us hope Reform will precede the exhaustion of our coal-fields predicted by Sir William Armstrong.

*The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.*

*The Sea-Boy's Grave.*

Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

THE publishers deserve many thanks for this new and illustrated edition of Hannah More's invaluable "Shepherd." Like Bunyan's "Pilgrim," the "Shepherd" has a world-wide fame. If any reader has not read it, let him do so at once: if he has, let him try to promote its still more extended circulation. "The Sea-Boy's Grave" is worthy of its companion. For a Sunday-school gift nothing could be better.

*The Antidote to Fear*, with Illustrations from the Prophet Isaiah. By the Author of "Come to Jesus." London: James Nisbet and Co. THE Bible abounds in "Fear-nots." Faith is the greatest "work of God." Man has naturally faith in the world, the flesh, and even the devil. Grace inclines the heart to heed the admonition, "Have faith in God." But those who have faith are ever conscious of the strivings of unbelief and mistrust within them; and to all such we strongly recommend Newman Hall's "Antidote to Fear."

*Louis Napoleon the Destined Monarch of the World.* Twelfth Thousand. By the Rev. M. BAXTER, Author of "The Coming Battle." London: W. Macintosh.

THE author treats of "wonders" to happen between 1866 and 1874; but the greatest wonder of all is that this senseless volume has found twelve thousand purchasers. For ourselves, we could scarcely conceive a greater literary tribulation than to be obliged to read it through. One page has been more than enough to exhaust our patience, which we think is not small either.

*The King and People of Fiji.* By the Rev. JOSEPH WATERHOUSE. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

MR. WATERHOUSE has done for the Fiji Islands what Mr. Williams did for the South Sea Islands. The volume is deeply interesting. The manners, customs, and superstitions of the natives are fully described. The details of cannibalism ought to open the eyes of those who indulge at home in "day dreams" of heathen innocence and happiness. Mr. Waterhouse states that "the Fijian religion requires cannibalism." He had "himself seen and conversed with a monster who killed and ate his own wife." He adds that "the language supplies a word to designate the dead body of an enemy slain in war, which word (*bokola*) implies that it is designed to be eaten."

*The Love of God.* By HENRY JENNINGS, F.R.S.L. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

WE shall best introduce this volume to our readers by quoting Dr. Bonar's recommen-

datory note. He says, "It brings out vividly and Scripturally the great truths concerning the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, and illustrates them well by suitable anecdotes from many sources." It is needless to add more. The book is "got up" in the first style.

*Recollections and Remains of the late Rev. George David Doudney.* Edited by his Brother-in-law. London: W. H. Collingridge.

A LOVING task, ably discharged. Mr. Doudney's experience as a deeply-tried and deeply-taught Christian, will, we doubt not, prove suggestive of much admonition and comfort to the readers of this volume. We should take exception to a few passages in which we think Mr. Doudney has failed to note the balance of Scriptural truth. The universality of the Gospel message of Free Grace—the "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world" made on the cross by Christ's "one oblation of Himself once offered"—are most certain verities of God's Word: and although we as thoroughly believe that man by nature is "dead in trespasses and sins," and quickening grace is *essential* in order to spiritual life, we see no inconsistency in preaching after the apostolic model—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." He who bids the sinner "stretch forth" the withered hand, will not withhold the power. But the subject is too wide to be discussed here. The *practical* solution of the unity of the faith is best realized by us on our knees. As a book of Christian experience, we cordially recommend these "Recollections." Several photographs add to the value of the volume.

*The Position of the Evangelical Clergy in reference to the Book of Common Prayer.* By the Rev. H. A. MITTON, M.A. London: W. Macintosh.

SATISFACTORILY demonstrates the truly evangelical character of the Prayer Book. The Reformers had certainly no sympathy with Rome, and the liturgical services of the Church of England are the best exponents of evangelical truth.

*Miscellaneous Sermons.* BY ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A. London: James Nisbet and Co.

INCOMPARABLY the best sermons for "the people" with which we are acquainted. The author tells us, "This volume of discourse pretends to nothing more than to exhibit, in a plain and homely dress, the vital truths of Christianity—truths which were so stoutly held by the venerable fathers of our Church of England." What the volume "pretends" to do, it does; and, setting aside the diffidence of the author, we may avow our conviction that

he could not well have had a higher aim. The sermons are worthy of a Christian, a Catholic, and a Churchman.

*Tom Carter; or, The Ups and Downs of Life.*

By the Author of "England's Daybreak."

London: John F. Shaw and Co.

WE wish to draw special attention to this excellent book. It is a tale for boys going to service. Books of this class, sound in Christian tone, which young lads will really read and value, are not numerous. The clergy especially often seek such books in vain. Let a note be made of "Tom Carter," and if once given we think it will be often given.

*Expositions of the Epistles of the New Testament.*

By CHARLES DALLAS MARSTON, M.A.

London: John F. Shaw and Co.

"A MORE reverent and a more intelligent study of the Bible"—to promote this is the object of these expositions. The object as far as it is secured in the professing Church will be "as life from the dead." Sermons can be no substitute for Bible reading. A Bible-reading Society is as much needed as a Bible-giving Society. Mr. Marston has produced a work which will render essential service to the devout student of the Epistles of the New Testament. It is evangelical, practical, and scholarly.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*A Journey of Life.* By FRANK FOSTER. Elliot Stock.

*Sabbath Teachings.* Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

*Jehovah's Jewels.* Elliot Stock.

*Arthur Fortescue.* Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

*Life Lost or Saved.* Hatchard and Co.

*Bible Hours.* J. Nisbet and Co.

*Kings of Society.* Elliot Stock.

*Our Domestic Fire Places.* R. Hardwicke.

*Lyra Consolationis.* J. Nisbet and Co.

*Recognition of Friends in Heaven.* J. Nisbet and Co.

*The King and People of Fiji.* Wesleyan Conference.

*Them Also.* J. Nisbet and Co.

*Brief Thoughts.* Dalton and Lucy.

*Spain and its Prisons.* J. Nisbet and Co.

*The Pulpit Analyst.* Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

*Apricot Golding.* W. Macintosh.

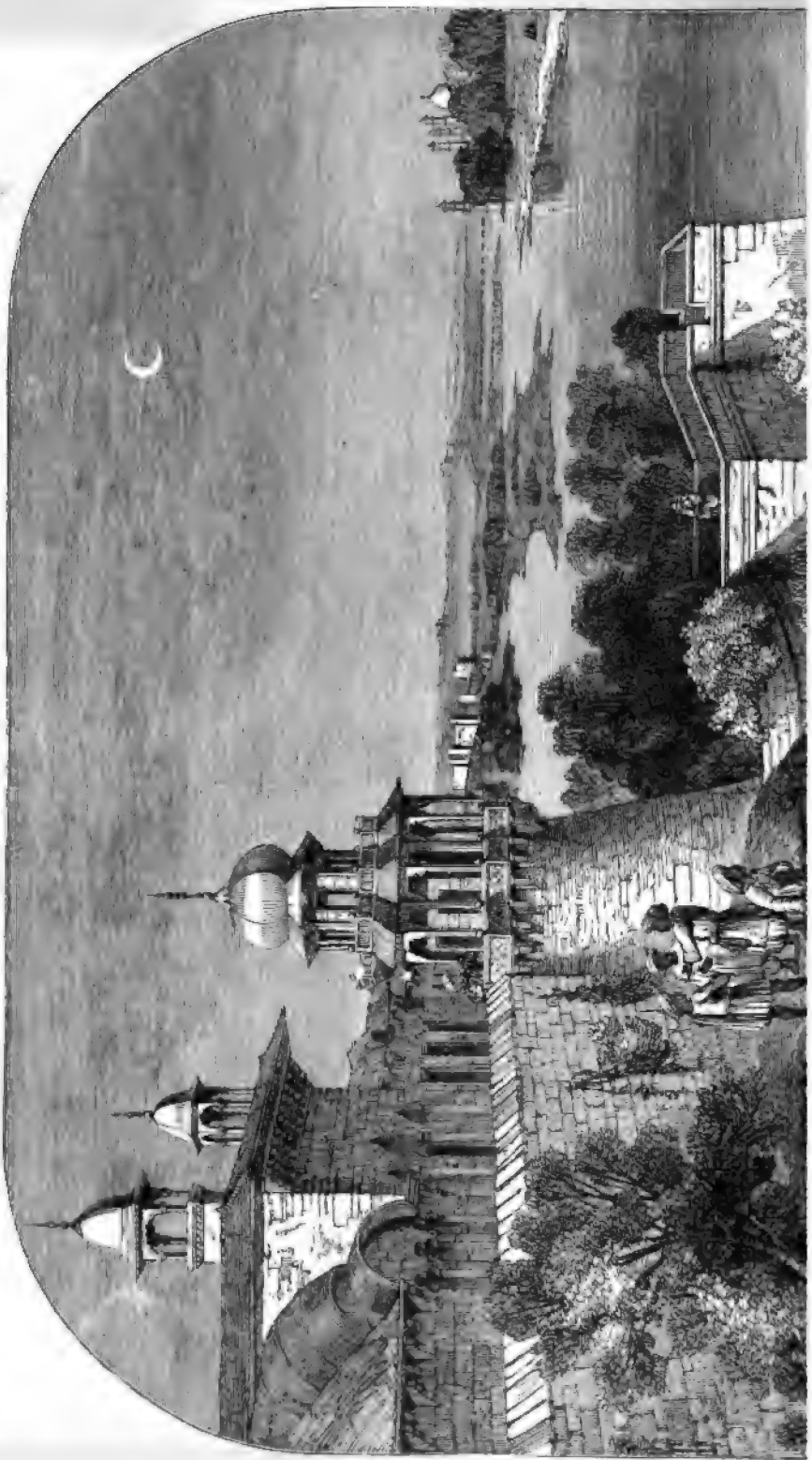
*The Sailor's Life and Example.* W. Macintosh.

*The Watchman of Ephraim.* W. Macintosh.

*What Jesus is.* O. W. Partridge.

*Tales of my Sunday Scholars.* W. Oliphant and Co.






# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER XI.

HEN Blanche Purvis returned to her home, she found a very different scene from that which she had just left.

Two strange watchmen at the door, one of whom asked her before he opened it to admit her and attendant.

"Where is our own porter, Davies?" cried hastily. "Is anything the matter?"

"That Mistress Bounds has been here, and Davies is guarding her until she can be taken to Newgate," replied the

watchman. "For what?" exclaimed

Blanche. "But she did not wait for an

answer. She flew upstairs, leaving Elsie to satisfy her curiosity by a little colloquy with the watchman.

From the effects of her anxiety, Blanche entered her father's chamber with her usual gentle and noiseless step. Nevertheless, who stood beside Mr. Purvis's bed, was aware of her presence, and made her to be silent.

She approached the sofa on which her father lay; and she was shocked at seeing him so pale and exhausted he looked. His eyes were closed, and he apparently slept; but when she moved, he seemed unconscious.

"What is the matter?" whispered Blanche—"Have you been ill?" "No," replied Oliver,

"but I have been alarmed," replied Oliver,

in the same low voice. "He will be better by-and-by."

"And I was not here—I had left him! What can have happened?"

Quickly Blanche glided from the room, and soon returned with Elsie Crowther, whom she placed to watch her father's slumber, while she beckoned to Oliver to accompany her into the adjoining room.

"Tell me what has occurred, Mr. Wyndham," she said eagerly. "If my dearest father has suffered from my absence, I shall never forgive myself."

"Mrs. Bounds alarmed him by her strange and violent conduct," said Oliver.

"What has she done? The watchman at the door told me that she had been arrested. I know not what for. I left her in this room to watch my poor father while he slept; and I hurried away with Elsie to have one more look at my dear friend, Kate Morant."

The cloud that instantly came over Oliver's countenance surprised and grieved Blanche. She coloured involuntarily, because she saw he was displeased, though she did not guess the cause of his annoyance. This only made matters worse; and he replied somewhat coldly,

"It seems that Mrs. Bounds was a very improper person to trust with such an office. I am sorry, Miss Purvis, that you persisted in going out of the house before the prescribed time. Had I not fortunately come in, your father's life might have been sacrificed."

"His life! Oh, Mr. Wyndham, tell me all that happened; and do not reproach me. I am sufficiently punished already—and yet surely I did right in going to Kate!"

Oliver could not look in her face and retain any feeling of anger. He could not meet those anxious, glistening eyes, and feel anything but love and pity. He replied more gently,

"Forgive me if I have distressed you. I have been greatly moved by what I witnessed; but I am very thankful that I arrived in time. I came to the house expecting to find you at home as usual; and I entered this room first that I might not disturb Mr. Purvis if he slept. The silence in his chamber led me to believe that such must be the case; and I sat down here, and took up a book, to wait until you should appear. By-and-by I heard quiet footsteps in your father's room; but it struck me that it was not your light tread. I also heard a key turned slowly in a lock, and then a slight jingling sound. All this seemed strange, and caused me some suspicions. The door between the two rooms was not closed; and on approaching it, I saw immediately that Mrs. Bounds was within. She had unlocked and lifted the lid of that chased wooden chest in which I know you keep many valuable articles."

"Ah! I forgot in my haste to remove the key!" exclaimed Blanche. "I never suspected Martha Bounds; and I knew she feared, even since my father's recovery, to enter that room."

"It seems that her avarice overcame her fears. One by one, she very softly lifted out of the chest several articles of plate and jewellery, glancing round continually towards your still sleeping father. Then she took a shawl from her shoulders, and she wrapped all her intended spoil in it, and set it near the outer door. That I might have full proof of her guilt, I still watched her actions. Presently she returned to Mr. Purvis's couch, and she looked very fixedly in his face, as if to ascertain whether he really slept. The thirst for gold had taken possession of her; and all other considerations—even that of personal fear—had given way

before it. I saw her hand extended towards your father's watch chain, and then hastily withdrawn several times. He seemed to sleep very soundly; and she took courage. She took hold of the chain, and endeavoured to draw the watch from the pocket; but then your father moved, and opened his eyes; and I heard him say in a faint voice, as if half asleep, "What is it? Am I dreaming? Who is this woman? and where is my child?" A demon seemed then to seize on the heart of the wretched woman. Probably she saw that she was detected; and one crime followed another. She snatched the pillow from beneath your father's head, as he attempted to rise; and then pressing him forcibly back on the couch, she threw the pillow on his face, and held it there. I heard him cry 'Blanche!' and at that moment I seized the arms of the murderess, and dashed her backward on the ground."

"My father called on me in his moment of peril, and I was not there to aid him! But God be praised that you were at hand! How can I thank you as I ought, Mr. Wyndham?"

And Blanche caught his hand, and pressed it in both her own, while she looked at him with eyes in which joy and thankfulness were mingled with painful emotion.

"You owe me no thanks, dear Miss Purvis," he said. "The only happiness that I can ever look for on earth must be that of being permitted to do some good to my fellow-creatures. If I have been so fortunate as to rescue your father from danger, and thus to make you happy, I am doubly thankful."

Why did his manner seem so constrained? and why did Blanche colour deeply, and drop his hand, and turn away? If each had known the inward feelings of the other's heart, they would both have been much happier.

"Tell me about my dear father," said Blanche quickly. "Was he at all hurt? I should like Dr. Graves to see him."

"I have sent for Dr. Graves," replied Oliver. "Mr. Purvis seemed at first so much excited that I felt uneasy about him. He could not understand what had hap-



and I was obliged to take Mrs. s downstairs, and lock her up in the sitting-room, and send for constables and men before I could return to him. I did so, he was more calm. I had and the stolen articles from the room, must be shown in evidence against ef. Your father had risen from his and was looking into the chest, and g to himself in rather a rambling r about the contents of it, and the g articles. I assured him that all af. He said they were all your pro-various things that had belonged to other; and that they were so precious thing could ever replace them. He for a long time, rather incoherently, events and places of which I knew g; and it was not without much diffi-hat I persuaded him to lie down and Then he soon fell into a deep slumber, hich he has not yet awoke. He was uch exhausted; I trust he may be when he awakes, and sees you near Your absence puzzled him greatly; ould not satisfy him. I could only hat you had gone to Mrs. Morant's; eared to tell him my suspicion. It have alarmed him."

he was looking rather contrite. She ginning to doubt whether she had ight in quitting her post for any e, however desirable. But the thought interview with Kate, and its happy ation, greatly comforted her. She not, however, make up her mind to iver Wyndham all that had taken

So she merely said,  
bound Kate Morant very ill. I shall ee her again in this world."

she re-entered her father's room, d by Oliver.

Purvis soon awoke, and his joy at his daughter close to him was very g. He tried to tell her of what had d, but his mind was evidently quite d; and he mixed up events that had ed many years ago, in a far distant , with those of the present time. e assured him that she already knew t he wished to tell her, and she

begged him to cease to dwell on so unpleasant a subject.

"You will not leave me again," he whispered. "That horrid woman will not come here any more, will she?"

"I will never leave you, father. No one shall come near you to harm you."

And she pressed her lips on his lofty, intellectual brow, that gave indication of powers and faculties that were now sadly weakened.

When Dr. Graves arrived, he saw that his patient was considerably shaken by the recent event, and he expressed his conviction of the necessity of immediate change of scene.

"He must not remain here another day," he said to Blanche. "I have sufficient interest with the magistrates to obtain permission for his removal, although a few days of the appointed time are still wanting. You must prepare to go into the country to-morrow, Miss Purvis. A friend of mine is going into Surrey this very evening, and he will secure you a quiet and comfortable lodging at Croydon. I will go at once, and make all the necessary arrangements, and early to-morrow I will come with such a vehicle as I may be able to procure, and attend you to the outskirts of London. Farewell for the present. Come with me, Wyndham," he added; "you may help me materially."

Oliver obeyed the kind, energetic physician; and they left the house together.

Elsie Crowther remained to assist Blanche in packing up such articles as she and her father might require during their temporary residence at Croydon; and she was of the greatest use and comfort to the poor girl. Her mind was filled with anxiety on many different subjects; and she sadly felt that she was about to leave some of those with whom her happiness was more closely connected than she would have cared to own.

In the evening, Oliver Wyndham returned to the house, bringing a composing draught for Mr. Purvis from the physician, and a message to Blanche to inform her that he had accomplished all his intentions, and should call for her and her father at ten

o'clock the following morning. He also desired that she would go early to rest, and allow Oliver to sit up and watch Mr. Purvis, who might possibly be restless from the effect of the shock he had received.

"Will you trust me, Miss Purvis?" said the young man, after he had repeated Dr. Graves's message. "I slept on my post once, you know; but I think I can promise not to do so to-night."

Blanche smiled.

"I will gladly trust you," she said, "for I must confess to being greatly fatigued; and yet I could not have left my poor father alone to-night. He has become so much accustomed to you, Mr. Wyndham, that I am sure he will be quite satisfied to see you near him if he awakes. Tell me what has become of Mrs. Bounds?"

"She is safely lodged in Newgate. Dr. Graves and I saw her taken from this house in proper custody; and you need not fear any further interruption from her."

"And will she be tried for this attempt at robbery—and worse?" asked Blanche, in a tone of pity.

"She will assuredly be tried as soon as the courts open."

"But not condemned—not put to death—I trust, Mr. Wyndham!"

"I shall be the only witness against her, and I will try to save her life for your sake—certainly not for her own."

"Let her live, if it should be in exile and captivity!" said Blanche earnestly. "If possible, give her time for repentance!"

"I will do all I can, Miss Purvis. I promise you that I will use every effort to save the wretched woman from a capital sentence."

"Thank you. And now we must persuade my father to go to rest. He hardly seems to understand our proposed journey to-morrow. I hope that it may prove beneficial to him."

"You will allow me to go down to Croydon, and inquire how he is in a few days, Miss Purvis?" said Oliver. "Dr. Graves will be anxious to know whether the change agrees with him—and so shall I."

"I am sure my father will be very glad

to see you," replied Blanche. "It seems as if you were quite an old friend now yet we have hardly known you a month. What a long, long month it has been!"

"You have suffered so much in the month that it appears to have been a longer period, no doubt," replied Oliver rather sadly.

"And I have enjoyed so much also Wyndham," said Blanche, looking brightly into his face. "I have had many mercies granted to me, and I have with so much kindness."

"You must meet with kindness when you go, Miss Purvis. But still I wish were not going alone with your father to Croydon. Have you any fears? Do you wish Elsie to accompany you?"

"I should gladly have her as my companion and assistant; but I have no and I would not take nurse Crowther from the work of mercy that she is engaged in. No doubt I shall find some one to me if I should require it; and your father is so gentle that I can make him anything I wish."

By-and-by Blanche went to her chamber, and Oliver took his station in the room adjoining that in which Mr. Graves slept. The invalid was quiet for hours, but then he became very restless. The image of Martha Bounds, and her murderous attempt to smother him with a pillow, seemed to haunt him as a nightmare, whether he wore asleep or awake. He pressed pleasure at Oliver's presence, and said that he could protect him from anything which Blanche could not; and also he would not have her see that dreadful woman come again to rob and murder him.

All Oliver's assurances that she was safe in the walls of Newgate prison were intended to give him confidence. The same nervous starting out of sleep turned again and again; and when he appeared in the morning, she was grievously see him so unrefreshed.

At the appointed time, Dr. Graves came with a light spring cart, which was the conveyance he had been able to procure. All that he heard and saw of his

de him more anxious that he should  
red as soon as possible from a place  
had received such painful impres-

t are you going to do with that  
iss Purvis, and with those other  
hat you do not take with you?"  
doctor. "A guard will be placed  
house; but still I do not consider  
place for you to leave any valuable  
in during your absence from

ended to ask you to take charge of  
cles for us, Dr. Graves. May I send  
our house?"

tly what I was going to propose,  
young friend," replied the doctor  
"Leave it to me; I will see that  
g is safely conveyed to my own  
he things that Mrs. Bounds se-  
her own use must remain exactly  
them; and our friend Wyndham  
a possession of the shawl and its  
until the trial has taken place.  
ou will entrust the key to me, we  
ce them in the chest, and keep it  
r you."

s thus arranged; and then Mr.  
s led downstairs, and assisted into  
which had been made as comfort-  
umstances would admit. He was  
, and very wandering in mind; but  
evived him, and he made many  
on the deserted appearance of the  
vn streets, and the ominous red  
at still remained on many of the  
Dr. Graves and Oliver, who walked  
e of the cart.

was very silent. Her heart was  
a reply to her inquiry respecting  
ant, Dr. Graves had informed her  
ung friend had, as she had antici-  
sed away from earth during the  
ore he could not tell her; but she  
at she had fallen asleep in peace  
pe, and that she should meet her  
a happier world. Also, she had  
s, and other sorrows and perplex-  
t some of those were buried deep  
sses of her own heart; and Oliver  
did not guess at their nature, as

he walked beside her, and talked hopefully  
of her speedy return to the metropolis.

Thus they proceeded to the southern ex-  
tremity of London, where the doctor and  
Oliver bade them farewell, and returned to  
their several avocations in the still diseased  
district of Whitechapel, in which they re-  
sided.

## CHAPTER XII.

IN the somewhat quaint words of a well-  
known writer, "The Christian should not  
only be like a cabbage-garden—extremely  
useful, but also like a flower-garden—  
eminently ornamental and lovely."

So thought Dr. Graves; and thus—in  
other words—he expressed his opinion of  
Blanche Purvis, as he walked back with  
Oliver towards the scene of their respective  
labours.

"She is the most sensible and right-minded  
girl—as well as the most lovely and attrac-  
tive—whom it has been my lot to meet with  
—one only excepted. Blanche Purvis  
always knows the right thing to do, and she  
always does it; and, moreover, she always  
does it more gracefully and more effectively  
than any one else could do. Don't you agree  
with me, Oliver? Why are you so silent and  
so absent?" continued the doctor, looking  
quickly round in his companion's thoughtful  
face.

"I agree with you most fully, doctor,"  
replied Oliver with a deep sigh. "I was  
thinking of Mr. Morant, and of his happiness  
in having gained the affections of such a  
woman."

"And who told you that he had gained  
her affections?"

"I think I may say that she told me so  
herself—at all events, her countenance did  
so, and that is as eloquent and as truthful  
as her words. It was impossible to mistake  
the interest she showed at every mention of  
his name."

"I cannot dispute what you say, Wynd-  
ham; and yet I greatly doubt Miss Purvis's  
attachment towards that man. There is no  
accounting for such fancies; but she is not  
altogether the girl I take her to be if she

has given her heart to Mr. Morant, and has been thinking of him all this time."

"She has known him for many years; and she may have loved him in her early youth, before her judgment and her principles were so well formed as they are now. No doubt she sees and regrets his faults—that I perceived clearly by her manner; but she may not therefore cease to love him."

"Very good reasoning, my young friend—always supposing that she *ever did love him*. That is the fact that I doubt, and must continue to doubt, until I see your theory proved to be true by some unanswerable event. You can cherish your idea, if it adds to your happiness," added the doctor, smiling archly; "and I, like an obstinate old man, shall hold to my own opinion."

So they parted; and each went to fulfil the duties of the day with minds more or less filled with thoughts of the past, and hopes or fears for the future.

With the cold winter weather the plague had gradually decreased. The new cases were much less numerous, and the proportion of deaths had greatly lessened. Many persons who had fled from the city at the commencement and during the height of the pestilence, now returned, and attempted to resume their business. Houses and shops were opened, and in some streets a little life and activity again appeared—so much so, that men wondered to see that so many people were left alive. The deepest despair, which had so long reigned throughout the metropolis, was now succeeded by a far less reasonable joy and confidence. This extended even to the sick, and no doubt tended to the recovery of many who would have sunk during the period of despondency; but the general result of this over-confidence could not but be injurious. Friends met, and embraced in the streets, who in the bygone months would have passed by on the other side. Even strangers stopped to converse, and to express their mutual congratulations on the happy change. The church bells, which had so long been silent, or had only uttered solemn funeral notes, sounded out joyous peals. All fear seemed to be banished; and as Oliver and the doctor passed through

some of the more frequented thoroughfares on their way towards Whitechapel, the men who wore ominous bandages, and whose aspect bore testimony to their still deplorable condition, shaking hands with their acquaintances as if all danger of infection were over.

This imprudent and foolhardy conduct failed not to produce a very disastrous effect; and although the plague did not burst out again with violence, it yet continued to spread, and many fell who might but for their own folly have escaped.

Every effort was made by the authorities to check the suicidal conduct of the multitude, but in vain. For weeks previous to the departure of Purvis and Blanche, the aspect of the city had been gradually changing, and the streets less deserted; and the magistrates, unable to prevent the return of the ill-inhabitants, gave orders for the disinfecting and purifying of the houses and dwellings. Every dwelling in which any one had died of the pestilence—and but few, comparatively, had escaped—was thoroughly white-washed and fumigated. Brimstone, pitch, and sulphur were burnt in the habitations of the poor, and myrrh, and benjamin, and other expensive perfumes were employed in the dwellings of the higher classes; whilst quantities of gunpowder were consumed in the blowing up of the thoroughfares to carry off the pestilential air. Large fires were kept burning in every house, and several dwellings were burnt to the ground owing to the thoughtless negligence of their owners.

On the day when Oliver Wyndham returned with Blanche, a very stringent order had been issued—which had already been divers times repeated, and partially acted upon—requiring the burning of all clothes, bedding, and furniture that were liable to harbour infection. Searchers were employed to collect the infected articles, and convey them to Finsbury Fields, or other open places, where vast bonfires were lighted, ready to consume them; and he encountered many loaded carts moving in the direction of the spots appointed for the purpose.

After he left Dr. Graves, he hastened

so lately occupied by Mr. Purvis; and his friend had anticipated, he sat at the door waiting to receive all such as might be condemned by the law.

He immediately entered, and with difficulty he secured everything new to be valued by the late tenants, the precious chest, which the old man was threatening to break open. The shawl, with all that it contained, had already been placed safely within the chest to remain untouched until it should be needed on the trial.

But Oliver cared to remove from the chest and place on a barrow, and taken to the old man's dwelling, under his own guard, and deposited in a place of safety;

the young man, though weary after a night of watching, and with the excitement of the previous day, did not go to his usual rounds. He could not sit down quietly to his work; for the image of Harry would rise up in spite of Dr. Graves's assertions, to mar the fair and pleasant picture. So he tried to banish his thoughts by an active occupation. Only when most exhausted did he return to his chamber, to encounter Elsie's approaches, and to try to gratify her with the dinner that she had prepared for him.

"Look very weary, Master Oliver," said she, as she set a daintily cooked dish before him. "Human nature cannot stand what you are leading, and I shall not nurse again soon, if you do not alter your ways."

"It is not much matter, Elsie, what I do now," replied Oliver despondently. "I have often told you that no one cares for me but you; and no one

"I have often told you, Oliver," she said, "that you are greatly mistaken. No man may ever love you as dearly as I. No one has ever had the trouble with me, ever since you were born. But there are others in the world who, like me, have their hearts of your eyes shining into their souls. You have no need to throw away

your life, my dear master; for you have power to serve God and your fellow-creatures, and to win happiness for yourself and others."

"My good Elsie," said Oliver, laying his hand kindly on her arm, but at the same time turning away his face to hide its conscious expression—"My good Elsie, your old partialities cause you to see me in much better colours than any one else can do. I have made up my mind to work on as contentedly as I can, with no hope of earthly reward or earthly happiness. You and I will live and die together, loving and trusting one another, even though every other joy and comfort may be denied us."

"You are ill, Oliver, or you would not speak in that way. It was not thus that Miss Purvis spoke of life—though, poor young lady, she has seen many of its trials and troubles already."

"Miss Purvis!" replied Oliver with a slight shudder; "she has indeed had trials. But she has prospects of happiness—God grant it may prove to be real happiness!—that can, no doubt, cheer her under all. If I can do anything to promote her welfare, she shall indeed be happy."

"No doubt of it, Master Oliver. I am sure you would do anything in your power to make that sweet young creature happy. She deserves it."

Oliver was not looking at his good old nurse, or he would have read her meaning in her eyes. But his mind was engrossed with his own plans for Blanche's future happiness, which were very different from those that shrewd Elsie Crowther would have devised; and he replied,

"She does, if ever woman did." Then he set himself seriously to discuss his dinner, like a man who knows that he has work before him to do.

"I will try to sleep for an hour, Elsie," he said, when he had finished his meal. "After that I must go out again. Miss Purvis's poor young friend will be taken to the awful dead-pit to-night. I must be with her brother before the fatal cart arrives. Leave me now, and rouse me in an hour."

Oliver fell into a deep sleep from utter

exhaustion; but he started up the moment Elsie re-entered the room, and taking up his hat, was about to leave the house. But Elsie stopped him.

"Let me put your warm cloak round you, Master Wyndham," she said, as she took the wrapper from the peg on which it hung. "You want as much looking after now as you did when you were a boy. The nights are cold and raw, and you look so pale and worn that I fear your exposing yourself to a chill."

"Thank you, dear Elsie," said the young man, with a sad but kindly smile, as he stooped to let her throw the cloak over his shoulders. "I will try to take care of myself for your sake." And he hastened into the desolate and dimly lighted street.

No sound met his ears for awhile; but as he turned into the street in which the Morants' dwelling was situated, he heard the well-known heavy rumbling of the dead-cart; and the sad cry which had for months echoed nightly through the stricken city—

*"Bring out your dead!"*

The great hearse did not now, as heretofore, pause at almost every house on the way. There were longer intervals now, but still there was a nightly work to be done; and still the dead-pits were kept open to receive their nightly addition.

As the cart drew near Mrs. Morant's door, Oliver heard a voice from an upper window calling to the conductor to stop. The voice was that of Harry Morant; but it was hoarse with emotion, and it added to Oliver's own sad feelings. He hastened on; but before he reached the door, he saw it opened, and Harry and a nurse bore out a slight form, carefully wrapped in sheets neatly folded round it; and an embroidered shawl was bound over the head. That had been the broken-hearted mother's last act, to shield the dead face of her darling from the rude eyes of the buriers.

Oliver approached Harry Morant, and he silently took the place of the hired nurse, and assisted the brother in placing the corpse gently in the cart. There were only two or three bodies there already, and the conductor said that he was going straight to the

burying-place in Aldgate, and should probably only take in one or two more.

"You cannot follow her, Mr. Morant," said Oliver. "Suffer me to do so instead. I will see that all is done as desired, as the circumstances will permit."

Harry Morant grasped his hand in token of gratitude, but he did not speak. The driver rang his bell again, and the hearse moved on; and Harry returned in his house to sadness and captivity, for the inmates of that dwelling would be forced to egress for some weeks to come.

Oliver Wyndham followed the curving hearse along the gloomy streets, which were partially lighted, as the little procession moved onwards, by the torches that were borne by the buriers. The waving, flickering flames cast a wild glare on each as they passed, and illuminated the red crosses, and the oft-repeated cry, "LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US!" that came from so many dwellings. But the light of the few passengers in the streets and lanterns did not then care to roam about at night, except from necessity, or for the commission of crime.

Not often was the dead-cart stopped at night; but each time that its load was to be taken to a new resting-place, Oliver took care that the body of the dead should be undisturbed. He thought of Blanche of her love for the poor girl who was now lifeless in that rude hearse, and he had risked his life to preserve the precious form from violence or indignity.

By-and-by they reached the field in which the pit was dug. They were guided to it by a few dim lights at its edge; for another hearse from another district had just discharged its dreadful load; and the attendant, casting a little earth, from the mound surrounded the pit, upon the bodies, to hide them from view.

It was the first time that Oliver Wyndham had visited one of these wide graveyards, and he shuddered and turned sick at heart as he stood on the mound, and looked down into the putrefying mass below; for many of the bodies were partially visible, and he saw that some of them had been divested of the little

which they had been committed to the greedy and rapacious buriers. He turned round to watch and guard the form of Morant; and, as he did so, he saw the wretched hirelings had taken advantage of his momentary absence from the grave, and were possessing themselves of the coffin that had covered the beautiful features. Yes, beautiful in death she looked—so white, so exquisitely fair—while the long black hair hung waving masses on either side, and the flaring torchlight.

His heart beat high as he beheld what he deemed an act of sacrilege. He sprang forward—he seized the scarf from the wretched thief who held it, at the same time thrusting him back with such force that he staggered over the rough ground.

His accomplice did not attempt to resist Oliver's intentions; and the young man succeeded in gently lifting up the lovely head again in the coffin that had been designed to veil her.

He forgot all fears of infection—he had long been almost insensible to thoughts of personal danger; and he held the slender form in his arms, and bore her to the grave; and with an inward prayer to God and its Redeemer, he cast it into the grave to mingle with its kindred clay. Then a shovel from one of the attendants, ceased not to throw earth from the grave until every trace of the shrouded form was entirely concealed.

He paused to take breath when his work was done; and he found himself almost alone. The carts were moving slowly away from the field, and only two men remained, who had been occupied in the same manner as himself, by the light of the torches that were stuck into the earth.

"This pit is not half the size of the first one dug," said one of the men, as he held his torch, and shouldered his spade.

"It is neither so wide nor so deep," said his companion, "and yet the other was dug in less time than it has taken to dig this one to its present height. Our work will soon be over, if the plague

goes on lessening at this rate. But," he added, in a low voice, not meant for Oliver's ear, "we may contrive to live for some time on our savings."

His companion laughed significantly, and nodded assent; and the two walked off together, leaving Oliver to follow or not, as he pleased.

He had no mind to pass the night by the plague-pit; and his only chance of finding his way back to the habitable parts of London seemed to be by following the light of the torches that these buriers carried. He therefore did so at a certain distance, for he did not wish to hold any communication with them; and he soon perceived that they were not returning in the same direction from which he had himself come.

Presently he saw a lurid light in the distance shining over the tops of some low houses, and surmounted by a broad pillar of smoke that rose up high towards heaven. Then he remembered the great fires that were to be lighted that night for the destruction of infected goods; and he resolved to follow his involuntary guides, who seemed to be making towards the nearest light.

They soon came in sight of the burning pile; and the buriers hurried forward, and were lost in the crowd of persons that surrounded it, many of whom were deploring the loss of their furniture and clothes, while many others were making daring attempts to rescue any article of value, and to carry it off, in spite of the efforts of a few old constables.

It was a striking scene—that pile of goodly furniture, and rich clothes and hangings, mingled with the squalid articles that had been brought from the poorest and most filthy hovels; and all sinking into the flames, and becoming one indistinguishable mass! while around the smouldering heap were groups of persons of various classes—many of them with the pale and livid countenances of recent disease, and many with features that betokened habitual crime and recklessness, and all looking somewhat ghastly in the dull glare of the burning pile.

Oliver Wyndham was disgusted and saddened by all that he saw and much that he heard around him; and he left the spot to return to his own district, and to seek Harry Morant. On his way he passed several other fires that had been lighted in the streets and squares, and where the same scenes of reckless greediness of gain were being enacted. He was glad when he found himself in the quieter and more deserted streets which had for some time been the al-

most exclusive field of his charitable. No parishes had suffered more severely than those of Aldgate and Whitechapel; hundreds of houses in each of them utterly empty and deserted, all the inhabitants having died, or the few who survived having escaped from the city; very few of these had yet returned; that district continued almost as ill-desolate as it had been during the height of the pestilence.

## OUR SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

### IV.—NELLY BROOMIELAW, THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

IN another letter from the Cape, Archie spoke not so cheerfully of the sea-voyage. "The wind that blows and the ship that goes" sounds more musically in a song than in a storm. Archie had suffered much from sea-sickness, though he made light of it, and spoke hopefully of being better when they should reach land.

Hans' letter was a lover's log, recording some incident or other almost every day, interspersed with ardent expressions of more and more devoted attachment to his longed-for bride-elect. As if some natural telegraphic agency had conveyed to him the family's reference of his suit to his father, Hans dwelt on "the delight with which the fond old man would learn his intention to marry, particularly when he told him the lady whom he had ventured to hope would share his destiny—the dear, kind, tender nurse on whose compassionate bosom their poor little Carl had breathed his last, and thought it was his mother's." He said, "My venerable father has never forgotten that touching incident of his dying boy; and the sight of my own dear Nelly in our Indian home will be a precious link with the dead, and draw tears of mingled joy and sorrow."

In some such strains, from day to day, Hans jotted down his fond feelings and joyous anticipations, dashed with that undercurrent of pensiveness natural to the manliest love separated asunder from the object of its devotion. These precious correspondences from

time to time, broke the monotony of months of waiting. Often as a shipward bound passed within hail or signal and Hans had their letters ready written for transmission; and as these were answered by Nelly, the letter to Archie always a joint contribution from each member of the family, the travellers would find a copious budget on their arrival at Calcutta.

The tone of Archie's letters gave them some uneasiness, as he still alluded, albeit slightly, to sea-sickness and his not thoroughly got rid of its effects. He complained of a "debility," which, he nevertheless wrote, he would "shake off at his first leap out of the shoreboat on to the dry land," playfully adding—"I feel as if I should conquer the old classic myth of Teos, gaining strength in his wrestle with Hercules every time he touched his mother earth. A week's rest on her quiet bosom would set me up again; I never knew I loved her so dearly as since the Herculean sea divided us." So his letters came on, with mingled humour and pathos, who was sick at heart but anxious not to trouble others so—least of all those he loved—therefore made the best of himself.

Thus the time rolled away, and the day was claimed at Calcutta. Hans wrote to Nelly instead of Archie, who, he said, was "worn out with the voyage and asleep." He added, "I would not wake him, though the mail-bags were making up for the sleep."



g to England. I beg you not to be at  
ed about him. He'll get back strength  
ur rapidly now he is once ashore.  
s often suffer from the length of the  
ut get themselves up again wonder-  
n." Then he passed on to bless  
suffering him to hope, and look for  
the day when he should return and  
pledge to be his bride. "As to my  
onsent, I wish that were the only  
hich puts us so far asunder. Expect  
ful sanction on our engagement by  
nail. We shall push on for Shahjee-  
n a day or two, if Archie is equal to  
ay."

frequent allusions to Archie's weak-  
asioned many misgivings among  
t the tone of Hans' letter on the  
s hopeful; so they committed their  
hie and his now dear companion to  
re protection, and hoped the next  
uld be less equivocal. After some  
ious travelling, the friends at length  
Shahjeehanpore—"the City of the  
the world," as it means, in honour of  
founder.

ow Hans discovered that he had  
without his host in counting on his  
oncurrency with the project nearest  
eart. There was another project in  
hy merchant's mind, with which the  
alliance interfered. He had fixed his  
heart on his son's choosing a wife  
e descendants of his own nation, to  
Vandenberg clung with a patriotic  
not unusual among the Hollanders  
d with any other nation). There was  
lished Fräulein, Katrine Rosenthal,  
of an old Dutch friend of Mr. Van-  
recently returned from Paris, who, as  
s and possessing singular personal  
s, Mr. Vandenberg believed would  
ay at once with Hans, and be a most  
atch for him. The two fathers had  
an understanding on the point, and  
passed his word to the other, and  
like had severally bound themselves  
y forfeiture in money, in the event of  
ing his consent to son or daughter  
g marriage elsewhere. So Mr. Van-  
ad written back, immediately he re-  
s Doctor's letter, to the effect that  
grateful to Dr. Broomielaw, and his  
d hoped he had evinced his gratitude  
st of the exertion of his highest in-  
o procure his young friend Archie

his valuable present appointment. But he was  
averse to any foreign family becoming incor-  
porated with his own; besides, his sacred word  
of honour was pledged to his compatriot, and  
and he could not, on any earthly consideration,  
sanction his son's marriage with any lady other  
than the Fräulein, his fellow-countrywoman,  
as he and her father, under heavy penalties to  
the contrary, had mutually covenanted and  
agreed."

After the first warm greetings of love and  
delight at his son's return had passed between  
them, and a hearty welcome to their hospitality  
had been offered to Archie, Hans drew his  
father aside, and asked his blessing on his  
union with Nelly Broomielaw.

"My son," said he, "don't press me on this  
important point to-day. To-morrow I will  
go into the business with you fully and  
fairly."

Hans saw by his father's manner, importunity  
would vex him, and put a restraint upon his  
impatience, both returning to Archie. But  
Hans was grieved at a hesitation he had not  
expected. He could not understand it, and  
resolved to get his answer, if possible, in the  
morning.

The day and the evening passed in mutual  
expressions of interest and endearment between  
father and son, not forgetting the kindest at-  
tentions to Archie, whose pallid face and wasted  
frame caused a feeling of sympathy throughout  
the merchant's household. At an early hour  
Archie begged leave to retire to his bed, it  
having been arranged he should live at the  
merchant's house for a few months till he was  
settled in an abode of his own. Mr. Vanden-  
berg and his son spent the remainder of the  
evening alone, and talked on far into the  
night. The shrewd merchant touched upon  
the wealth, the ancient Dutch lineage, and  
high standing of his friend Rosenthal, the  
father of the Fräulein Katrine, whom he  
wished Hans to marry. Incidentally referring  
to Hans' mother, he said—

"Your dear mother, Hans, you know, was  
English. Her father, General Winterborn, was  
my good friend, and my wife, now an angel in  
Heaven, was then an angel on earth. But my  
heart is in Holland, Hans. We must not cross  
our orange blossoms with another rose, lest the  
fruit-tree dwindle away in the shrub."

"Father, I have pledged my word to Nelly,"  
said Hans, excitedly.

"And I have pledged mine to Rosenthal,"  
said Mr. Vandenberg.

"You may break yours, father, with no heart broken by it."

"But not so, with no faith broken, Hans. Merchants place their good faith before fine feelings."

"That's no faith at all, dear father, which sacrifices fine feeling. You love old Holland, father; so do I; but you loved my mother, as I love Nelly, more."

"Hans, I would have postponed this discussion till after the first day of my son's return, but you force me to state I have sent Dr. Broomielaw my decision, and put it to his honour to support me in my own. In one word, I pity your infatuation, from which you will recover in time, but I never can nor will consent to your marriage with other than some Fräulein of our own Dutch extraction. You wouldn't merge the wealth of the house of Vandenberg in the haughty islanders who robbed us of our Indian colony?"

Hans was silent, though indignant; but there was something due to the old man's national prejudice—to his lifelong kindness and affection to himself, to his unbounded generosity on all occasions; besides, he was his father, and among the many excellent lessons which Hans had learned from Broomielaw's Christian training, not the least prominent was the sacred duty, "*Honour thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise!*" Hans' heart was in his mouth, to make a passionate, perhaps disrespectful, appeal to his father, but he smothered it, and hastily rising, pressed the old man's hand, while tears coursed down his manly cheeks, as he simply said, "Good night, sir," and went to bed.

Mr. Vandenberg looked after his retreating figure with a sigh. "That lad wants no mettle, except with me. I didn't yield to my father, on this very point too, as Hans does to me. Poor lad! but it will be for his good. Don't let me forget, though, how he took it. 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.'"

So the merchant mused, and reasoned himself into the conclusion that it was best for all parties he should be firm; and Hans found no subsequent opportunity to resume the subject, his father uniformly declining to discuss it further. Hans' term of leave expired, and he proceeded to Delhi to join his regiment, leaving Archie, still an invalid, in his father's charge.

Our narrative must now return to England.

Dr. Broomielaw sent for Nelly into his study one morning, and there in presence of her mother and brother, for the family were all of "one heart and of one mind" in everything which concerned each other's happiness, he placed in her hand Mr. Vandenberg's reply. Nelly read it through without a word or other sign of emotion except an increasing pallor of face; then returning it to her father, meekly said—

"God's will be done!"

The Doctor gently folded her to his bosom, saying as cheerily as a forced voice enabled him—

"That's just as a good lassie should take it. We are not going to beg the Dutch merchant to buy our precious jewel at any price. Fair Hans! the filial bairn's heart is, may be, bleedin' with your ain, Nelly."

They were not the most judicious associations to jumble together at the moment, but they escaped the artless old man just as they came uppermost. Nelly was more composed than he; she shed no tear. She kissed her mother almost cheerfully, as she said, "I'm a bad shilling that won't pass in India, dear mamma, so you must nail me to the counter here."

Sandie gaily said, "Never mind, Nell, let us be off to our work and see how the school-girls like their Christmas frocks; go, get yourself ready."

Sandie saw through Nelly's pretty simulation of composure not to distress them, and hit upon this suggestion to get her away awhile to herself and to her own unchecked, unwitnessed emotions. The sensible girl caught at the hint, and gaily saying, "I'll be ready very soon," bounded out of the study, across the passage, up the stairs into her own chamber, and then and there, but not till then and there, gave way to an uncontrollable burst of grief, the only words audible being—

"Hans, poor Hans! Lord, help us both to bear it, and submit our will to Thine."

Her separation from Archie was the first real sorrow of her young life, but this was the heaviest. She discovered how deeply she loved Hans, by the anguish of abandoning him for ever. Her plentiful tears relieved her, and still more so the supply of secret strength which she received during the interval of prayer. An eye of Divine compassion looked down upon the young girl kneeling by her solitary bedside, pouring out her sorrows at the feet of Him who changed the bridal water

into wine. Then she calmed herself, away the traces of weeping, and descended to study, dressed for her walk, accompanied by her brother on their joint visit of benevolence to the school-girls.

For the quarter of an hour she was busied in her work. It did her more good than a lonely seclusion of useless sorrow in her chamber. It was, to put it quaintly, to "work it off." It was a blessing on work for God and for man, which is not promised to the repining mourner. In the midst of her ministrations to grateful girls, Nelly was comforted by reflection that she was permitted to be good to others, and that the doing it did in no small degree her own dejection.

Her friends often said to one another, "The Lord bears her disappointment better than she could have hoped."

Her submission indeed really worked its soothing influence on Nelly's feelings. It recognized her duty in trying to forget her grief, and did it honestly. She had no sickly sentimentality in her wholesome mind, no sham of piety.

She believed it was the will of God that she should not marry Hans, and in a few months found herself resigned to what seemed her fate. One last generous farewell letter she wrote to him, and with that their correspondence ceased. Hans was away to the battle-field.

Except through rare notices of his progress in Archie's letters, two years passed without direct communication. To all appearances they had both fully and finally yielded to Mr. Vandenberg's authority, however painful the duty. It is easier to talk about than to do it; Nelly and Hans did without the talking.

It brought its influence on both, and in the change; he had been promoted to captaincy, had been favourably mentioned in the dispatches of the commander-in-chief, and had won a conspicuous bravery, where all were brave. Nelly meantime had tranquilly resumed her course of life and study.

Archie's declining health and spirits was a long source of trial to the family, and to Nell, whose attachment to Archie was the love of sisters. In all his illness he urged and entreated her to come to him, or he must return himself to die at home. He believed he should recover strength if he were with him. He lived in a solitude

rarely relieved by society, and except an occasional visit to Mr. Vandenberg and the Rosenbergs, whose pretty Fräulein reminded him of his sister, he languished for lack of congenial fellowship, and, as O'Connell called it, was "eating his heart for sorrow." A letter from old Vandenberg painfully added to their distress, for it described Archie's as a constitution unequal to the climate, and stated with much concern that he seemed to be unable to be acclimatized. It concluded with suggesting either a visit from his brother or his own return to Europe. Nelly would at once have volunteered to go, but her instinctive delicacy interdicted an act liable to misconstruction of her real motives. It would look she thought "like throwing herself in the way of the forbidden banns, if not thrusting upon Mr. Vandenberg a difficulty which was so far surmounted, if nothing untoward fell out to revive it. Her heart yearned over Archie; she would willingly and thankfully go out to India alone, if needs be, to comfort and nurse her poor ailing brother; but the world would condemn her, Hans' father and friends would assign unworthy motives; possibly dear Hans himself be subject to the renewal of a struggle between filial duty and his affections now happily at rest; and amid the conflict of so many elements of painful discord, her presence as the cause of them might be productive of more damage to Archie than any benefit her attention to him could compensate."

So the tender-hearted but high-minded Nelly argued, and finally concluded she could not, must not go; and all her family agreed with her. It was therefore determined, in case Archie's next letter from India did not give a more satisfactory account of his health and spirits, however ill-spared, Sandie should go out to him, and Sandie's assumption of the headship of the school should be deferred till his return. The matter being so arranged, the family resumed its wonted course.

Nelly and Archie's mutual attachment had been strengthened by many a fond memento from India. Among other oriental presents, Archie had sent her an immense number of the stuffed birds of India, of every variety of beautiful plumage, forming a complete aviary of Hindostan. These her brother Sandie arranged in a series of handsome glass cases round Nelly's study, the background stencilled with characteristic Indian scenery. As in this room Nelly spent the greater part of every day, she seemed to live in an Indian atmosphere.

The next letter from Archie spoke more hopefully of his health, and Sandie's departure was therefore delayed indefinitely.

In the affectionate correspondence subsequently kept up between herself and Archie, after his partial restoration to health, he continued to urge her to come out to him and be the presiding mistress of his Indian home. But of late months Nelly's own health had gradually become enfeebled, occasioning much anxiety to her beloved parents. They feared the disappointment of her first love had slowly undermined her constitution, though she assured them earnestly she had outlived its bitterness, and was really not suffering at all on that account, notwithstanding a general depression of spirits which she could not explain satisfactorily even to herself. She hoped, and they all hoped, she would improve when the Spring should open; but the Spring came, and her debility increased. It became so trying to her to make the least exertion, that at her urgent request her bed was removed into her little study, and for the next six months she rarely moved beyond its precincts, except when Sandie carried her up and down stairs to dine in the great family circle, which included the boarders.

She had now lost the use of her lower limbs entirely, and was as incapable of independent motion as an infant. The school boys, to whom her singular beauty and gentle spirit had greatly endeared her, whispered sadly to one another that "Nelly Broomielaw was dying," and many a boyish tear was shed in secret over the sorrowful anticipation of her early death. The best medical advice which the town or county could afford, was consulted in vain. Each new physician probed her with hosts of questions to elicit data on which to form an opinion of her case, especially entreating her to confess if there were any hidden unrequited passion corroding her young heart. But her ingenuous protests against that cause of her mysterious malady left them in the dark, as others were. At length she was reluctantly compelled to use Sandie as her amanuensis for her correspondence with Archie, and then for the first time the fond absent brother learned the serious nature of the illness under which dear Nelly was suffering.

Between, however, the receipt of Sandie's letter and the dispatch of Archie's last, a period of two months had elapsed; and Archie who had long admired, and secretly loved, the fair Fräulein Rosenthal, had made her an offer of

his hand, and had been accepted, in ignorance on her part of her father's engagement with Mr. Vandenberg. Archie's proposal was instantly declined by Mr. Rosenthal, who alleged his agreement with Mr. Vandenberg, and the result was her elopement and marriage with Archie at a neighbouring station.

When the incensed father disowned and denounced her, she nevertheless came boldly home, and asking his pardon, reminded him, that "had she tempted him to give his consent against his plighted word, it would have violated his honour, and forfeited the heavy penalty with Mr. Vandenberg, who perhaps was as anxious to be released as himself," she said; "consequently she had no alternative but to act for herself, in such a way as should shield her dearest father, and secure her own and her husband's happiness." The shrewd girl prevailed over the old merchant's anger, and he forgave her.

Oh, Archie, had your fears on Nelly's account nothing to do with this irregular matrimony? Did it strike you as unnatural, that the happiness of four innocent lives, your own being one of the four, should be sacrificed to the prejudice and whim of two ancient merchants, who had survived the generosities of youthful love? Were you decidedly of opinion that Messrs. Vandenberg and Rosenthal's secret bargain to dispose of young people's hearts and hands as if they were articles of barter, was not within the scope of legitimate commerce—a kind of contraband in fact against the laws of nature, which it became a loyal duty to said nature, to intercept, seize, and counteract? Did you allege "lastly," the irrefutable argument, which stood firstly in the real order of your train of reasoning, that you were a lonely, homesick bachelor, passionately smitten with the charms of the Fräulein, and penetrated with the conviction she could take Nelly's place, and create a home in your solitary household? that, in short, her father could do better without her than *you* could, and so you both saw no other alternative except contracting marriage? That's how Archie put it to his conscience, or at all events to his sister's, in his next letter, when he playfully congratulated her on the removal of what he believed to be the only real obstacle to her union with Hans. The next mail brought the tidings of his marriage and reconciliation with his father-in-law.

It was observed, with some surprise, and more anxiety, by her family, that this interesting news made little impression on Nelly. She

spread her hands, as she ejaculated the

" Bless my dearest Archie and his dear  
y they be happy, and help each other  
y to Heaven; then I shall see and  
there!"

" grew weaker and more worn daily, and  
ntly subject to strange paroxysms of  
h taxed her pious patience and sub-  
her heavenly Father's will to the  
till her meek endurance was wonder-  
pt in answer to her doctor's anxious  
he never mentioned her sufferings  
ms. She bored no one who visited  
schedule of her maladies, but always  
her pallid features to make the best  
and invariably diverted the con-  
rom the subject of her health to the  
f God, and the sustaining power of  
fidence in the Saviour. On one or  
ons of friends sitting with her, to  
mpany for an hour, she fainted from  
wering sense of weakness, but on  
herself again, her first conscious  
: : " Though He slay me, yet will I  
!"

" h her doctor reluctantly communi-  
r family his confident belief that her  
numbered, but advised as a last  
er careful removal to London, to  
best advice which the capital  
d; and an interval of comparative  
om pain was anxiously waited for  
to effect the doctor's suggestion.  
was so averse to leaving, lest she  
away from home, that none of them  
urt to press her.

" er must now accompany us again to  
to Shahjehanpore.

" wife had prevailed on her father to  
rith Mr. Vandenberg on behalf of  
; and Archie were both persuaded  
al latent cause of her malady was  
l that the merchant's removal of his  
n her engagement with his son,  
ore her to health, and, humanly  
ave her life. The two Dutch mer-  
in private council, after dining  
t Mr. Rosenthal's house, and we  
re, as Mrs. Archie Broomielaw did,  
eavesdropper, to report their con-  
The first part of it startled and  
Mrs. Archie, in relation to Hans'  
at distant part of India where his  
as now operating against the Sikhs.  
re at heart, neighbour, to have to

report bad news of your son Hans," said Rosen-  
thal.

Vandenberg turned sickly pale, as he tre-  
mulously exclaimed, " What bad news of my  
boy?"

" Very," said Rosenthal; he drew in a long  
whiff at his pipe, and as slowly and sorrowfully  
puffed it out again, like a sigh that had caught  
fire and was smouldering itself away.

" Is he ill? Has he been wounded? Is he  
killed?" tremblingly asked the father.

" He is worse—he is ruined."

" Ruined! who dares ruin young Hans Van-  
denberg?"

" The Jews—they hold his post-obits for  
more than even your estates could discharge."

" Post-obits! is it possible Hans has been  
making a money speculation on his father's  
life?"

" You did the same on *his*—you and I made  
the chief question of the lad's life—his love for  
the English Fräulein—a money speculation."

" Alas! we did, and I am justly punished,"  
said Mr. Vandenberg.

" I was more mercifully dealt with," said  
Rosenthal; " my daughter's involuntary dis-  
obedience saved her father's credit."

" Poor Hans sacrificed his will to mine," said  
old Vandenberg, with a proud sadness.

" He has sacrificed *himself* to your obstinacy,  
neighbour; your legatees will be a set of harpy  
Jews."

" No they shan't," said Vandenberg fiercely:  
" I'll settle all I have, to-morrow, on Nelly  
Broomielaw, so as there shall not be a shilling  
liable to her husband's debts, and leave poor  
Hans to her tender mercy, rather than give  
the Jews a dance on my grave."

" What do you know of this Nelly Broomie-  
law, that you should trust her with your  
monies?" said Mr. Rosenthal, suspiciously.

" She trusted her heart to Hans," said old  
Vandenberg, with another look of sorrowful  
pride.

" That was years ago," said Rosenthal; " she  
may have trusted her heart to some one else  
before now."

" Not she—she obeyed me like a daughter,  
though the very act cut off the only recom-  
pense of her filial piety. Such maidens love  
not twice," said Mr. Vandenberg.

" But she would not have Hans now—the  
spendthrift, profligate, abandoned prey of Jews  
and harlots."

" She *shall* have him," shouted old Vanden-  
berg, bursting with fury and self-reproach—

"Nelly will save him—will reclaim my Hans; but I'll tell her all the truth. The maiden shall not have damaged goods passed upon her as sterling articles. I'll inform her of his extravagance and vice—of his reckless course of life, and the debt and ruin in which it has involved him—and that he is both presently and prospectively a beggar to the Jews, incapable of benefit even by my death. She shall know all, and I will only add, in honesty to the poor fallen boy, it was his filial obedience to a miserly old father's will that drove him to despair. This shall be Nelly's test. I'll breathe no hint of making her the heiress of my fortune; that would be buying back her love for Hans. If she be the true heart I think she is, she will bid me send Hans to her for her forgiveness. And if she does forgive him, as she will, he shall carry with him her dowry in the devise to her of all I have on earth. Will that boat leak, neighbour Rosenthal?"

"I think you are bound to gauge a trustee first, to whom you propose to trust so much," said Rosenthal. "I can't say I approve of your making a stranger your heiress, and I predict you will alter your mind in this respect."

"Never," said Mr. Vandenberg, "those wolfish money-lenders shall never touch a stiver of mine. My money will be safe enough with the maiden in whose arms my little Carl

breathed his last. His memory will be his brother."

"Neighbour," said Rosenthal, "soles never know our blessings till we lose them; think they are lost. You are anxious to marry this worthy maiden, and believe him bankrupt in character as well as in pocket; ought you not to be thankful that you have given your son to her without a stain on his honour or morals?"

"What can you mean, Rosenthal? Is Hans not ruined?" said old Vandenberg, agitated.

"No thanks to you or me, neighbour, nothing of the kind. All I told you was what *might* have been, and, but for the will of God, what may be yet, unless we can repair the mischief which we might have done. Archie has just received a letter stating that his sister is dying, and her physicians have pronounced her case hopeless. Your counsel is too late to be of any use, but write and tell Hans to England to receive her dying wish, or he never will forgive you or me."

"Nelly dying! her case hopeless!" said Mr. Vandenberg. "I'll send a messenger to Hans immediately, giving him my consent to anything which could save her, and begging him to post, as for life to England."

(To be continued.)

### THE FAMILY A DIVINE INSTITUTION.

THE whole social system is based on the Divine Institution of the Family, and there is nothing in which the wisdom and goodness of God more admirably appear. The Family relations are the most important relations which exist among mankind. Human happiness springs far more from these relations, and from the domestic life which depends upon them, than from any other source but the Grace of God itself, and the Salvation which is by Jesus Christ.

Whilst man was yet in Eden, the rule was laid down that a man should "leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife," and it was added, "they shall be one

flesh." And the prophet Malachi, referring to the Jews for their transgressions of the marriage covenant, refers to this Institution of Marriage, and so of the Family relations: "And did not He make one? Yet had He the residue [or, the essence] of the Spirit. And wherefore one? He might seek a godly seed. Take heed to your spirit, and let it not be treacherously against the wife of his bosom (Mal. ii. 15).

Here, then, is the reason of the Divine Institution of the Family—God's own will, for it is stated on His own authority that He desired "a godly seed." It was a

s purpose in this Institution to make on for the maintenance and promotion iness among men from one generation her. Not that it is not fraught with yet great benefits to men, where ss is not found. The Sabbath, in inner, is an institution designed, above gs, for the maintenance and promogodliness; yet the wisdom and goodits Divine Author appear in manifold ages which flow from it, and of which ose partake in no small measure who o godliness of their own. But the tion of godliness is the great object f the Sabbath and of the Institution of ge with its consequent grouping of beings into Families.

it is not difficult to perceive how this tion tends to the accomplishment of bject, wherever godliness already

It is very evident that without married family life, there would be no on for the proper nurture of children years of their helplessness, and in lar for their godly upbringing. It is love and care of parents that we must look for this. Now, if parents are manently united together, in love to other, and in community of interests, children are placed in circumstances isadvantageous. The Apostle refers iffERENCE too well known, when He of those who want a father's care uning, as "bastards, and not sons." human beings need parental care far than the young of any kind of brute; e far longer helpless, and necessarily ent, even as to their physical wants; oreover, they need an intellectual, and religious education extended over derable number of years. Apart from ge and the Family, there is no probr this, and it is impossible to imagine er means by which it could be secured. icial schemes from time to time put y infidels, aiming at the subversion of nily system, are contrary to the best affections, and framed entirely in the s of the baser passions. It is no small e of the wisdom and goodness of that Institution, the declared purpose of

which is the promotion of godliness, that it tends also to the promotion of all those natural affections, which harmonize with godliness, and are next to it the best of all that fill the human heart or influence human conduct.

The fundamental law of the Family is a law of *monogamy*. Wherever *polygamy* exists, the beauty of the Divine Institution is grievously marred, and its usefulness diminished.

The whole Scripture is in favour of monogamy, from the first notice of Marriage in the Mosaic record, to our Saviour's exposition of it, and the epistles of Paul. Nothing can be plainer than the import in this respect of that text already quoted from Malachi. We find, indeed, in the Bible, historic mention of cases of polygamy even amongst God's people; and in the law of Moses provision is made against some of the worst evils which might be expected to spring from it; but we do not find any approval of it in the Old Testament, if indeed we do not find it absolutely condemned. But not to refer to any disputed text, we find a very conclusive argument in the general tenor of those passages in which reference is made to Marriage. It is worthy of far more notice than has commonly been given to it, how entirely the references to Marriage, in the Old Testament as well as in the New, are framed on the supposition that a man has only one wife, "the desire of his eyes," and to whom his interests and those of his children are above all other objects of regard. It is impossible to reconcile with the idea of polygamy, the frequent use made of marriage, both in the Old and in the New Testament, as the type of the relation between Christ and His Church. The forty-fifth Psalm, the Song of Solomon, and the Epistle to the Ephesians, speak the same language on this point. So likewise do all those passages of the Old Testament, and they are many, in which the prophets condemn Israel for idolatry under the name and figure of adultery.

There is also another class of passages, equally conclusive in the evidence they afford on this question, of which one is

the description of a good wife in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs; another is the exhortation in the fifth chapter of the same book, "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth. Let her be as the loving hind and pleasant roe; let her breasts satisfy thee at all times; and be thou ravished always with her love." Another is the promise in the 128th Psalm, addressed to the man that feareth the Lord: "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table." All evidently relates to monogamy; everything is at variance with the notion of polygamy. So that polygamy, however we may account or feel at a loss to account for its existence among the Jews, and for its being to a certain extent tolerated, appears as a monstrosity, a corruption of the Divine Institution. And the historic passages relating to it, show it in no attractive light. We see resulting from it the consequences which might be expected—family feuds and misery, whilst it is evident that the godly up-bringing of children was marred, if not wholly prevented.

Unquestionably, polygamy implies a deep degradation of woman, and, consequently, wherever it exists, it results also in the degradation of man. Whatever is pure and good is in a great measure, if not entirely, banished from the marriage relation; and it ceases to be helpful towards the cultivation of the better parts of human nature. There is no community of feeling, of counsel, of care, of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows; there is no place for that true affection which is strengthened by trials, and grows with years, and is undecaying in old age.

But the Divine Institution of the Family unites one man and one woman in the care of their children, from day to day, from year to year, in love to one another and to them, in watching over them, in teaching and training them, in praying for them. A blessed institution it is, which we may well contemplate with admiration and thankfulness, and the integrity of which we cannot too anxiously guard.

It would not be easy for us to tell how much we have been indebted to this insti-

tution. What knowledge of God we have, what good principles and right feelings in us, how many of us owe them to the father and mother, and to the sweet influences of that Christian home in which we spent our earliest years! How the sanctification of its Sabbaths in particular is made so lightful! The Divine Institutions and ordinances are all beautifully linked together, as may be seen in the instance of the Sabbath and the Sabbath. The sanctification of the Sabbath very much belongs to that life, the happiness of which it greatly promotes.

It is written, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it" (Prov. xiii. 24). It is too evident that many even of our Christians do not well appreciate the value of this promise. Surely, without the unscriptural doctrine of baptismal regeneration, as held in the Romish Church, we may find it possible to recognize a difference between the case of the children of Christian parents, and those of those who never cared to instruct them in the way of God, or to pray for them. We ought not to make it the ordinary rule and general custom, that children not taken from the world in childhood, remain godless till their earlier years, till some day of grace the prayers of their parents are answered; still less should it be the rule, that the labours and prayers of pious parents shall never have reward or return. We ought not rather to expect with confidence the blessing of a faithful and gracious God, the use of the means which He has pointed out? If there were more of this sanctification, there would be greater earliness and hopefulness in all endeavours, and we should see more frequently that fair specimen of early piety which every Christian must desire above all things to see, and which would become a beautiful blossom; the blossom would produce rich fruit.

Among all our thoughts of grace, of the work of grace, and the means of grace, let us give more heed to the promise concerning the training up of children. Th



likely a scene of the Spirit's work  
 per-meeting or the congregation;  
 ild that sits upon a parent's knee  
 nking in the truths and principles  
 ll govern the whole future of  
 e, and make it a progress to  
 ry.

e it can hardly escape observation  
 verful argument for Family Wor-  
 e found in the revealed reason of  
 Institution of the Family. God  
 r the promotion of godliness. He  
 a godly seed." The argument  
 irresistible, not for a mere form  
 orship, but for a constant practice  
 ly circle of all exercises of religion.  
 es which arise out of the domestic  
 nstitute a most important branch  
 l religion. Into this, however, it  
 posed at present any further to  
 rather to point out some inferences  
 t be drawn from right views of  
 and object of the Divine Institu-  
 Family.

can be more plain and certain  
 such views are opposed to all  
 ess. The Family is a Divine  
 , and licentiousness tends to the  
 of that Institution. All licen-  
 has this tendency: not only  
 out every form of this sin, even  
 usness which is expressed only in  
 ords, and that which never goes  
 e thoughts, but the inward har-  
 which makes a man vile, unfit-  
 or the fellowships of domestic life,  
 much as it unfits him for the holy  
 al fellowships of the great family  
 he seventh commandment may be  
 a fence round the Divine Institu-  
 Family; and, again, this Institu-  
 ts to promote the purity which is  
 bject of that commandment. The  
 the seducer, the debauchee, are  
 eepisers of God's commandment,  
 re conspirators against a great  
 of God, and against the whole  
 fabric of society based upon it.  
 onduct is opposed to the revealed  
 od; it is not only ungodly, but  
 e increase of ungodliness. Every

other consideration apart, this is evident  
 enough from that to which the Apostle makes  
 reference, in a text already alluded to, when  
 he speaks of the difference between bastards  
 and sons.

In connection with this topic, there is  
 another which demands attention—the pro-  
 vision which exists for the purity of the  
 family itself in the Divine law of Prohibited  
 Degrees. This is not the place to enter into  
 the question, what degrees are prohibited.  
 But the importance of the law itself, and a  
 thorough inquiry as to the limits which it  
 prescribes, will be apparent from a consider-  
 ation of its object—the prevention of any  
 thought or feeling inconsistent with purity  
 within the family circle. And when, in  
 favour of any particular relaxation of the  
 law, as hitherto embodied in human legisla-  
 tion, arguments are urged which are opposed  
 to the recognition of a strict Divine law  
 altogether, it is surely fair to regard the  
 proposal with suspicion, and to apprehend no  
 inconsiderable danger.

The practical inferences from the great  
 truth or principle dwelt upon in this paper,  
 are very numerous and diverse.

Perhaps not the least important of them  
 in the circumstances of the present time,  
 relates to the prevalent fashion of sending  
 children away from home for their education,  
 even in very tender years.

In general, where facilities for a good  
 education may be perfectly enjoyed at home,  
 this practice is highly reprehensible and  
 pernicious. There may be exceptional  
 cases, owing to some peculiarity in the con-  
 ditions of the family, or of the character and  
 disposition of the child, but they are few.  
 And too commonly, this evil custom is to be  
 ascribed to mere indolence on the part of  
 parents, or dislike to their parental duties.  
 Their children are to a certain extent the  
 objects of their love, but they are a burden  
 and a plague to them, and except that they  
 may amuse themselves a little with them  
 now and then, they remit them to the nursery  
 and the care of servants, and as soon as  
 possible send them to a well-reputed board-  
 ing school, and flatter themselves that they  
 discharge their duty. With those who lead

in this fashion, and whose example is followed in this as it would be in a new style of dress, the chief motive is an unwillingness to forego mere gaiety and frivolous amusements. But even in those cases in which the parents' substitutes do their duty best, there is at least a weakening of family ties and affections, and children grow up with little regard for father or mother, sister or brother; and this is a consequence which every philanthropist must deplore.

It must not be forgotten that the best part of education is domestic. Education does not consist in merely teaching to read and write, and work accounts, with Latin, Greek, French, German, music, and accomplishments of various kinds; but it is the training and furnishing of the mind—the training and furnishing of the heart. The modern system does not provide for these things, and that because it is inconsistent with the integrity and perfection of that emanation of Divine wisdom and goodness, the Divine Institution of the Family.

Only one other topic shall be noticed in this paper.

A family must have a suitable abode. Without this, its proper character cannot be maintained, its proper existence cannot be preserved. That the purposes for which

*Innerleithen.*

human beings are grouped into families be accomplished, there must be a suitable for every family. An orphan and living creature cannot flourish in a cold and beauty, straitened of room, or in an unwholesome atmosphere; and no more can a family develop itself aright, with full of family life to its members, in a house of insufficient size, and destitute of accommodation.

Tried by this rule, how unfit for the purposes of true family life, and particularly the highest, are the great part of the dwellings of the people in prosperous, and highly favoured Britain! Even in the most crowded districts, this is very much the case much more in towns!

Alas! how many families in our towns are crowded together in dwellings which are utterly unworthy to be called—as unworthy of the name as the hovel of the bark which shelters the African savage!

There is nothing which more urgently demands the attention of every patriotic philanthropist. And for the advancement of the cause of Christ, an improvement of the dwellings of the poorer classes is of importance to nothing but the progress of the Gospel itself.

JOHN MONTGOMERY,

### CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, AND HIS PARABLES.

CHRISTIAN SCRIVER was born at Rendsburg, in the year 1629. He studied at Rostock, was appointed deacon at Stendal in 1653, pastor of the Church of St. James, at Magdeburg, in 1667, and Court preacher and Consistorial Councillor at Quedlinburg in 1690, where, in 1693, he departed this life.

The honours and applause paid by his contemporaries to this richly-gifted minister of the pure Word of God, are almost without a parallel. Not only was he so precious and dear to his congregation at Magdeburg, that, according to his own public testimony at parting from them, they would, if possible, have "plucked out and given him their eyes;" but he inspired the warmest affection in Christian brethren, in quarters far beyond the narrow

limits of his personal labours, and frequently received from them addresses full of respect and ledgment and gratitude. The Queen of Sweden (at that time the first and most powerful Protestant kingdom in the world) invited him to be her spiritual guide and Court preacher at Stockholm, and wept and was incoherent when, feeling the infirmities of age, he was prompted by modesty and attachment to his flock and sorely afflicted fatherland, he declined the honourable call. The most eminent divines of the day also looked up to him with boundless esteem, and humbly yielded the palm to one who was himself the humble shepherd of them all.

Scriven's numerous writings were everywhere applauded, and devoured wherever the

was known and the Evangelical possessed living members; and the of them passed through numerous even after the author's death.

later period, however, Scriver was forgotten. No doubt this was partly the ascendancy gained by infidelity, more to the gradual progress made, changes undergone, by the German; while no one appeared capable of applying a helping hand in this to the truly classical diction of the

ared as if Scriver had had a presentiment of the fate of his books, when, in his on the "Clout," he says, things shall be alike to me, be they be they low: favour and affliction, and disgrace; whichever accords with t sweet and holy pleasure. Come on, oss me to and fro, up and down, on or under it, into the light or into the er. To me it is the same; toss me ou wilt, there shall my God find me, ce will He one day draw me forth."

exactly what he has experienced in ngs. He was tossed to and fro, up r, under the bench, and into the dark ut God has again brought him forth ight.

rks had disappeared out of the book-ops, when some stray copies of them, tirely decayed, and secretly valued by ers as the legacy of pious ancestors, ally despised, ridiculed, and rejected, he hands of some Christian and judi- a, who were not deterred from reading ining them either by the dust which accumulated on their boards, or yet artially antiquated language of the

They instantly felt that the Spirit nd of genuine Christianity breathed e sallow pages, and began to vie with r, and with his admirers of a bygone raising and applauding the author.

er," says one of them, "is luminous pine peaks when the sun rises in his ; sharp as the sword of Gideon, sweet and the honeycomb, gentle as vernal e glimmer of the moon, fruitful as a hich God has blessed, and Christian etle."

act all that has been said or written aise would fill a volume. We must ote a few detached sentences from recent biography of Scriver by Pastor

Brauns, written generally in a strain of almost hymnal panegyric.

"Scriver," it is said, "had no equal in his day. In the spacious halls of Scripture he wanders up and down, more at home than in his own house. He plays on its thousand strings, like David on his harp, without one false note. He is never *beneath*, and never *above*, but always at the vital centre of the Word. From that the stream of his discourse flows forth, clear as the crystal spring of Siloa, and strong as the flood of Jordan, descending from Lebanon through the flowery borders of the Holy Land. Scriver is always *before* God, *in* God, and *with* God. God is present to him in nature, in history, in every occurrence, however trivial and unimportant. A bird in the air, or flower by the wayside, every thorn bush he meets, arrests him; he cannot choose but stop and contemplate, adore and exult."

The suitability as well as the beauty of Scriver's mode of teaching by parables, need scarcely be pointed out to the reader of the New Testament. Earthly stories with heavenly meanings, ever constituted the charm of our Saviour's Divine instructions. He thus clothed truth in attractive attire. "Apples of gold" were placed "in pictures of silver." Familiar and common subjects and objects were made to act the part of interpreters of a heavenly language. Nature became the handmaid of Revelation. Dumb without an interpreter, so that the practical atheist rejects her testimony to a God, and the heathen blinds himself to the rays of light that would penetrate his darkened mind from the external creation: at Christ's touch, and by the Spirit's agency, the dulled ear regained its power of hearing, the scales fell from the filmed eye: nature became eloquent of truth. Responding to the Divine Teacher, voices innumerable from the heavens above, and the earth beneath, united, "a great company of preachers." The seed, the bird, the flower, the vine, the branch, the harvest, the sun, the moon, the stars—every object became significant of some spiritual lesson. The natural world, as it were, supplied the fount of types with which the words of Jesus were printed, in order that they might be intelligible to the whole human family.

"Never man spake like this man;" and after all that admiring criticism may say, and justly say, of Scriver's parables, in the presence of the great Master of parabolic teaching, we can only give him the place of a diligent and appreciating scholar, like the im-

mortal Bunyan in our own land. But that place he fills most worthily; and if the revivification of his works, especially his "Emblems," should tend to impress upon modern teachers the importance of emulating his example in this respect, the debt of the Christian Church of our own age to this illustrious author will be no common debt.

In order that our readers may form their own judgment, we have selected from "GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS" a few specimens. We hope the specimens will induce them to obtain and study the volume itself.\*

"The Emblems," writes Pastor Wimmer, "form a costly set of pure and genuine diamonds, three hundred and sixty-six in number, and each of them reflecting heaven. It is a book for all men, from the beggar on his pallet of straw, to the prince upon his throne."

We may premise that Gotthold is Scriver's *nom de guerre* in these parables. It is this imaginary Gotthold who sees all the sights and reads us all the lessons.

#### I.—THE VIOLET.

Gotthold having been presented with a bunch of blue violets, regaled himself with their delightful fragrance, and thanked God for the manifold kinds of refreshment which He provides for man. He also took occasion to express the following thoughts:

"This beautiful and odoriferous little flower furnishes a pleasing image of a humble and godly heart. It is a lowly plant and creeps upon the ground, but nevertheless it charms the eye with its celestial blue, and by its noble perfume far excels many of its more stately and pompous mates of the garden, such as the tulip and the imperial crown. In the same way there are persons who, in meekness and lowliness of heart, resemble the Lord Jesus. They thus bear the genuine hue of heaven, and are preferred by God to others who parade their spiritual or bodily gifts. The apothecary, too, extracts the juice of this little flower, and mixing it with melted sugar, produces a cooling and invigorating cordial; and even so the Most High infuses the sweetness of His grace into the humble heart, and so makes it the means of comfort and edification to others.

\* "Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things understood by Things that are made." Translated from the Twenty-eighth German Edition by the Rev. Robert Menzies, Hodder & Stoughton, Third Edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. We strongly recommend this edition. It is the very book for home teaching, a family treasury rich with the true coin. Whenever conversation failed or became unprofitable, we would suggest that one of the "Emblems" should be read.

"My God! it shall be my glory not my own glory, but Thine. I have not to be a gaudy flower, if I can only please Thee and profit my neighbour. Greatness does not consist in the mere possession of lofty gifts, but in using lofty gifts with a humble mind and praising of the Most High."

#### II.—THE CHILD AT PLAY.

A little boy was running about in an apartment amusing himself, as children are wonted to do. His money was potsherd, his house bits of wood, his horse a stick, and his child a doll. In the same apartment his father at a table, occupied with important matters of business, which he noted down for the future benefit of the trifler. The child frequently ran to him with many foolish questions, and begged one after another, as necessary for his diversion. The father answered briefly, and, without interrupting his work, all the time kept a watchful eye over the child, to save him from any fall or injury.

Gotthold was a spectator of the scene, and thought within himself,

"How beautiful an adumbration of the fatherly care of God! We, too, who are children, course about the world, and play at much more foolish games than do our little ones; we collect and scatter, build and demolish, plant and pluck up, ride and drive, eat and drink, sing and play, and think that we are performing great exploits worthy of God's special attention. Meanwhile the Omniscient is sitting by, and writing our days in His book. He orders and executes that is to befall us, and overrules it for our interests in time and eternity; and yet He never ceases to watch over us, and the sports in which we are engaged, that we may meet with no deadly mischief.

"My God! such knowledge is too weak for me. It is high, and I cannot attain it, but I shall thank and praise Thee. O my Father! withhold not from me Thy grace and inspection, and most of all at those times when, perhaps, like this little one, I am the fool."

#### III.—THE OPEN SMELLING BOTTLE.

Gotthold had for some purpose taken from a cupboard a vial of rose-water, and, after using it, inconsiderately left it uncorked. Observing it some time after, he found that the strength and sweetness of the perfume had evaporated.

re," thought he within himself, "is a emblem of a heart fond of the world, m to the impression of outward objects. ood does it do to take such a heart to se of God, and there fill it with the essence of the roses of paradise, which truths of Scripture?—what good to it a flow of devotion, if we afterwards to close the outlet—by which I mean, *the Word in an honest and good heart* ii. 15)? How vain to hear much, but to ttle, and practise less! How vain to ce within us sacred and holy emotions, e are afterwards careful to close the , diligent reflection and prayer, and so it unspotted from the world! Neglect d the strength and spirit of devotion es, and leaves only a lifeless froth

l Jesus, enable me to keep Thy word rely cordial in my heart. Quicken it Thy Spirit and grace. Seal it up also soul, that it may retain for ever its s and its power!"

#### THE CHILD LEARNING TO WALK.

ld, just beginning to walk, was exer- a feeble steps with the help of chairs hes, the mother meanwhile sitting at distance, and with endearing words, ght of the breast, enticing it to quit its id advance to her alone and unsup- This at last it did, cautiously setting before another, till it came within her d then, in an ecstasy of delight, fell arms.

old watched the scene with peculiar , and thought within himself, : beautifully is the Divine training of here shadowed forth! What else is stianity but the timid tottering of this ie? what all my perfection but im- on felt and deplored? what my strength kness? The Saviour, however, acts me the mother's part, attracts me with t words of His promises, uncovers the of His grace and everlasting consol- d opens and extends to me His arms. , then, Lord Jesus, I will creep if I walk, and will hold by Thy word. stumble, Thou wilt support me; when ou wilt extend to me the cross, and with it to rise again, until at length he place where Thou art, and with all knesses, anxieties, and wants, cast to Thy bosom."

#### V.—THE SILKWORM.

Gotthold, on being shown some silkworms, kept by a boy in a bandbox, and fed with mulberry leaves, thought with himself,

"And so it is a worm that ministers to men the means of luxury and pomp! I could wish that no ribbon were ever sold or put on until such a worm were shown and contemplated. Perhaps this might lead some to reflect how absurd it is for one worm to ornament himself with what another spins, especially considering that at last, with all his glory, he must become the prey of worms. For the rest, the silkworm obeys the instinct which is common to all the caterpillar tribe. When it has eaten its portion, and lived its time, it looks about for some corner in which it may lie down, unseen and undisturbed, and die. There it immures and envelopes itself in its web, and all the store which it has gathered serves no other purpose than to make for it a burying-place. Alas, ye children of men! you, too, eat and drink, accumulate fortunes, and strain every nerve to become great in the world; but all this issues at last in the necessity of choosing for yourselves a grave. Happy he who, from this insect, learns in time to forego temporal things, and bends all his thoughts to consider how he may at last die in peace!

"Thou faithful God! my chief anxiety is for my soul, and the best thing I can do for it is to wrap and clothe it in the fair white silk of Christ's righteousness (Rev. xix. 8). Grant that, like a beautiful butterfly, I may one day burst forth, and wing my way to the life eternal."

#### VI.—THE EYE THAT DOES NOT SEE ITSELF.

Gotthold proceeded:

"The eye, the noblest member of the human body, does not see itself; and piety and godliness resemble it, in being destitute of self-consciousness. Believers do not believe that they believe. The humble are ignorant of their own humility. The best and most devout suppliants have their minds so full of God, that they are not aware, and never think of the fervour of their prayers. The kindest benefactors have no recollection of the good they do, and are surprised when men thank them for it. The pious fancy that they have no piety, and are always fighting, striving, and exercising themselves to attain it—in which, indeed, growth in godliness consists.

"My God! never have I greater reason for suspicion than when I am particularly pleased with myself, my faith, my prayers, my alms."

## VII.—PALE GOLD.

Being shown a Spanish ducat which was paler than the common, and raised some suspicion in the owner's mind that it was not sterling, Gotthold said,

"So far as I know, there is a species of gold which is much inferior to that of Hungary in colour, though not at all in value; and of this your ducat has probably been made. At the same time, I am much surprised that all gold has not long ago grown pale and wan with fear and terror, considering that, according to a wise man's words, there are so many hands which seize, and so many hearts which seek it, for no other purpose but to confine and restrain it, like the worst of malefactors, in prison and in fetters; although, no doubt, this is done, not from hatred, but foolish affection. God has given us a brief summary of His commandments, and said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' (Matt. xxii. 37—39); and the devil, following His example, has also condensed his temptations into this one brief epitome: 'Thou shalt love gold and money with all thy heart, and soul, and mind; love it more than God, justice, conscience, and thy neighbour; and endeavour after it with all thy might.' Judge now which of these two commandments is best obeyed in the world."

## VIII.—ELECTION.

A person afflicted with melancholy, complained to Gotthold that he was often betrayed against his will into thinking of the decree of election, and that, when he considered how great the number of the reprobate, and how small that of the elect, he could not help doubting whether he belonged to the few, and had a right to believe himself ordained to life eternal. Gotthold said to him in reply,

"It happens to you as to foolish children, who sometimes, from curiosity or want of sense, mount upon a stair or ladder much higher than their heads can bear; and when they are once up, do not know how to get down again. I remember an instance of a child venturing out of a high window upon some boards which had been placed as a stand for flowers, and in extreme danger proceeding to his father's apartment, and looking in upon him at his studies. It is the same folly of which you are guilty: you venture into a dangerous place, and climbing to too great a height, wish to pry into the council-chamber of

the Most High. But, friend, who bade this? Reckon it for certain that these are phantoms conjured up by the devil intended to plunge you into misery, danger, and continual despondency. V Scripture says of the election of grace not to trouble and terrify poor souls by temptation, burdened with a sense and anxious for deliverance, but rather purpose of soothing their distress. I reason why God's only Son came down here on earth was that He might save the necessity of soaring on the dangerous thought to heaven, in order there how the Most High is disposed of us, and what He has decreed respect salvation."

## IX.—THE SPIDER.

A great spider had woven a circle spread it out, and, according to custom her place in the centre, where she lay for imprudent flies and gnats, of whom to make a prey. Gotthold observed,

"Alas! how like this vile insect worldly and covetous man, who weaves devices for the purpose of alluring the into his snare, entangling them into difficulties and enriching himself at their expense." "Yes," said one of his friends, "there is unfortunately, too many such characters sometimes I cannot help wondering how righteous God can behold with so much forbearance the presumptuous sins they commit, and the wrongs and oppressions they inflict upon the poor and simple; or how they suffer the unjust and ungodly to afflict and oppress holy souls, and press from them such anxious sighs and tears."

To this Gotthold replied,

"From what you say I infer that we never to occupy the throne of the Most High and wield at your will the thunder and lightning, you would scarcely find bolts enough to slay the wicked, and drive them to hell. It would be inconceivable how any one could take it into his head that God was too good to us, or could be angry at Him for not being angry enough, if we had not the instance of the prophet Jonah in Scripture, and the experience of it daily in ourselves collect that our thoughts are not His thoughts (Isa. lv. 8), and that He governs in a very whimsical way were we to make us His counsellors. The spider you see here, seated on her widespread

mous, and, as we first imagine, a useless re. The Rabbins tell us that King of old used to wonder what could have led God to create it. He was afterwards, however, that even such a contemptible can sometimes be of use; for when he sought refuge in the cave from the pursuit of the spider, at the Divine command, immediately spread its net over the entrance, so that the last thing which the king could have done was the concealment of his adversary.

There can likewise be little doubt that bees and other insects attract and absorb poisonous exhalations which taint the air; and this is the reason why physicians, in times of pestilence, recommend us to carry a spider in a nutshell, and suspended at our side in order that it might act as a sponge, and absorb the poisonous vapours. In the same way, the God of love has holy reasons for His forbearance towards the ungodly; and we may partly understand by careful observation, but in part, also, must leave to His all-wise wisdom. If we are true Christians,

it should be enough for us to know that His mercy and incomparable long-suffering are conspicuously displayed in the case of such wicked men. With a patience truly Divine, the Lord waits for their repentance, that He may save their souls; and though the injury a wicked man does to those about him may be very great, still it is only temporal, subserves their best interests, exercises them in patience and godliness, and is never to be compared with the loss of a human soul, which is what God seeks to prevent. If, however, the sinner refuse to repent, a time will come when, like a spider, he shall have imbibed his full measure of venom, vice, and wickedness; and then the Divine justice will pull him down, and tread him to pieces, with the whole tissue of his projects.

*"My God! there is no harder task than to own the justice of Thy judgments, and leave Thee uncensured in Thy marvellous ways; and yet there is nothing more conducive to peace of mind. Do, then, as Thou wilt: I will be dumb and look on, and wait with patience for the end."*

### ON TAKING A HOUSE.

Vivarium at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, the curious spectator may watch with interest the actions of the Hermit Crab in search of a new house. The corpus of the crab, which appears to be of a remarkable size and tender description, as it happens to enter the world without that crustaceous with which his commoner brethren are provided; consequently, he is obliged to seek habitation built by other architects, and the domicile he generally prefers is the spiral of some defunct whelk. It is the funniest thing to watch him looking out for a new

With his long claws he turns over the stones that strew the bottom of the vivarium; when he sees one to his liking, he tries it with the delicacy of a "swell" easing on a new carpet. He gently backs in with a toe, backs out, and tries a fresh method of entrance, and if it finally is found to fit, walks into the whelk-shell over stones and rocks with the most dainty manner. He is not satisfied, however, for as his corpus grows, the fit

becomes too tight, and larger premises are required.

How many of us are in a dilemma somewhat similar to the Hermit Crab! Our premises are getting too small for the increasing family; consequently, we have to crawl and poke over empty whelk-shells, scattered about the West End, to find one fitted to receive our growing and tender nursery. We don't know what the feelings of the Hermit Crab may be at trying on a new whelk-shell, but this we know—a change of house is a thing which disturbs us mightily. Even an old pair of slippers are not easily replaced by new ones. How much, then, must a sensitive man dislike to change his house, full of associations: where his children have been born and brought up; behind the doors of which you leave the marks of their growth; perchance in whose chambers yet hover memories of departed dear ones!

An old house so grows upon a man, that it is some time before he can believe in any other; it has been, as it were, a part of his being, and

he can no longer judge fairly of its defects than he could judge rightly of the defects of his own face. What a common thing it is to hear one friend say of another, "I wonder how he can live in such a place." Possibly he may have wondered himself how he could have done so at first, but in this instance familiarity breeds quite the opposite feeling to contempt. This settled feeling, which every man has, that, all things considered, his own house is the best within his reach, considerably prejudices him in looking out for a new one.

When you have really set out in search of a new house, how little the house-agent's catalogue tells you! What brave representations and what bare results encounter you! As well may you depend upon the auction stock phrase, "all that capital message," as upon the descriptions clever agents beguile the public with. When the hunt is not too much prolonged, there is, to some, a singular fascination in looking out for a house. To settle where you shall strike your roots for the next fourteen years is no inconsiderable matter. In a degree, it is like moving into a new country. What streets you will have to traverse on your way home, what is the look-out, what are the neighbours like,—all these questions which are anything but trifles to a man who will be exposed to their influences for years.

But the aspect of the house itself is enough, generally, to determine the choice of a sensitive person. Who, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, would willingly, for instance, take a home approached by a steep flight of steps? When a man comes home tired from his day's work, his door should seem to welcome him, instead of repelling by keeping him off until he has performed a certain amount of tread-wheel motion.

In large towns, and especially in the metropolis, no house is allowed to have a character of its own, either good or bad. Our domiciles are, like ourselves, too much alike. How could any man, possessing a marked individuality, take a house in Belgravia or Tyburnia, where whole streets of houses seem cast in moulds, like so many bullets? What a weariness of mind takes possession of a man who has to perambulate such neighbourhoods. The policeman, for instance, whose beat is along Harley Street, or one of those deep trenches—for they can scarcely be called streets—which run north and south, and see the sun but for half an hour in the day,—what vacuity of mind must possess him!

That our new neighbourhoods, thus finished all to one pattern by some great builder, are productive of a certain amount of mental disease we have no doubt. How infinitely preferable to such thoroughfares are those old straggling streets where different men have age after age moulded their houses into a hundred quaint and irregular forms. Even if the forms be ugly, they are diverse, and therefore a thousand times more interesting to the eye than the dull monotony of pillar and cornice, and pilaster, which the architect flatters himself represents the grace and purity of some Grecian order. If a man of intellect takes such a house, he takes it as a dog would seek a kennel—merely as a place to go in and out of; it represents no human thought or mental impression. From the difference of feeling the member of an old family must experience on entering his old house at home and his new house in town. This is an extreme case, but it shows how a man can stamp his own mind upon even brick and mortar.

If a man is on the look-out for a town house where can he turn in the hope of having his ideas fully satisfied? At South Kensington they are repeating the errors of Belgravia and Tyburnia; he feels as much a want of individuality wherever he goes as a bee among his honeycomb cells. Ground landlords measure out one's habitations into limited squares as remorselessly as the instinct of the bee packs together his domiciles into hexagons.

Any man accustomed to the rambling, irregular nature of country houses, open to the wind and weather on all sides, feels an absolute sense of suffocation at being boxed up in a square—crushed in, as it were, by the rank-and-file of houses on either hand, which seem to be continually dressing up to make the sense of suffocation greater. If fashion will crowd together, however, fashionables must expect to be pinched. Yet our great-grandfathers managed to combine fashion and convenience at the same time. There is an old neighbourhood, much beloved of lawyers with large families, which represents the *haut ton* of houses a hundred and fifty years ago. Great Ormond Street and Queen Square, Bloomsbury, belong to the period when farthing gales were so big that staircases were spacious enough for the passage of a coach. In Great Ormond Street, especially, there are some noble mansions—a little gloomy, perhaps, but stamped with the heavy dignity of the period they represent. The wainscoting of polished oak cedar may not be quite so lively as a French



but possesses much more character; for, the possessor was never annoyed to find his rooms were lined with exactly the same pattern as a score of new houses to be seen; and left of him. There is something, in the fine brickwork of that period which catches the critical eye. It was substantial without pretence, unlike our modern mansions, which are covered with a certain odious cement, which in fashionable London the appearance of a wall is moulded out of mud; nay, we need not see that the plaster is, in some cases, covered with road-sweepings,—hence the green vegetation which make them so hideous.

We must be content to live in streets and great towns; there is nothing more to be said about the matter; but there is as much to be said, we contend, between street and street as between face and face. A street may be as bright, damp or dry, hot or cold, as the manner in which it is built, and the direction in which it lies. We have entered our protest against the Harley Street class of thoroughfare, for the reason that it runs north and south, and rarely lets in the sunlight. But there is another class of street equally objectionable; and as the obstructions out of the cupidity of builders, it will be an increasing one. We have the tendency to build tremendously regardless of the width of the roadway. Take as an instance Victoria Street, for instance. To justify such elevations, the fare should have been double its present. As it is, the part that is finished with such a sullen, forbidding aspect, that the finished houses are unlet, and the people seem in despair at finishing the gaunt which stand so black and sunless on one side. Then, again, its length is very variable. A street of a mile in length, as broad, like Oxford Street, with shops, is long enough; but imagine, good reader, to traverse three or four hundred doors of the same knockers and the same of social distinction between servants and masters in the bell department, with the same style of windows and window-

When we seek the suburban districts, we are

met, for the most part, with the like sameness of design as we find in town, though of a different kind. The semi-detached villa is the height of gentility, fitted for genteel people with about £300 a year. How these genteel people can find any pleasure in contemplating a strip of forecourt, misnamed a garden on the strength of a stunted cypress tree not much bigger than a fox's brush, in a centre bed, and a wretched shrub or two at the sides, is always a mystery to us. Do the genteel people who inhabit them never grow sick of contemplating the rows of foxes' tails, as they pass along in the street? and are they not tired of the monotonous manner in which the laburnum trees join hands, as it were, over the damp garden walls? and do they not see the imbecility of having to traverse a meandering narrow slip of gravel path, laid out in an artful, romantic manner, with an eye to direct the attention from the ash-pit behind the laurustinus bush? From the thousands of such pretentious mockeries lining our great suburban roads in all directions, we fear these genteel abodes must exactly hit the taste of a very large percentage of the population. Better far a wayside cottage, with an ivy-covered porch, or a clustering jessamine, picturesque in its weather-worn walls, and tiles bright with emerald stonecrop.

As a rule, all good suburban houses rather avoid than seek to display their graces to the passer-by. If in your rambles you come upon some old place with its back turned, curmudgeon-like, to the road, be sure the sunlight plays brightly on the other side upon green swards and gay parterres. In house-hunting, make a point of looking behind these forbidding old houses as eagerly as you would get inside an old convent wall. In the neighbourhood of London there used to be scores of these old mansions—dull, demure-looking structures, generally of red brick, time-stained until they harmonized with the verdure around. At the side, perhaps, you would see the black branch of a cedar of Lebanon projecting like a witch's lean and meagre arm. These houses are disappearing fast, to make way for the snug citizen's villa; but a few yet remain to tell us of the stately tastes of those ancestors we are so apt to despise.

ANDREW WYNTER. M.D.

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

## THE PILGRIM'S REST.

Numb. ix. 18—23; Exod. xxxiii. 14.

So let it be!  
Not with reluctant foot, nor slow,  
Where'er Thou biddest, Lord, I would go;  
Only go *Thou* with me.

Watching for Thee  
At midnight hour, or bright noonday,  
The guiding cloud I would obey,  
Tho' strange its leadings be.

Learning Thy will,  
Thro' Beulah's land, or Marah's sea,  
E'en to the wilderness, I Thee  
Would seek to follow still.

On arid sand  
Unmurmuring I would pitch my tent,  
Thro' long, long years, in sweet content,  
If such were Thy command;

Or quit my home  
'Neath Elim's palms for Sinai's plains,  
In summer suns and winter rains  
A wanderer to roam.

For, oh, how blest  
In every step of life to know  
Thy "pillar" shall before me go;  
Thy "presence" give me rest!

Suffice for me,  
A pilgrim, weary and alone,  
To feel *that earth and Heaven are one*  
*If I abide in Thee!* 1854.

## THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

I sang that song long years ago,  
Life's sunshine on my brow—  
A loving heart re-echoed it;  
I sang that song—and *now!*  
Dark clouds have dashed the sunshine out;  
That loving heart is still;  
The "vacant chair" looks desolate;  
The lonely hearth feels chill.

No longer mine, my once dear home,  
Where hallowed memories cling;  
A wanderer in a wayside tent,  
Say, can I sit and sing—  
Sing once again that early strain,  
Of days, when yet untried,  
I asked to follow *cheerfully*,  
Where'er the "cloud" might guide?

My Father! help my quivering heart  
And lip to speak Thy praise;  
Whose tender, wise, unchanging love,  
Hath ordered all my ways,

And led me on from Elim's palms,  
Thro' sorrow's stormy sea,  
To learn what deep, unearthly peace,  
*May still be found "in Thee."* 1866.

## DESPISING THE CHASTENING.

"In vain have I smitten your children: they receive no correction."—JER. ii. 30.

This is surely that *despising* of "the chastening of the Lord" against which we are warned (Heb. xii. 5). I think we are too ready to conclude that this despising is a contemptuous and rebellious reception of God's correction. Whereas it is often only a receiving trial as *correction* at all—a making the best of it—fighting up against feeling its bitterness—enduring through the time of its duration, without seeking to know and learn its lessons.

The bitterness of the *feeling* of the sorrow under trial, expressed by David in the Psalm by Job, and above all by our blessed Lord, should teach us to receive, and recognize, and feel the chastening of the Lord, that it may not be said of us that we have been "smitten in vain," because we "received no *correction*." Not only is this spirit which *suffers* trial justifiable, as being no sign of rebellion against Him who sends it, but it is needful to a due understanding of God's purpose in our trouble. We are smitten for a purpose. If we do not feel the rod, it is "in vain," as much as if we felt, and refused to obey God's will.

"*Be still*, and know that I am God," is the first word of the message borne to us in every trial. "*Be still*"—do not struggle against the sorrow, the sickness, He sends. "*Be still*"—quiet, attentive, listening. Hush! all the world's bustle round you and within you, at this call, and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." No amusement, no pastime, no occupation, should supersede or precede this "*Hush*," with which we should receive every chastening of the Lord. *Then*, when we have recognized His hand, and the rod, and all its meaning, let us "*go softly*" forward in such a course for our comfort and relief as He teaches us.

MARY B. M. DUNCAN.

# asant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

## BLIND FRIDL.

A TALE OF ALSACE THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.\*

(From the German.)

BY MISS WHATELY.



T was about the end† of the eightieth year of the fifteenth century, when, on the Saturday before the beginning of Lent, the inhabitants of the town of Kaiserberg, in Alsace, a state of unusual excitement. Johannes the celebrated and universally beloved honoured preacher of the Cathedral in the y of Strasburg, generally known as the rberg doctor," was to come on this d Saturday to his native town, and the ome where, as an orphan boy, he had ceived Christian instructions from his grandmother, now long deceased. He preach the following Sunday in the berg Church, to the great joy of all his citizens, high and low; for all were in being proud of their learned and uished townsman.

early home of the renowned doctor was habited by his mother's niece, Mag-wife of Master Anselm, the imperial of Kaiserberg, who had on this after-is hands full of business, so eager was eeive his honoured cousin in a befitting r. The guest-chamber was aired and d, the great bed, with the red and white is worked by the grandmother's own was covered with snow-white linen, on the wall opposite, the portraits, as as life, of the grandparents, seemed to enigmantly down on the carefully-ar-l couch, as if to give their blessing to opeful descendant. In the sitting-room Magdalene carefully spread the great table, and set the silver goblet, engraved he grandmother's name and arms, op-the place of honour. At the kitchen stood the ancient serving-woman, Wal-

purgis, preparing to bake the Shrovetide cake the doctor used to love, for she had lived with his grandmother in the old days when he went as a young student to Freiburg; and she boasted that even then she used to prophesy that young Hans would become something great.

The weather was brilliant, the sun shone out cheerfully in the clear blue sky, the breeze blew freshly through the valley, and dried the muddy streets as if it had been summer. The elder and principal citizens had collected before Master Anselm's house to welcome their expected guest, while some of the younger ones rode to meet the carriage, to act as a kind of guard of honour, and the boys ran out with gay-coloured banners, trumpets, pipes, and masks, to add to the show.

In the midst of this gay and motley crowd, which was collecting on the city bridge, stood poor blind Fridli, led by his black poodle dog. He was scarcely twenty years of age, slender, tall, and strong-limbed; but his face and closed eyes were fearfully disfigured by the marks of smallpox. He had been born in Breisgau (a district of the Black Forest), and had been a herdsman in the service of the Lords of Morsberg; but he had lately sickened with smallpox, which had destroyed his sight: and now, with his black dog Waldmann, and a lyre, which had been given him from Morsberg, he wandered about the country begging. He had a very sweet and melodious voice, and sang the gay or mournful ballads that were in vogue at the time, to attract the passers-by. While resting at some house of refuge for wayfarers, he had heard of the triumphal procession in honour of the great Kaiserberg doctor, and the preaching in the church on Sunday; and in hopes of getting some alms at the church

\* The principal personages in this tale are historical.

† It must be remembered that in the old style the year began in March.

door, he made his way to Kaiserberg, guided by his faithful dog and some goodnatured passers-by.

But instead of the looked-for gain, poor Fridli was to meet with sore trouble. His poor disfigured face brought rude mockery on him, and while he played and sang his merry songs to the rough, riotous boys around him, he could have wept in his inmost soul, for not a penny had fallen into the old cap which Waldmann held in his mouth as he sat up on his hind legs to beg.

But now was heard the cry, "The doctor's carriage!" and as the throng hurried to the city gate, poor Fridli tried to move on, in hopes of getting an alms from the good man, who was known as a friend to the poor. But a mischievous boy had secretly cut the string by which he led his dog: in vain the good creature tugged at his master's trousers to lead him right; the poor youth, bewildered and a stranger in the place, made a false step from the stone bridge, twisted his foot, and fell just on the edge of the castle moat with a sharp cry of pain and terror.

Little Matthis, Dame Magdalene's eldest boy, who had run out with his playfellows to watch for the doctor, heard the cry, turned round, and seeing the blind youth lying at the edge of the moat, left his companions and ran to help him. But the little fellow was not strong enough to lift the poor boy, and though Fridli could raise himself with an effort, he could not stand on the sprained foot. What was to be done? The street, so crowded a moment before, was now cleared, and little Matthis was alone with Fridli. Suddenly the child remembered that his godmother Ursula's house was close by the city gate; and he said to his groaning companion, "Wait a little, I will fetch Conrad [the servant], and he will lift you up."

Mistress Ursula was so well known and esteemed in the good town of Kaiserberg that there was scarcely a family where it had not been her office to hold a child at the font. From her holding this relation of godmother to so many, she was given the title of "godmother" by young and old. She was the youngest daughter of Doctor Geiler's grandparents, and had watched over and tended her nephew from his earliest years. She was a generous, good-hearted woman, who spent half her income on monks, friars, and church claims generally, and gave bread and porridge twice a week to the poor; but as she had advanced in life,

she had become such a slave to her own passion for cleanliness, order, and regularity, that the slightest interruption to the appointed course of the day was distressing to her, and no one but her favourite little Matthis was able, at times, to persuade her to break through one of her rules. This day she was arrayed in her dress of state, a rare event with her, to do honour to her illustrious nephew, when little Matthis came running breathless in.

"But, child!" cried his godmother, while she smoothed his hair out of his eyes, and wiped his face with her handkerchief, "what a figure you are! You have been running wild, I am sure, and you won't rest till you have caught cold in this sharp wind, and got quite ill."

"Godmother," answered the little fellow, not quite knowing how to bring out his request, "only think! somebody has cut the string of poor blind Fridli's dog, and the poor boy has nearly fallen into the castle moat, and has hurt himself badly."

"The poor creature! How can boys be so cruel! Conrad must directly bring him another string, and give him alms."

"That won't help him, godmother. Only think! he can't stand on his foot, it hurts him so. May not Conrad take the great wheelbarrow and put Fridli in, that you may bind up his poor foot?"

"Are you out of your senses, Mattie? My house isn't a hospital."

"But, godmother, it will soon be dark, and father says it will be very cold to-night, and blind Fridli can't lie out the whole night by the castle moat with his bad foot—no, godmother, he can't do that, and you must fetch him here."

"And if Conrad does fetch him, and I look to his foot, what is to be done afterwards?"

"Why, you must have straw laid in the barn, have him brought there, and keep him till he is able to walk."

"No, no, child, I cannot do this, you must not ask such a thing," said the godmother, quite dismayed. "You wouldn't force me to have a blind beggar, a common tramp, taken into my house?"

"Oh, yes, yes, grandmother, I am sure you will take him!" said the child, coaxingly. "You'll take him, I know, for God's sake, and you will have your reward in Heaven, as mother says!"

And so saying, he ran into the stable to his good friend Conrad, and was on his way to Fridli with the servant and the wheelbarrow

godmother could collect her thoughts by to refuse.

While she moved about the house in the perplexity, saying to herself, "That monkey makes me do whatever he

was not hard-hearted—but the idea of to take the blind beggar, perhaps with rags and filth, into her nice, clean, stable, and to bind up and touch his foot—and she in her best Sunday frock, that could not be expected of her; promised her conscience, which was giving better thoughts to her, that she should give a dollar and get the blind led by the Beguines or the monks, who were for the sick.

While the wheelbarrow, with poor Fridli seated forward by Conrad, and little with the dog, were coming to the door, he followed by a messenger from Dame Ursula, came to fetch Matthis, and tell her that the doctor was come, and was to see his dear aunt Ursula as quickly as possible; and poor godmother, divided between distress and joy, was obliged to submit, whether she would or no, and let the blind man be carried into her barn and laid down by Conrad.

When poor Fridli lay there, burning with his blind eyes and disfigured face, the pain of his foot drew tears from him, and he clasped his hands convulsively and said, "Oh, mother, mother, if I were only!" then the large tears started into his eyes. She forgot the disorder of her dress, and her Sunday gown, and stooping over the poor sufferer, she said a few comforting words to him, examined his frightened foot, ordered compresses of wine and cooling herbs; and when she had provided with all that was necessary for the care of the blind youth, and had thrown a warm blanket over him, she took little Matthis by the hand and walked off to bid her nephew, the doctor, to come, as actively as if she had been years younger.

In the way the good Ursula began to tremble, and more and more so the nearer she came to the house. She did not know how to receive her nephew. Could she call him "Hans" and "thou" (the familiar way of speaking in Germany), as she used to do? Would never do, to such a learned and so highly honoured! And to call him "Herr doctor," or "Herr doctor," she

thought she could hardly bring such words to her lips. He was the same Hans, after all, whom she had brought home as a child of three years old, when his parents were dying of the same fearful sickness, and she had promised his weeping mother to care for the orphan boy.

Old Walpurgis came to meet her on the steps with a joyful face, and told her "how noble and reverend the good doctor looked, and yet how he was still their old Hans, as friendly as ever, and had shaken her by the hand so warmly, and asked if she could bake as good cakes as in his grandmother's time, when she gave him his last meal of them, when he went forth into the wide world as a wandering student."

And when Ursula, with a lightened heart and a deep and respectful courtesy, entered the room, the stately doctor hastened to meet her, and clasped her in his arms with the words,

"Ah, a thousand welcomes, dear aunt Ursula! I longed to see you again! The world is turned topsy-turvy now, when the old must come and see the young ones, instead of the other way. I wanted to go to you as soon as I came, as was fitting, but Magdalene there thought you would like better to have me wait for you here."

"Oh, that would have been too great an honour, for the Herr doctor to take the trouble of coming to me," stammered aunt Ursula.

"Hark you, dear old soul, I am your grateful nephew Hans of old days, whom you were so good to in my boyhood, and so you must put away all the 'honour' and 'Herr doctor,' now that by God's mercy we see each other again after so many years."

So saying, the doctor led godmother to the place of honour set for him, saying it was her right, for she was here in the place of the blessed grandmother. Then he introduced to her his young friend, Master Sebastian Brandt, who was also a citizen of Strasburg, though he lived and taught in Basle, and had come to pass Lent with his own relations; and he added "Would you be displeased, dear aunt, if I tell you that I promised our dear friend here a night's lodging for to-day and to-morrow in your house?"

Poor Ursula turned pale with fear: the blind beggar in her barn—and now the stranger gentleman in her house!—and she quite unprepared—if she had only known!

But Dame Magdalene, who read these thoughts in her aunt's face, whispered to her to keep quiet and only give her the keys; she would send Walpurgis during supper to prepare

a bed for the unexpected guest. And now little Matthias was presented to the doctor, with the remark, that "He was small of his age, but that did not signify, if he was good!" The doctor lifted him up in his arms and kissed him heartily, and then the little fellow must go off to the nursery, according to the old custom, eat his milk soup for supper, and go to bed at six o'clock.

The doctor's heart was quite opened. He felt at home in that old dwelling of his early days, where nothing was changed, not even the grandmother's old cushioned armchair, in which she used to sit and hear him his prayers, and tell him the old stories which were still so vividly remembered by him; and he reminded his aunt of a dream his grandmother had told them she had of Death appearing with his scythe, and how she used to say, "Children, do not forget the old *must* die soon, but you, the young, *may* die soon too, and that suddenly, before you think it," and how her words kept him from going to the foolish masks and shows at the carnival: "and often since," he added, "as a travelling scholar, when I was tempted to go into follies, or even wild and sinful courses, I remembered my grandmother's words."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Ursula, "it is true the young *may* die, the old *must*; and when, like me, one is already in one's sixtieth year, ah! then one feels that grim death stands so near, that it makes the heart grow fainter and fainter with terror."

"Dear aunt Ursula," said the doctor, "a pious Christian was once asked where his home was, and he pointed up to Heaven, and said, 'There is my home.' But we are such foolish people, that we have forgotten our own true home, and behave as if we were to live here for ever."

"And yet we know," said Sebastian Brandt, "that we must die; but we tremble at death, which after all is, or ought to be, only an entrance into the eternal home!"

"Because we have all fallen away from God, and strayed far, far away, through our own sins," said the doctor. "And many go so far, that they never find their way back."

"I am sure," said the godmother, "I have done something to help myself; I bought a letter of indulgence for past and future sins, for a gold florin, from a Dominican monk who came direct from Rome."

"If you could have bought some true repentance and a changed heart from the Dominican," said the doctor, "that might have been of some

use; without that your letter of indulgence for my poor Ursula, isn't worth a heller you *did* pay a gold florin for it!"

Sebastian Brandt smiled quietly at Master Anselm and Dame Magdalene with astonishment, and the godmother at the doctor in utter dismay. But, at last, he asked, gently,

"Tell me, my dear good aunt, did you of indulgence take away your fear of death?"

"No, Herr doctor; no, nephew Hans not, and there's the truth; and any one could tell me why, would take a heavy load from my heart," said Ursula, humbled by tears in her eyes.

"Dear Ursula, you brought me a letter of excellent cordial wine to strengthen me in my Lent work, when my digestion suffered from long study. But suppose you had brought an empty bottle, could I have drank my mixture out of it?"

"I should think not, nephew Hans. If I had done that, it would have been to my shame."

"And would you treat God Almighty with would never venture to treat a sinful mortal, and bring him your letter of indulgence like an empty flask, from which you could drink the healing elixir for your sick soul?"

"But what must I do, then, nephew?"

"Repent, dear Ursula; that is, acknowledge your sins, and turn to God, and ask Him in good German, that is, from your heart, in mere empty words, 'Lord, forgive my sins, and receive me for Jesus Christ' and then God by His Holy Spirit will write into your trembling heart the precious promise of His grace, and the certainty of perpetual peace through His Son; and so the death will be driven from your heart."

As written in the prophet Isaiah, 'Come and buy wine and milk without money, and without price'—that is, God's grace to give us peace and holiness of heart, and to drive away the fear of death. 'Without money and without price,' hark you, Ursula! all that God does not want our gold; what He loves is a broken and contrite heart, and a heart seeking to be saved. And praised be He, the poorest may bring Him that!"

"Why did no one tell me this before, godmother, drawing a long breath."

"Your hand, doctor," cried Master Anselm. "It does me good when you speak the truth. No priest or friar has ever spoken like this."

we must not forget, dear Anselm," re-  
doctor, holding out his hand cordially  
ousin, "that the real purchase-money  
sins is the blood and wounds of Jesus  
and so we have been 'bought with a  
But as to indulgences, our friend  
here will repeat you the verses he has  
about them in his poem, 'The Fool's

*renschiff*." a poem on the subject, still extant, by  
Brandt.

The verses were repeated, and much more  
conversation followed; till at last, as it was  
growing late, and the doctor had to prepare  
for the morrow's work, the party broke up, to  
the regret of the two women, who could have  
gladly listened longer. Sebastian Brandt  
escorted Ursula home, and amused her so  
much with his agreeable conversation, that  
she quite forgot all her cares and anxieties  
about her two unexpected guests.

(To be continued.)

## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

### IV.—JAMES BRINDLEY.

E. DAVENPORT ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "MEN AT THE HELM," "THE STEADY AIM," ETC.

markable man, the prince of the canal  
rs of England, and one of the most  
examples afforded in English bio-  
of natural capacity and resolute will  
g apparently insuperable obstacles, was  
1716, in a small cottage near the vil-  
Tunstead, in Derbyshire. His birth-  
as long since passed away, and left not  
re behind; but nature has preserved a  
al in a noble ash which grew up amidst  
ns, and still blooms and flourishes,  
ry of the country-side, as "Brindley's

lley's father was a village labourer, sup-  
his family in the main by the proceeds  
all enclosure, or "croft," which he rented,  
nding most of his time in shooting and  
g, and the once popular pastime of bull-  
But he enjoyed, as most men have  
whose careers have become illustrious,  
rantage of the fostering care of a good  
Education he received none, and to  
of his days he could read but with dif-  
and spell but on a phonetic system of  
n.

to the age of seventeen, he turned his  
o any species of work that fell in his  
occupying his idle hours in mechanical  
ts, and especially in the construction of  
mills—a circumstance which led to his  
ticeship, in 1733, to one Abraham Ben-  
wheelwright and millwright, of Sutton,  
Macclesfield, for a term of seven years.

*début* in his new trade was not a pro-

misising one. He learnt it by slow degrees, and  
was considered duller and more obtuse than  
even ordinary lads. His master was a man  
of intemperate habits, who handed over his  
apprentice to the rude practical wit of his  
journeymen; and these, like most skilled me-  
chanics, were jealous of new comers, and indis-  
posed to impart to them any portion of their  
own information. Brindley was thus left to  
blunder as best he could into a knowledge of  
his trade. On one occasion, says Mr. Smiles,  
he had to fit in the spokes of a cart-wheel, and  
was so intent on completing his job that he  
did not find out that he had fitted them all in  
the wrong way until he had applied the gauge-  
stick. But the lad had a resolute spirit and a  
determined will. He was bent upon gaining  
knowledge, and no obstacle could damp his  
enthusiasm. So it happened that the master  
who had neglected, and the journeymen who  
had ridiculed him, were in due time constrained  
to admit that after all there was something in  
this stupid apprentice!

In the autumn of 1735, Mr. Daintry's silk-  
mill at Macclesfield having been injured by  
fire, Bennett was employed to execute the ne-  
cessary repairs. Whilst his men were engaged  
at the shop on the new work required, Brindley  
removed the damaged machinery at the mill,  
under the directions of Mr. James Milner, the  
superintendent. His intelligence produced so  
much impression upon Mr. Milner, that he re-  
quested Bennett to allow the "bungling ap-  
prentice" to assist in executing the repairs of

some portion of the works. Permission was unwillingly given, and the master and his men stood by expectant of the discomfiture which they were prepared to enjoy.

"I can yet remember the delight," said Brindley, many years afterwards, "which I felt when my work was fixed and fitted complete; and I could not understand why my master and the other workmen, instead of being pleased, seemed to be dissatisfied with the insertion of every fresh part in its proper place."

Very soon the skill and natural acuteness of "the apprentice" were recognized by all his master's employers, who would particularly request that "the young man Brindley" should be sent them in preference to any other workman. Vainly did his master ask him where he had acquired his knowledge of mill-work. Brindley could only reply that it had come "natural-like," for he was unable to follow the workings of his own intellect, which, almost insensibly to himself, was drawing its comparisons and deducing its inferences. But so thoroughly did he do his work, that Bennett actually complained of its excellence. "Jim," said he, "if thou persist in this foolish way of working, there will be very little trade left to be done when thou comes out of thy time: thou knows primness of work's the ruin of trade."

About this time Brindley's master entered into a contract for the machinery of a new paper-mill, proposed to be erected on the river Dane. Bennett knew little of the matter, but to gain the requisite knowledge, proceeded to inspect some paper-mills near Manchester. On his return, he had evidently learned so little that it appeared probable he had inspected the Manchester taverns more closely than the Manchester mills; but as the job was a lucrative one, he set his men to work in the best way he could. For several days they went on, pulling down and putting up, patching here and bungling there, but made no effectual progress. While thus circumstanced, it happened that a millwright of some experience visited the place, and, looking in upon Bennett's operations, freely expressed his opinion that he knew nothing about the work he had undertaken, and was only flinging away his employer's money. This free-spoken censure came to young Brindley's ears, and he determined to conquer the difficulty if possible, and bring the undertaking to a satisfactory completion.

Without revealing his design, Brindley left the mill when his week's work was ended, and

instead of returning to his master's where he lodged, set out alone for Man Great was Bennett's alarm at his non-ance. Had he run away? It was true was only in the fourth year of his apprenticeship, but he was twenty-one, and might have availed himself of his legal right. Saturday evening passed, and Sunday course disappeared, but no Brindley repentant! On Monday morning, Bennett proceeded to the chaotic scene of his paper-mill, and there, to his sincere delight, saw his strayed apprentice working with indescribable energy. Brindley soon explained the cause of his disappearance. He had gone to Smedley Mill, a distance of twenty-five miles, to examine the machinery there, and he returned to help his master out of difficulty. Bennett at once abandoned the conduct of the work, and Brindley, with such goodwill and intelligence, completed, entirely to the satisfaction of the proprietors, a few weeks within the stipulated time.

Henceforth Bennett gave up the management of his business to his skilful apprentice, who supported his master and his family for several years in reasonable comfort, and, on Bennett's death, wound up the business satisfactorily, and set up in business on his own account at Leek, in Staffordshire (A.D. 1733).

The millwright's progress at Leek was as might have been predicted of a man of steady determination and extraordinary ability. Whatever he did he did thoroughly, and he was always careful to execute it within the time allotted for its performance. His ingenuity in improving old machinery and inventing new mechanical contrivances secured him in this neighbourhood the name of the "Schemer;" and there was scarcely a species of machinery with which he was not acquainted, as if by intuition, to become the master of it.

His reputation spread into the remotest parts of Staffordshire, and into the regions of Cheshire and Lancashire. Gower was attracted by his ready resources, and became one of his steady patrons. Flint-mills and silk-mills, the draining of water, and draining of mines, and the working of iron and copper—all came alike to him, and in all he introduced some novel improvement, which facilitated labour or made the operations of the machinery more proved. To him may be ascribed the



introduced the process of grinding flints, and thus preventing the injury resulting from the inhalation by the workmen of palpable powder with which the air of the mills was formerly laden. He improved Newcomen's steam-engine, by a greater economy in the consumption of coal, and would probably have done more, had not circumstances now turned inventive genius into a very different line.

It was in 1759 that Brindley was called into consultation by the Duke of Bridgewater in reference to a canal projected through his estates for the transit of their coal to Manchester. At this time the imperfect nature of communications between town and town, which as would seem incredible to us, the mark of an age of railways! It took four days and a half to go from Manchester to Liverpool, and a coach which, in 1760, was started for the journey in three days, was consequently entitled to the sobriquet of the "Great Machine." The roads in most parts of the shire were only adapted for the passage of strikers and horsemen, and few indeed were fit for wheeled vehicles. Thus, Manchester lay within a few miles of a mining district, it was ill supplied with the carriage alone amounting to nine or ten shillings per ton. Little coal was sent by the Mersey Navigation Company for a charge of 3s. 4d. per ton for even the shortest distance. The Duke, therefore, determined upon a waterway of his own, by which he might pass from Worsley to Man-

chester. In 1759, he obtained an Act of Parliament permitting him to cut a navigable canal from Worsley Mill eastward to Salford, to carry the same westward to a point on the Mersey called Hollin Ferry. He now required a man to carry out the schemes formed with so much promptitude. He found him in James Brindley. No two men better fitted for association in a difficult task. Both were full of energy, not contented, shrewd, practical, and indefatigable. Both, when they fixed on a particular project, devoted all their powers to secure its accomplishment. Both were men who seemed to rise every defeat with fresh spirit, Antæus deriving new energy from the fall that led to promise victory to their opponents. And an originality of view and boldness of action which delighted in encountering

obstacles and devising means for subduing them. The duke was made for Brindley, and Brindley for the duke.

The duke at once entrusted Brindley with the execution of his project, and, as a first step, the self-taught engineer made "an ocular survey or a reconnoitring" of the ground which the canal had to traverse. He speedily came to a conclusion. The duke had intended to carry the canal down into the Irwell by a flight of locks, and so up again on the other side to the proposed level. Brindley advised that it should be carried right over the Irwell, and so one entire level be maintained throughout.

It was evident that his advice, if followed, would necessitate some formidable engineering operations; but it was adopted by the duke, plans were prepared, a new Act obtained from Parliament, and the works commenced.

The most difficult part of the undertaking was, necessarily, the construction of the aqueduct to carry the canal across the Irwell; and we may be sure it was everywhere decreed as the folly of a madman by those pretended wits and shrewd critics who discern so little in the dreams of genius, and yet profess to see through a millstone! To carry ships upon a lofty bridge, over the mast-heads of other ships navigating in the Irwell, which slowly flowed beneath! 'Pshaw,' cried the wise men, 'it is an impossibility! Brindley is a madman or an impostor, and the duke—a fool!' So was Galileo when he said the earth moved, and the Marquis of Worcester when he enunciated the force of vapour. It is fortunate for genius that Time reverses the unjust verdicts of its contemporaries.

But the duke and Brindley persevered, and the madman's dream in due time became a reality. The Barton aqueduct, as it is called, is about six hundred feet long and thirty-six feet wide, the centre being sustained by a bridge of three semicircular arches, the middle one of sixty-three feet span.

"It carries the canal over the Irwell," says Mr. Smiles, "at a height of thirty-nine feet above the river—this head-room being sufficient to enable the largest barges to pass underneath without lowering their masts. The bridge is entirely of stone blocks, those on the faces being dressed on the front, beds, and joints, and cramped with iron. Although the Barton aqueduct has since been thrown into the shade by the vastly greater works of modern engineers, it was unquestionably a very bold and ingenious enterprise, if we take into account the time at

which it was erected. Humble though it now appears, it was the parent of the magnificent aqueducts of Rennie and Telford, and of the viaducts of Stephenson and Brunel, which rival the greatest works of any age or country."

Brindley, however, not only constructed the canal, but contrived the whole arrangements and machinery by which it was to be made use of. "At every point," to quote again from Mr. Smiles, "his originality and skill were at work. He invented the cranes for the purpose of more readily loading the boats with the boxes filled with the duke's 'black diamonds.'" He also contrived and laid down within the mines a system of underground railways, all leading from the face of the coal (where the miners were at work) to the wells which he had made at different points in the tunnels, through which the coals were shot into the boats waiting below to receive them. At Manchester, where they were unloaded for sale, the contrivances which he employed were equally ingenious. It was at first intended that the canal should terminate at the foot of Castle Hill, up which the coals were dragged by their purchasers from the boats in wheelbarrows or carts. But the toil was found very great; and, to remedy the inconvenience, Brindley contrived to extend the canal for some way into the hill, opening a shaft from the surface of the ground down to the level of the water. The barges having made their way to the foot of this shaft, the boxes of coals were hoisted to the surface by a crane, worked by a box water-wheel of thirty feet diameter and four feet four inches wide, driven by the waterfall of the river Medlock. By these means the coals were rapidly raised to the higher ground, where they were sold and distributed, greatly to the convenience of those who came to purchase them.

The remainder of Brindley's laborious career was occupied in canal engineering, and each successive work served to bring out more fully the remarkable qualities of the man—his exhaustless invention, his persistent energy, his resolute grappling with difficulties, and novel powers of combination.

We can but enumerate the more notable of his achievements. He extended the Duke's Canal from Manchester to the Mersey at Kempstones, a project which the duke had to carry through Parliament in the face of a most virulent opposition. Its course is about 24 miles long, and involves a series of engineering difficulties of no ordinary character. It is con-

structed nearly all the way on a dead level and has always been considered as among the most striking evidences of Brindley's genius. The Grand Trunk Canal, uniting the Mersey with the Trent, and both with the Severn, and connecting the ports of Liverpool, Hull, and Bristol, is another monument of great engineering genius. It starts from the Duke's Canal, at Preston-on-the-Hill, Runcorn, passes southward by Northwich, Sandbach, cuts through the hill at Haslemere, traverses the Pottery districts of Stoke and Fenton, moves onward by Lichfield, and thence to Haywood, in the valley of the Trent until it turns north-east at Lichfield, whence it proceeds to its junction with the main river at Wilford. From this point the navigation of the Trent is open, by way of Newark and Gainsborough, to the Humber. The first sod of this important canal was cut by Josiah Wedgwood, on July 9, 1766. Its entire length is 139½ miles; it has but seventy-five locks. Its fall from the level of the Mersey to the sea at Harecastle, is 395 feet, and its fall from the Trent at Wilford Ferry, 288 feet 8 inches. Its width is 31 feet, and its depth 5 feet. Across the Dove it is carried upon an aqueduct of twenty-three arches, approaching the embankment on either side, in all 1½ miles length. There are five tunnels, the Haslemere, 2,880 yards long; the Hermitage, 190 yards; the Barnton, 560 yards; the Salterford, 190 yards; and the Preston-on-the-Hill, 190 yards.

Other canals laid out and executed by Brindley were—the Staffordshire and Worcestershire (46 miles), the Coventry (36 miles), the Birmingham (24 miles), the Droitwich (12 miles), the Oxford (82 miles), and the Grand Junction (46 miles).

Hard work, acting upon a constitution already weakened by constant exposure to all weathers, overthrew Brindley at a comparatively early age. He died of diabetes at his house at Turnhurst, on September 27, 1792, the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Brindley was one of those great spirits who occasionally appear, to light up the darkness in which they live, by the force and originality of their character, quite as much as by the lustre of their deeds and the splendour of their achievements. He seemed to arrive at his conclusions, not by the slow process of conscious reflection, but by a sudden intuition, a remarkable instinct which jumped at

desired. His fertility of resource was wonderful. No difficulty could impede him. A remedy was at his fingers' end which always proved to be the best, and the only correct one that could be applied. His mode of study was eminently chaotic of the man.

Requiring little or no assistance from books or labours of other men," says his brother-Mr. Henshall, "his resources lay within him. In order, therefore, to be quiet and undisturbed whilst he was in search of the necessary expedients, he generally retired to his room, and he had been known to be there for three days, till he attained the object in view. He would then get up and execute his design, without any drawing or model.

Indeed, it was never his custom to consult either, unless he was obliged to do it to please his employers. His memory was so accurate that he has often declared that he could remember and execute all the parts of the most complex machine, provided he had a fair survey of it, to settle in his mind the several parts and their relations to each other. His method of calculating the powers of a machine invented by him was peculiar to himself. He worked the question for some time on his head, and then put down the results. After this, taking it up again at intervals, he worked it further in his mind to retain time, and set down the results as he proceeded.

In the same way he still proceeded, using figures only at stated parts of his calculation. Yet the ultimate result was always true, though the road he travelled by of it was unknown to all but himself, perhaps it would not have been in his power to have shown it to another."

Coleridge's success in life was emphatically the result of his entire devotion of his great powers to the assiduous cultivation of the profession he had embraced.

Taking him as an example to be followed, we may point out to our young readers an instance to be avoided, in a man of scarcely less notable intellectual gifts, which were marred and rendered nugatory by his instability of character.

"Lawrence Earnshaw, of Mottram, was a very poor man's son, and had served a seven-years' apprenticeship to the trade of a tailor, after which he bound himself apprentice to a clothier for seven years; but these trades not suiting his tastes, and being of a strongly mechanical turn, he finally bound himself apprentice to a clockmaker, whom he also served for seven years. This eccentric person invented many curious and ingenious machines, which were regarded as of great merit in his time. One of these was an astronomical and geographical machine, beautifully executed, showing the earth's diurnal and annual motion after the manner of an orrery. He was also a musical instrument maker and music teacher, a worker in metals and in wood, a painter and glazier, an optician, a bell-founder, a chemist and metallurgist, an engraver—in short, an almost universal mechanical genius. But this was his ruin. He did, or attempted to do, so much, that he never stood still and established himself in any one thing; and, notwithstanding his great ability, he died 'not worth a groat,' in 1764, at sixty years of age."

Of him, in a lesser degree, may be said what Robert Nicoll, the poet, said of Coleridge: "What a mighty intellect was lost in that man for want of a little energy—a little determination." Alas, how many fine intellects have been wasted in the vain attempt to spread their gold over too wide a surface! The stream, that, pent up in one narrow channel, will bear down any obstacle against which it may be directed, falls off in spray, and vapour, and wasteful waters, when suffered to spread abroad wherever it may will.



# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### V.—THE HINDOOS AT HOME.

BY JAMES KERR, ESQ., M.A., LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE HINDOO COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

#### AMUSEMENTS.



HERE are a few popular sports peculiar to this country which we had occasionally opportunities of witnessing. Among these may be mentioned the childish amusement of flying paper kites. The kite is small and light. It has no tail, but, notwithstanding, can be kept up for hours in the steady breeze which blows at certain seasons of the year.

This amusement is here not confined to children. All ages join in it. You may see young and old assembled on the housetops, looking up with eager interest at the kites flying far away, almost out of sight. It is not merely the object to make the kites fly for a long time, or to make them rise to a great height. The main interest of the sport lies in making them fight with one another. Two or more kites are sent up high in the air: then commences a series of manœuvres—the object aimed at being to make one cross another and cut its line. Each, under the guidance of a skilful leader, tries to grapple with his enemy, and place him *hors de combat*. The one which brings his opponent to the ground, flying triumphantly in the air while his adversary rolls in the dust or is wafted away on the breeze, remains master of the field. Large sums of money are often staked on the issue of the contest.

This sport is watched with eager interest by an excited crowd of natives, assembled on the housetops: their hopes rising and falling as victory inclines now to one side and now to the other.

Another sport well known in some parts of India is pigeon-flying. This also is a different kind of sport from what we are accustomed to in the West. Two flocks are let loose from different stands at the same moment, the spectators waving little flags to make them

rise. They meet in the air and mingle. a while each flock returns to its own one of them generally succeeding in driving away captives from the other. The object is to ascertain the gain or loss on either side. The numbers are eagerly counted, and the winners then go in triumph to the loser to demand a ransom for the captives.

This interesting sport attracts great numbers of young and old. When several flocks are seen rising at the same time, meeting in the air, mingling and parting again, it is a very pleasing sight; and to the natives who stake in the issue it possesses very great interest.

These are innocent sports. The one most about to notice is of a different kind. Here, in Bengal, a bird called the *bulbul*. Though no larger than our blackbird, its appearance quite as inoffensive, it has a natural genius for fighting. It is often brought over your verandah into the garden, and sometimes see half a dozen of these innocent looking birds fighting furiously with one another. Now, these *bulbuls* are so trained to fight. The owners of them challenge one another; and after all preliminary arrangements have been made, the fight comes off at the appointed time. As I have heard that *bulbuls* (the Indian gale) are also trained to fight with one another. Instances have been known in which a *bulbul* issued formal invitations to his adversary, desiring the pleasure of their combat. A *bulbul* fight, to be held at his house on a specified day.

There are some other amusements more more associated with India in modern minds than those which have been just mentioned. Among these, perhaps, the first place is given to the performances of the Indian juggler.

The Indian juggler, as is well known, is expert in his art. He can climb a pole

number of balls at a time, draw ribbon from his mouth, eat fire, or swallow a sword, his adroitness quite equal to that of his artist of the West.

Of his performances are still more novel to the European eye. A half-naked man, with his arms and shoulders bare, holds in his hand the fresh twig of a tree, and with his fingers along it, strips off the bark. To the astonishment of the spectator, a shower of live scorpions fall with the leaves around! There is no doubt about it. They are, struggling on the floor. How do they come there? Who can tell? The juggler waves his arms in the air, gathers the scorpions up in his hand, and they disappear in a very mysterious way they came.

An Indian juggler attempts still greater feats in these. He actually contrives to sit on the ground, at a distance of three or four feet from the ground, without any visible support. There is a mystery about it which European inquisitiveness has scarcely yet reached to fathom.

A rope-tying trick, so well exposed in Europe, is also known in India. The following of it, as performed by an Indian juggler, lately appeared in a Madras journal:—

The juggler sat in a strong blackwood arm-chair. He fastened a rope to his right arm, passed it under the chair, round the back, under the left arm, and then made it fast to his left arm. We passed backward and forward in this manner five times, then fastened the rope round the right arm in a triple knot, and winding it round the ropes behind the chair about twenty times, made a knot at the left arm. We then carried on the rope over the wrists, and made them fast by crossing, and knotting it. The thumbs were then tucked under the rope, and the rope carried back to the wrist. Afterwards we tied his legs together at the ankles, crossing and recrossing the rope in a double manner. We next bound his big toes and carried back the rope to the tie on his right arm. He had used nineteen yards of rope—quite enough, we thought, to make him secure. The man could move his hands either to his arms or his legs, but he could not touch an end of the rope, and if he could not, so, they were tied so tightly as, in our opinion, to prevent him from using them. When the tie was weak, he asked that it might be strengthened; gave us perfect liberty to tie him as we pleased, and at his request we continued binding him. He appeared to us to be quite secure. More than twenty minutes elapsed before we had finished him. I afterwards put a paper round the rope where it crossed between his legs, and where the rope was tied, and sealed it with sealing-wax and

stamp. We left him at the west side of my study, seated in the blackwood arm-chair before mentioned, he promising that when we returned he would be sitting in a teak arm-chair on the east side, with the ropes arranged exactly as we left them. In five minutes he summoned us, and we found the paper and seal undamaged, and every knot and portion of the rope as we had arranged them—only he was seated in the teak arm-chair. I wished to see if he could unfasten himself, and left him to do so. In four and a half minutes he recalled us. We found the rope stretched out over the floor, and the man unbound and erect before us. We could have remained in the room by allowing him to cover himself with a sheet during the performance of the trick."

Another character which the Indian juggler assumes is that of a snake charmer. He goes about with a covered basket on his head, containing two or three cobras. This snake has the reputation of being very venomous. It certainly looks mischievous, but beautiful too with its arched neck and hooded crest.

When about to exhibit his art, the snake charmer sets his basket on the ground, and begins to play softly on a flute. After playing for some time, he kneels down, lifts the lid, and blows upon the snakes. He then steps back a few paces and begins to play again. After a little, the snakes, one after another, raise their heads and look about them, with their arched necks and forked tongues looking very dangerous. The snake charmer continues to play on the flute, with which the snakes appear charmed and delighted. They stand erect, waving their heads backward and forward, keeping time to the music, and darting forward their forked tongues to strike if any one goes near them. Sometimes you may see half a dozen of them all dancing at once, with their heads and necks raised a foot or so from the ground, and waving backward and forward to the sound of the music. When the music ceases, they lie down as if exhausted by the effort.

The snake charmer seems to have the snakes completely under his control. When they dart forward as if to strike, he whisks the end of his scarf at them and quiets them instantly. If he wishes to catch one of them he seizes it by the tail with one hand, and moves the other quickly along the body to its neck, where he holds it fast. The creature is completely in his power, and though it opens its jaws and thrusts out its tongue it can do no harm.

The snake charmer sometimes plies his vocation in another fashion. He goes from door to door seeking employment, and offering

his services to catch any snakes that may be lurking in holes in the house or garden. The means he employs for this purpose are very simple. He merely plays on a flute. After playing for some time the snakes come from their holes attracted by the music.

Certain it is that snakes frequently appear on these occasions, which the snake charmer allures from their retreat. But whether they were there before, or were put there by the snake charmer himself, is a question involved in some obscurity. The general opinion seems to be that they are put there for a purpose, after undergoing a certain training and having their poison extracted.

#### SUPERSTITIOUS CUSTOMS.

On commencing a child's education, the Hindoos are careful to choose what is esteemed a lucky day on which to take the first lesson. It is commonly believed that if a child commences his education on any other than a propitious day, he will either die or turn out a dunce. Hindoo almanacs generally specify the lucky and unlucky days for commencing a child's education.

Swartz, the missionary, states in one of his letters, that the Rajah of Travancore gave him permission to open his school whenever he pleased; but added that his people told him *there would not be a good day all that month*. This superstition, says Swartz, keeps the people from sending their children to school till the lucky day arrives. There are even certain hours of the day which are regarded as peculiarly auspicious, and others in which it is unlucky to learn anything.

Similarly, there are lucky and unlucky days, lucky and unlucky hours, for commencing any undertaking. The time for commencing the building of a house, or for setting out on a journey, is frequently delayed from day to day until the auspicious moment arrives.

Those Hindoos who live by crime, such as the Thugs, are not exempt from these prevalent superstitions. They are constantly on the look-out for signs and omens, and lucky days, and are guided by them in undertaking their unhallowed expeditions.

It is considered unlucky to reside in a house where any person has died. For this reason the Hindoos are unwilling to allow any one to die within doors. They generally carry persons who are at the point of death out of the house into the open air. In the neighbourhood of the Ganges, it is usual to carry the dying to

the river side, that they may expire on the banks of the sacred stream.

One may sometimes in Bengal see a copper pot, streaked with white perpendicular lines, stuck up on a stick at the side of a road. This is one of the means adopted to counteract the effect of the spells and incantations of evil-disposed persons.

We may observe evidences of superstitious fear also in the precautions taken by the parents to ensure the safety of their children against witchcraft. It is generally believed that one expedient very efficacious for this purpose, is to conceal the real name of the child, and call him by an assumed name. Especially efficacious is it, when the assumed name is expressive of humility. It is not among persons of rank to give a child a high-sounding name. One of them is that by which the child is generally known, the other is only known to the Gooroo. It is believed that if the real name be unknown, the spells and incantations of evil-disposed persons can do no harm. When parents are afraid of losing their child, it is not unusual to give him a mean name, such as *Paunchcow* (three cowries), or *Paunchcow* (three cowries), while his real name remains secret. The Hindoos do not like to hear people praise their children. When a child is praised, they are afraid some misfortune will befall it. You sometimes see ayas, or female nurses in the service of European families, very much distressed when they hear any one say "What a fine child!" They are afraid some evil will befall it. The child will sometimes clothe their child in rags, however wealthy they may be. The furies, it is presumed, will avert envy, and spare the child from harm. Sometimes a snake is hung round the child's neck as a charm.

Other traces of superstitious customs are found in the tests and ordeals invented for the detection of crime. Of these there are many kinds, of which only one or two may be mentioned.

One of the most popular of these is called in Bengal *toola*, from a word which signifies *to weigh*. The accused is carried to a scale, after which the accusation is written on a piece of paper, and is pasted on his forehead. He then balances on a beam, after that is weighed again. If, after he has been weighed, he proves heavier than before, he is pronounced innocent; but if lighter, his guilt is established, and the verdict goes against him. This mode of determining the guilt of

party is said to be well known all over India. A popular test for determining the guilt of a suspected person, is to make him swallow a small quantity of dry rice. If the rice after being chewed is found moist and pulpy, the person is pronounced innocent. But if it is dry, he is pronounced guilty. Our servants sometimes resort to this method in detecting the thief, when a theft has been committed among themselves. A gooroo, a person of authority, conducts the trial. After arranging the servants in a circle, he gives to each a small morsel of rice, which they chew with the utmost gravity. He then goes round with a leaf or plate in his hand, and collects the rice they have chewed, examining it with minute attention, and pronouncing his verdict according to the evidence. Another popular test is to assemble the suspects together and rub their thumbs together by one. It is commonly believed that if a person guilty of guilt will appear on the nail of the thumb, it is really the criminal. Europeans, however, perhaps, be inclined to think that such tests, however frivolous they may appear, are not unfavourably with the ordeals in Europe in the dark ages, when those accused had to prove their innocence by such means as handling a bar of red-hot iron, or walking over it with bare feet. Such tests have no meaning, and may be pronounced totally absurd. It is possible that those who have mentioned as pre-eminent among the Hindoos, may have some doubts in the facts of science. Mohammedans of India sympathize with the superstitious notions of the Europeans, such as the belief in omens and in dreams, astrology, magic, and the interpretation of dreams. With regard to astrology, it is to be admitted that in this art they are rather the teachers than the taught. Superstitious notions exercise at the present time an influence over the minds of the Europeans which Europeans can scarcely form a just estimate of—an influence proportioned to the general ignorance of the masses of the people.

The following is a specimen of the superstitious customs which prevail among the Mohammedans of India. The name of the Emperor Baber is well known to all who have read the history of India. Towards the end of this emperor's reign, his son fell ill, and was at the point of death. Baber, in accordance with a prevalent superstition, determined to devote himself for the life of his child. Agreeably to prescribed forms, he walked three times round the bed of the sick prince, exclaiming, "I have borne it away! I have borne it away!" From that moment, it is related, the son began to recover, while Baber lost strength daily, and died not long after.

It is a common device among the Mussulmans of the East to open at random a page of the Koran, and put the finger on a particular verse. The verse thus indicated is regarded as a divine direction.

It has been observed that the practice of inoculation is scarcely known among the Mohammedans of India. Their bigoted belief in the unalterable decrees of fate is said to be the reason.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

The illustration, facing page 297, gives a view from the Palace and Fort at Agra.

Agra is the capital of the province of the same name, and the seat of the British Civil authority. It was the theatre of some of the most daring scenes in the Indian mutiny of 1857. It stands on the south-west bank of the river Jumna. The houses are built of stone, and very lofty, but the streets are so narrow that they hardly admit the passage of a carriage. It, however, contains many caravanserais, public baths, and mosques; and within the last few years Government has expended a considerable amount upon public works, several court-houses, record-rooms, and revenue offices having been built, a new burial-ground laid out, and bridges and roads constructed. The Hindoo inhabitants hold this city in great veneration, from its being the supposed place of the *avatāra*, or incarnation of Vishnu, under the name of Parasu Rama. The population is upwards of 100,000.

## A R A R A T.

THE garden of Eden was planted by the Lord God in the neighbourhood of four rivers, the names of two of which have survived the flood, the Euphrates and the Tigris (the latter is the Hiddekel of Gen. ii. 14, and of Daniel x. 4). Enduring links between the past and the present, these two rivers "went out of Eden to water the garden" which was the birthplace of our race, nearly 6,000 years ago; and they still go forth encircling desolate plains and mighty mounds of earth, which have for 2,000 years entombed the old stone books that were to tell us in their appointed season of the Chaldean kings of the time of Abraham. These mounds have guarded slab, and cylinder, and brick, inscribed, not by God's chosen people, but by their enemies, which were to render testimony when most needed to the truth of their Sacred Book—of our Sacred Book—that, like a river of truth, with the Euphrates and the Tigris, also spans the ages.

To the same locality of Eden, or one not far distant, judging by the rivers, we are brought a second time, by the resting of the ark amid the wilderness of waters, on the plateau of Ararat. "And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat (Gen. viii. 4); rested perhaps among the Armenian highlands, which may have enclosed, as it were, some inland sea, during the further decrease of the waters; and it seems to have rested ten weeks on this calm, subsiding floor, before the tops of the mountains around (probably the lower range of Ararat) were seen.

And why was this region made a second time the centre whence the nations were to radiate to different quarters of the globe—Agri-dagh (steep mountain), as it is called by the Armenians; Kuh-i-noh (Noah's mountain) by the Persians? Probably from its geographical position.

The plain of the Araxes is itself 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this the summits of the Armenian highlands rise to the height of 6,000 or 7,000 feet, bearing on their shoulders an extensive plateau, whence again, as from a fresh base, spring the greater and the lesser cones of Ararat. This plateau is equidistant from the Euxine and the Caspian seas on the north, and on the south from the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean Sea. The river Acampsis connects it with the Euxine, the

Araxes with the Caspian, the Tigris and Euphrates with the Persian Gulf. These seas were the highroads of primitive colonization, and in consequence the seats of the most powerful ancient empires of Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, and Persia. Let us look at the present dwellers in those regions.

"Sick at heart of the abominations of the false prophet" (says Dr. Dwight, in his *bet* on Armenia), "and grieved by the knowledge that every sect and nation now inhabiting this country—whether Armenians, Georgians, Nestorians, Turks, Persians, or Kurds—address the God of heaven in a tongue they do not understand, I walked into the fields to gaze upon Mount Ararat, and recall the time when NOAH, in this very valley, builded an altar unto the Lord, and offered his burnt-offerings of a sweet savour (Gen. viii. 21), which preceded the Divine and solemn covenant, 'Neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.'"

From almost every point between the cities of Nakhchevan and Erivan, on the opposite side of the river Araxes (some buildings of the latter are seen in our picture), the traveller only to look across the valley to take in a distinct field of vision, without a single object intervening, the mighty mountain from its summit. From Erivan it presents two faces, and appears to be connected with a range of lower mountains, whose retiring outlines leave the monarch in his lonely majesty.

From Nakhchevan, at a hundred miles distance, Mount Ararat appears to rise like one immense ice-clad cone from the low valley of the Araxes, often shining with dazzling splendour against the expanse of the blue heavens. Sometimes at early dawn the peak is whitened by the pure light of day, while the purple of night still darkens its base. The first rays of the sun begin to crown it with gold, and then spread downwards to its foundations till they travel over the plain below. If it be true, as most suppose, that in the valley of the Araxes we are to look for the site of Eden, then on no part of the earth has the primeval curse rested more heavily than on the original paradise of Adam. Nowhere is it more true that man eats his bread in the sweat of his brow, and nowhere are thorns and thistles more spontane-



brought forth. Forbidding precipices of earth, without a blade of grass, present ours variegated from white to fiery red, and mineral wealth and vegetable

region of Ararat has remained age after great barrier between the eastern and portion of the elder world, and it now as it were, the boundary-stone of the great empires of Russia, Turkey, and

Armenia claims the honour of being an older city than Babylon. Armenian ety-

14,000 feet above the Araxes plain; the lesser summit is 10,000 feet. After several unsuccessful attempts to ascend the mountain, which the Armenians believe to be supernaturally forbidden, it was not until 1829 that Professor Parrot, a German, under Russian auspices, succeeded in the design. Twice he was repelled by the snowy crest, but the third time he found himself on a slightly convex and nearly cruciform surface, about 200 paces in circuit, which at the margin declined rather steeply on all sides. This was the silver brow of Ararat, composed of eternal ice, unbroken by rock or



ARARAT.

shows that the name signifies "first of descent or lodging," and tradition that here Noah himself remained. The pomegranates, and especially grapes, in its gardens, are almost unequalled hence. Melons with bread seem almost food of the people; but owing to the arising from its well-watered gardens, even is noted for its sickliness as much utility.

aller summit of Ararat is more than

me of the first of Eden's rivers was Pison; "that is compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold of that land is good" (Gen. ii. 11, 12).

stone. On the east-south-east, he looked down on the lesser Ararat, whose head, as viewed from this point, did not appear like a cone, as it does from the plain, but like the top of a square pyramid, with larger and smaller rocky elevations at the edges and in the middle, so as to present somewhat the appearance of a Druidical circle, with its central object; and this is a curious fact, when taken in connexion with the notion which many entertain, that the ark, in fact, rested on the lesser Ararat; as it is not easy to see how its inmates, including heavy cattle, could possibly have descended from the higher summit.

Professor Parrot's party spent three-quarters of an hour on the mountain top, and, after planting an oaken cross thereon, they descended. In going down, "it was a glorious sight to behold the dark shadows which the mountains on the west cast upon the plain, and then the profound darkness which covered all the valleys, and which rose gradually higher and higher on the side of Ararat, whose icy cone was still illuminated by the beams of the setting sun."

It remains to be added that Ararat has since been the scene of a fearful visitation, which in a few moments changed the entire face of the country.

A dreadful earthquake commenced in June, 1840, and continued at intervals till September in the same year. As the most destructive shock occurred in the daytime, the loss of life was not great; but the destruction of property was immense, and traces of the calamity will be borne down to future ages in the fissures and landslips of the district. Even the aged

mountain did not escape; vast masses of rock, ice, and snow were detached from its sides, and thrown at a single bound into the valley of Akhori, where they buried a village and a monastery, and where the fragments lie to this day, scattered over an extent of several miles. Clouds of smoke and sulphur indicated at that time volcanic agency.

[We extract this description of "Ararat" from L. N. R.'s most interesting and valuable work, "STONES CRYING OUT" (London: The Book Society). The title bespeaks its object. "The stones of Egypt, the rocks and stones of Arabia, above all the stones of Nineveh, still verify the inspired story of Judah; and the intent of this book is to bring the BIBLE to these STONES, and - these STONES to the BIBLE." Published at a marvellously low price, illustrated by beautiful drawings, and conveying a mass of Biblical information on subjects of the deepest interest, the work deserves a very wide circulation.]

### THE EXCHEQUER PAST AND PRESENT.

ANTIQUARIES tell us—but will not vouch for the fact—that the name "Exchequer" was derived from the particoloured and chequered cloth that covered the table round which the barons sat to receive and pay out moneys on royal account; those prismatic configurations being supposed to afford certain mechanical helps to the process of computation on both sides. But this belonged only to the court or the chamber where the barons sat. The real Exchequer was simply a big money-box, into which the receipts were poured, and from which all royal payments were paid. When Falstaff recommended Prince Hal to "rob me the exchequer," the exchequer was really a box worth robbing. That it has been robbed in another fashion, and to a much larger extent, we need not waste time in proving. At that period the royal money was practically kept in the shape of specie, in a strong chest, locked with three keys—because, as an old historian of the exchequer phrases it, "a threefold cord is not easily broken"—which keys were entrusted to three different functionaries, one of them being the officer who carried the seals of the department, and was called accordingly Cancellarius, or Chancellor of the Exchequer. The box, with its three keys, became, of course, a fiction when, after the Revolution

of 1688, the national revenue passed under parliamentary control, when the National Debt arose, and the Bank of England assumed its high position as the public body to whom the State owed most money, from whom it drew its supplies of ready cash, and with whom, in return, it had mortgaged, more or less completely, the proceeds of future revenue. Yet for nearly a hundred years after this change had been practically effected, the old fiction of the strong box and its three keys was kept up, for the reasons we have already explained. The "box" was existent in some upper room in Whitehall, and every afternoon an *employé* from the Bank brought down the calculated receipts from the day's revenue, as derived from all manner of taxes; and the amount, being represented by "spoiled" notes, was gravely counted over and solemnly entered in the steel-bound chest, which was afterwards carefully locked by the three well-salaried officials, each with his separate key. This solemn farce is now discontinued; yet to the present moment, whenever the Chancellor of the Exchequer is required to appear in his golden robes of state, he bears, among the rest of the paraphernalia, a golden key, as typifying the iron instrument formerly carried with a very practical intent.

# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

## LOST AND FOUND.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY THE REV. A. H. BULL, THE VICARAGE, MARKET DRAYTON.

(Concluded from page 235.)



SOON as ever the stars began to pale before the approaching day, I descended from my rock-bound couch. Then I perceived more clearly what perilous places I had limbed over in the night; considered with a ladder what might have been the consequences if I had fallen down and broken a limb, or otherwise disabled myself in that lonely place; and thankfully acknowledged the bodily powers yet available for movement. I went down to the stream, and washed my face and hands. I tried to swallow a few mouthfuls of biscuit which yet remained; but this was almost impossible, even with the help of copious draughts of water. Weak as I was, I then started again along the stream.

It felt now that I must no longer waste time and strength by picking my way in the wood, or by the side of the water, but press on with all possible speed. Wherever I could not go dry-shod, I saw it would be best immediately to wade through the stream. I did this, therefore, wading sometimes nearly up to my thighs, and seriously injuring my shoes and stockings, which were already much torn and cut by the previous day's work. Here again my grass-cord was useful for keeping together the shoe-leathers, which began to gape in more than one seam.

But now I found to my agreeable surprise that strength returned; and whether it was through a bath which I took at the next large rock-basin, or the continual absorption of wet by my clothes—for I did not *drink* very much—gradually felt able to walk with renewed vigour.

Hour after hour passed, and still there was no sign of man or his works; but the mountain current, which had been so long my guide, was evidently slackening its headlong course, and widening its channel: the valley grew

broad, and the mountain was giving way to the plain. Open glades began to appear, and here and there a shoulder of the hill was almost bare of trees. Once I thought that the stream must wind its way round the foot of the hill, and if I crossed the neck, I should save time and surely meet it again. But then I reflected, what if it turned the other way down some other gully now unseen? Hard lessons were too fresh in the mind for yielding to such a temptation, strong as it was to one who felt that every hour was so precious. Sure and steady must be the motto; and firm to my first principle, I conscientiously followed every turn of the stream, and never once lost sight of it.

I had unhappily left my watch key in my lodging-house, and had tried in vain to grasp the tiny pivot of my watch-wheel with my half-opened knife; so the watch had run down, and I knew not how time went. But it must have been about noon when I first saw a troop of horses; they came to look at the human being who was *not* their stock-driver, snorted, flung up their heads and tails in contempt, cantered away, drank at their watering-place, and dashed off to their pasture. Here was, at all events, the sign of ground more or less known—the outskirts probably of some wide “run.” Would that I could see the *master* of these creatures!

The more open ground and frequent turf made walking more easy and rapid, except when here and there a narrower channel and rugged banks compelled me again to wade through the stream, which had here accumulated so much sand, that I sank in the treacherous bottom quite deeply for a few steps. Still I could walk vigorously, and fresh hopes quickened every step.

At last, towards four o'clock, as I found afterwards the time was, I heard a dog bark. I

listened. Yes, the same sound again! It was true! The dog would not be very far from man; and, indeed, a little smoke soon appeared, a rough chimney—a slab hut—a *man*!—the first human being that I had seen since 7.30 the previous morning, or for some thirty-two hours!

He was on the opposite side of the stream; I hailed him, asked where I was, and what I could do, told him my tale, and requested his help. Not waiting to find the crossing which he wanted to point out, I stepped again into the stream, crossed over to him, and thankfully took a seat in the hut. Then for my queries.

"Where was I?"

"On Wheeny Creek, many miles north of the Kurrajong."

"Was there any vehicle near?"

"Not even a dray, for miles."

"Where was the nearest inn or place where I might get a horse?"

"At Butler's," an "accommodation-house," or unlicensed sort of resting-place, "four or five miles over there."

"What could he give me?"

"Salt beef, damper, and tea, but no sugar nor milk, for he had just given the last drop to the pigs and calves of the out-station that he kept for Mr. —;" and in fact he was just locking up to leave for the Sunday, and "*ten minutes more would have seen him away on his road to the head station,*" probably quite beyond my reach.

Milk and sugar were of little comparative importance; there was food, a fire yet alive, shelter, and a bed, if I would stay the night; and, best of all, a kindly hand to give me all possible help. He set down a lump of beef and a block of damper on the rough table before me, put some water to boil in the quart pot, and said with a rough welcome,

"There now, fall to."

It was no use; the throat and stomach utterly refused to receive the food; scarcely could the teeth masticate it. The good man stared, doubtless unable to comprehend how the bodily powers could be so entirely unstrung by long exhaustion as to be incapable of eating. However I cut a few little bits of the meat, and put them into a pannikin with hot water to simmer while I rested, thinking that they would be softened enough to eat. The hot tea, somewhat bitter as it was, imparted considerable refreshment, and I managed to eat a few morsels of bread with some difficulty. The meat I could not swallow, even after half an hour's soaking; so I put it in my pocket with a little bread,

thinking that it might at least stave off hunger, and contented myself with some of the water, now slightly impure with the meat.

Meanwhile the stockman had got sore and fastened as well as he could the separated parts of my thick shoes, which only just been kept on my feet by strings of grass, and were now thoroughly spoiled by the frequent wading and sliding in sand. He now pressed me to stay and offered most kindly to remain with me, wished, of course, to press on, hoping "Butler's" that evening, and thence to drive to Richmond, and see my wife another night had passed. So after an hour's rest, which was absolutely necessary, started again.

My guide skipped over the deep stream on a fallen trunk, along which I crawled after him. He took me some distance, and then on a bush track which he said would take me easily to "Butler's" in four or five miles. I happily had a little money to give him for his hospitality and loss of time, but most unwillingly to accept it. I wrung his hand, and bade him good-night; and I hope he ever sees this narrative, he will accept of my further acknowledgment of his seasonal kindness.

But a road that was plain to an inhabitant of the district might easily be obscure to a stranger; and when it is remembered that this, like many bush-roads, had no wheels or cattle, much less a fence, to distinguish it—that fresh grass and brushwood speedily grow over open spaces—moreover the evening light was now fast waning—it was not a matter of wonder to hear that I had lost my way again. In fact, when I had ascended the hill for some distance, there was no longer the dim twilight to mark the proper track, and a score of openings in the forest, with no path leading to any of them, lay *nowhere*.

In one of these openings I found a shelter when night closed in; and this night was like the former, fine and dry, but full of rain. I was on a high ridge, with a friendly stream to guide me or supply me with no rocks to afford a sheltering cave. Every way I tried to proceed proved to lead into darker shades or thicker wood. (Of the stockman's advice still stuck in my mind "Keep to the ranges." So there was nothing for it but to stay where I was, and wait for day.

But to spend another night in these woods, without food, shelter, or fire; to feel myself in this wilderness without a clue of any kind for escape—for after so many turnings in the twilight, I knew not even the *direction* of "Butler's," whither I was to go; and to relapse into this helpless condition *after having received new hopes of deliverance*, this was indeed misery! And when at the back of all this gloomy view there was the thought of dear ones waiting in anxiety for a second night, quite ignorant of my situation—nay, of my *safety*—it will be readily imagined that my feelings were sad beyond description, wellnigh to despair. And this was the eve of that blessed day which brings rest and peace to man!

However, sad or sanguine, I must bestir myself to find a shelter, for the rain was coming down now in considerable force, and my exhausted frame sadly needed rest. After groping about, I found a large hollow tree-stump, about seven feet high, and open near the bottom. My umbrella was again my friend, and formed a fair roof when spread out over the top. The bark was rotten enough to come off in a large curved sheet; with this I managed to close the opening, and inside I sat down weary, wet, and stiff—body and mind alike sunk in miserable depression.

At such times, when the thoughts can scarcely collect themselves, or the spirit bestir itself for prayer, how precious is the assurance of a heavenly Intercessor, who can and will plead for His unworthy servants!

I attempt not to describe how I passed the night. The morning at last broke—Sunday morning. All was mist, and damp, and wretchedness. I had managed to keep myself in some measure warm through the night; but now, when I emerged from my "gunyah"—for it was not much more—I felt chilly and stiff. However, there was no use in staying: move I must, but *which way?*

Humanly speaking, it was absolutely a chance. I could not for all the world have pointed out one way as at all more likely than another. After a few moments' doubt—shall I say by instinct, or shall I not much rather say by God's good providence?—I took the *left* side, plunged into the bush again, and went whither I knew not.

I made my way down into a valley, for I had come to the end of the ridge, and earnestly sought water. I was very thirsty; and, moreover, the charred inside of my night's lodging had made a wash for hands and face more

than usually requisite. I came to a water-course, but only to be tantalized by dry sand, for the rain seemed to have passed other ways. I came to another where a small puddle of tolerably clear water gave better promise. By help of this I tried to eat one or two mouthfuls of the meat and damper which I had brought from the stockman's hut, and I thankfully found that the wet bushes through which I had forced my way had already supplied the place of the Wheeny stream in recruiting my bodily strength.

Thus reinforced, I pursued my way as well as I could over rough and thickly-wooded ground. All at once, on emerging from a thicket, I found myself in an open space which appeared to have a definite direction; and though there was not a single visible foot-mark or other track, yet I felt sure that this must be the road which I had missed the previous evening. Accordingly, I set myself to walk, with a freedom of step which after the rough bush-work was quite pleasant, and a fresh vigour that astonished me. After walking perhaps another mile, I came upon the marks of oxen, and then—oh, joyful sight!—actual wheel-tracks!

Drays probably came thus far into the forest for firewood, therefore a settlement could not be far off. I was not disappointed. About a quarter of an hour more brought me to the sight of a cottage; and at the very moment an old man came out half-dressed to wash at the neighbouring fountain for his Sunday trim. I told my tale in very few words, and asked for the accommodation-house. The poor man was almost distraught.

"What, are you the jintleman as is lost? Why, there's twenty horseman or more after ye: all the coountry is oop to seek ye."

Then, as I went away with all speed towards the house which I wanted, he cried out after me,

"Your wife's gone oop t' Big Hill."

A most unexpected piece of information, but highly important if true, as it would lead me to mount the Kurrajong or "Big Hill" again, instead of descending in the opposite direction to Richmond. And from the confident tone in which he spoke, it was clear that he knew more about my family than I did.

On reaching "Butler's," I found the good woman just beginning her day: it was about half-past six. A real house and family, a good fire and provisions inside, a well-known road outside, with several willing hearts and hands

to forward all my plans, were very welcome realities. Much astonishment was of course created, and many suggestions given me. But my questions were few and easily answered. "How far to the top of the Big Hill?" "About eight miles." "Could I have a vehicle, or horses and a guide?" "Yes; but the latter would be best and quickest." "Could I have a little broth made, and meanwhile a short rest?" "Anything whatever."

During the last few miles I had been considering what to do as soon as I should arrive. I could not eat; but I remembered stories of starving mariners taken off wrecks, and carefully fed with small quantities of *soup* when they could not eat solid food. Then it occurred to me that the little water in which the bits of meat had simmered about half an hour on the previous evening, had served as very weak broth to recruit my strength; and so I resolved at once to order some broth. They had no fresh meat; but the usual salt beef cut small would serve well enough. Meanwhile a little brandy and some tea, which could be made in a few minutes, would tend to restore in some degree my exhausted nature. Then came hot water to wash my miserable feet, and my clothes put to dry at the fire. Two rough urchins were dragged from their slumbers to make room for me in the only decent bed; and I lay for an hour, too feverish to get real sleep, yet rejoicing thankfully in the comfort of rest, refreshment, and safety.

I was anxious to repay at the best price my hostess's kind care, for which the small money-charge seemed a very insufficient return; and before I left I knelt down with thanksgiving to my gracious Preserver, and invoked the best blessings on the whole family.

Then came the mount and ride. A rough and high-stepping steed was no easy carriage for one in my condition; and the frequent use of the switch wherewith I had been provided considerably augmented my fatigue. I had taken some of the brandy in my pocket, but I found it so parching to my lips, that I threw it away, and gladly accepted some fresh water at a cottage.

After several miles, we came upon the road leading down from the mountain top to Richmond. At this moment a "mob" of horses or cattle was coming down under the escort of two or three stockmen. To my surprise, my guide, who was not a man of many words, left my side, cantered away to one of the strange riders, spoke a few words, and dismounted.

He immediately unbuckled a spur from his heels, and brought it for me. He knelt in exhaustion, and thoughtfully supplied means of urging my too tardy steed with fatigue to me. So we turned up the hill *such* a hill it is! No vehicles can ever go without the passengers dismounting: the rider, if he be merciful, will allow his horse to walk unburdened. But on this occasion I *must* be carried.

Before I reached the top, I was met by more than one kind greeting from those who knew my circumstances, though strangers to me. They confirmed the account that my wife, who had, according to arrangements made, returned down to Richmond, had returned up the hill on the following day, and was now in the hands of a most hospitable Scottish gentleman higher up. To his house of course we went, and on opening the outer gate, I had strength to gallop at full speed along the approach to the house. There in the veranda, among kind friends, was the beloved face I desired to see. I need not try to describe the feelings of such a meeting. Suffice it that I found in Northfield a most comfortable home, and in its excellent master, the late Comrie, a true Christian brother.

This gentleman having been in Richmond had shown hearty sympathy and ready aid to the anxious wife of whose trouble he had had exerted all his energy in organizing relief for search all over the country; and he crowned his kindness by offering us a long hospitality for many days to come.

Then I learned that the good news had reached her two or three hours before me, and relieved her dear wife's anxiety sooner than I thought. "He has found himself," were the words she had happily greeted her at breakfast.

Now, thank God, all was peace. Fatigue and rest soon restored me. By the mercy of God I was preserved from all danger of rheumatism; and after a day or two, bruises on my legs, with partial weakness of my general powers, were the only tokens of my fatigue and distress. I need hardly say that the remembrance of this event, with its lessons, I trust, of thankfulness and comfort, will last much longer; and if the circumstantial nature of this narrative be too tedious, perhaps the reader will understand how deeply even the minutest features of an adventure—such a merciful deliverance—are engraven on the mind of the person concerned.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

## THE FOX.

## XXI.

per was one day in the fields near a where several geese were swimming. y he observed one disappear under r with a sudden jerk. While he or her to rise again, he saw a fox from the water, and trot off to the rith the unfortunate goose in his

He chanced to go in a direction where ay for him to watch his movements. ed his burden to a recess under an ing rock. Here he scratched away a dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his within, and covered it up very care- hen off he went to the stream again, some distance behind the flock of nd floated noiselessly along, with he tip of his nose visible above the

But this time he was not so suc- i his manœuvres. The geese, by some took the alarm, and flew away with kling. The fox finding himself de- rked off in a direction opposite to e where his victim was buried. The it to the hole, uncovered it, put the his basket, replaced the leaves care- d stood patiently at a distance to rther proceedings. The sly thief was n returning with another fox that he ted to dine with him. They trotted ght merrily, swinging their tails, snuff- air, and smacking their lips, in antici- f a rich repast. When they arrived e rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away s; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! d at his companion, and plainly saw ountenance that he more than mis- whether any goose was ever there, nded. He evidently considered his hospitality a sham, and himself in-

His contemptuous expression was an the mortified fox could bear. conscious of generous intentions, he all assurances to that effect would be as lies. Appearances were certainly ch against him, for his tail slunk

between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected under the circumstances.

## XXII.

A most singular occurrence recently took place at Owthorne, near Patrington, in Holderness. A fine male fox made his appearance among a flock of lambs belonging to a widow at that place, and became so much attached to one of the lambs, that he could not be driven away. The most extraordinary part of the whole affair, however, is the fact that the lamb also declined to be parted from its strange companion, and now the pair are to be seen daily, seldom far from each other.

## THE HORSE.

## XXIII.

Every fresh instance of the wonderful sagacity of animals must be interesting to those who make Natural History their study. Numerous as are the extraordinary cases of instinct remarked by many persons, yet every new case, as it comes home to one, seems stronger than before, till at length the boundary line between instinct and reason becomes very narrow and ill-defined.

In my Notes on Norwegian Natural History, I have had occasion to make mention of a very sagacious pony I brought from Norway. This pony has lately exhibited such wonderful instances of sharpness, that in justice to her they ought to be recounted.

During the last summer, autumn, and winter, while their masters were abroad, this pony, in company with another, brought at the same time from Norway, had a holiday at grass.

They not only enjoyed perfect rest from work, but very soon perfect liberty; inasmuch as no common or uncommon fastening, no devices of the groom availed. They could unfasten, undo, or untie every gate, and ranged at will wherever their inclination led them. For some time they were the companions of a foal last year, which being a great beauty was treated to two feeds of corn every day, a luxury denied to the ponies; but one of them, not understanding the meaning of such partiality, and having been brought up with somewhat of republican opinions, always contrived to get through the door of the shed which divided her from the foal's dinner, and to share the oats with him. Various were the contrivances of the groom to baffle the pony's ingenuity, but they all signally failed. If he tied the door with a stout rope, the pony knew how to pick out the knot with her teeth; if he fastened it with a chain and staple and wooden peg, no sooner was his back turned than the peg was drawn and the gate undone. At length, tired of being so often beaten, the man barred the entrance to the shed with a heavy rail. This was a sore trial to the poor pony; and the man looked on from a little distance with a complacent smile, and rubbed his hands with glee at the victory he had at last achieved, as he saw the pony make fruitless efforts to lift the heavy rail with her neck. Her strength was unequal to this, and she seemed at once to give it up in despair, for she turned round and trotted off to her companion. But what was the astonishment of the groom to see her return to the rail with help. She had persuaded her friend the other Norwegian pony to come to her aid; they both together put their necks under the rail: and now what one could not accomplish, the combined strength of the two achieved: the rail was thrown down, and the way to the corn cleared. I do not know what means at length succeeded in baffling the pony; but when no longer able to come to the door, she managed to take down the shutter of the shed, and feast her eyes at any rate upon the corn.

On a subsequent occasion, when these two Norwegian ponies were confined in a yard, they so repeatedly unfastened the gate (whatever might be the new device of the groom to render it secure) and made their escape, that nothing would avail but to nail it up with some stout tenpenny nails, when all other means had been tried and failed.

After such instances as I have mentioned above of ingenuity, determination, of a plan

of communication with another, the success in carrying out of the proposed manoeuvre overcoming of the difficulty, I feel some in assenting to the logical definition of "a rational animal," for I have my doubt the epithet is peculiar to him alone.

## XXIV.

A friend of mine, one dark night, was at home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree and fell from his horse stunned by the fall. The horse immediately returned to the spot which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed and the family asleep. He pawed at the door till one of the family, hearing the noise, arose and opened it. To his surprise, saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting was something wrong, followed the horse which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint.

## XXV.

Equal in point of sagacity with this, was the conduct of an old horse belonging to a farmer in Strathmiglo, Fifeshire. From the fact of having a large family, this animal had become particularly intimate with children, and on no account move when they were near its feet, as if it feared to do them harm. On one occasion, when dragging a load through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be playing on the road, and would evidently have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the services of this animal. He carefully took it up in his clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the side of the road, moving slowly all the while, and looking back as if to satisfy himself that the wheelbarrow had cleared it. This animal was the most intelligent of his kind, and performed his duties with a steadiness and precision which were perfectly surprising.

## XXVI.

Respecting the intelligence of even the common work-horse, Mr. Stephens in his "History of the Farm," speaks in terms of high commendation.

It is remarked, says he, by those who have much to do with blood horses that they are at liberty, and seeing two or more



conversing together, they will appear as it were to wish to listen to reason. The farm horse will not do he is quite obedient to call, and distinguish his name readily from that of his is, and will not stir when desired to his own name is pronounced. He knows the various sorts of work he is and will apply his strength and skill to way to effect his purpose, whether rashing machine, the cart, or the He soon acquires a perfect sense of

In ploughing, I have seen a horse steadily towards a directing pole, and his head had reached it. He seems to have a sense of time. I have heard eight almost daily about ten minutes time of ceasing work in the evening, summer or in winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether anger or otherwise, and can even distinguish musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own, which, when even at his corn, whilst eating, and listen attentively with his ears moving, and steady eyes, the horse heard the note, low G sounded, and continued to listen so long as it was sustained another horse was similarly affected by a similar high note. The recognition of the bugle by a trooper, and the whistle occasioned in the hunter when the horse's tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between sounds. They never mistake one call for another.

It also has been added, that work-horses are fully to comprehend the meaning of commands employed to direct them—whether to go backward, to the left or to the right. The use of this gibberish might certainly be of advantage, as tending only to the limited faculties of the animal; there is no doubt that a horse will obey a command to stop, to go on, or to either side, even should its master be at some yards distant. Work-horses also anticipate Sunday, perhaps partly from and partly from noticing the preparations for it. They are quick observers of change that takes place around them; and distinguish the footfall of the person

who feeds them; and seem fully to understand, from the kind of harness put upon them, whether they are to be yoked in the mill, the cart, or in the plough. Even when blind they will perform their accustomed operations with wonderful precision. We knew a blind coach-horse that ran one of the stages on the great north road for several years, and so perfectly was he acquainted with all the stables, halting-places, and other matters, that he was never found to commit a blunder. In his duties he was no doubt greatly aided by hearing and smell. He could never be driven past his own stable; and at the sound of the coming coach, he would turn out of his own accord into the stable-yard. What was very remarkable, so accurate was his knowledge of time, that though half-a-dozen coaches halted at the same inn, yet was he never known to stir till the sound of the "ten o'clock" was heard in the distance.

### THE HOG.

#### XXVII.

As we approached a farm on the American side of St. Claire river, belonging to the captain of our steamer, a curious fact fell under my observation. The pigs belonging to a farm came squealing down to the waterside, a thing which the persons at the farm assured me they never did when other steamers passed. The captain explained this singular recognition on the part of the pigs by stating that the swill of his steamer was always preserved for them; and that on reaching the landing-place it was immediately put on shore to feed them. The animals having been accustomed to this valuable importation during the whole summer months, had learned to distinguish the peculiar sound which the steam made in rushing through the pipe of the steamer, and as they could do this at the distance of half a mile, they, immediately upon hearing it, hastened down to the river, whilst the noise made by the other steamers was disregarded. This is a curious instance of the possibility of sharpening the faculties of the lower animals by an appeal to their appetites, and a conclusive proof that the readiest way to make all swinish animals reasonable, is to provide plenty of swill for them.

# The Poetry of Home.

## Martyrdom of John the Baptist.

"But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison. And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother."—*ST. MATTHEW* xiv. 6, 10, 11.

**I**N Herod's birthday, with a birthday greeting,  
Came lords of high estate;  
And wealth, and might, and peerless beauty meeting,  
At Herod's banquet sate.

Bright shone the splendour, everywhere surrounding  
Those marble palace halls,  
Blazing with light, while sweetest music sounding,  
Echoed along the walls.

From golden cups the rosy wine was flowing,  
Until men's brows were flushed;  
And songs of softest melody were glowing  
In strains which charmed and hushed.

Hearts throbbed in rapture, and bright eyes were glancing  
Delight, such joy to prove,  
And see! the daughter of Herodias dancing,  
Melts Herod into love.

O glorious banquet! but with tragic ending;  
Beneath that witching glare,  
Incest and lust, and wrath and murder, blending,  
Are with Herodias there!

O dreadful banquet! see Herodias' daughter  
Bearing the sacred head  
Of John the Baptist, reeking from fresh slaughter  
In the warm blood just shed!

Silent and lonely, sleeping in his prison,  
He only wakes to die!  
The headsman strikes, and lo! the martyr risen  
Is glory-crowned on high!

Darkened and dreadful are those halls forsaken,  
The lights are quenched in blood!  
But waves of fiery vengeance have o'ertaken  
The murderers like a flood!

So from that banquet's glittering pavilions  
Voices of warning come,  
That men may shun and shudder, and earth's millions  
Escape the sinner's doom.

But from that prison, where the Lord's true servant

On that dark night was slain,  
Sweet words are whispered to the ear observing  
"The martyr's death is gain!"

BENJAMIN GOUGH,  
*Author of "Lyra Sabbatica"*

## The Marriage of Cana.

"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee: and the mother of Jesus was there: and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."—*ST. JOHN* ii. 1, 2.

**T**HEY stand amid their earnest friends,  
joyful yet awed and still,  
As sacred hands the rite of old by God  
ordained fulfil;  
The few and simple words they breathe,  
though scarce they meet the ear,  
Pledge heart to heart, and life to life,  
through many a coming year.

As meet their hands with tender grasp, each  
heart renounces there  
Whatever thought of earthly bliss the other  
may not share;  
Henceforth together do they pass, in joy or  
sorrow one,  
Nor that mysterious union ends till life itself  
be done.

And now with blushes and with smiles, the  
young bride meets her friends:  
With voice of trembling earnestness a father  
o'er her bends;  
A sister's tear is on her cheek, a mother's hand  
o'erflows,  
As hope and fear their visions to her anxious  
eyes disclose.

That trusting one, whose deepest love is yielded  
to his claim,  
Who now, by smiling friends addressed, first  
hears her matron name!  
To her he vows himself anew, before that sacred  
shrine,  
Where conscience to the heart reveals the  
Majesty Divine.

Blest Saviour! though no bridal wreath en-  
twined Thy awful brow,  
Not void of sympathy for aught of blameless  
joy wast Thou;  
And walking in Thy Gospel's light, thy true  
disciples prove  
The purity of wedded bliss, the holiness of  
love. S. G. B.

# Home Recreation.

BY AUNT MERCY AND UNCLE CHEERFUL.

**U**NT and UNCLE have received from the Patentees (G. W. Bacon & Co., 48, Paternoster Row), a PARLOUR GYMNASIUM with TRAPEZE and SWING. The GYMNASIUM is a very valuable invention. Although a simple piece of apparatus, it is above one hundred different exercises can be put up in any sitting-room, arranging the appearance of the apartment, hall, six or eight feet wide, will give room for every exercise. Some idea may be formed of it from the annexed cuts.



The ParLOUR Gymnasium.



Adapted as a Swing.

and Uncle give this invention their commendation. A popular author says, "We are weak because it never enters our thoughts that we might be otherwise." Archbishop Whately has appreciated the importance of physical exercise, and the imperative need of exerting some severe labour, whether in chopping of wood, in order to counteract the evil tendency which hours of idleness must have on the body. Parents and actors of youth cannot do better than PARLOUR GYMNASIUM. During the Summer months, the *Enigmas*, &c., are suspended; but additional contributions may still be sent to Aunt "Care of the *Editor, Worcester.*"

## ANSWERS AND SOLUTIONS.

(See page 179.)

### I.

1. Milo. 2. Unicorn. 3. Salini. 4. Interdict. 5. Coleridge. 6. Albert Durer. 7. Loyola. 8. Nebo. 9. Olympiad. 10. Tomi. 11. Emma. 12. Shilling.—*Musical Notes. Guido Aretino.*

### II.

1. Gracchi. 2. Rhodes. 3. Alba. 4. Vesta. 5. Italic. 6. Toleration. 7. Ashmole. 8. Tallow. 9. Innocent. 10. Ohio. 11. Norman.—*Gravitation. Isaac Newton.*

### III.

1. Sennacherib. 2. Hydra. 3. Axminster. 4. Kid. 5. Sappho. 6. Pontiff. 7. Elfrida. 8. Azov. 9. Rizzio. Enoch Arden.—*Shakespeare. Bard of Avon.*

### IV.

St. Salvador.  
Port au Prince.  
Chihuahua.  
Campeachy.

### V.

1. Wol(d)se(ine)y. 2. Je(st)f, fer(ret) I, es(tate). 3. F, oz. 4. Gas, coi(neide), g, ne(ed). 5. Wick(et) Liff(ey) (h)s. 6. Ne(stling,)l(a),son.

## DEFINITIONS.

*Good Temper* :—

"The brightest blaze from 'OUR OWN FIRE-SIDE.'"—JULIA C.

"Life's elixir."—REBECCA.

"The oil which prevents the creaking of life's machinery."—LILLIAN E.

"The philosopher's stone."—TERESA.

"The light of the dwelling."—LEIDA, Saxon.

## OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

"Perpetual sunshine."—K. B., SAXON,  
E. B. B., JULIA C.

"The rich reward of discipline of mind."  
REBECCA.

"A sunbeam in the home."—ANNIE R. S.,  
LEIDA, C. H. H.

"The panacea for little aggravations."  
LILIAN E.

"The angel in the house."—SAXON.

"The key to happiness in wed-lock."—E. G. A.

"Joy's reflecting-glass."—JULIA C.

"A bird with unruffled plumage."—JULIA C.

*Bad Temper :—*

"The lucifer-match of society."—E. G. A.

"Laughter's nightcap."—JULIA C.

"A quiver of poisoned arrows, drawn forth  
against friend or foe on the slightest provoca-  
tion."—ANNIE R. S.

"The worm gnawing at the root of enjoy-  
ment."—LILIAN E.

"A fever of the mind which, being inter-  
mittent, is curable with care" (*Hannah More*).  
A. M. J.

"An offended turkey-cock."—JULIA C.

"The destroyer of social pleasure."  
M. A. E. R.

"The wormwood of life."—LIZZIE.

"The head of Medusa."—TERESA.

"The universal wet-blanket."—LEIDA.

"An east wind."—LILY.

"The cataracts and breaks of life."—K. B.

"A black cloud which overhangs its owner."  
SAXON.

"Breakers ahead."—JULIA C.

"The 'Upas tree' of home."—SINTRAM.

*Temper :—*

"The human barometer, ranging from 'fair' to 'Very stormy.'"—M. W. P.

"A rose or a thorn."—E. B. B.

"Good temper is the impenetrable shield  
that turneth aside the shafts of malice.

"*Ill* temper is the dart with two points that  
woundeth both him who thrusteth and him  
who receiveth.

"*Hot* temper is like the serpent's bite—  
quick in performance, but leaving a continuing  
sting.

"*Sulky* temper is as the slow blight that  
nips the tender growth of good affections, and  
planteth the worm in the bud."

REBECCA.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

[*Woman's Love.*]

"He little knoweth  
A woman's heart, who, when the wild winds  
blows,  
Deems it will change. No: storms may rise,  
And grief may dim, and sorrow cloud her sky,  
And hopeless hours, and sunless days come on,  
And years where all that spoke of bliss is gone,  
And dark despair the gloomy future fill—  
But, loving once, she loves through good and  
ill."  
O. A. H. B.



## The Home Library.

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*lical Antiquity of Man*; or, *Man not than the Adamic Creation*. By the **L. LUCAS, F.G.S.** London: Whittaker & Co.

merit of this book is admirable. The candid author will secure him a hearing, and no prejudice and assumption have not allowed to foreclose all argument. He is in order, the Biblical, Archæological, and Logical History of Man; the discussion a special reference to theories now respecting the origin and antiquity of man race, and the phenomena on which theories profess to be based. He arrives at a conclusion, that the evidence furnished by geology and geology agrees far better with the revelations of Scripture than it does with the theories professed to be derived from sciences, and which are hostile to the truth of that Scripture. "From the very phenomena supposed to be hostile to its teaching, it gathers around itself a growing light, and reflects fresh evidence of its profound truth and accuracy from the efforts made to overthrow it; its writers were erring, and were not of historical and scientific fact." Mr. Lucas has written a masterly treatise, and we commend it to all who wish to acquaint themselves with the whole evidence bearing on the question of the antiquity of man.

*End of All Things*; or, *The Coming and End of Christ*. First and Second Series. By the Author of "God is Love," &c. 1st Edition. London: Darton and Co.

cannot enter upon the millenarian discussion, but all who wish to study both sides of the question at issue, will do well to obtain the *End of All Things*. The author has long held strong convictions, and he writes in the pen of a practised controversialist. This volume has excited great and general interest: in less than six months it has reached its second edition; and we anticipate an equal demand for the second series. There can be no doubt that imaginative speculations respecting the *End of All Things* are widely prevalent; and that "The End of All Things" will at least guard the reader against these speculations. As a specimen of the author's style, and for the sake of the valuable testimonies quoted, the following extract:—

views as to the study of the Apocalypse accord with those expressed by Sir Isaac Newton and Adam Clarke. Both those eminent men were persuaded that, though the purport of some pro-

phesies may be learnt from diligent and prayerful study, yet that others will never be understood until the light of their accomplishment has been thrown upon them. Speaking of a particular prophecy, Sir Isaac Newton says: 'It is a part of this prophecy that it should not be understood before the last age of the world, and therefore it makes for the credit of the prophecy, that it is not yet understood. The folly of interpreters has been to foretell times and things by this prophecy, as if God designed to make them prophets. By this rashness they have not only exposed themselves, but brought the prophecy also into contempt. The design of God was much otherwise. He gave this and the prophecies of the Old Testament, not to gratify men's curiosities, by enabling them to foreknow things, but that after they were fulfilled they might be interpreted by the events; and His own providence, not the interpreters'; he then manifested thereby to the world; and there is already so much of the prophecy fulfilled, that as many as will take pains in this study may see sufficient instances of God's providence.

"Dr. Adam Clarke, in his introduction to the Apocalypse, after referring to all that he had read and thought on the subject, and his attention to the important events which had taken place in his day, concludes in these remarkable words: 'Viewing all these things, I feel myself at perfect liberty to state that to my apprehension all these prophecies [the prophecies in the Revelation] have been misapplied and misapprehended, and that the key to them is not yet intrusted to the sons of men. My readers will therefore excuse me from any exposure of my ignorance or folly by attempting to do what many with much more wisdom and learning have attempted, and what every man to the present day has failed in, who has preceded me in expositions of this book. I have no other mountain to heap on those already piled up, and if I had, I have not strength to lift it; those who have courage may again make the trial; already we have had a sufficiency of vain efforts.'

"Such was the language in which this learned and able commentator expressed himself in reference to the failures which have attended all attempts to explain the Apocalypse. Upwards of thirty-four years have passed away since he so expressed himself. In the interval, many additional volumes have been written on the Revelation, but with no greater success than attended the labours of their predecessors. And yet, strange to say, all the authors of the 1,200 works which have thus been written on that portion of Scripture, have been more or less confident—many of them as much so as if a special revelation from heaven had been vouchsafed to them on the subject—that their respective expositions were thoroughly Scriptural, and consequently sound."

*Excelsior*. By S. R. BOSANQUET. London: Hatchard and Co.

THIS is a thoughtful book; but it contains many fanciful notions. The author is too opinionated to make due allowances for those

who differ in judgment from himself. He is dogmatic in his very denunciations of what he considers dogmatism in others. His spirit also is lacking in the grace of charity, although he would probably be quite unconscious of the deficiency. It may be a profitable reflection for each to take home to himself or herself, but it is scarcely charitable to apply it as the writer applies it almost indiscriminately to others.

"How few, if any, even of the most religious, set themselves seriously to correct their besetting sin—of pride, alander, covetousness, ill-temper, or selfishness!"

This may be too true, but the reproof would naturally provoke the rejoinder, "Physician, heal thyself!"

*The American Mission in the Sandwich Islands; a Vindication and an Appeal in relation to the Proceedings of the Reformed Catholic Mission at Honolulu.* By the Rev. W. ELLIS. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS vindication and appeal will commend themselves to all Catholic-minded Churchmen. Misrepresentations of a very flagrant character are calmly but faithfully exposed. The "case," as it has been put before the English public by the Bishop of Oxford and others, resolves itself into a most unjustifiable and needless aggression on the successful scene of American missionary labours. The letter of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, quoted by Mr. Ellis, in which he expresses "high respect for the American Missionary Society, and much thankfulness for the work which God has enabled it to effect," presents a happy and truly Catholic contrast to the bitter and intolerant spirit evinced by the originators of what is misnamed the "Reformed Catholic Mission."

*From Pole to Pole: a Handbook of Christian Missions.* By JOSEPH HASSELL, Associate of King's College. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS book will supply a felt need. It is a most valuable compilation. Missionary literature is generally too diffusive. Mr. Hassell gives his readers a comprehensive view of mission work accomplished in every part of the world.

"At the close of the year 1863, there were *sixty-two* Protestant Missionary Societies engaged in the great work of evangelizing the world. Of this number, 16 were English, 7 Scotch, 1 Irish, 1 French, 11 German and Swiss, 2 Dutch, 3 Norwegian and Swedish, 1 Danish, 17 American, 2 British North American, and 2 West Indian.

"These 62 separate agencies occupied 1,516 mission stations, and maintained 1591 places of worship. The number of missionaries was 7,372, of whom 3,868 were ordained ministers, the remainder catechists and other lay agents. The communicants approach 500,000, the scholars under Christian instruction approach 250,000.

"Speaking generally, we think we may safely say that God has given success proportionate to the efforts put forth. In proof of this, we may point to India. Taking India, Ceylon, and Burmah together, there has been, during the last ten years, an increase of nine Societies labouring there; 73 additional stations have

been occupied; 6 foreign and 135 native missionaries, and 1,078 native catechists, have been added to those already at work. During the same period, the increase in the number of adults and children receiving Christian instruction was 118,507. The steady progress which the Gospel has made in India will be clearly seen when we state that in the year 1852 the proportion of the population receiving Christian instruction, namely, 191,269, was one in every 1,567, while in 1862 it was reduced to 1 in every 666, the number having increased to 307,756."

Mr. Hassell urges the necessity of a great augmentation of funds, in order that fresh triumphs may be won.

"How insignificant is the sum of money raised by the Protestant Christians of Europe and America for mission purposes, when compared with the wealth of the nations and the wants of the world! The entire income of the various missionary societies is probably not more than a *million sterling*; of which sum about £700,000 are contributed by the British Churches.

"A people who accumulate over £60,000,000 sterling in taxes, and spend nearly forty more on beer (see Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Budget, 1865), could easily raise three or four times the amount at present subscribed for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign lands."

The education of the Christian Church in the subject of missions is unquestionably very partial at present; and Mr. Hassell has made a very important contribution towards an increase of information.

*The Warringtons Abroad; or, Twelve Months in Germany, Italy, and Egypt.* London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

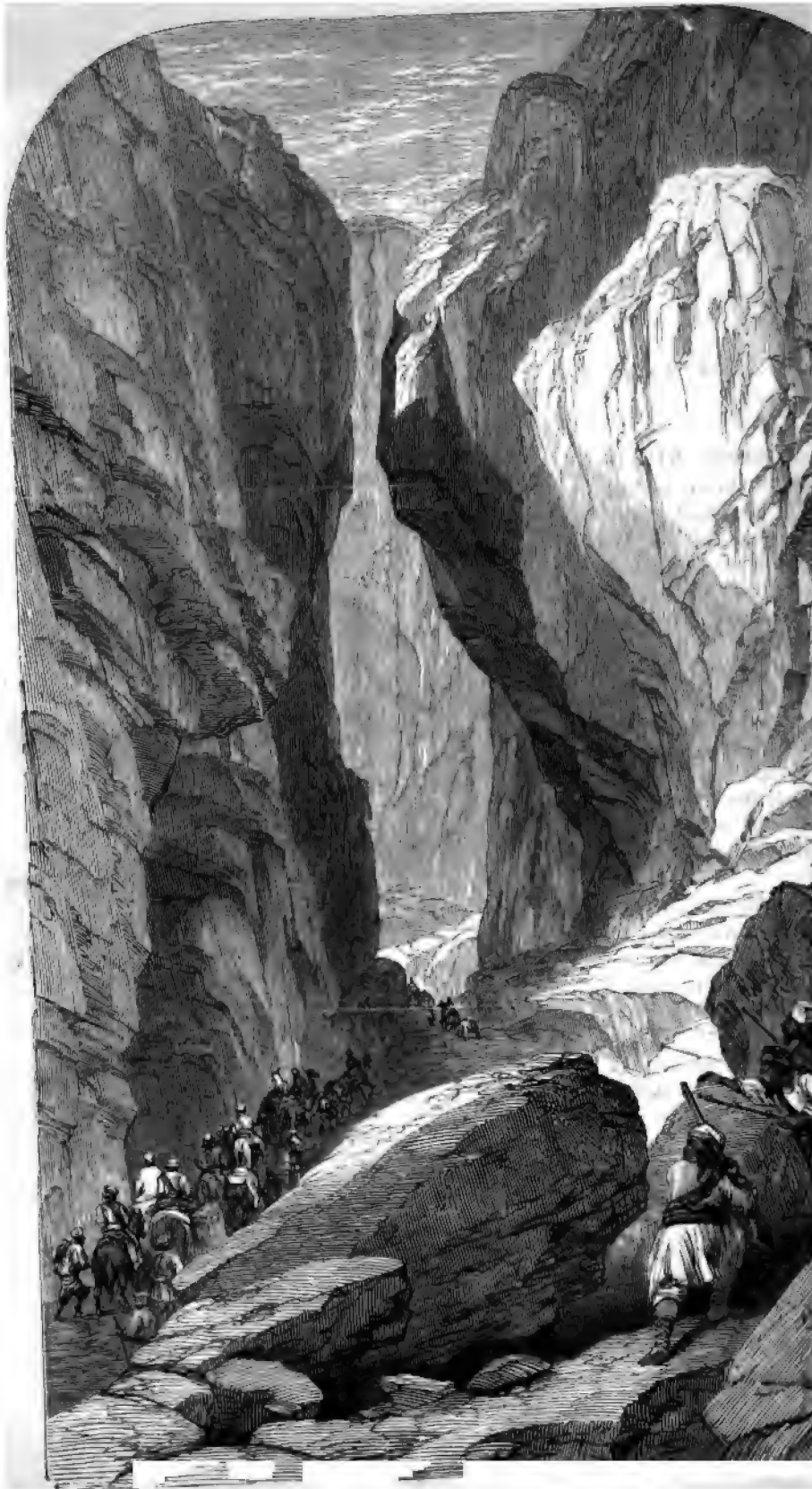
A CAPITAL book for our sons and daughters. Full of interest and information, and profusely illustrated with first-class engravings; we give it our strongest recommendation. It is a marvel how it is produced for the price.

*Spiritual Voices from the Middle Ages.* London: Joseph Masters.

THESE abstracts are deservedly entitled "Spiritual Voices." A sentence here and there might probably be misunderstood, and one or two biographical statements are objectionable; but the extracts indicate the deep experience of their authors in "the things of God." We quote a prayer of Arnold's:—

"Oh, inexhaustible love, which surpasest all, ~~but~~ need of none, and yet givest richly to all; which enrichest all hearts, and interest all who seek Thee; which unitest earth with heaven, without whom ~~none~~ are happy, and with whom none are unhappy; I know not with what praise I shall extol Thee, and yet can I not be silent! Come, O Divine Love, enter the heart of the servant whom Thou hast created; fill the vessel which Thou hast made; continue the work which Thou hast begun; give peace to that which Thou hast wounded; possess that which Thou hast purchased with Thine own blood; unite with Thee that which Thou hast partly drawn unto Thyself. For it is Thy pleasure, O Lord, to visit the children of men, and our riches is it to be with Thee. Pour out upon me, good Lord, the grace of Thy Spirit, that I may be one with Thee in time and Thine for ever in eternity."





ENTRANCE TO THE BOLAN PASS, FROM DADUR.




# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER XIII.

 O Oliver walked along undisturbed, and he soon reached the Morants' residence, and found the watchman sleeping beneath the porch. He roused him, and

ittance.

u the doctor?" inquired the man lily, as he rubbed his eyes, and lantern to look at the stranger; not recognize Oliver as one of the visitors.

am not the doctor; I am only the followed the corpse to the deadening; and I wish to see Mr.

re a bold man, sir—I know you ied the porter, more respectfully. t have a charmed life, Mr. Wynd-on as you have done during all ul weeks, and yet to have es-

he disease some months ago, and God to carry me through it. I es than try to show my gratitude others who are afflicted."

are not many in this city who see hat light," said the porter, bit-Then my poor wife and children t, no one came near them but hey all died, and then I was to the pest-house. How I lived ig the crowd of dead and dying, t. I was insensible for many hen I began to recover. I could

not go back to the old desolate home, so I engaged as a porter, and I contrive to get a living. But it is a hard and a sad life—not much worth having."

Oliver pitied the poor fellow from his heart. He had expressed the very same feelings of which he was himself conscious; and he saw that they were unbecoming a Christian.

"My good friend," he said gently—and he placed a piece of money in the man's hand as he spoke—"I have often been tempted to speak as you do, and to feel reckless of life. But I know that such thoughts and feelings must be checked. We have all our work to do, as God has appointed it to us; and we must try to do it like Christian men. Rest will come afterwards. Your place is here to guard this door; and mine is to go within, and try to cheer the drooping hearts that mourn there, with hopes for the future. We may each of us serve God and our fellow-creatures by performing our duties faithfully; and we may feel sure of His protection."

So saying, Oliver entered the hall, in which one small hand-lamp was burning, that barely shed its light across the wide entrance to the staircase on the other side. No one appeared; and Oliver proceeded towards the apartment in which he had seen Harry Morant on the previous occasion, feeling greatly cheered and strengthened by his conversation with the porter at the door. In his effort to teach another, he had taught himself; and he perceived that the truths

he had uttered applied quite as much to his own case as to that of him whom he addressed.

He resolved to act on the principle that he had just enforced on the porter, and to set himself as cheerfully as might be to the task which he had appointed to himself—the difficult and self-denying task of endeavouring to render Harry Morant more worthy of her whom they both loved.

In the handsome and well-furnished drawing-room—which had, nevertheless, a gloomy and uninhabited aspect, and was imperfectly lighted—Oliver found Mrs. Morant, sitting sadly and idly, a very picture of hopeless grief; while Harry paced the room with folded arms and a cloudy brow, and seemed quite unable to suggest any subject of consolation to his bereaved mother.

“I ought to apologize for intruding upon you, Mrs. Morant,” said Oliver, as he entered the room and approached her. “The office I hold has given me the habit of visiting the afflicted of all ranks without ceremony. I expected to find your son here alone; and I wished to tell him that I had performed my promise, and that all has been done that could be done.”

“Thank you—thank you, Mr. Wyndham! You have done for us what no one else would have attempted,” replied Mrs. Morant. And she turned away her head to hide the fresh-falling tears which Oliver’s allusion had called forth.

“Shall I leave you now?” asked Oliver of Harry Morant. “I fear my presence only distresses your mother. I will, with your permission, call another day, when you can see me alone. I wish,” he added, in a low voice to Harry, “to convey to Miss Purvis some particulars of your poor sister’s last hours.”

“Do not go,” replied Harry. “My dear mother’s only comfort seems to be in the thought of our darling Kate’s peace and joy at the last. From the time that Blanche Purvis visited her she remained calm and happy. No more restlessness—no more doubts or fears returned.”

“And did she tell you the cause of this blessed peace?” said Oliver eagerly. “Did

your sister attribute her joy and calm to the conversation she had had with Purvis? I can well believe that it.

“Our dear Kate tried, at intervals, to repeat to us all that Blanche had said to her, and make us understand why she had proved such a support and comfort to her, and had enabled her to lay aside her painful doubts and apprehension. She could rejoice in her joy, and it calmly witnessed her deep tranquillity of spirit, so different to the anxious, fevered state which we had seen her ever since she suspected her own danger. We could rejoice in this, I say, Wyndham, but I could not enter into it. Kate was always a good girl—the very best of daughters and mothers. What had she to fear in a future life? Indeed, there is a future life of increased consciousness.”

“Oh, Harry, do not speak so!” said Mrs. Morant; who, although by no means a religious-minded woman, was often struck by the free and sceptical opinions then expressed by her son. “What would Wyndham think of you?”

“He will think,” said Oliver, very simply and humbly, “that Mr. Morant is brought through just such a period of doubt and unbelief—as I have myself been—and which I thank God has passed away as I trust it will do with him. I can witness the daily life of Mr. Purvis’s daughter—I could not see how their faith strengthened them in the time of trial, and enabled them to endure some anxiety with patience, and not to know the ground of their envy and confidence. As a child, the same was taught to me, and I saw it exemplified in the life of my mother. I had lived among sceptics and vain reasoners—no one but my old nurse ever uttered a Christian sentiment in my hearing. I was providentially led to the dwelling of Mr. Purvis, where I again saw the truth, a true belief in the Word and the will of God. Old lessons, that I had learned in my childhood came back to my mind. I listened to the conversation of Mr. Purvis and his daughter; and when I saw her

and thoughts were influenced by re-wished to think and believe and feel lid; for I perceived how they were ve above this world and its cares, o saw that they enjoyed a kind of s to which I was an utter stranger.

I was influenced likewise by the be admitted into the number of nds; and I knew that neither Mr. r his daughter would bestow their p upon any one who despised or led that religion which they prized very earthly gift or earthly advan-

ver said these last words, he fixed penetrating eyes on Harry Morant's nce, and he saw an expression of l shame pass over it. He forced o proceed.

I am convinced that however Miss night regard any individual, and sensible she might be of their good, she would never admit any one to dship whom she did not at least o might also number among her lievers."

ow that too—I know it to my ' exclaimed Harry, in a tone almost . "If, years ago, I could have a serious air, and professed to ll the superstitions that Blanche and r hold for truths, and that she was rying to instil into my poor Kate—at have regarded me with greater

But I could not play the part of a s, or bend my intellect to the recep- he fables that I believe Mr. Purvis ll his talents—has implicit faith in. ntinacy was broken up; and when came here yesterday, I had not seen, we parted in the East."

you think her much changed in that asked Oliver with a suppressed sigh. allusions to his former acquaintance anche were torture to him: but he dved to conquer all such vain and eelings, and to go on with his self-work, cost what it might to him-

looked pale and anxious," replied "but more lovely than ever. She

was so eager to see Kate that she would hardly stay to reply to my greeting. She seemed absorbed in her errand, which was to bring peace to her dying friend; and when she had accomplished it, she hurried away with such a heavenly look upon her sweet face as one might fancy an angel would wear—if any such beings really existed."

"They do exist, and she is one upon earth!" exclaimed Oliver, quite forgetting his intended caution. Harry looked at him suddenly and suspiciously; and he saw his face was flushed for a moment, and then became paler than before.

"Is that your opinion of Miss Purvis?" he said coldly. "She is highly flattered by it, no doubt."

Oliver had recovered himself; and he checked a rising feeling of anger, and replied calmly,

"My opinion of Miss Purvis can never affect her in the least, Mr. Morant. She knows me only in my official capacity, as one of the appointed visitors in this district, a poor and homeless man. If she has taken any interest in me, it is merely because I have been enabled to attend her father during his illness, and render him a few slight services; and also, perhaps, because she has seen that, under the influence of their society, I have got rid of some of my miserable prejudices, and have become less of a gloomy misanthrope."

Harry Morant saw that Oliver spoke with truth and sincerity. He held out his hand to him with great frankness, and said,

"Forgive me, Mr. Wyndham; I have no right to interfere with either you or Blanche Purvis. But the fact is that almost from boyhood I have been accustomed to claim an intimacy with her, and to hope that it might ripen into a warmer feeling. How gladly would I be or do anything that could win for me the treasure of her love. But I cannot profess what I do not feel—no, not even to gain Blanche's affection."

Oliver respected him for this bold avowal; and he thought that he was a man who only lacked the "*one thing needful*" to render him a worthy partner for Blanche Purvis. He returned Harry's friendly grasp, and he said,

in a tone that was less steady than he could have wished,

"Miss Purvis's affection could never be won by false professions. She is all truth—all purity and sincerity herself, and nothing that was unreal could ever gain her confidence. But, Mr. Morant, why should you not become in reality all that she would wish you to be? You have every other advantage that man can possess, or woman admire. Why should you not give your mind to an earnest consideration of those doctrines that Miss Purvis and her highly intellectual father prize so highly? Why should you not ask the God who made you, and who endued you with all your powers and faculties, to give you the grace of faith, and enable you to believe and to obey those doctrines from your heart?"

Harry was strangely moved by Oliver Wyndham's manner. He could not quite understand or account for his earnestness.

"Do you really desire that I should become what Miss Purvis would approve of?" he said. "You speak like a man who deeply feels the truth and the force of what he says."

"I do so truly desire Miss Purvis's happiness," replied Oliver, resolutely, "that I would use every means in my power to promote it, even to exposing myself to be despised as a weak enthusiast, which perhaps some consider me. From Miss Purvis and her father I have learnt to abandon error and seek after truth. From their words and their example, I have been led to see the way of salvation, and to try to enter it. Can I do less than strive to draw others—especially those in whom they are interested—into the same way, and thus render them more worthy of their Christian regard?"

"If these doctrines that you speak of, Wyndham, are the motives of your present conduct, as well as of all the self-denying labours that I know have occupied your time, and led you into scenes of suffering and of peril, they must be better than those that actuate most men. We will talk again of these things. It is late now, and you

look quite exhausted. Let me order some refreshment for you before you go home."

"No, I could not take it," replied Oliver, who felt that the excitement and determination which had carried him through this trying conversation were beginning to fail; and he feared lest he should betray the inward struggle that he was enduring. "I will leave you now. I ought not to have stayed so long, madam," he continued, turning to Mrs. Morant, who had been an attentive listener. "I pray you to excuse me; I felt so much interested that I forgot the time."

"If you can do anything that may induce Blanche Purvis to listen favourably to my dear son, you will indeed confer a blessing on me also, Mr. Wyndham," replied the mother. "No one else could so well supply what we have lost, and no one else could so truly sympathize with us in our bereavement. If she has some peculiar and enthusiastic ideas, she is, and ever has been, one of the most amiable and interesting girls whom I ever knew. To have her for my daughter would now be the greatest consolation that I could desire."

Oliver checked a rising sigh, and replied quietly,

"All that I can do to promote your wishes on this point, shall be done, Mrs. Morant. But I have no influence with Miss Purvis—I cannot intrude on her confidence on such a subject. All must depend upon your son himself. With God's blessing on his endeavours, he will succeed."

With these words, he took his leave, and hurried from the house. His brain was fevered with the effort that he had made, and the mental and physical strain that he had endured; and when he found himself again alone in the melancholy and silent street, he became aware of his state of exhaustion. He could hardly realize the self-sacrifice that he had been attempting, or venture to reflect on what might be the result of his own exertions for the spiritual improvement of his unconscious rival. But he did not for a moment draw back from his resolution. Though his heart might break in the effort, he would yet go on striving to inspire Harry

with such sentiments as would win the esteem of her who he believed had given him her affection; and as nor Blanche should ever know all had cost him to labour thus for their happiness.

such thoughts and such resolutions confusedly through his brain, he went along the accustomed streets, reached his home about midnight. Elsie was awaiting his return in great

She had seen he was worn in body, debilitated in spirit, when he went out; though she felt sure that Blanche Purvis had to do with his disquietude, she did not comprehend his conduct, or settle in her mind how matters stood between

on such a subject she did not presume to speak to her young master; for her long absence, and the intimacy that subsisted between them, had never altogether overcome his habitual reserve and shyness of his father. She therefore only chided him for being out so late; and insisted on bringing a cordial draught that she had prepared for him, and which she hoped would bring calmness and sleep.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Now the fine spring weather, and the air around the quiet little town of Croydon, seemed fresh and lovely in the bright sun. Already the change of air, and the absence of all painful associations, had brought about a great improvement in Mr. Purvis's condition. His strength had returned to a great measure, and with it had returned his old habitual love of wandering and of seeking out the beauties of the country. He had ever possessed a keen appreciation of all such beauty, and he had guided and cultivated Blanche's natural taste by pointing out to her the objects most worthy of attention in the glowing eastern land in her childhood and early youth had frequented, and in all the various countries they had since traversed.

It was not only the external beauty of the objects that Mr. Purvis perceived

and felt, and taught his daughter to admire. His mind was endowed in a high degree with that quality which enabled him, in the words of the great Shakspeare, to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And, happily, this quality still remained. Though the reasoning powers of his mind were greatly weakened, and his memory much impaired, he could still rise "from nature up to nature's God," and thank the Maker of all things for every blessing and every enjoyment that was bestowed upon him. He still continued, though in a more desultory and fanciful manner than formerly, to call Blanche's attention to every object of interest, either natural or artificial, that came within his observation, and to draw from it some spiritual application.

He took great delight in rambling over the hills that surrounded Croydon, many of which were covered with wood, and from which various lovely and interesting prospects were to be obtained. The town itself is rather low, near the spring-head of the river Wandel, and is warm and sheltered; but on the surrounding heights, and especially on the Banstead downs, a fine bracing air might generally be found; and Blanche rejoiced with much thankfulness, as she saw the renovated strength and vigour that now began to animate her father's fine countenance and once powerful frame. Day by day he extended his walks to a greater distance, until at length he was able to reach the ancient Roman remains that are still visible on a hill near the present archiepiscopal palace of Addington; and he would wander among the numerous tumuli that marked the spot, and endeavour to realize in fancy the events that occurred in that locality when it was in the possession of the conquerors of the world.

Very pleasant were these wanderings to Blanche, and she listened to her father's ideas and comments with all the interest of an intelligent spirit and a loving heart; while she tried to believe that her beloved parent was recovering his powers of mind as well as of body, and was becoming more

like his former self. The change from the close air and the dull imprisonment of London, to the clear atmosphere and the liberty of the country, proved very beneficial to Blanche's health also. The graceful lightness of her step returned, and the colour came back to her fair cheek. But still there was often an absent, thoughtful expression in her eye; and still a certain sadness often marked her tone and manner, and told of anxieties and of painful memories.

Blanche's greatest pleasure and comfort consisted in attending her father in his frequent visits to the fine old church—not only when they could join in the solemn services that were regularly performed there, but also when it was deserted by all but themselves, and when a solemn silence reigned in its dim aisles, and the warm rays of the setting sun cast a rich glow on the painted windows that adorned the venerable pile. Then Mr. Purvis would wander round the building, or seat himself opposite to the great west window, and apparently indulge in deep meditations of a serious cast. Blanche observed that he was always calmer and more cheerful after one of these visits, and she constantly led him in the direction of the old church, especially when he showed any symptoms of that restlessness with which he had been at times afflicted ever since he had suffered from the pestilence.

Their frequent visits to the sacred building, as well as their constant attendance during every religious service, did not pass unnoticed either by the minister or the congregation. Mr. Lambert, the excellent and zealous vicar of Croydon, very soon remarked the majestic looking man with white hair and flowing beard, and his fair young companion, who appeared as strangers in his church, and whose air and countenances denoted earnest devotion, and also told of gentle birth, and cultivated minds and manners. He would have made their acquaintance, and have shown them attention and hospitality, but Mr. Purvis declined all his offers, and Blanche was as averse to any social intercourse as he could be; for she shrank from the thought of strangers observing the weakness of her beloved father, whom she

had been accustomed to see respected and looked up to by all who knew him.

There were others also who desired to know more of the interesting strangers than merely seeing them at church, or meeting them in their daily rambles. Mr. Trehera, the friend whom Dr. Graves had employed to procure a lodging for Mr. Purvis and his daughter, resided in a very picturesque old family place in the vicinity of Croydon; and he was very constantly in the town. He likewise was struck by the appearance of Mr. Purvis, and by the rare beauty and grace of his daughter; and on discovering that they were the friends of Dr. Graves for whom he had engaged a residence, he hastened to call at the house, and to offer his services in any way in which they could be useful. But all his attentions were declined; and he saw an anxious and uneasy look in Blanche's large brown eyes that told him she did not wish his visit to be prolonged, and he courteously took his leave. But as he departed he very kindly invited Mr. Purvis to enter his grounds at any time, and wander wherever he pleased.

"You will find pleasant shady walks through the groves," he said, turning to Blanche; and, if your father wishes to rest, I hope that he will enter the house. I am going back to London to-morrow for a week or two, and you will find no one to disturb you in my lonely home. It was not always so lonely," he added, "as the pictures on the walls will show you. They are all that now remain to me."

While he spoke, his eyes were riveted on Blanche's countenance with an expression of interest, and also of curiosity, that surprised her; but his whole manner was so gentlemanly and so respectful, that she could not feel offended; and his sad allusion to his own solitary and widowed condition, inspired her with sympathy. After his departure, Mr. Purvis expressed his sense of their visitor's kindness and courtesy, and observed,

"That is a man whose society I should once have sought. There is mind and imagination in his countenance, that I should in past days have delighted to call forth. But now," he added rather sadly,

he passed his hand over his eyes and brow, "now I am not able to cope with my fellow-men—I am weak and wandering as a child. Blanche, darling, I am a very dull companion for you; I wish that young man—Wyndham, I think was his name—would come and live near us again. He could always talk to you and cheer you."

Had Mr. Purvis been possessed of his former quick powers of perception, he would have been aware that Blanche started at the sound of that name, and then coloured deeply.

"Dear father," she replied, as she came close to the old arm-chair on which he sat, and kissed his pale and lofty forehead—"Dear father, I am never dull when I am with you. By-and-by you will, I trust, feel stronger than you do at present, and be able to instruct me as you used to do. Now you must think only of recovering your health, and enjoying this fine country air. As soon as Mr. Trehern has left Croydon, we will take advantage of his kind offer, and walk in his grounds. The old house also as an interesting appearance, and you can tell me stories of the olden times in which it was built."

"You are always contented, my child—always cheerful. You deserve a happier lot than to wander about with such a helpless old man as I have become. We will go back to London by-and-by. That will be far better for you."

"Nay, my father, it is best for me to be here where you are able to feel at liberty, and to enjoy the peace and quietness that you now require. Do not think of returning to London until you are quite strong, and all danger of that fatal disease has passed away."

"Not yet, Blanche—not yet. But, thank God, I have an inward peace that nothing can disturb—a peace and joy with which no danger can intermeddle, and that no outward circumstances can destroy. My brain is often confused, and my thoughts run wild to strange fancies and old memories of the past. All is dark and dreamy that belongs to this world, and this mortal life. Ah, Blanche, there is ever one bright

steady light that neither wanes nor changes—the light of the glory of God, as it shines in the face of His Son Jesus Christ. And there is ever one anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, to which I can trust in every storm and every conflict, and feel perfect peace."

As he said these words, he closed his eyes and folded his hands, and fell into a calm and tranquil slumber; and Blanche stood silently watching his fine face, on which no sufferings and no anxiety could now be traced.

While she thus remained still and silent, Blanche's mind was not inactive. She likewise had memories of the past on which to dwell with mingled pleasure and pain; and she had also a very uncertain future to look forward to, which she generally sought to banish from her thoughts, and to leave altogether in the hands of her merciful God. But it was not possible to forget, nor was it in Blanche's nature to despond. Bright hopes of happiness would arise unbidden in her mind; and they would connect themselves with a certain countenance, and a certain pair of wonderfully expressive and penetrating eyes, that had looked a very tender farewell at her as she and her father drove away from London.

Oliver Wyndham had asked permission to come down to Croydon to inquire after her father's health, and she had not forbidden him to do so. Why, then, had he not appeared? Had he fallen ill himself? or had he ceased to care for her and for her father, in whom he had apparently taken so warm an interest? Blanche could not believe in the latter alternative, and she could not trust herself to realize the former; so she tried to hope that some obstacle had occurred to prevent his accomplishing his wish, and that by-and-by he would appear.

Mr. Purvis continued to sleep calmly; and Blanche moved noiselessly to the open window, and took up a book to try and beguile her mind from perplexing thoughts until her father should be ready for his customary walk. But though the book was one that might have interested her at another time, it had not now sufficient attraction even to keep her eyes fixed on its

pages, and she gazed vacantly from the window along the quiet road that ran past her present home immediately into the country.

Few passengers traversed that road, for still the intercourse between the infected metropolis and the neighbouring towns was very limited, and trade and commerce still languished. Two or three carts and rude country vehicles passed along, either to or from the town, and several horsemen might occasionally be seen; but no object appeared that could interest Blanche, or change the current of her thoughts. She could not even look out for the ever-welcome postman, or expect a letter to tell why the hoped-for visitor had not come, for in those days the postal arrangements were altogether at fault. Letters were "few and far between"—frequently dependent on chance conveyances, and often long delayed, or altogether lost. The ten miles between Croydon and London were a sort of barrier to communication that could not easily be overcome; and Blanche sighed as she looked northwards, and thought how many events might happen in the metropolis that she might long remain in ignorance of, and which might yet vitally concern her happiness.

She still looked out—and now another horseman appeared in the distance, and came on at a rapid pace. What was there in this cavalier to cause Blanche to start, and to feel her heart bounding tumultuously? What peculiarity was there in his wide-brimmed hat, and closely-folded mantle, and long dark-brown beard, that recalled so forcibly those very memories that she had been trying to banish, and made her cheek flush, and her eyes sparkle?

So it was that as the stranger drew nearer and nearer, many changes took place in the hue of those fair cheeks; and that by the time he drew up at the door of the house in which she was, Blanche had retired from the window, and again taken her place by her father's chair with a demeanour that was outwardly calm and self-possessed. She would not for worlds that Oliver Wyndham should know how greatly his sudden appearance had disturbed her.

She heard him ascending the stairs, and she took her father's hand, in order to arouse him.

"Some visitor is coming, father," she said. "You have had a refreshing sleep, and you will be able to welcome him."

"I do not wish for any visitors, my child," he answered. "None of those whom we should care to see will come to us here. All whom we love are gone."

His eyes had a wandering and half-conscious look as he said these words rather sadly; but the light of intelligence shone in them as the door opened and he looked at Oliver Wyndham, whom he welcomed with much cordiality.

It is probable that Blanche felt more pleasure at the sight of their visitor than she wished him to perceive; for her manner, though courteous as usual, seemed cold and formal to Oliver; and his very expressive countenance showed that he felt himself repelled. This feeling wore off when Blanche became more at her ease, and conversed with her accustomed animation. But it often occurred to Oliver that she would have received Harry Morant in a very different manner; and he began to speak of his imagined rival, and to watch the effect of his name on Blanche.

His very scrutinizing look brought the colour to her cheeks, and gave her an air of consciousness that tended still more to confirm all Oliver's preconceived notions. He believed that Blanche's affections were engaged, and that she was only withheld from confessing it by her own strong religious principles, and her disapprobation of Harry's more lax opinions. He therefore resolved that he would persevere in the course that he had laid out for himself, and he hastened to repeat to Blanche all the conversations that he had recently had with Mr. Morant.

He had made a point of visiting him frequently since he had been invited to do so; and he had endeavoured to clear away from Harry's mind the many prejudices which he had acquired, and to instil into him the saving truths of the Gospel; and Harry had listened with attention, and replied with ingenuous earnestness. Oliver



that a serious impression had been upon him by what he had seen and in his dying sister's chamber, and by she had told him of Blanche's connection with her; and he had very earnestly sought to deepen and confirm that vision, and to take advantage of Harry's softened state of feeling. His involuntary confinement to the house, and the

utter solitude in which he and his were compelled to pass their time of leisure, were circumstances very favourable to serious thought and retrospection of the past, as well as good resolutions for the future.

And Oliver assured Blanche, with sincerity, that he believed she would be an old friend and companion very advanced in spiritual knowledge, and correct in principles and in conduct, when they met.

"I should be praised for that hope!" she replied warmly. Then, seeing Oliver's deep gaze fixed upon her bright countenance, she coloured, and added quickly, "How could I would my poor dear Kate feel if she could know that the brother whom she loved so dearly was turning away from his former friends and listening to the truth! Mrs. Purdie, too—I trust that she hears your conversation with Harry, and pays good heed to it."

"There is sometimes present when I am with Mr. Morant," replied Oliver. "She takes any part in our conversation; she has expressed her satisfaction at my progress, and her hope that they may prove beneficial to her son. I believe, Miss Purdie added, in rather a hesitating tone, that she has a knowledge of the interest which she takes in his religious progress has more to do with Mr. Morant than even his father's wishes can have."

Blanche looked really annoyed at this; and Oliver repented that he had dared to make any allusion to a state of affairs; of which he doubted not she was fully aware, but of which he, as a mere acquaintance, had no right to appear cognizant. She replied, coldly,

"I have a remembrance of our former intimacy, and of my attachment to his sister,

can give Harry Morant a greater interest in the subject that he knows I consider so important, I am thankful for it. The Morants were our greatest friends in a far country, where we had few others; but there were many points on which we did not sympathize. I should rejoice to find that those points of difference no longer existed."

Oliver was silenced for a time; and his thoughts were not cheering. He had made a great and a painful effort to serve the woman whom he loved devotedly, and the man whom he believed to be his favoured rival. He had hoped that Blanche would feel and acknowledge him to be her sincere friend; and would by-and-by admit him to a share of her confidence. He did not wish her to know—at least for many years to come—all that it had cost him to cast away every hope of winning her affections for himself, and to resolve to try to make another more deserving of her; but he did wish to secure her friendship, and to be privileged to enter into her joy. This hope seemed, however, to be denied him; and he must make up his mind to pursue his task with no other prospect of reward than that of seeing her happiness from a distance. Poor Oliver! how uselessly he was tormenting himself; and how much sorrow did his overweening self-depreciation, and morbid feelings with regard to his own appointed lot in life, bring upon him.

In these feelings he was yet but little changed. His religious views and sentiments were indeed greatly improved; and he often enjoyed a peace of mind to which in former days he had been a stranger. His hopes of happiness in another life were now strong and well founded; but, as far as this world was concerned, he still retained his old conviction that his was a blighted life; and that the highest happiness to which he could aspire must be that of working for others, and thus, in a measure, atoning for all the years that he had wasted. No wonder that with such defective views he often felt sad and dispirited; and that since the influence of Blanche's society, and that of her father, had been taken from him, he had relapsed into something of his old

reserved and gloomy habits. His daily visits to the Morants had proved the best and almost the only distraction from this state of melancholy. The exercise of mind that was required to meet and answer Harry's doubts and arguments was very useful in rousing him from abstraction; and the very arguments that he used to convince his hearers of the boundless love and mercy of God, and of His overruling providence in all—even the most trifling—events of life, compelled him to realize those blessed doctrines, and to apply them to himself. In administering to others the waters of life, his own soul was likewise watered and refreshed; but it was not greatly cheered. Outward circumstances, and his own inward disposition, were obstacles to his enjoying the blessing of a cheerful spirit.

It would be hard to say what Oliver expected when he hastened down to Croydon on the first day that his duties permitted him to do so. He did not expect that Blanche would receive him with the deep and exciting joy that he well knew her pre-

sence would cause to himself. He did not expect any signs of preference more flattering than those which she had often very freely accorded to him during the happy days of their intercourse in London, when she treated him as a trusted and ever-welcome friend. Whatever he hoped, and whatever he expected, he was evidently disappointed; and Blanche had never seen on his fine countenance such an expression of despondency as marked it now, while he sat silent and thoughtful by the side of her father, who had again fallen asleep.

That sad expression troubled and perplexed Blanche. Why should he look so sorrowful when she would fain have made him happy and cheerful? Why should he constantly talk to her of Harry Morant, as if she must needs feel a peculiar interest in him? And why, when she expressed a most friendly concern in his true welfare, should Oliver seem grieved and disappointed? Why indeed? Perhaps a little more vanity in her simple, guileless heart would have solved the mystery.

## OUR SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

### V.—NELLY BROOMIELAW, THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

THE conversation of the old merchants was speedily followed by decided action on the part of Mr. Vandenberg. The special messenger was at once despatched, with a large remittance of funds to expedite his son on his way. Leave was immediately obtained, and Major Hans Vandenberg, leaving one arm on the battle-field, and supplying its vacancy by a soldier's dangling sleeve, that seemed to wave its unconscious tribute to the gallant sacrifice in the path of duty which incurred the mutilation, hurried overland to the Red Sea, and thence, at whatever cost for speed, by the usual route home, reaching England, and the sorrow-stricken home of the Broomielaws, in an incredibly short space of time. He was most affectionately, though mournfully, welcomed, and bore to his friends the news of Archie and

his bride being also on their way—Archie bent on a farewell embrace of his beloved sister.

They had to break the news of Hans' arrival very gently to Nelly. First they told her Mr. Vandenberg had heartily consented to Hans' engagement. She smiled very faintly, and replied,

"Too late! Dear Hans, I hope he will not bear my leaving him too heavily; O God! support and comfort him when I am gone."

An hour or two later, they brought her up a letter from Hans himself, which he had written below stairs, purporting to have come from India. This was opened in her presence, as they did of late all her letters. The letter stated,

"She might expect him soon after the receipt

his letter, as he should lose not an hour in idling himself of his father's leave to join, and fondly and fervently hoped to find better than is feared from the tenor of his mother's note."

Nelly's impassiveness seemed so little disturbed by this announcement, that it grieved them to the quick, as an evidence of the deadening progress of her malady, notwithstanding it assured them of her ability to bear the painful sight of Hans. But it was agreed all hands it would be best to wait till the morning. Hans felt he ought to curb his impetuosity for the sweet patient's sake, and he and the other members of the family spent a painful evening together.

About ten o'clock Nelly suddenly moved in bed, and slightly raising her head to listen with both ears, said to her mother, "Mamma! I want Hans was come, and hark! it is no dream, I hear his voice down-stairs. Poor Hans, dearest Hans, go bring him to me, mamma! I cannot sleep until I see him."

Dr. Broomielaw pretended to listen, though he could hear no voice; but the acute sense of hearing, sharpened by disease, enabled Nelly to recognize in the perfect stillness of the house that hour, the manly voice of her lover talking with Sandie, and tenderly uttering her name.

"I will go and see if it can be Hans," said the mother, rising, "only you must promise to be very quiet and very good, Nelly; no excitement, my child, or you must not see Hans to-night, even if he is come."

"You shall see how calm I will be, mamma; go and fetch him: I know he is here."

Her mother descended the stairs, and pretty soon returning with the Doctor and Hans, stretched out her arms towards him, and the first time for many months tears came to her relief. As he folded her to his long-tried faithful bosom, she sobbed convulsively over his arm, saying,

"My own Hans, let me kiss you, dearest, like I tell you—and oh, my good and gallant Hans, you must bear it bravely as a good soldier Jesus Christ—I am—dying—Hans!"

"Oh, do not tell me that, my precious Nelly," said Hans, himself weeping bitterly.

Dr. Broomielaw turned to the window, and looking out at the dark night, the stars only witnessed his tears.

"The doctors all tell me so; and I know it, Hans, not because they say so, but because I feel it, and grow daily weaker and more worn;

but I bless God for sparing me to see my own true love once more."

"Oh, no—no—no! I cannot believe you are dying; God will be more merciful to us both."

"God is all mercy, Hans, and most of all to me who least deserve it. That's a diamond title, 'The God of all grace, whose compassions fail not!' We must both trust Him, Hans, or I shall be very unhappy."

"I will, I will, dearest; but to find you thus the shade of my poor Nelly—the wasted profile of my beautiful love, it breaks my heart."

"'He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted;' remember who said that, my own Hans."

"I can remember nothing at this moment but my Nelly's fate." Hans hid his face with his single hand.

"Poor Hans," said she, "I knew it would be hard for you to bear, and dreaded that most of all. I hardly dared to hope you could have come to me, yet it would have been harder dying without one word of grateful adieu, and the poor girl's blessing whose life you saved from the sea."

"Nelly, don't speak again that terrible word 'dying,' and I'll be composed as a ship at anchor."

"You must leave me now, dearest; my strength is going; come to me in the morning with papa, and pray for me."

Hans tenderly embraced her; she was too faint to know it, or the moment when he left her, and she continued insensible for some minutes. Then she calmly whispered, "I feel as if I could sleep, now Hans is come; good night, mamma;" and Nelly slept some hours that night reposing in the sweet consciousness of the nearness of her beloved one.

The next day Hans sat with her some hours, beguiling the monotony of the bedridden patient by gentle loving conversation, and endeavouring to cheer her into a more hopeful view of her mysterious malady. I call it mysterious, for not one of the many physicians and surgeons who had visited her could make up his mind to any definite view of her case. Hans suggested the preparation of an air-bed to convey her to London, and so strongly urged the opportunity there obtainable of a variety of the best medical advice, that Nelly consented to make the effort, and it was agreed her father and mother and Hans should escort her at the earliest possible period to London.

The day arrived that they should journey to

town, and Nelly felt so strongly the conviction that she should return no more that her parting with Sandie, who was left in charge of the school, was deeply distressing to them both. The servants in tears, watched her being conveyed by her father and Hans to her couch in the carriage, believing, as the cook said, "They should see Miss Nelly's sweet face no more—the Lord love her!"

By easy stages they reached London, taking up their quarters with the maiden aunt already noticed in these pages. The fatigue of the journey disabled Nelly from any exertions for the next three days, but on the fourth, feeling somewhat stronger, Hans, and her father and mother, accompanied her to the house of the celebrated Dr. B—.

While Hans and her father waited in the carriage, after having carried her into the consulting room, her mother gave a brief history of her symptoms, "her gradual loss of health and spirits, till she at length became the paralyzed, helpless, hopeless case she now seemed to be."

Dr. B— inquired her age, previous general health, habits of exercise, mental condition, diet, sleep, study, religious sentiments, state of affections, and a host of other queries, the answers to which he briefly pondered *seriatim*.

But the eminent physician exhausted all his questions without obtaining any satisfactory clue to the patient's malady. Nothing in her antecedents could account for the strange paralysis of one so young, hitherto so full of health and vigour, with no mechanical nor mental habit to impair her constitution, nor any blighting effect upon the affections to vex and wear her away. He declined giving any positive opinion upon her case as yet, though he feared the worst, and promised to call upon her at her aunt's to-morrow, when he should have more fully considered her diagnosis, and consulted a medical friend.

The Doctor and Hans carefully carried her back to her aunt's carriage—placed her in it in such a posture as should be the least trying to her—and her father took his seat by her side. Hans had mounted the box, and the coachman had driven half-way down the street, when at a shout from a footman running after them they pulled up.

"Master wishes one word more with the lady, sir, if you'll please to drive back," said the man. They drove back, and at the door of his house stood Dr. B—. He apologized for troubling them to return, as an important question had

occurred to him. He asked Nelly, at the carriage door,

"You stated the particular room you chiefly occupied had a good southern aspect, and was not near any kind of drain or water, or unhealthy adjunct of any kind; but I omitted to inquire about the interior of the room itself, except the relative positions of the door, fireplace, and chimney: I did not ask how is the room papered."

"Not papered at all—the walls are painted."

"When were they painted last?"

"About twenty years ago."

The doctor looked disappointed; he had thought of the arsenic mixed in the preparation of certain green paper for walls, a highly deleterious. He soon found, however, he was on the scent, for on his mentioning the arsenic in the composition of the colouring for the papers, Nelly artlessly said,

"They stuff birds with arsenic in India, could it be poor Archie's birds have done the mischief?"

"Undoubtedly," said Dr. B—. "How many birds have you in the little study you described?"

"Perhaps five hundred, great and small."

"They are the assassins, then; my dear young lady, you have been slowly poisoned by breathing the fumes of this deadly metal. Be don't be alarmed; now we know the enemy, it may not be too late to dislodge him; I at least will not despair."

Dr. B— ran into the house, bidding them wait a moment, and rapidly reappeared with a prescription which he charged them to put in action immediately, naming an able general practitioner at Bath, under whom he advised Nelly should at once be placed. Dr. Broomielaw wrung the kind-hearted physician's hand, as he squeezed another fee into it, which however was politely declined, though he seemed pleased at Broomielaw's hearty "God bless you, sir, for the hope you give us of our dear child."

They went home lighter-hearted from this happy consultation, inwardly blessing God for this measure of relief to their forebodings. The doctor gaily said,

"Nelly, I wish those birds were in the ablative case. They were stuffed by those homicidal Thugs, may be. Will you mind my presenting the whole flock of them to the town's museum as a thank-offering for the discovery of their attempted manslaughter?"

"Do with them what you please, papa, but

at poor Archie know why we parted  
em." Thus it was agreed, and that was  
l disposal of the birds. If any young  
of Nelly have stuffed birds in their  
r or usual sitting-room, they had better  
too. Nelly, Sandie, Hans, and her  
at once repaired to Bath; and the  
whom Dr. B—— had named put in  
operation his prescription, with such  
utions as the vicissitudes of the patient  
ne to time required.

week before Nelly's departure, Archie  
bride arrived from India, to the great  
all parties. Archie could only procure  
r's leave of absence, including the  
to and fro, so it was agreed they should  
air alternate months at home and with  
t Bath. The Fraulein was soon a great  
e with all the family. (I may as well  
here, that at the end of ten months  
e date of their departure from India,  
and his bride returned thither greatly  
ed with the hope of Nelly's conva-  
s, and of her joining them at Shahjee-  
at no distant period.)

he first month of medical treatment at  
ere was no perceptible alteration in the  
Then slowly the pains in her head and  
scame slightly less acute. Her nervous  
was sensible of more tone. The  
was less distressing, her spirits less  
L. Hans spent hours by her side daily,  
to her and cheering her heart. We  
t detail the course of recovery, which  
lions, trying, and long in painful sus-  
all parties, but at length the improve-  
as unmistakeable. Winter slowly and  
as if it had rather not, but could not  
adding to the childish wooing of Spring,  
ren way to the cowslip and primrose.  
grew out of his buds and small flowers,  
ay no longer fitted him, and put on the  
robes of Summer; and Summer toiled  
the heat and burden of his long days,  
g the fruits of the earth, till Autumn  
ickle in hand, to gather them, and Nelly  
ger dreaded the return of Winter.  
g on the arm of Hans—he had but one  
her—she could now take gentle walking  
a. The paralysis had been skilfully  
ed from her limbs. Though still un-  
ly white and transparent, faint flushes  
rning health, like sunlight struggling  
a mist, tinted her beautiful cheeks,  
astre of life and hope glistened in her  
re eyes. Her doctor long ago pro-

nounced the inward enemy was yielding to  
the medical force brought to bear upon his  
position, and that she was already convalescent.  
Sandie and Broomielaw dropped down to them  
now and then, and each time more hopefully  
left her with Hans and her mother. The cor-  
respondence between Bath and home grew  
daily more encouraging; she was subject to  
occasional relapses into the sensation of extreme  
langour and debility, but in the main the  
process of recovery was satisfactory, and the  
voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard in her  
own and her father's dwelling.

Another winter passed away in Bath, and  
then with the opening Spring, as cook said,  
"Miss Nelly came back with the flowers—her  
sweet face the welcomest of 'em all." They,  
i. e., Hans, Nelly, and her mother, drove into  
the town a little before midday. When the  
carriage stopped at the gates of dear old home,  
Nelly asked a passer-by what the church bells  
were ringing for.

"It's to welcome back the master's daughter,  
ma'am," said the man, touching his hat. Hans  
flung him half-a-crown, saying, "Send the  
ringers to me, my man, when they have  
finished their peal."

Nelly was affected with this public mark of  
her neighbours' affection.

"Hark, Hans," said she, as she stepped into  
the hall, "the dear old bells are actually firing  
salutes."

"A good hint to me to salute *my belle*," said  
Hans, gaily kissing on her lips her welcome  
home.

"You are too forward, Hans, to take hints;  
let me embrace my own dear honoured father."

The Doctor folded Nelly to his bosom, crying,  
"Bless the Lord!"

Broomielaw had hastened out of school to  
meet her, as soon as he heard the carriage was  
in sight. He had given the school a half-holi-  
day to celebrate Nelly's return; so that when  
she appeared outside the balcony looking over  
the playground, Sandie holding her by one  
hand and Hans by the other, the deafening  
hurrah which the boys raised set all the dogs  
in the neighbourhood barking, the pigeons  
flying, and the rooks cawing, as if the neigh-  
bours' joy of Nelly's return was shared by  
the birds of the air and the beasts of the  
field. The lads shouted, flung up a cloud of  
hats, caps, sticks, whips, wickets, bats, and  
balls, danced round the window in a semi-  
circle, leaping, singing, and shouting with  
might and main, "Nelly for ever! Nelly's

come back! Welcome Nelly! Long life to Nelly Broomielaw and Hans Vandenberg!" At this point, as they were getting personal, Nelly, her eyes suffused with grateful tears, waved her handkerchief to her kind old friends, bowed smilingly on all the boys, and withdrew to her chamber.

It was not the old study. That had been thoroughly whitewashed, repainted, and fumigated, the door locked, and the window left open night and day, from the day Nelly went to Bath, till God in His mercy permitted her to return in peace. Then the chamber was forgiven its pollution; but lest it should ever damage others, the Doctor converted it into a lumber room, and never entered it again to the day of his death.

Hans and Nelly were married, and for the period of another year abode with her parents. Then the major's leave expiring, she accompanied her devoted husband, herself a no less devoted wife, to India, with the understanding which greatly served to mitigate the pang of separation, that every three years, so long as she and her parents were spared, she would spend one year in England.

I will not inflict on the reader a second parting scene. Suffice it to say, all were comforted with the hope of her triennial return; and the reflection that she was going out with one she loved, and was worthy of her, and that she would be stationed near brother Archie, helped to cheer her, and sustain them all.

So the good ship sailed away, followed by many heartfelt prayers. Sandie left a parcel in Nelly's cabin when he bid her adieu, which she was not to open till they had been one day at sea. When the one day at sea was fully spent, Nelly and her husband opened the parcel; it was a beautifully bound Bible and Prayer Book in Hindostanee; and enclosed was her brother's farewell prayer for her peace and happiness, and his farewell request that, with the major's help, who was a good Hindostanee scholar, she would study the language on their route, that as soon as possible after her arrival she might be able to occupy herself in teaching Hindoo children to read the Scriptures, as she had done at home. Sandie added,

"You won't feel at home anywhere without a school, Nelly. God has made you an Indian wife; your duties henceforth are to Indian souls. Be the missionary abroad you were at home, and we shall feel we have been honoured and permitted to sacrifice your beloved society

for God as well as for your dear husband. I know he will heartily second your efforts. He was not teaching you this last year the Hindostanee grammar and idiomatic forms for mere social conversation with the natives, I am quite sure. He had his eye upon his dear wife's usefulness to the people among whom Providence had cast her lot. I bless Hans for his reasonable forethought. Dearest Nelly, I commend you to God and the Word of His grace. My heart was too full to say farewell, so I write it here: Good-bye, dearest sister of my heart, the fondly loved one of all my life. God in Heaven bless, protect, and have you ever in His most holy keeping! And good-bye, my noble brother Hans. I am not jealous, Nelly, of your love for him, for I love him with the heartiest brother-love myself. God bless you both. Yours ever fondly, Sandie Broomielaw."

"Dear fellow!" said Hans. "Bless him!" responded Nelly.

Then they sealed their mutual agreement with Sandie's suggestion with a kiss, and as they had no other engagement on shipboard, the first lesson was begun immediately, husband and wife first asking a blessing on the preliminary mission work in which they were about to engage. A large portion of every day, whether by sea or land travelling, was thus pleasantly and profitably occupied. Nelly, as Sandie's note intimated, had devoted twelve months' study to the language with her husband, not to mention her fragmentary studies in the year preceding her dangerous illness. The result was she reached her Indian destination no mean proficient in the vernacular.

Her reception by old Mr. Vandenberg was most cordial. He loaded her with presents of every kind of luxury and comfort peculiar to the climate, and insisted upon her taking up her permanent abode in his house. He complained of his lonely age; he selected three apartments in a wing of his house to be exclusively his own, and formally surrendered all the rest of his large well-built mansion to Nelly and her husband. Hans found himself on his arrival in India a Lieutenant-Colonel. The district in which his regiment was stationed was disturbed, and it was deemed prudent Nelly should remain in charge of his father, and he should join alone. The separation would be but temporary, as the regiment was expected to be stationed at Shahjehanpore in the course of the year, should the state of the

entry permit. It was a sore parting for all, but she had chosen a soldier, and must submit to the lot of a soldier's wife. But it was a relief to her that a few days before her husband's departure, her own dear brother Archie returned to his official duties, having been absent for some months in a distant corner of the Presidency, accompanied by his wife.

Oh, the joy of meeting Archie again! Then a sisterly welcome to his young and very pretty wife, and the immediate affection which resumed between them from their English misadventures augured so well for the future! There was a grand banquet at Mr. Rosenthal's fourth day, to celebrate the return of Mr. and Mrs. Archie, and a return banquet the next day at Mr. Vandenberg's, to install Colonel and Mrs. Hans at the old mansion, as henceforth their own. Nelly at the head of the table, with her husband supporting her in the high-chair, entertained the two venerable merchants, and the young married pair, in great style, old Vandenberg declaring he felt so much happier as a lodger, that he recommended his friend Rosenthal to try the experiment himself. Old Rosenthal smiled knowingly at Vandenberg, as he replied,

"I have done it, neighbour, so the patent is yours, neighbour; I wonder you didn't try it yesterday, neighbour."

Old Vandenberg shook his head at old Rosenthal, imitating his tone of voice:

"You always take the wind out of my sails, neighbour; I'll give you a wider berth, neighbour; but the Fraulein always gets the better of you, neighbour."

Then, as in duty bound, there was a general hush, and at length congratulations grew so warm that old Vandenberg called up to his wife Nelly and Mrs. Archie, and putting an arm round each, kissed them both, and said, "There, now, go both of you and kiss old Rosenthal." And they did as they were bid, and so did old Rosenthal. Then the Colonel submitted he was entitled to the family favour, which claim was immediately honoured Archie closing the ceremony as they all resumed their seats.

Old Rosenthal cleared his throat as he rose to the window to request the Colonel's opinion of a magnificent charger, brilliantly caparisoned, and the Colonel admiring the splendid creature, the merchant said, "It is yours, Colonel, for your sweet wife's kiss; we receive you as a daughter of Holland." The Colonel

grasped his old friend's hand, and thanked him for his munificent present. Then old Vandenberg wiped his eye as he drew Archie aside to the opposite verandah, where a servant was holding another charger in every respect the perfect fellow of the Colonel's. "There, Archie," said he, "that bonnie beast is yours. May you and Hans stable your horses together throughout life. Neither men nor horses could be better matched!"

Then it was Archie's turn to shake hands, and pour out his thanks for the delicate generosity which selected him as the recipient of the family favour.

"Not another word, Archie; I was not to be done by old Rosenthal there, silly as he is, the old Dutch fox; we receive you, Archie, as a son of Holland. Eh, neighbour, I have you now!"

"You are an old Dutch wizard," said Mr. Rosenthal.

"We are both Dutch," said Mr. Vandenberg.

"To the backbone," said Mr. Rosenthal.

"God bless the old Netherlands!" said Katrine, Archie's wife.

"Amen!" said both the merchants.

"God bless old England too!" said Archie, his heart instinctively turning home.

"Amen!" said both the merchants again, joined by all the company.

"And the Anglo-Dutch alliances," gently submitted Nelly.

"Bravo, mein Nelly, amen!" cried everybody, and then everybody was silent, while Nelly at her husband's request sat down to the piano and delighted them all with a song of her own composing, entitled, "God bless the Netherlands!"

Wrung from the Zuyder's flooding waters,  
A soil upon its sands;  
Sweet is the song of Holland's daughters,  
God bless the Netherlands!

The Fleur-de-Lis with swords and pikes  
Besieged her sea-locked strands;  
Then Moses-like she smote her dykes,  
And drowned the Netherlands.

With David in his utmost strait,  
She chose no mortal hands;  
But trusted to the Lord her fate,  
The gallant Netherlands!

Then wrung again from Zuyder's waters  
The old soil on its sands;  
Sweet is the song of Holland's daughters,  
God bless the Netherlands!

Loud, hearty, and enthusiastic was the cheering for Nelly's musical adoption of her husband's fatherland. Both merchants admitted not a native daughter of the old country could have done it better. They agreed it should be "deemed and taken as and for Nelly's song of naturalization, and that henceforth she was a fully accredited *wrow* of the land, like Ruth the Moabitess becoming a mother in Israel by virtue of her intermarriage with Boaz of Bethlehem." So, in hospitable cheer, and goodly discourse of mutual affection and respect, the evening passed away.

On the morrow Hans departed for his sphere of duty, and Archie and his wife spent that sorrowful day and the rest of the week with Nelly, to cheer her in her temporary widowhood.

But Nelly found her chief solace in useful occupation. She ascertained the condition of the city and neighbourhood; believed a school for the native children would succeed, and sought among the wives of the soldiers, then stationed at Shahjeehanpore, a likely woman to be appointed governess under her own inspection. At her entreaty the merchants headed a subscription with a large sum each, to erect a school-house, which soon realized the amount required among the European residents. To take the first step towards loosening the feelings of caste among the natives, as well as to familiarize Europeans with kinder sentiments of intercourse between black and white, she arranged classes composed of the soldiers' and natives' children indiscriminately.

While the schools were building, she assembled about one hundred and fifty children, native and European, in a large store kindly lent her for the purpose by Mr. Rosenthal, and, failing to find the schoolmistress she required, she selected a sergeant's wife, of good repute, and considerable acquaintance with the native vernacular, to train her for the post. This worthy woman improved fast, both in religious convictions and in school knowledge, under Nelly's gentle influence, and her own painstaking industry and patience.

Nelly's life and conversation were greatly blessed also to Kattrine and her brother. It was not long before Kattrine joined her, heart and hand, in her quiet unobtrusive missionary labours. Other ladies on the station gradually fell in with her plans; so that, by a judicious division of labour, the schools were always under the general superintendence of one or more ladies assisting the mistress, and little monitors to teach the native children in English, and the

English children in Hindostanee, the ordinary lessons of a national school—the prominent teaching of every day being the story of the Saviour, and how young and old were to be sanctified and made meet for Heaven.

So soon as Nelly's corps of ordinary school-teachers was complete, and when they were all comfortably settled in their new commodious schools, she set apart a portion of every day to the training of a class of advanced native girls for future teachers. She induced Kattrine and another lady to adopt the same course with a class of European teachers taken from the daughters of the soldiers, many of the latter procuring eligible appointments in after-years, in other parts of India. These training classes, both native and European, proved of great value for generations after they who trained them had passed away.

The good work progressed. The blessing which was constantly sought upon it, and in faith relied upon, was abundantly bestowed, and in the course of years Mrs. Col. Vandenberg's schools became a topic of notoriety and admiration, and of imitation in certain quarters, at home as well as abroad.

The triennial home visits were regularly paid on three successive occasions, but before the fourth, her honoured parents had been gathered to their fathers. I must not omit to mention either, that at the first visit, Archie and his wife, and two young children, a boy and a girl, accompanied herself, her husband, now a Major-General, and two little boys, named respectively Hans Broomielaw Vandenberg and Archie Broomielaw ditto. Archie's boy was named Andrew, or Sandie, in honour of the grandfather and uncle, and Rosenthal in honour of his mother's father, with a promise that the next boy should be Rosenthal Broomielaw. But as the next boy happened to be a girl, the prospect was deferred; and the little girl was named Nelly, in honour of old Mrs. Broomielaw, one of whose names it was, and her aunt. Thus the family nomenclatures got mixed up in various ways, and every way, in honour of somebody. The sharp pang in their leaving home again for India, after more than a year's visit, was the necessity which compelled both Archie and Nelly to leave their children behind them. It was some mitigation that there was a grandmamma to take care of them, and that the young Indian class, which was ably presided over by a resident governess, still existed on the Broomielaw establishment, at the head of which Sandie had succeeded his



The young darling creatures' health and education demanded the sacrifice, and it was. The old Doctor cheered them, at the same time, with the remark, "My dear children, these precious hostages left with him to return in triennial return; and if they wished to spend the interval, there was an old grand-father, who knew of who would be right glad to receive them whether as parents or children." She told the close Nelly's exemplary story. She lived, from first to last, twenty years. She brought up five children in the course of her useful life. At the decease of the merchants, Archie and her husband received such a large accession of property;

and a year or two after the General had retired from active service, Archie resigned his appointment, and all of them returned to England. In the mother country, and in the neighbourhood of the old home, and not far from the graves of their parents, and of Sandie, who was first to follow them, in the meridian of a peaceful old bachelorhood, most of them still live, in the happy, thankful consciousness, that, through the grace of God's Holy Spirit, they have not lived in vain.

Perhaps the moral of Nelly's memoir may be summed up in these words: She embraced her opportunities of doing good; and when there seemed to be none, she made them.

## THE THREE PROFESSORS.

BY THE EDITOR.

came to pass, that, as they went in the way, a certain man said unto Him, Lord, I will follow Thee: Thou goest. And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but man hath not where to lay His head. And He said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, let me go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God. And another also said, Lord, I will follow Thee; but let me first go bid them which are at home at my house. And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—*ST. LUKE ix. 56—62.*

glass," the mirror of God's Word, look at three Professors of Dis-simulation who had occasion at the Master's omniscient disclosure of the very "secrets of their hearts." Contemplating their characters, we are to offer a few practical distinguishing words, applied to help us in our object.

First, we have the Impetuous Pro-

phet. A man saith unto Him, Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. His words sound well. If words have meaning, it was a good profession. Can we doubt? Before answering, we shall not hesitate, and ponder the word "follow." To follow in Christ's steps is to be clothed with humility, to be long-suffering, to be long-suffering, to cease from studying to please ourselves, to take up our cross daily. Beware of mistaking impulsive emo-

tion for religious principle. Man is the creature of impulse; and impulse may carry us a long way—a long way in worldly matters, and in so-called religious matters. "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Impulse is not principle. All that seems religion is not religion. Enthusiasm soon sinks into indifference. If a man "hath not root in himself," he may "dure for a while;" but "when tribulation or persecution ariseth, because of the word, by-and-by he is offended." The "crown" animates, and may secure the profession of impulse; but the "cross" tests that profession, of what sort it is.

And so Jesus, who knew what was in this man, said unto him, "Foxes have holes, and

birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

He would teach him, right words as well as apparently-right deeds may have wrong motives. Christianity is the religion of motive; but the motive must be enlightened: otherwise we may say far more, under excitement, than we really mean.

The man probably thought he meant what he said; but he did not understand the meaning of his own words. We infer his character from Christ's answer; and it would seem from that answer his motive was an unworthy one. Instead of thinking of the cost of following Jesus "whithersoever" he went, he was thinking of possible advantages to be gained. He had doubtless witnessed the miracles Christ had performed—perhaps the feeding of the five thousand, and the healing of the lunatic, recorded in this chapter—and imagined His power might advance him to honour and wealth. He may have heard of the commission our Lord had just delivered to the twelve disciples, conferring on them "power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases" (verse 1), and, like Simon the sorcerer of Samaria, vainly thought that "the gift of God might be purchased," if not "with money," by profession. Therefore Christ, in judgment and in mercy, said, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." In this fiery baptism He tested the profession of impulse. He needed not to ask, *Canst thou follow me now?*

Might not this test be applied to many professors still? The profession arising from interested motives may be less impetuous: in some there may be more natural enthusiasm than in others; but is not such a profession common among ourselves?

A kind of profession is profitable. We ask a man, *Are you a Christian?* With surprise, if not with a measure of indignation, he replies, "I will follow Christ whithersoever He goeth." Let the profession be tested. Will you follow Him when the path is through much tribulation? Will you "confess Christ before men," when shame and persecution threaten? Or, are

you the friend of religion only so long as it advances with the world by her side? thou "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"? Your profession is good, but is it an enlightened profession? do you understand what it may cost to maintain it? and are you still ready to pay that cost, and follow Christ "whithersoever He goeth"?

The great lesson we may all learn from the Impetuous Professor is this, the danger of depending on our own natural strength in forming religious resolutions. The apostle's counsel bids us put "no confidence in the flesh." Peter's example warns us not to be so hasty. Like him, we may confidently say, "Though all men should be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended." Like him, we may fall in the hour of temptation. It is good to resolve, "I will follow Christ whithersoever He goeth;" but let the resolution be formed in secret, and let it be sustained with an enlightened understanding of the difficulties in your way. Count the cost. Throughout your experience you will expect to find your "strength is weakness." Then you will depend on your resolve, and "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," your resolve will be unbroken. You shall "overcome" by "enduring to the end," and "sit down with Christ in His kingdom."

The second character introduced in this narrative may be described as the procrastinating Professor.

"Jesus said unto another, *Follow me.* But he said, *Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.*"

This character is a contrast to the first. He was one who heard Christ, and gave signs of conviction and interest in the invitation addressed to Him, "Follow me." But he had neither Christ's principle nor natural enthusiasm to prompt him to say, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." He entreats than professes. He said, "suffer me first to go and bury my father." His meaning appears to have been, "suffer me to live with my father till he has been a kind and indulgent

probably he has not long to live. I should not like to disturb his peace in his latter days by breaking up the family household. After he is dead, I *must* remove. Then I think I should be willing to follow Thee; but I cannot resolve till then."

Procrastinating Felix! "When I have a convenient season." When I have more time, and the subject will be less troublesome! No doubt religion is good; but I cannot attend to it now!

Does the reader know anything of this kind of reasoning when the call to discipleship is pressed upon the heart and conscience by the ministry of the Word? Then the enemy is near you. All the week long he is drowning in confused noise the entreating voice of Christ—heard each returning Day of Rest and Christian Privilege, with less and less interest—"Follow me." Ponder these words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

It is vain for you to set one commandment in apparent opposition to another. If to you they appear contrary—I am supposing an extraordinary case—the difficulty may easily be decided. Apply this rule: Which duty most accords with the fleshly inclination? Avoid that, and practise the other.

But these supposed difficulties are generally our own inventions. It was so in the present instance. Following Jesus would not have been found inconsistent with the fifth commandment. Was not Jesus himself the perfect pattern of filial obedience? Did He not honour His parents, dwelling at Nazareth, and being subject unto them? And, even on the cross, did He not remember to give a dying charge to the beloved disciple—"Behold thy mother"? Filial affection and devotion never equalled His. "Suffer me first to go and bury my father," was but the carnal excuse of a procrastinating spirit. Hence the penetrating, stinging rebuke, "Let the dead bury their dead"—"Let those that are dead to the higher interests of the Gospel attend to the baseless clay; absorb themselves in the mere passing, transitory, perishing interests of the world: let nothing interfere with that

which is spiritual, the preaching of the kingdom of God: at whatever cost, that must be supreme."

In this aspect of the subject, how unworthy is "the halting between two opinions," which causes a man to delay decision for God on the ground that he has other interests at stake! "My circumstances, my family, my business, my worldly wealth—these are in the way. When I have fewer earthly cares, I will entertain the care for heavenly things." Let the sword of the Spirit sever the cords of this snare of the devil, and cut for you this Gordian knot. Follow Christ at once, and leave consequences with Him who maketh "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

But, remember, "this kind goeth not forth save by prayer and fasting." There must be deep spiritual exercises, a casting of the soul on the finished work of Christ, a resolution in the strength of His strength to follow the Lord. Beware of an impetuous, unenlightened profession. That is easily made, and easily forgotten. But, at the same time, let there be no hesitation. If you hesitate, you are conquered. Let your rule be that adopted by St. Paul: "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood" (Gal. i. 16). Decide at once, and decide finally, the soul's everlasting interests. "Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God."

One more character remains to be contemplated, the study of which may serve to deepen impressions already made. We have the Irresolute Professor.

"Another also said, Lord, I will follow Thee; but let me first go bid them farewell which are at home at my house."

This professor has nothing of the impetuosity of the first; nor does he plead for the delay of the second. He has a double mind. He has made up his mind: "I will follow Thee." He has not made up his mind: "But let me first go bid them farewell which are at home at my house." As if he had said, "I feel I *must* decide. Religion is the greatest interest; and this is the

time for deciding. But still, may I not decide, and then enjoy a little rest in the sweet companionship of dear ones in the home of my affections?" It sounded plausible; but he was deceiving himself. The rest and the companionship for which he craved would have been to him, in his present mind, the service of mammon; and "ye cannot serve God *and* mammon." They would soon have occupied the chief place; and then they would have become idols.

"Whatever passes as a cloud between  
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,  
Causing that brighter world to disappear,  
To seem less lovely, and its hopes less clear:  
That is our world, our idol, though it bear  
Affection's impress, or devotion's air."

God must have the whole heart. This is indispensable. There can be no religion without it. But do not, therefore, believe Satan's lie, that the love of God does not allow of the love of man. It is true, the love of God does not allow the *so-called* love of man to be urged as an excuse for the neglect of the service of God. In that case the testimony is clear—"Cut off the right hand, pluck out the right eye:" "He that loveth father or mother more than Me"—preferring them to me, putting natural claims before Divine ones, being ruled by the one and so excluding the supremacy of the other—"is not worthy of Me." But the true love of God, instead of interfering with human love, alone can establish that high-toned, elevated, unselfish, and consistent love of man—man our relation, or man our brother—which is the second great commandment, "like unto" the first, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It is when the love of God is thrilling through our souls, when His realized love to us is constraining the quickened affections of the soul, when "we love Him because He first loved us,"—it is then we are disposed to look on every man as our brother, anxious to perform a brother's part, and lead each wanderer to the throne of grace, with the bond of filial and fraternal privilege encircling us, whilst we exclaim, "Our Father."

This is *the* work that is given us. First, to believe in the Divine love of God, to "have faith in God," and then to live in love as dear children, the following imitators of God." This is really the work of Christ. "Beloved, if God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us." "The love of God is the love of God to man, issues in the love of man to God, and the true love of man to man. Ease and comfort will not then be considered as a sacrifice that we may work for God. The sacrifice will be done," in me, *by* me, *with* my language of Christian devotedness. My hand will be put to the plough, anxiety will be to keep it there. Tithing will scarcely be needed, "I will not have put his hand to the plough, looking back, is fit for the kingdom."

And now a concluding word.  
"prove our own selves."

Would that every reader, with a quickened sense of the full spiritual meaning of the words, had formed the godly resolution, in the strength of God, to follow Christ whithersoever He goeth." "Has it been so with us all? Has none of us upon whose lips or in whose heart the word or thought has never been, "I make no profession"? Is not it sometimes actually urged as an excuse for a worldly walk? Or, to put the question in another form, are there not those whose consciences must constrain them to say, "We make no profession: when He invites us to His table, there to converse before men, and vow ourselves His followers, we never or seldom come if such be the case, if we do not profess Christ in the church, it cannot be that we should confess Him in the secret, that we should deny ourselves for Him, and devote ourselves to His service, and longer deceived. No profession is a profession indeed. It means this: He made me, but I am not His creature; He redeemed me, but I am not His property; the Holy Spirit pleads with me, but I do not believe Him, and reject His pleadings."

Think—if you have hitherto refused the avowal of discipleship—think of "

fession" on a dying bed. Yea, think of "no profession" on the day of final account. And can you venture to live in God's world another week, another day, without forming the holy resolve, in dependence upon God's grace, ever to be sought with fervent prayer, "I will follow Thee, my God, my Saviour, whithersoever Thou goest"?

## DOMESTIC SERVANTS—WHAT WE MAY CLAIM FROM THEM, AND THEY FROM US.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LENDING A HAND," "DOING AND SUFFERING," ETC.\*

THIS question has long been regarded as vexed. Many a morning-call paid by one lady on another has owed its relish to the zest supplied by this favourite topic; but it was hardly now how vexed, till a little passage of arms at autumn between Mr. Ruskin and the editor of a daily newspaper threw the subject open to public debate. With them the spark ignited. They represent the flint and the steel, but they were probably scarcely aware themselves how profusely the tinder lay around them.

At all events the subject has been ventilated, and each party has had its say. We have done it," and "feel better for it," as the little boy said who revenged an injury by a blow.

Our social storm has cleared the air; we and our servants have alike called upon public opinion to arbitrate in our mutual grievances. Probably reaction has already set in, and made it easier for the arbitrator to compose our differences. Probably the mistress who entered her complaint against "the greatest plague of her life" has since reflected, that it was rather a hard measure to deal out to those who are all more or less employed for her comfort and advantage; and the servant who tossed her head at her "one meat-meal a day and half-pound of butter a week," may have remembered that in her father's cottage (or room, as the case may be) the meat-meal is Sunday treat, and the half-pound of butter an allowance for the family.

We can recommend no better cure to the mistress who undervalues her servants than to make the experiment, just for one day, of living herself. We fancy her lighting the kitchen fire, that necessary antecedent to her husband's shaving-water, and to the morning meal. Well for her if her unaccustomed hands

bring up the breakfast-tray in safety. We excuse her suppressed sigh at the thought that cups and saucers must be washed and put away, when they are done with. Then the bed must be made. "Jane" has often had a reproof for spending too much time over it, yet her own efforts for a much longer time have left a series of undulations, strongly suggestive of hills and valleys, but promising little for the next night's comfort. Let it be for the moment; she will hear of it again in a "curtain lecture." Now time is passing on, and she must hasten to her cooking. Never having put too much confidence in Mrs. Ladle, she has been in the habit of standing by to see things weighed and mixed—and order and method are strong points with her: she has been eloquent before now about "a place for everything, and everything in its place," "a time for everything, and everything in its time;" so, what with the experience gained by oversight and her own methodical habits, she feels tolerably easy as to her success in cooking. But, alas! theory is not put in practice at a first attempt. She gets bewildered among dishes and basins, jars of stores and saucepans; she ends with spooning out a liberal allowance of salt for the custard pudding, and of dusted sugar for the pickled mackerel. Let it pass; she will hear of it again, a few hours earlier than the bed. Need we follow her through the day? or will the morning glimpse be sufficient to show, that if servants are plagues, they are something else besides?

And for the discontented servant also we could make some suggestions, which may tend to modify her ideas. We will suppose that she has a "day out," and that kind feeling leads her to spend it with her sister the sempstress, who has had to lay by for a week, be-

\* See Review. "Lending a Hand," page 404. London: Seely, Jackson, and Halliday.

cause the sharp cold seized her chest as she turned out of the heated workroom. "Jane" leaves the fashionable square where her mistress lives; she has not far to go—Rose Alley turns out of a court at the back of the square, but the five-minutes' walk on level ground, proves to be a very steep descent in the social scale. With visible disgust on her face, and gathering her skirts as closely around her as an ample crinoline will admit, "Jane" picks her way to No. 5, and inquires for "Miss Ellen Mason."

The laconic and barely intelligible answer, "Top-floor back," directs her to the stairs; the second and third flights, each narrower and dirtier than the last, are reached, and "Jane" has mounted steps enough to entitle her to an alpenstock, by the time she arrives at Ellen's garret. She is a kind sister, and her heart sickens at the fireless grate, the comfortless bed, the coarse food untouched; she remembers her last illness in her place; how kind cook was; what nice messes she made; how "mistress" gave orders she was to have everything she wanted, and came to see her twice, and sent for the doctor and paid his bill. "Jane" begins to reflect that it is not for nothing she has put her time, and strength, and liberty, at her mistress's disposal.

We will then assume that mistresses and servants are alike forming the wise conclusion, that since they are really necessary to each other, and domestic servitude is likely to remain a prominent feature in social life, it were best to come to some mutual understanding as to past grievances, remedying such as admit of remedy, accepting patiently those over which neither party has any control.

It may be fair to start with the inquiry, *What is domestic service?* An erroneous impression would give rise to unreasonable expectations on both sides.

In domestic service, women of the working classes do that for money which they would do gratis in homes of their own—those necessary offices which fall to the woman's lot in every household, and which she must either do herself or do by proxy; such as cooking, cleaning, and care of children: these offices working women accept under their employers as their calling in life, their business, and thereby earn their bread as honestly as the cotton-spinner who works a loom. But to the condition of work which is common to them both, is added, in the case of the servant, the condition of *servitude*; earning her bread in the family of

her employer, she becomes incorporated with it, and is subject to its laws and restrictions. She is not, like the cotton-spinner, her own mistress when the hours of labour are over; on the contrary, the domestic servant is under constant surveillance, and, except as a boon granted by indulgent employers, has no time in the day which she can look upon as her own, or in which she is not liable to be called upon for service.

If we say that domestic service has alike advantages and drawbacks, we do but class it with all other employments. Among the drawbacks, besides loss of personal liberty, we may reckon compulsory association with uncongenial fellow-servants, dependence on the caprices of an employer, and restricted intercourse with family and friends. Among the advantages on the other hand, the domestic servant has no care about provisions and house-rent, no fear while she does her duty of being out of employment, for her work is always "in season;" she fares better and sleeps softer, is better housed and clothed, than she would be in a lodging of her own; and in proportion as her fidelity and disinterested conduct merit, she is taken into fellowship by those moving in a grade of society above her own. "*Domestic*," as we have been reminded, is a word derived from "*domus*," and "*familia*," or family, meant originally the servants in a family. Among the advantages we must also include the fair and reasonable prospect which the untutored girl has, who leaves her working mother's side to become scullery-maid or maid-of-all-work, of rising by steady diligence one degree after another on the scale of domestic service, till, as house-keeper, she occupies the honourable position of representing her mistress in a large household.

It has always seemed to us, that domestic service might be one of the very happiest ways in which women of the working classes can earn their bread; why it so often fails in being so it will be our present duty to inquire.

We will begin with the raw material, the young girl of twelve or thirteen, who may begin to earn her own bread because the family increases: she is a hungry, growing girl, and her slice off the loaf can ill be spared. If she has hitherto lived with her mother, and the mother has been a decent and respectable woman, she ought to have something more to start with as her capital in trade than youth, strength, and activity; she should have learned

punctuality, ready obedience, order, and she should be skilled in such labour as her home furnishes occasionally; but this is rarely her experience: not, the house-mother has been ed away from her family to fill some on-domestic labour, and the eldest been left at home in the position of self-taught. In this case she has profited to unlearn, and has acquired habits of idleness which add to her difficulties in the taste of service in a gentleman's house where she must begin with being "servants."

However, far better off there, as a rule, is the girl engaged to be "handy-girl" by small pay just a grade or two above herself. Fully alive to their own dignity in a servant: till they took this up, they worked on contentedly enough as the mother did; the daughters might be inspired. Now, by the simple fact that the household includes poor little "Drudge," the young wife and daughters become "mistresses of the young ladies." Very harmonious are the new titles; the duties they have formed all their lives are henceforth with their dignity, and the work which hitherto shared by all, is now mostly thrown upon one. We quote an author whose opinions command general assent:—

A girl is hired into a large family, of which the burden is at once thrown upon herself alone. Cleaning, cooking and waiting, perpetual countless errands, all are accumulated upon her, who, so far as age and strength, knowledge, experience, are concerned, is the least able to

The condition of many a slave in an plantation is far, far preferable—outwardly at least. But just because it is not nominally slavery, because there is a form of hiring and a remuneration, Christian consciences are not troubled. The matter, and the transaction passes for as well as a legal one. My friends, these things are not so to be. It is true this young girl has been sold to your service, but you well know that she is not a free agent. She is a girl in a family which could not support her. If you know all, you might find that she had a father or a heartless stepmother, who had died, for years past, her poor modicum of and who have now turned her out of the house to pick up a pittance for herself where she can find it. She has not the knowledge, she has not the training, for anything better than a place

as given in Vaughan's "Plain Words on Christian Living."

like yours. She must take what she can find, and she has lighted upon you. Now I venture to say, that that servant-girl has a right to your consideration in the assignment of her duties. You must lay no burden upon her which you do not feel and know that she is equal to. Whatever you could allow a daughter of your own to bear or do at her age and in her condition, that, and that only, must you lay upon her. And if you say, that because you pay a servant you have a right to be eased altogether of every inconvenient duty, I reply, that there is a fallacy in such reasoning, for which the God of reason and of conscience must call you to a reckoning. Let your children work as well as she. Or else deny yourself something—something of dress, or something of luxury, or something of amusement—and keep two servants where you now keep one. These are plain words—too plain, it may be; but it is in such plainness that Christian morality must express itself, or it will miss altogether the mark of its high and responsible calling."

We can add nothing to Dr. Vaughan's appeal to unreasonable employers; but it awakens the question, Is there not a gap which needs to be filled up in our philanthropic institutions? Does not this twofold difficulty under which the young servant labours—want of knowledge and want of protection—point to something like combined effort to establish and increase training-schools, where the duty of teaching may be carried on patiently and efficiently, because it is not complicated with the expectations and requirements of the employer, and where the young girl may acquire friends and protectors to whom she can appeal, when afterwards engaged in actual service?

Might not also a great deal of good be effected in the matter of training young servants, without waiting for the multiplication of institutions? Institutions have always the drawback that a considerable portion of the money contributed by the public, must be diverted from its direct object for the payment of house-rent, officers' salaries, &c. What training-school can be better than the practical requirements of a well-ordered gentlewoman's household, if the girl can be entered there as a pupil, the mistress being indemnified for the expenses of her board?

A scheme of this kind has already entered into the fertile mind of Miss Ellen Barlee, authoress of "Our Homeless Poor," and Lady-manager of the Institution for the Employment of Needlewomen, at Hinde Street, Manchester Square.

The mechanism (of such a plan as Miss Barlee's) is simple in the extreme; girls will apply to her who are anxious to be trained for

respectable service, ladies will apply to her who are desirous of adding a girl to their establishment, and the funds contributed by benevolent well-wishers will pass at first-hand from the supporters of the scheme, to those who are to be benefited by it. Miss Barlee's idea appeared to the writer eminently simple and practical, and she had her free permission to mention it.

Nor must we ignore the efforts of a Preventive Mission in Bristol to work up raw material into efficient servants. This mission, with a registration-office for young girls of the humblest class, including the much-suffering workhouse girls, was started five years ago, under the auspices of Miss Stephen. The children were both helped to find safe situations, and carefully visited while in service. Clothes of a decent kind were given at a reduced cost to those whose dress was too poor to admit of their obtaining employment. A Sunday-school was kept by the daughters of the Dean of Bristol, for such of the workhouse girls in service as could be spared by their employers to attend it. In the intervals of service the girls were provided with safe lodgings, and a working school was opened for their instruction. At the close of the first year it was found that 500 girls had obtained the benefits of the institution, at the cost of about 10s. a head. At the present time several thousands have been thus guarded and aided, both in Bristol and in four other cities in which Preventive Missions have been established.

We may now pass on to the "maid-of-all-work;" or, as she prefers to be called, the "general servant;" who will, perhaps, take rank next to the young servant girl. Excellent servants are to be met with in this class. To be fit for her place, such a woman must have a practical knowledge of all kinds of work; an orderly mind to plan her time, and make it square with her engagements; and she should have health and strength beyond the average, to meet the demands which will be made upon her. If we may accept her own statement, the writer of a letter signed "A Drudge," appears to have been a servant of this stamp. She seems to have been one who acted on the good maxim, "Drive your work, and do not let your work drive you." As general servant in a large family, there was little time to fold her hands, but she preferred to fold them in the evening rather than in the morning. She rose at four or five; the roughest part of her work was done before the family "sat down to break-

fast;" and by four in the afternoon a cap and presentable appearance should rejoiced the heart of her mistress. Happily, the mistress, instead of commending her wise distribution of her work, and, in ing herself, by intelligent observation was not only done, but well done, rews well-ordered toil for twelve hours, of her "drudge," by the insinuation that was so soon "must have been "done ill;" a fresh employment to occupy the hard leisure of the evening. We were not at the servant's confession, "that, under circumstances, her habit of early rising abandoned, her energy and spirit faded, she became more careless every day."

The lesson is too obvious to need pointing out; the mistress who, by a baseless could distort the evidence of her servant's management into a charge of neglect, is unworthy to keep her "drudge," nor another like-minded to supply her place.

It may be worth notice, that in the "a general servant," a greater degree of ability is due from the mistress, than in an establishment consists of two or more. The lonely position of the sole occupant of the kitchen must be borne in mind, and a kind readiness to enter into conversation, to meet her at suitable times with some companionship and sympathy. Her conduct must be invited as to those personal matters which she would naturally share with her servant, if she had one.

Leaving "general servants," good we now pass on to the establishment where we imagine, form the majority in the middle-classes, where two, or three, servants are kept, according to the requirements of the family. Here the mistress becomes more onerous to consider her servants' relations to other, as well as to herself. She must be only just, but impartial. The work to be done by the servants generally must be so arranged that each shall be responsible for a portion assigned to her individually. The mistress, a general overlooker, must reserve to herself the power of varying this order when the general good of the establishment requires it. One servant may take directions from her mistress, but for the sake of several, rules must be laid down and adhered to.

It becomes a much more difficult government, requiring all a woman's



discrimination of character. Next in the training of her children, a lady is about the right management of them; they are her individual charge. In the matter of female servants at joint authority of the heads of the household is delegated to herself alone: her power engaged and dismissed by her. Considerable alike for the comfort of the household so far as it depends on kind, wise, and able government.

Then, is the limit of her authority? A cry has been raised after the seventy years ago—such subjection! such such a recognition of the impassable between their own position and ours! Mistresses shake their heads and say, "It has died out; we shall never see the like!" Now, it is quite true that the last generation were less given and frequently, from father to son, themselves to the families of their kind; the adherent effect of continued cumulative, the links strengthen and in an increasing ratio as time passes. I demur to the notion that these old servants were always very respectful or obsequious. Dean Ramsay, in his "Traits

Character," gives us some curious facts of an opposite kind. Personal attachment—merging of their own interests in their employers, we accord to them, are very great virtues, but they are a thing of time. The fact that servants go enough in one place to acquire excellent qualities, we attribute not so to their better moral condition, as to the difficulties, in those days, of locomotion after the fatigue and expense of a five days' journey in a cart, over jolting to a new place, it was at least worth a wait and see whether an unexpected demand could not be accommodated, whether a bit would not take off the edge of necessity. Thus a servant who adhered to the first instance from motives of duty and self-interest, may have been strong enough to take fast hold by the strong bonds of affection and mutual

confirmed in the idea that it is rather among the servants that have changed, in the exceptional cases, where service in the present day *do*, as it were, take the foot of the family tree, we find that it and interlacing boughs they put

forth, of fidelity and devotion, take as firm hold as ever: "Master" is still their "hero," and the interests of the family their leading idea. It is perfectly natural that in these days, when change and locomotion are made so simple and easy, servants who partake of the benefit should also share the danger and disadvantage of the new order of things—should become unsettled, and fly off at the smallest grievance to try their fortune elsewhere: the caterpillar makes himself happy on his cabbage-leaf; the butterfly, with a whole choice of garden flowers, is always on the wing. But the restless spirit of change, if natural, is none the less to be regretted, because it takes all the poetry out of service, and leaves nothing between servant and employer but the commercial exchange of work and wages.

"But," we are told, "the mistress's authority is not only endangered nowadays by the readiness with which servants give warning; they are also so independent, so spoiled by education, they know as much as their mistresses—know everything, in fact, but how to keep their places and order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters." Now, if it were really true that a woman is spoiled for being a servant by acquiring solid and useful information, the case would be very serious, for as surely as the words have come to pass with regard to these latter days, "Many shall run to and fro," so surely is the prediction also fulfilled, "Knowledge shall be increased."

But is she necessarily the worse servant for this knowledge? Let a case in point be taken for what it is worth. A clergyman and his wife, in easy circumstances, but without family, employed two female servants. It was the habit of the lady to spare her husband's defective sight by reading aloud to him in the evening. It occurred to them that their servants might as well be partakers of the advantage, and they were invited to bring their work and sit, as listeners, at a little table in the same room. The reading was promiscuous: poetry, history, books of travel, theology, whatever came to hand. A taste for knowledge was soon awakened in the servants; books were borrowed from their employers, and their work was set forward by rising an hour earlier in the morning, so as to secure time to read them. Paley's "Natural Theology" was one of the books borrowed and read through. After a time, serious monetary losses compelled the clergyman to reduce his establishment; he and his wife must henceforth manage with

one servant, and she must be of a lower order than those at present in their service. It was hard to come to such a decision, but it was needful; and the servants were made aware of their master's altered circumstances. They received their dismissal in respectful silence, but presently returned, to implore that they might both be allowed to stay for the wages their master could afford to give to one, assuring him that their careful economy and watchful regard to his interests should make it a saving to him to board two instead of one. We do not think these servants were spoiled by education.

All our modern experience will never upset the wisdom of the sacred dictum, "That the soul be without knowledge is not good;" but there are two conditions to be observed, that the equilibrium of the mistress's authority over her educated servants may not be disturbed: she must not lag behind in the general progress, so as to let her servants overtake her; and the education of the servant must be sound, useful knowledge. Whatever, for instance, gives additional vividness to Scripture narrative or Scripture emblems; such a knowledge of history as will enable them to take an intelligent interest in the events of their own day; some leading principles of mechanics—will a pump-handle be worked less vigorously because the servant knows why it draws water? some idea of the great elementary laws of nature—why should not the housemaid who toils to lift a heavy weight, have the interest of knowing that the law of gravitation is acting against her? why should not the cook when she takes out her spice-box be able to picture the luxuriant Eastern shrubs of which she is using the fruit? Some kinds of knowledge are positively helpful for the work itself; she will be a better nurse who understands something of the principles of health, and the same will apply to the housemaid as to cleanliness and ventilation.

This is the sort of education we would like for servants—that which trains their minds to think, and stores them with facts; not a smattering of drawing and crochet-work, which will neither make better servants now, nor better wives for working men later on.

Certainly the authority of the mistress need not be compromised because she has now to do with educated servants, who feel their own value in the social scale. Let her rule wisely and well, and in proportion as their obedience is intelligent, it will be cheerfully rendered.

It will be well, however, for the mistress to remember, that her servant being neither child nor her slave, the authority she is to exercise must be necessarily limited. There are many things in which she lawfully issues her commands, others in which she gives counsel, others which she obtains by persuasion. There is in the large margin lying beyond the region of command that opportunity both to mistresses and servants to show some of the finest traits of character in their relation.

Generally speaking, the mistress's authority extends to all questions which relate to the work assigned to each servant. What shall be done, *when* it shall be done, *how* it shall be done. It also relates to all matters in which the character and stamp of the mistress hold might be compromised by the conduct. To take a simple instance, if a mistress sees an objectionable book on her table; she requires its removal—"I have never had such books seen in my house before," quite in order in saying so; it might be within the limit of her lawful authority to require that the book should be destroyed.

The debateable ground lies where the mistress's performance of the work nor the credit of the household is at stake, but the question relates to the personal welfare and advantage of the servant; if the better-instructed mistress sees that a thing is clearly for the servant's advantage, does she so far forget her *in loco parentis* that she can insist against that servant's will? We think not. In some cases, which involve conscientiousness of opinion between mistress and servant, the answer is clearly on the servant's side. For instance, the lady belongs to the Established Church; it is quite optional for her to determine, "I will only have members of the Church of England in my service." If in such case, a point of stipulation engages her servants, that they shall be members of the Church of England and not chapel-goers; but if she has not stipulated, and she has not bound them without such a stipulation, being at the time indifferent herself on the subject, the fact that her own opinions have become more firm and decided, and that she has set great value on their attendance at church, gives her no right to require that they should act in conformity with her present opinions and in contradiction to their own former opinions. She may be so constituted that it would be for their advantage, as to their strong wishes on the subject, but she

suasion and counsel: it is not a case of exercise of authority.

ly, however, if a mistress has acted in the respect of her servants, and voids the assumption of authority, she has only the right to counsel, the right that it is a matter to which she is indifferent, as far as her own interests are concerned, and which she takes up with a simple regard to her servant's personal interests, and predisposes the servant to appreciate the counsel offered. "This is your master, therefore I can only advise you; I advise you, because I care for your master."

This language will have weight, because it is unselfish, and love is power.

more: the mistress has occasion not only to command and to counsel, but also to advise. We do not refer merely to courteous speech in requiring and receiving service, but to occasions when she asks services of dependants, not as a matter of right, but as a favour. For instance, one of your servants absent on her annual holiday; you wish to avoid the expense of a substitute, the annoyance of having a stranger in the house, and you ask your other servants to do her work between them; it is their time is yours, but since you employ them to fill a certain place in your household, and you are now for your own advantage asking them to combine another with their own, working harder, or leaving their own work unaccomplished, you are asking a favour above stipulated service. Again, a sickness in your house: attendance on a sick day you may require from any servant; these duties include personal waiting; an affectionate servant offers to undertake watching, it is something beyond the ordinary; when you accept it you accept a favour. A thousand occasions, far more trivial than we have pointed out, may arise to test the relationship of mistress and servant in daily life, whereby the one receives a measure of loving attention over and above the ordinary service, and the other has the luxury of giving favours and receiving grateful acknowledgment. Sometimes the work itself, and not the servant's duty to do, and not the reward so evidently the tokens of service done to please the mistress, and not the gratification to her special tastes, that an expression of gratified feeling from her is a tribute.

The question remains. We have seen

the kind of domestic management which is likely to develop good qualities in servants and to attach them to the service of their employers, but we had also to consider how, when we engage a servant, we are to escape hiring one of the wrong sort. That there is a bad class of servants about in the world, many will be ready to testify.

One correspondent tells us this base coin slipped into currency because "masters and mistresses were not careful enough in inquiring into character." Another says, "Duty to our household demands that we should pass it out of our hands immediately. But are we to commit a fraud upon our neighbour, not only by leaving him to make the discovery for himself—perhaps with worse results than have befallen us—that it is base coin, but also by indorsing it, as if we had found it good? In plain words, are we to give a good character to a bad servant?"

In very flagrant cases, we think, a common sense of justice would prevail; we should not pass on, without a word of warning, the thief, the confirmed drunkard, or the profligate: but if the fault has been less glaring, conscience is apt to be very elastic in the matter of giving characters—we become remarkably hopeful all at once, that the servant we are dismissing for bad conduct will take warning, and never fall into the same fault again. "Her failing spoiled, it is true, the comfort of our household, upset our other servants, obliged us to change; but in this *other* household to which she is going, it may be different, she may have fewer temptations." Or again: "We thought she was the worse for drink the last party we gave, and we could not have a moment's peace in keeping her ourselves; but as we are not quite sure, we will be content with dismissing her, and not mention our suspicion in her character." Or the elasticity of conscience shows itself thus: "I am only bound to answer questions. I am asked if this cook—whom I am dismissing for uncleanly habits, which might poison us all—is truthful, honest, sober, and a good cook: she is all that; well for me and for her that the inquiries did not include, 'Is she clean?' As they did not, I may leave her new mistress to discover that she is incorrigibly dirty." Not unfrequently the falsification of character goes farther, and the one or two good points (good-temper, for instance, in the servant who is too thoroughly indifferent and careless to be easily put out, or a certain degree of cleverness which has shown

itself as often in cunning as in skill) are dwelt upon and enlarged, as if the lady really had a treasure to recommend; and she reads over her ingenious deception to the unworthy servant who has made her bold demand for a written character, and points out that "she has said what she could for her."

Why do ladies do this? From fear and from pity. From fear lest, if they put down in black and white their real, honest opinion, the woman they have dismissed would bring an action for libel against them; there being plenty of third and fourth-rate attorneys who are ready enough to get up a case. It is desirable, therefore, that the law on the subject should be well understood.

A mistress may legally decline to give *any* character; and, certainly, this would be better—more just to society in general, and to mistresses in particular, than to give one which conveys a false impression, if it is not actually couched in false terms. If, however, she intends to act on this principle, she should state to her servants on engaging them, that should she have to dismiss them for bad conduct, she will probably withhold a character altogether.

But a mistress may feel bound in conscience to state what she knows of a servant's character: how far, in this case, does the law protect her? We briefly quote the opinion of Lord Denman: "If I give a good character to a servant, and next day discover that the servant is dishonest, surely in such a case it becomes my duty to communicate my discovery to the person to whom I have given the character." This opinion was at once confirmed by Mr. Justice Coleridge in the words, "Nobody can doubt that."

So, then, we see that ladies have no ground for being deterred, through fear of legal consequences, from performing a simple act of justice to society, and either refusing a character to an unworthy servant, or stating the truth with regard to her. But perhaps *pity*, more frequently than *fear*, warps a lady's judgment and blinds her conscience in this matter. "My servant's character," she will say to herself, "is her bread; no mistress will take her without one, no mistress will take her if I tell the unvarnished truth about her; it is true she is very unworthy, so unworthy that I cannot keep her: but if I give her no character, or a bad one, I shut the door to her of service, which is an honest calling, and leave her no choice but ruin." Now here we think our guiding principle, "Whatsoever ye would that

men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," sheds light on the difficulty. Would you feel a lady acted kindly, or justly, or honourably towards you, who palmed off upon you such a piece of spoiled goods as you know this servant to be, coupled with the recommendation of it you are persuading yourself you ought to write? Say it is a flagrant case—a case of vice—of course, if you state it, the servant will suffer; sin and suffering are wedded: but who ought to suffer? the guilty servant, or the innocent family to whom your unjustifiable silence as to her real character will admit her? The only thing you can do is to state the case fully, mentioning extenuating circumstances or evidences of repentance, if there are any. And you need not cast her off, or withdraw a helping hand from her, because she is so bad that you have not felt it right to keep her in your own family, or help her into another. Be willing to take some trouble for her; do not let a woman who has stood to you in so near a relation as your domestic servant sink down into the dregs of society, when you might get her into a Reformatory or a Refuge, or some of those merciful institutions which interpose between transgressors and ruin.

In other cases where the fault is more venial, and you have really done your best to cure it, but because of failure, and because the fault creates too serious a disturbance in your household management to be longer borne with, you feel you must part with your servant; tell her that whoever applies to you for her character will hear the truth about her, her good qualities and her bad ones.

We believe that if this were really done, and done by everybody, servants would be the gainers as well as mistresses. Characters now are only half believed, and if the slightest loophole is left for suspicion, by silence on one point, or qualified praise on another, it is concluded that more is meant than meets the ear, and the lady concludes to be on the safe side, and declines the bargain. Honesty in this matter would soon sift out the servants who are thoroughly bad or incapable, and for the rest many a kind and considerate mistress would be found to say, "This servant is no doubt faulty, but these are not faults to which she will be much tempted in my establishment; and since I know that, I can be on my guard against them. I will give her a trial."

Meanwhile, till a favourable change has taken place in the matter of giving characters, mistresses must be willing to take pains and

to avoid being deceived. The advertisement and the registry office should be a resource, and a personal interview with the former mistress is of great importance, and a recommendation is valuable in proportion to the character; of this you can judge by seeing and talking with her. The admission of a new member into a household, a new member formed and mature in age, habits, and character, is an event of no light moment; and it were to say no Christian mistress takes a servant without previous prayer that God will enable her to choose those who may prove blessings and not curses in her family.

For the servant, too, the question of acceptance for employment in a new family, is an anxious and momentous. The Christian servant, no less than the Christian mistress, will seek for moral guidance which is given without partiality of persons. In all lawful ways she will strive to ascertain how the household is constituted, into which she is proposing to enter: such whether the heads of the family are of high religious profession, as whether their daily life shows that they are guided by the precepts; that they do "give unto servants that which is just and equal; and not threatening: remembering that they are themselves servants as well as masters."

Even employers who act on these principles find the Christian women who serve them links of friendship are formed, lasting as

One such case is in our eye at this time—a loving-hearted woman, who, true to womanly instincts, was ready to throw her heart into her service. For a long time she had lived as nurse in a large household, and won the regard and esteem of all who had to do with her; a lady heard of her, and had occasion to send a little invalid home, and required a confidential person to take charge of him. She undertook the charge, and watched over him in his helpless state of suffering, with a solicitude so truly Christian, that the mother's heart was eased of its heaviest cares. After a time, the invalid's case was considered hopeless as to recovery, and he was allowed to return home. It was then that Christian principle shone out conspicuously in his devoted attendant. Her imitable tact, she contrived to place herself completely under her mistress's orders; upon herself all the burden and the responsibility, abdicating all the right to judge and she had exercised when alone with the patient. Her position towards the other nurses

was a delicate one: but her genuine humility and indifference to her own comfort, provided that of her little charge was secured, made it impossible to quarrel. The child's illness was most distressing; painful days, wakeful nights, depressing influences of all kinds. Strangers turned away, but the heart of his faithful nurse did but wind round him the more closely. She only waited for his death to retire from service and live with an aged mother on her well-earned savings. Yet any accession of illness, which threatened to snap the feeble thread of the child's life, pierced to the mother-heart of this woman. Weary and enfeebled with the demands he made upon her, nothing could induce her to relax her exertions. And when the cloud passed by, as it did again and again, and her charge became less onerous, she was always urging on her mistress's acceptance of some service over and above her immediate duties; some pleasant token of consideration for her employer's interests. Her quick eye of ready affection detected symptoms of illness, which escaped notice from others. And her ready tact was sure to discover some way—so respectfully urged as to be irresistible—in which her mistress's cares might be lightened. What tie is it, short of friendship, which binds together that lady and her servant? The testimony of a fellow-servant with regard to her was, "I never saw such a Christian."

It is hard to calculate where the stream of blessing may end, which has its fountain-head in the fidelity and attachment of a Christian servant. We are reminded of one, who has conferred nothing short of a national blessing on her country. We speak the words advisedly, for we can make them good. Whose is the name which awakens an electric thrill in the hearts of the working men and women of England? Who has worked for them with untiring zeal in Parliament, and in Committees, and on the platform, and in a hundred ways less obvious though more laborious? Colliers, operatives in factories, men, wives, daughters, little children, couple his name, when they hear it, with a fervent benediction. To whom, then, does the noble Earl of Shaftesbury, the workman's friend, trace the earliest implanting of principles which have given their stamp to his whole beneficent life? To a servant—a female servant. We had heard him mention her worth, and anxious for some more definite information, we sought it from himself. It is by his kindness that we are furnished with the following particulars:—

"My daughter has asked me to tell you something about the very dear and blessed old woman (her name was Maria Millas) who first taught me in my earliest years to think on God and His truth.

"She had been my mother's maid at Blenheim before my mother married. After the marriage she became housekeeper to my father and mother, and very soon after I was born, took almost the entire care of me.

"She entered into rest when I was about seven years old, but the recollection of what she said, and did, and taught, even to a prayer that I now constantly use, is as vivid as in the days that I heard her.

"The impression was, and is still, very deep, that she made upon me; and I must trace, under God, very much, perhaps all, of the duties of my later life to her precepts and her prayers.

"I know not where she was buried. She died, I know, in London; and I may safely say that I have ever cherished her memory with the deepest gratitude and affection. She was a 'special Providence' to me."

We heartily thank the noble Earl for affording us this little leaflet out of his childhood's history; because we believe that no Christian servant can read it without feeling a holy ambition stirred within her, not only to yield to her employers the services which are bought with their money, but to confer on them that priceless benefit of spiritual vigilance and prayerful interest, which shall turn the servant into the benefactor and the friend.

### HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

#### THE CHRISTIAN WITHOUT A CROSS.

A lady of rank and great piety complained that, whereas in Scripture the cross is everywhere spoken of as useful and necessary for the children of God, yet she, for her part, must acknowledge that hitherto the Lord had never deemed her worthy of one, and that this often raised within her melancholy thoughts and doubts whether she was one of His children or not. God told said to her,

"I confess that complaints like yours are not common, inasmuch as few Christians have any ground to lament a lack of the cross; while others, whose share of it is exceedingly small, nevertheless imagine that it is quite as large as they are able to bear; and, in particular, those who are unaccustomed to it are prone to fancy that their cross is too great and heavy for them. As for your case, however, it seems to me that you are actually bearing a cross without being conscious of it. You are vexed with gloomy thoughts because you have no cross. Now these gloomy thoughts appear to me to be themselves a very considerable and also a very salutary one; for they not only evince, but they nourish and augment, your desire to resemble the Lord Jesus, and to take up your cross and follow Him. Besides, the words of our Saviour, 'Whosoever doth not

bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple,' relate not merely to the common hardships of human life, but are also and especially to be understood of the crucifixion of the old man and of his sinful lusts and desires, of self-denial, and the subjugation of the will. For the rest, we cannot, and ought not, to make crosses for ourselves, for this would end in hypocrisy. *The Lord holds the cup of affliction in His own hand, and pours out of it when and as much as He will.* That He has spared you hitherto, acknowledge with humble gratitude: He is the searcher of hearts, and perhaps knew that, with the cross, your heart would not have felt towards Him as it has done without it. Recollect, too, that the drama of your life has not been played to the end; and that, for aught you know, your gracious God may still have some little cross in reserve for you, to be imposed in due time. The fiercest tempests often come in the evening of the finest summer days, and it is after the pure wine has been run off that the lees are wont to follow. It ought to be another ground for gratitude to God, that He has given you time to prepare for all emergencies, and provide yourself with the amount necessary for your defence.

"Finally, you live in the midst of Christians who are distressed with poverty and

affliction, and groan under crosses of all kinds; and, being a member of the body of the Lord Jesus, you will sympathize with your fellow-members, and take their sufferings and privations to heart. When you see any mourner, mourn with and cheer him. To him who falls, and is ready to perish beneath the weight of his cross, stretch out friendly hand, and help him to rise. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give drink to the thirsty; let your superfluity be the source from which the wants of pious Christian brethren are supplied. In this manner make yourself a partaker of the afflictions of others, and render to them the service which Simon of Cyrene did to our Lord Jesus, by helping them to bear their cross. By enlisting into their company, you will be sure to pass as one of the genuine cross-bearers.

"Lord Jesus, give me the mind of Thine apostle, who knew both to be full and to be hungry—both to abound and to suffer want (Phil. iv. 12). If Thou spare me, I will thank and fervently love Thee; and if Thou layest a cross upon me, I will still thank and love Thee no less. How know I what is good for me? But Thou knowest it, for Thou knowest all things."

CHRISTIAN SCRIVER.

#### A LESSON FROM NATURE.

"Who hath divided a water-course for the overflowing of waters; to cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man; to satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth!"

Up, up among the mountains,  
In soft and mossy cell,  
By running brooks and fountains,  
The happy wild flowers dwell.  
Though all alone, and hidden  
From heedless passer-by,  
Yet sunbeams bright are bidden  
To cheer them from on high;  
And early in the morning  
Falls soft the dewy rain,  
Which sunbeams, home returning  
Will carry back again;  
And rills in secret flowing  
For every thirsty stem,

And the mountain breezes blowing,  
Make melody for them.  
Thus springs of heavenly blessing,  
And radiance from on high,  
The loneliest heart possessing,  
Hath joys which never die.

ANON.

#### THE ORPHANS.

A good man had died in the bloom of life, leaving behind him several infant children. The plentiful tears of the widow went deep into Gotthold's heart; nor less the simple sorrow of the orphans, who were all the more objects of pity, that they did not understand the cause they had to weep. He too sighed, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed,

"Thou marvellous God! how contrary are Thy doings to what seems good to us! Is not this disconsolate widow like a vine whose prop the wind has taken away and levelled with the earth? What better is her household than a low hedge, which every one will think himself at liberty to overstep? What else the young orphans but flowers growing in the wild forest, and on which all the beasts will trample? But pardon me, Thou faithful God! that, from tender compassion to these disconsolate mourners, I venture to speak thus boldly with Thee. Thou must respect Thy name, and have opportunity to show that Thou art the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widows (Psalm lxxviii. 5). Show it, then, here. Thy counsel is always best. The gardener does not scruple to hew down the old tree, that the young ones growing around, but which were previously injured by its shade, may have room to thrive. Even so the life of parents often proves their children's ruin. But when the shade is removed, there is nothing save the open Heaven above their heads; and so they learn to fear and put their trust in Thee, and from Thee alone to expect blessing, protection, and defence. Heavenly Father! Thou wilt, no doubt, do more for these orphans than their earthly parent, with all his affection, could ever have accomplished. Yes, my God, in them and in their much-afflicted mother, glorify now Thy name!"

CHRISTIAN SCRIVER.

# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters


## BLIND FRIDLİ.

A TALE OF ALSACE THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(From the German.)

BY MISS WHATELY.

### CHAPTER II.

ITTLE MATTHIS had slept soundly, and awakened merry and brisk. As Master Anselm had invited the dignities of Kaiserberg to dine with him, and meet the Doctor, the little fellow was to go directly after breakfast to his godmother, and pass the day with her, to his great joy, for he loved to be with her. Besides he had promised poor Fridli yesterday evening to visit him early, and to give him the butter-cake which he received every Sunday morning for his breakfast; and his father had always taught him that one ought to keep one's word, to the poor especially. So our little friend went merrily off, in his Sunday jacket, and his velvet cap on his light brown hair, to his godmother's house. His sparkling eyes and fresh rosy cheeks made him a very pleasant object to look on, as he tripped lightly along in the fresh morning air.

Poor Fridli looked very different as he lay on his straw couch; and, alas! with him the darkness was inward, as well as outward. He was striving with God, and murmuring in his heart; and no one had ever told him that "the Lord does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," but, like a wise father, chastens those whom He loves.

Fridli had been well practised in the management of cattle, understood his business, and was proud of it. When, therefore, the terrible sickness came on him, and the "brothers of mercy" who watched over him told him his sight was quite destroyed, and he must be blind for life, Fridli struggled and murmured under this mysterious providence, which seemed to him as hard as it was unjust. And often when, led by his faithful dog, he passed by the

side of a river or over a bridge, and the rustling of the water beneath, he been ready to throw himself in, in the face of his good mother come before his thought, and he heard her again as she had at parting, "Fridli, be pious, and don't forget prayer, God nity!" He was now on his way to his loving mother's heart, in her cot in the Black Forest; but he would not come with empty hands, for his father and he, the eldest of six children, were mother very poor. So with filial love he saved every penny carefully, ate only what he got by begging, and hoped, as he said, to collect some alms in Kaiserberg above all, to be able to tell his father the Doctor, and get some help from the friend to the poor.

And now all his hopes were gone. He lay there blind and lame, and he could never, never get back to his mother again! "Oh," he had often said out in the silent night hours, "if I die!" And when the day broke, and the sun shone in the blue sky, there lay he alone in his blackness, brooding gloomy thoughts. In vain the father had licked his hands and face; in vain the mother brought him a basin of new milk for breakfast; Fridli only answered, gloomily, "I would neither eat nor drink; he only be drowned wherever the water was."

"No, Fridli, you ought not to say a sin!" cried little Matthis, who came to him as he spoke.

"We had better have left him lying in the castle moat, if he is not more than kind," growled Conrad, and he went to take away the milk; but little M.



it from his hand, and brought it with the buttered cake he had saved to Fridli's straw bed, and pressed him so warmly to eat, and bade "good morning" to the dog so cheerfully, that Fridli felt warmed by the little boy's kindness, as if by a ray of sunshine, and began to eat and drink, and to find the milk and the cake most excellent. He had tasted nothing so good since a Christmas treat with his mother, when she had brought him just such a cake from Freiburg; and with this remembrance awakened softer feelings in the poor blind youth, and the dark spirit died away. He answered his little friend's kindness gratefully, and opened his whole heart to him; told him of his dear mother, of the cows at Morsberg, of the terrible smallpox, and his despair when he found himself blind; of his longing at home, his grief that he had come in vain to Laiserberg, where he now could not ask alms at the church door, nor speak to the Doctor.

The telling out of his story took a weight from Fridli's heart; he knew not why, but he felt relieved and more at ease when he had opened his heart to his kind little friend.

Conrad, who had been coming and going to and fro in the stable during this conversation, was so moved by the sad history, that he gently fetched his own pillow, and placed it under Fridli's head, and quite forgot to get himself ready for church. But little Matthis, who had listened attentively, and whose eyes were sparkling like diamonds, said soothingly to his friend,

"Never mind, Fridli; I will beg my cousin the Doctor this afternoon to come to you in the evening, and get you taken home to your dear mother."

Then he jumped up, called the dog, and ran to the house, where his godmother and her sister were still at breakfast.

Waldmann, who in general could not endure dogs, and used to growl and bark whenever one came near his poor master, now followed little Matthis at his call, and came with him to the godmother's sitting-room.

"Shoo, shoo!" screamed the startled Ursula; Matthis, do send out the nasty dog. Pray excuse the little fellow, Herr Brandt;" and she rose and flung the door wide open to drive out the dog, who had taken refuge behind Matthis.

"Oh, godmother, may I take the dog to the church door, and beg there for poor Fridli?" cried the little boy, caressing the frightened dog.

The good godmother, quite beside herself at the sudden entrance of this dirty dog, was so overwhelmed at this curious request, that words failed her, and she stared at Matthis in speechless astonishment, not knowing rightly whether she was dreaming or awake! Sebastian Brandt could not help laughing heartily at the whole scene.

This laughter gave fresh courage to little Matthis; he took his godmother by the hand, drew her back to her seat, and repeated in his most coaxing voice,

"Now, dear godmother, you will let me, won't you! Look how the dog—Waldmann is his name—how prettily he can sit up and beg."

So he made Waldmann sit up on his hind legs, gave his cap into his mouth, and told the whole history of poor Fridli's misfortunes, and how he wished to beg instead of him at the church door, that the poor blind youth might get the alms he hoped for; and all this was told so simply and heartily, that Ursula and Brandt found their eyes overflowing.

"Yes," said the godmother, "whenever that boy sees any in trouble, he is all on fire to help them."

"Oh, leave him that treasure, Mistress Ursula!" said Brandt; "it is the most precious thing he could possess; it will be a treasure in Heaven which neither rust nor moth can corrupt."

Then, turning to the boy, he said kindly,

"It would not be fitting for you to stand and beg at the church door, dear child; and you must not bring the dog either, for both would disturb the service. But I promise you to speak to the Doctor, and see what can be done for poor Fridli."

Little Matthis would have liked much better to stand at the church door and show off Waldmann's tricks, which he was sure would win the hearts of all the people to help Fridli. But he was accustomed to obey promptly without making any objections, and he silently led Waldmann back to the barn, telling the blind boy what Herr Brandt had promised, which was a cordial for poor Fridli's aching heart.

At this moment all the bells in the village began to toll, to invite all to the service. Ursula took her little favourite by the hand, and, accompanied by Sebastian Brandt, set forth, in a solemn, thoughtful frame of mind, to hear her honoured and beloved nephew preach.

At this time almost all faith and genuine Christian feeling were extinct in the ancient

church, and often sacred things were openly turned into ridicule. But so strong is the influence of one truly earnest and pious man, imbued with the true spirit of Christ, that the bearing of all was quiet and reverential on this day in Kaiserberg church. To the Doctor's great joy, not a single mask was to be seen. The citizens assembled quietly and decently habited; the monks, nuns, friars, &c., came from the various convents in an orderly and dignified manner; the nobles from the castles round, the imperial head-bailiff and his guests, all appeared; and although it was Shrovetide, they came without mummary or show, in simple dresses. Whether the noble ladies were really afraid the Doctor might address them from the pulpit, as he had done those of Strasburg, for their unbecoming pomp and splendour of dress and jewellery in church, which he called "a sinful waste," and a "selling their souls to the demon of finery and luxury," we must leave undecided.

Geiler preached this morning on Matt. xxv. 40: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He told them how Lent in the primitive Church had been instituted in memory of our Lord's passing forty days in the wilderness; and how, formerly, the early Christians made Lent a time of special charity to the poor, and gave to the hungry and distressed what they would have spent on themselves at other times, being content with the simplest food.

Then he went on to say that the Lord had never desired that convents and fine churches should be built, while those whom He called "the living stones," and His "brethren," were left to perish with hunger. "We do not read in the Bible that the Lord will say at the last day, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,' for ye have built churches and founded abbeys: no; but, 'I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.' I do not mean," he added, "that it is wrong to build churches and such like. But this should ye have done, and not leave the other undone; for love is the greatest of all the commandments."

We do not give the rest of his sermon; doubtless he put the Gospel of Christ, and the dying love of Christ, before the people. But we return to Ursula, who went home thoughtful and deeply impressed. The first thing she did

was to go to poor Fridli in the bar and attend carefully to his foot, telling him at the same time that he need not be afraid, for she would keep him till he could go again. He had his dinner from her table with it a cup of good wine to strengthen him, which Conrad was very willing to allow, he, too, had been listening to the sermon.

All the guests at Master Anselm's were also much moved; and they one by one promised the Kaiserberg Doctor to do their part in their native town, that the poor suffering might not be left to starve.

After vespers, the Doctor went to visit his aunt; and on the way Sebastian told him the whole history of Fridli and little Matthis. The Doctor was delighted; and his affection to Ursula was, "Where the boys were, how was Fridli going on?"

"The blind youth was in less pain," his mother replied; "and should be tenderly cared for in her house till he was well. Little Matthis had got leave to join his companions."

"What procession is that coming along by a chorister boy?" said Brandt, who was standing at the window.

"Why, that is our little one; he is going to have a service with the boys, as he often does on Sundays," cried the godmother.

The boys followed him two and two with their supper in their hands; Matthis, with his head, had put on a white overcoat, and was gravely marching on, ringing a bell.

"We must see this," said the Doctor to his friend; and with Ursula they softly went to the barn door, where they could observe without being observed.

Little Matthis had gone from house to house and collected all his companions, repeating to them what he remembered of the Doctor's sermon. Then he told them to come with him into godmother's barn, where poor Fridli, who had been so badly hurt, was lying. The Doctor had said that if Jesus sent the poor and sick in His mercy, every one of them must bring his share of the cake, and the money he had got from Shrovetide singing, and give it, for the sake of Jesus, to poor Fridli. And the riotous boys actually obeyed the missionary's appeal. The three friends placed themselves behind the barn door, and then all, led by Matthis, marched in order round poor Fridli's bed, at which Waldmann sat upright with his mas-

in his mouth, while each boy put his Shrove-tide cake, apples, nuts, and butter, silently into Fridli's wallet, and threw the pence, and even some small silver coin, into the cap. Conrad stood by with clasped hands, intently watching them.

When the last boy had given in his gift, they all formed a circle round little Matthis, who laid down his bell, folded his hands, and said, "Dear Lord Jesus! Do please make mind Fridli see again, cure his foot, and bring him home to his dear mother! And then, when we come to Thee in heaven, wilt Thou say to us, as the Doctor told us to-day, 'Whatever you have done to poor Fridli, you have done to me!' Amen."

The Doctor stepped softly into the circle of the children, who drew timidly back—laid his hand on Matthis's head, and said solemnly, "Grow, little boy; you, too, will be great." (Historical.)

"As great as you, Cousin Doctor?" asked the little friend, looking up at the stately form of the preacher. "Why, then, they won't call me 'little' any more!"

"Oh, holy simplicity! 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,'" said the Doctor to himself, as he pressed the boy to his heart.

Then the Doctor held a little Sunday-school with these children in the barn, which, with God's grace, brought forth precious fruit in me, in the hearts of several, and was never forgotten by most of them.

When he told the attentive little ones how the Lord Jesus loved children, and called them to Him, and took them in His arms and blessed them; and how they had seen to-day how children, in their turn, could show their love to Him, and serve Him by serving His poor sick and suffering ones, little Samson Hiller suddenly stood up, hid behind the door, and wept bitterly.

"What is the matter, poor child?" said Sebastian, following him.

"Oh," cried Samson, sobbing more bitterly, "the Lord Jesus can't love me, for I am a very bad boy."

"What have you done?"

Samson became pale as death, and then red as fire, trembled, and at length stammered out, "Little Matthis must say—he knows it."

Matthis could not get out the words, and shyly turned to Samson, and said consolingly, "God will forgive you, I am sure, if you'll pray, 'Our Father,' very attentively."

But when the Doctor pressed him further,

and Samson said, "Well, say it out, and I shall be punished and get my heart at ease," the little boy took the Doctor round the neck, and whispered, "It was Samson who cut the string of poor Fridli's dog; so it was his fault that Fridli fell and hurt himself."

"Well," said the Doctor, "that was a very bad trick. But I am sure, Samson, you did not think what you were doing, and if you had known what would happen to the poor blind boy, you would never have done it."

But Samson shook his head, hid his face in his hands, and said, "No, no; I did it out of mischief, and laughed when I saw Fridli fall. Oh, punish me; I deserve it."

"Well," whispered the Doctor to Sebastian Brandt, "I never saw such earnest repentance in a grown person." Then turning to young Hiller, he said, "Be comforted, my child, your sins are forgiven for Jesus Christ's sake, who bore your punishment on the cross."

"Is it so, really?" cried Samson with tears.

"As certain as that now the holy angels are rejoicing in Heaven over your repentance. But now come and ask poor Fridli's pardon too. God has mercifully turned this trouble into good for him. What do you think, Fridli? You don't now wish, do you, that you had never fallen and been carried into the good lady's barn here?"

Poor Fridli, quite bewildered by all he had heard, could only stammer a few broken words; but Samson knelt by his straw couch, took his hands, and sobbed out, "Oh, Fridli, forgive me. I am so sorry. I will never, never do such a thing again."

"Can you sing what you hear in the churches, Fridli?" said the Doctor; and on Fridli's saying that he could, he added, "Well, then, begin the *Te Deum*, 'We praise Thee, O God!'"

And Fridli began with his fine, clear, melodious voice, and the others joined, and the hymn of praise rose to the heavenly throne.

Hand in hand stood Matthis and Samson during the song, one turning his bright glance on his weeping companion, the other casting down his dark, tearful eyes to the ground.

Sebastian looked at both with deep interest, and as the song was ended, he said to the Doctor, "What, think you, will these boys become?"

"The hand of the Lord is with them," said the Doctor.

The boys had long gone home, when the Doctor was still sitting by poor Fridli's side. He was in a better frame of mind than in the

morning, and owned he had much cause for thankfulness; but his blindness was still a great difficulty to him, and he repeated, "Why, then, am I become blind?"

"Hark you, Fridli," replied the Doctor, "the only answer I can give you to your 'why?' is, *because it is the will of God*. But it is a blessed thing to suffer willingly, and from love to God. Try it, my boy: offer up, with your beggar's alms, a patient, submissive heart to God, and He will by His grace change the poor penny into something more precious than gold."

Whether the good Doctor then succeeded in bringing the *inner light* into Fridli's soul, we know not; but he certainly left him calmer and more consoled. He staid till Easter with Ursula, visited constantly by little Matthis and Samson; and on Easter Monday, when Sebastian Brandt passed again through Kaiserberg, he took the blind youth, loaded with gifts, to Basle with him, and had him safely conveyed to his mother in the Black Forest. Perhaps we may hear more of him and his little friend in a future chapter. Meanwhile we will only say that Doctor Geiler worked in Strasburg for thirty years with great blessing; and was the means, through his influence with the Emperor, of doing much good in many ways; and that Sebastian Brandt was, through his means, appointed to a post in his native town of Strasburg, where he laboured till his death, in 1521.

### CHAPTER III.

Forty-four years had passed since the events we have described. The Reformation had made progress in Germany, and in every part of the Continent of Europe, the great contest was going on between the corruptions of Rome and the revived Gospel truth. In Kenzingen, a town in the Black Forest, a pious and earnest minister named Jacob Other had been preaching the Gospel with great liberty, and winning the hearts of the people both by his Scriptural doctrines and his consistent and holy life. The Bishop of Constance, indignant at his success, brought him several times before his judgment seat for heresy; but the citizens had warmly defended their pastor, pointing out how the conduct of the people was changed for the better since he began to preach to them, and declaring they would defend the life of their preacher with their own lives.

The Knight Wolfgang of Himheim, who held Kenzingen as a fief from the Emperor, promised he would leave the citizens their

preacher on condition of their promising to have the church services in Latin, and to give up the use of the cup at the communion. By this middle course he hoped to keep the peace, and escape the anger of his lord. But on his return to Ferdinand's court (in 1324) a command was given to dismiss the preacher from the town as a mover of sedition and rebellion. The whole population was filled with terror; and when Master Jacob left, a hundred and fifty citizens accompanied their pastor to the nearest village. Meanwhile, the city was surrounded with armed men, and these citizens who had gone forth to see the preacher on his way, were forbidden to return, and obliged to take refuge in the free city of Strasburg. All the Bibles and Protestant books which could be found were burnt; the families of the fugitives were treated with the greatest cruelty; and one man, the town clerk, in whose house a New Testament had been found, was made to kneel down in the ashes of the burnt books, and his head struck off in the presence of his wife and children.

On the right bank of the Rhine, opposite the good city of Strasburg, sat old Andreas at his cottage door, weaving his fishing nets. It was a sultry summer's day; the very air was oppressive, and the earth, parched and withered with the heat, seemed to languish for rain. Andreas had been successful in his fishing, and had taken so large a salmon that his net was broken. While he was mending it, he wiped his face often, and looked up at the dark thunder-clouds gathering in the horizon.

"Andreas, is the boy at the ferry?" cried the messenger, Simon Scheidt, as he came running up the footpath along the river.

"Good day, Simon. I do not know where the boy and Franz are gone to. They have their heads full of nonsense about these secret societies and so forth."

"Then call some one else, Andreas. I must pass over to get the fugitives from Kenzingen into the town; for these Austrian soldiers may be hunting them. But, hark! there they are."

And at this moment the long train of fugitives was seen in the distance moving towards the banks of the Rhine, and as they saw the friendly walls of Strasburg, where they hoped to find a refuge, they were heard to begin Luther's famous hymn, "Our God is a strong refuge." Simon and Andreas took off their caps reverently, and went to meet the one hundred and fifty men, who, singing as they walked, had just reached the ferry, exhausted

gue. But when the leader of the singing blind man, whom Master Jacob, the was leading, sang the last verse—

Let them take our life,  
Goods, honour, child, and wife"—

and voice of those homeless ones, left house, wives, and children for the ailed. Many sobbed aloud; others n exhausted, or looked up to Heaven h; and the only ones who could go on song were the pastor and the blind ho continued, with clear, firm voices ous words,

Let each and all be ta'en;  
Still, ours will be the gain;  
The Kingdom will to us remain."

ing fishermen, Franz and Heiner, were ning from the abbey, where they had salmon well, and were hoping to sur- r grandfather by their gains. One of this was the grandson of old Andreas, ly daughter had died soon after her leaving two children to her father's these, the short, plump Heiner was l the other, the gentle, blue-eyed was married to Franz Hügelin, the herman, who was an active and effi- per to Andreas in his work. Both ing men were deeply moved at the he fugitives; and while Heiner helped up the ferry-boat, and hand the pastor rnz drew the old man aside, and said, t a blessing, grandfather, that God is great salmon? These poor hunted t be exhausted with heat, and this —

Lord has given it us that we might ese poor people in His name," inter- ndreas; "so go, Franz, as quick as and fetch some provision for the

did not wait a second bidding, and lfan hour had passed he had returned apply of food from Kehl (the suburb site Strasburg), accompanied by several tizens of the town, who came out to fugitives, and give some help. The ellers were resting on the bank of the l old Andreas thought of the multi- in the wilderness, when he saw the men receiving the provision from d entertainers. The good Jacobea, rife, came to help some of the poor to bathe their burning, weary feet in Rhine water; while her little Hans,

an infant of only two years, made the exiles ready at once to smile and shed tears, when they thought on the loved little ones at home they might never see.

But meanwhile the sky became so lowering as to threaten a violent thunderstorm, and all must hasten to find a shelter for the fugitives. Franz and Heiner were active in mooring the ferry-boat, and the first roll of the thunder found the exiles all at the open gates of Strasburg—the great, renowned free city, where the Gospel was openly preached, and peace and harmony reigned, and which seemed to the exiles a haven of refuge.

The news had already spread through the city, and many were ready to receive the fugitives; but to find shelter at a moment's warning for one hundred and fifty men was no easy task, and the principal persons were called to take counsel about it. Among these was the chief preacher of Strasburg, Dr. Matthias Zell—once the "little Matthis" of Kaiserberg, now an honoured minister of the Gospel—and his good wife, Dame Catharine. Both agreed in wishing to receive to their house and table all who believed and loved Christ as their Saviour, "as they hoped to have their part with them one day in Heaven." And even in the first year of their marriage, the good Catharine often entertained as many as thirty banished ones; so that the old servant, Babeli, got quite impatient, and would say,

"It was too bad; the parsonage would have to be called an inn where people were entertained gratis."

She was, therefore, a little dismayed when Simon came with the news; but these fugitives were her own country people—she too was from the Black Forest! and so she was very ready to hasten with her mistress to the great square, where the poor fugitives were collected before the Town Hall.

A storm was fast coming on, and after the principal citizens and leading men had each taken two of the exiles as their guests, there were still eighty left in the midst of the flashing lightning and rolling thunder, without shelter, in the open square. Some proposed one thing, and some another; but Dame Catharine Zell said quietly,

"Come home with me, in God's name, my good friends. With His help and goodwill, we can find room for you in the parsonage."

So saying, she took the blind singer by the hand, led him on, the others following; and at the door of the parsonage house Dr. Matthis

himself came to meet them, held out his hand to welcome them, and just as the last entered the hospitable door, the thunder claps redoubled their fury, and the rain came down in torrents.

This example had its effect on many of the citizens who hitherto had held back; and when the storm was over, all were eager to help the good pastor and his wife in their weighty charge. The bakers sent baskets of loaves, the butchers hams and sausages, and the gardeners vegetables and fruit. Many women brought bedding and linen, and helped to arrange couches in the rooms, garrets, and the barn, for the poor fugitives; while the young girls set the tables, and helped Babeli in the kitchen. Dame Catharine was the life and soul of all the arrangements, and in the midst of all the bustle found time to cheer the poor exiles with many a kind and strengthening word.

Master Matthis, after many such kind words, held his evening worship with his guests, read and expounded the 22nd and 28rd verses of the 6th chapter of Luke, prayed with them, and asked the blessing of the Lord on them and the loved ones left behind; and when all the wearied exiles were gone to rest, and all was still in the great parsonage house of the cathedral, and Dame Catharine was still busy with her kind helpers in arranging many things for the next day, the good pastor, who was twenty years older than his active wife, was fairly tired out himself, and leaning back in the arm-chair in his study, he fell asleep, and had a strange dream.

It seemed to him in this dream that he was again in his native town of Kaiserberg, and in the well-known barn of his godmother's house. There, on the straw couch, lay poor Fridli, as he had done forty-four years before, but not with closed eyes as then, but with clear, open eyes sparkling with joy; and he said, "Only think, Matthis, the Lord has opened my eyes!" And he seemed to see also his good cousin the Doctor, who took Fridli by the hand and bade him rise and come with him, for he was going to lead him to his dear mother, in the home where the Lord had prepared them a pleasant dwelling-place. And then, all of a sudden, the barn roof had disappeared, and in its place was the bright glorious heaven: and Samson Hiller, holding Doctor Geiler's hand, and Sebastian Brandt, and the good Ursula, and poor Fridli, all looked down from that heaven on Matthis Zell, and sang together,

"We praise Thee, O God!" And then Matthis awoke, and looked up surprise the face of his faithful Catharine, who bending over him gently to see if he was But he seemed still to hear the son rubbing his eyes, he asked, "How is Catharine—am I dreaming, or do I real them singing the *Te Deum*?"

"You are not dreaming, dear husband the blind singer from Kenzingen, who to bed in the sitting-room, because he had pain in the side. I fear he has inflammation in the lungs, and is now singing in dream; but it is so beautiful, it quite I up to hear him."

"The blind singer with the face with smallpox, which seemed as if I had it before! and my dream!" cried Zell it must be poor Fridli!" And so he rose in haste and came into the sitting-room where Catharine's young friend, Dame was watching by the bedside of the blind and was just giving him a cooling drink of herbs; and before the prudent Catharine could stop him, Master Matthis was standing over the sick man, and seizing his hand exclaimed in a trembling voice, "Fridli! is it you?"

"It is; and you must be little Matthis no other!" answered Fridli, taking Zell between his own. "Even when you were welcoming us, and then at evening your voice went to my heart; and the Matthis Zell had a sweet sound to my ears made me think of my dear little Matthis was my kind helper at Kaiserberg. And I found myself lying here so tenderly over and cared for, just as I had been in the good godmother's barn, it seemed the Doctor, and Master Brandt, from and Mistress Ursula, and Conrad, and Samson Hiller, were all standing around me, and I felt as if I must begin to sing a hymn of praise we then all sang together." "Yes, Lord, in Thee is a communion here and there!" said Master Matthis moved.

The whole night would have passed in conversation, had not the two women considered silence as essential in Fridli's state. They could not part till the blind man had told him from Matthis what had become of the dear kind friends who were brought to his remembrance—Ursula, the good Sebastian Brandt. Matthis told him that he had passed to their heavenly home, resting from their labours.

Samson, that dear youth?" asked  
 became a pastor in Kaiserberg, and, by  
 grace, a faithful minister of the Word of  
 of Jesus Christ; and he preached the  
 diligently and faithfully to all his  
 flocks. But just a year ago, as he was  
 the pulpit one day, the magistrate  
 and brought him before the council on  
 charge of heresy, and like Herod with  
 a Baptist, had his head struck off at  
 a mill-house in secret, and his body buried  
 in a remote place. The Bishop of Basle  
 the city of Kaiserberg under the ban  
 on account of this inhuman conduct; but in  
 recognition of Samson being a heretic, the  
 sentence was soon taken off. Three days ago we  
 celebrated the anniversary of his death here,  
 and May his blood, like that of the first  
 martyr, be the seed of a rich harvest  
 in our poor native town. And now, good-  
 friends. These are all gone before us,  
 but are alive in the Lord, and united with  
 all. Amen."

was really seriously ill, and the next  
 morning the inflammation of the lungs declared itself  
 as a result of over-fatigue on his hurried

Jacob Other, his good pastor, related  
 the story to Matthis, since they parted,  
 as follows. After Fridli had been  
 sent to his mother, he was received into an  
 at Freiburg, through the influence of  
 and Geiler. There he was instructed  
 and trained for a chorister. His fine  
 musical skill caused him to be re-  
 ceived as head church singer at Kenzingen,  
 and he could take his mother to live with  
 comfort and peace; but soon her death  
 as he said, as if he had become blind  
 time. She had been eyes to him, and  
 deprived of her he felt doubly lonely and  
 ; but then Doctor Geiler's words re-  
 minded him, "He who suffers willingly for  
 Christ is on the way to heaven." But hard  
 love, with all the pains he took, poor  
 could not love God, because he did not  
 go the right way. At last, however, Master  
 Matthis preaching brought the real Gospel  
 to his soul, and led him to his Saviour  
 Christ, who had left heaven for love of

us, and died on the cross that we might be  
 saved through Him. Love brings forth love,  
 and when Fridli could really believe that the  
 Lord Jesus loved him as tenderly and truly as  
 his mother had done, and indeed far more  
 tenderly and truly still, he was able in return  
 to love Him with his whole heart, and since  
 then it had been bright and peaceful in his  
 soul, and he knew now why faith brings peace.

Fridli never left his sick-bed in Zell's house  
 again, and on the third day of his illness he  
 expired. He was tenderly watched, and sus-  
 tained by the prayers and faithful counsels of  
 his friends. He received the Lord's supper  
 with Master Matthis and his companions from  
 Kenzingen. The Lord led him gently and  
 peacefully home without a struggle, and his  
 last words were,

"Light! light! O my Saviour Jesus  
 Christ!"

And with this cry of thankful joy he de-  
 parted. All the fugitives of Kenzingen and  
 many citizens were at his funeral, and Master  
 Matthis earnestly addressed those present,  
 warning them in these solemn times to turn  
 their hearts to things above, and pray for grace  
 to fight the good fight to the end, and receive  
 the crown of life.

For four weeks the fugitives remained as  
 guests of the good Catharine and her husband;  
 and busy as she was with her many guests,  
 she found time to write a beautiful letter of  
 consolation to their wives, which was after-  
 wards printed.

With God's help, and through the exertions  
 of kind friends, the one hundred and fifty  
 fugitives were gradually provided for, and  
 found bread and work, some of them in Stras-  
 burg, some of them in other places where the  
 Evangelical religion prevailed; and many of  
 them were able to have their wives and children  
 to rejoin them. Master Jacob Other was ap-  
 pointed pastor, first, in Nechar-Steinbach; then  
 to help the Bernese reformer, Haller, and  
 lastly at Essingen, where he remained till his  
 death.

We need merely add that Master Matthis  
 Zill and his good wife long continued to labour  
 in the city of Strasburg, a blessing to many,  
 and blest in their life of unselfish devoted-  
 ness.

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### VI.—THE HINDOOS AT HOME.

BY JAMES KERR, ESQ., M.A., LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE HINDOO COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

#### FORMS OF POLITENESS.



THE common form of salutation in India consists of a movement of the hand to the head. This is called a *salaam*. The right hand is raised gently, and simultaneously the head is bent slightly down.

This is the common form of salutation among equals. When an inferior meets a superior (such as a domestic servant meeting his master) a sort of double *salaam* is the form used. Both hands are joined palm to palm, and raised twice or thrice to the forehead. This is a recognition of deeper respect than the other. The European in India is sometimes horrified at seeing a native servant, who has been guilty of some indiscretion, prostrate himself on the ground, and touch his master's feet with his hands and forehead, refusing to rise till the latter gives him leave—which he generally does without loss of time.

There is another form of salutation sometimes called *Dandavat*, in which the forehead is bent so as to touch the ground. This is the form of respect due to Brahmins and holy sages. On approaching princes a still more reverential ceremonial is enjoined. The subject is required to prostrate himself on the ground. The rule prescribed by the Gentoo Code on such occasions, is to fall down "with eight members;" that is, with eight parts of the body touching the ground.

There are other forms which appear to be also customary. We read that on one occasion the ambassadors from Persia to the court of Aurungzebe, made their reverence "in the Indian fashion," by putting their hands thrice on their heads, and as often letting them down to the ground.\*

Sir T. Rowe describes an Indian nobleman as doing homage to the Great Mogul by

\* See Bernier's "Travels in the East."

touching the ground three times with his head. On another occasion he describes the men of quality as standing before the prince with their hands before them like slaves. This is a well-known Eastern custom.

When a native, either of high or low rank, enters a house, he takes off his slippers. It is a mark of respect, and corresponds to our custom of taking off the hat. No idea of degradation is associated with it.

This custom prevails among Hindoos and Mahomedans alike. In former times Europeans, when visiting natives of rank, were expected to conform to this custom. Swartz mentions it as a remarkable concession, that when he attended the court of Hyder Ali, he was not required to take off his shoes. He says, "When I was admitted to an audience, Hyder made me sit next to him on the floor, which was covered with the richest carpets, and I was not required to take off my shoes."

On leaving the house, the slippers are put on again. It is considered a breach of etiquette for a native of rank to appear in public without his slippers.

On one occasion Aly Verdy Khan, the celebrated nabob, or viceroy of Bengal, had an interview with some Mahratta chiefs in his tent. A dispute arose, and in the scuffle which ensued, the nabob's attendants entreated him to retire and mount his elephant. But it happened that one of his slippers was missing, and he stoutly refused to leave the tent until it was found. One of his attendants said, "Is this a time to look for slippers?" He replied that he would not stir from the spot until the slipper was found, lest people should say, "Aly Verdy Khan was in such a hurry to get away, that he left his slipper behind him!"

While the natives take off their slippers on entering a house, on the other hand they keep on the turban, reversing the usual custom of Europeans.



er times a polite native never failed his slippers on entering the house of an. He never failed to show the mark of respect to us as to his own. Time is bringing about great change in this respect. At the Presidency especially, the custom of taking off the shoes is fast going out. It has been laid nearly all who associate with Europeans, including most of those who have received English education. In fact, by these the slipper itself has been laid aside as a part of dress, and instead of it the boot is worn, after the European fashion.

Of us who have lived much at the country towns have become quite reconciled to the change. But old Indians who have chiefly in the interior, where the innovation is slower, are disposed to regret. In their eyes it is a proof that natives are losing their respect for us. In my opinion, this departure from custom must go on and cannot

follows the great law of fashion, says Hindoos and Europeans alike. The innovation has now in the most public places received the sanction of the British Government. Those natives of rank who visit the Government House, are allowed to keep on their shoes in presence of the Governor and the *élite* of the European society.

In the present day, among Hindoos who are much in contact with the English, there is a partial intermingling of European and native forms of politeness. A Hindoo of whom you pay your respects, will receive you very cordially in the English manner and enter into frank and friendly conversation. This may be followed by your offering wreaths of flowers put round your neck, or a shower of rosewater sprinkled over you.

There are known instances in which a native, in coming upon a European, has entered the house with his turban in his hand, and when he would place it on his knee. Those who have been accustomed to the old style of manners, are shocked at such violations of etiquette. In fact, the transition state of a portion of native society is passing and gives rise to a sort of compromise between European and native manners, and to which is neither wholly the one nor the other.

I cannot say that is very pleasing. The mingling of the two seems strange, and shocks our sense of propriety.

It is curious to see the difference in manners between a baboo of the old school and one of the new. The latter is found to have broken off from the old style of manners without having thoroughly mastered the new. To many minds he appears to disadvantage compared with his more orthodox countrymen. I have sometimes had a call from two brothers, of whom one clung to the old manners, and the other had discarded them. The difference between them was very striking. The former followed recognized rules of politeness, while the other adopted a new style, which as yet has no fixed standard, and which puts him, as it were, in a false position. I must say, however, that there are numbers of well-educated natives of the new school who are by no means deficient in politeness, and upon whom the change sits gracefully. Rajah Radhakant Deb is a most favourable specimen of this class. He speaks English like his mother tongue. He is courteous in his manners, and, in a word, is a highly intelligent and well-bred native gentleman; one, moreover, who is neither indolent nor luxurious, but who is learned as well as polite, and takes an active interest in all public concerns. Bishop Heber, in his journal, mentions him, as a young man, in the most favourable terms. I have only known him in the prime of life, or rather approaching its decline. At the present moment he is still hale and vigorous, though he cannot be less than sixty years of age.

The natives of India, when paying visits, consider it a breach of etiquette to go away of their own accord. They expect to be dismissed, or rather, to receive permission to go away. It may be partly from our ignorance of their customs, that Europeans sometimes complain of their long visits. A polite Hindoo will sit patiently for hours without offering to go away, when all the time he is perhaps waiting till you give him leave and signify to him your desire to be left alone. In Hindoo families of rank, rosewater (or *attar* of roses) is brought in and presented to the visitor before leaving. Betel leaf is also sometimes presented, as well as sweetmeats and other refreshments.

There is a peculiar custom closely interwoven with Eastern manners (and, like many others, common to Hindoos and Mahomedans alike), which consists of propitiating the favour of the great by offerings of money. These offerings are called *nuzzurs*, or *salaamees*. According to Hindoo ideas, it would be considered rather rude to refuse these presents. They

are often given on the occasion of formal visits, simply because it is the custom, and without any special motive. At other times they are given from a feeling of gratitude for past favours.

When the English first settled in Bengal this system was in full force; but owing to the abuses attending it, it was sternly prohibited by orders from home. The good old times are past and gone. Only the ghost of the custom now remains. Of late years it has been customary with English officers, when a *nuzzur* is presented, merely to touch it in token of acceptance. Even the form of presenting it is fast disappearing; but fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers, are still, in some parts of the country, sent by natives to Europeans of their acquaintance; and it would be considered discourteous to refuse them.

#### CHANGE IN NATIVE MANNERS.

Notwithstanding the conservative character of the Hindoos, we find that in certain points considerable numbers of them are beginning to copy the manners and fashions of their European rulers. It has already been observed that, in some of their forms of politeness, there is a tendency apparent on the part of a portion of the community to approximate to the manners of Europeans. I will mention a few other instances in which a perceptible change has taken place.

And first, as regards dress. At all the Presidency towns, individuals among the wealthier classes have adopted, to some extent, the European style of dress. This tendency is exhibited in a very marked manner in the case of young natives who have received an English education; and perhaps still more in that of native converts to Christianity. Many of the latter appear to consider it a point of faith to adopt our style of dress along with our forms of worship.

In Calcutta and the neighbourhood, these tendencies have been more fully developed than elsewhere. One of the characteristics of the class known here as *young Bengal*, is a disposition to deviate from the customs of their ancestors in the article of dress. One of the first changes adopted by a member of this class is to put on a pair of white cotton stockings, and to exchange the native slipper for the English shoe. He then discards the loose *dhotee*, and puts on a pair of English trousers. At this stage he stops awhile before meditating any fresh innovation. After some interval he puts on an

English shirt, which he sometimes wears hanging down to his knees, outside the pair. In due course he assumes a waistcoat, and a kind of surtout coat. The latter is cotton or silk for wearing in the warm, and of English broadcloth for the cold.

I do not know that the spirit of rebellion is likely to stop here. Symptoms are visible of a rebellion against the *puggree*, or Already individual natives may be seen who have begun to wear a cloth cap of European cut; but as yet no one has ventured to wear himself a Hindoo has ventured to wear a black beaver hat.

The English umbrella is coming into general use among young men educated in schools, and among native clerks in offices, and others who have much intercourse with Europeans. Among these classes almost entirely superseded the coarse native article. Here, too, the native Christians in the front rank, if they do not take of all others. I remember two or three native Christians at Madras, who too ill that they were not allowed to have umbrellas instead of native ones. Once at the setting in of the periodical rain had a coarse native umbrella provided by the missionary under whose chapel were placed. This raised a kind of discontent among them. They could not conceive deep disappointment, and immediately mentioned the society that they might be with English umbrellas.

It may also be observed that the English carriage and gig have come into pretty general use among the wealthier class of natives in large towns. This is more particularly the case at Calcutta. Among the crowds of carriages which may be seen on the streets in the evening, some of the handsomest belong to native baboos, who come out to take an evening drive—their *hawakana*—like the English gentry. Many of the native magistrates and clerks drive to their offices in new wheeled carriages; and at some of the important Anglo-Indian schools, where the children of the wealthy classes are educated, many of the pupils are conveyed to and from school back in English-built carriages. The Hindoo college of Calcutta, the whole front of the building may be seen lined with handsome carriages, from end to end in the morning and evening.

It is more than suspected that, among these innovations, roast beef finds its way

ables. Instances also occur, sadly on the influence of European example, habits of drinking are making inroads on that class of the population who are to throw off the customs of their

This baneful practice is associated with liberal ideas!

quite customary for native gentlemen, who received an English education, to send out invitations to one another in English style, and expressed in the most polished manner.

Innovations upon the ancient reign of darkness have not escaped the lash of Hindoo Not long ago, a correspondent of one of the native newspapers took notice of the drunkenness among his countrymen. He ironically, that a native who does is now beginning to be regarded as a beast—as one who has no taste for education, or for the pleasures of life!

Instances might be given of the desire of the natives to adopt our manners and customs. Some literary and scientific societies have sprung up on the European model, with a fully organized committee, with a president and secretary and everything complete. The Asiatic Society, the School-Book Society, the Agricultural Society, and others, originating with Europeans, admit native members, some of whom take an active part in the proceedings. Sometimes, in the case of the Agricultural Society of Bombay, branch societies are formed in the neighbourhood consisting entirely of native members, which correspond with the parent society. The influence of fashion is felt in other respects also. The natives are acquiring a taste for newspapers. It is calculated that, at the present moment, there are several hundred subscribers to English newspapers in Bombay alone. This may appear a small number for so great a city; but besides this, a large number read Bengalee newspapers, which have from five hundred to a thousand subscribers.

The printing press is now busily at work in the arts of India. In many of the large cities have been set up, at which all sorts of books are printed suitable for native consumption. In addition to newspapers, there are almanacs, histories, tales, songs, and a new and interesting collection of school-books, all in native languages. Some of these are illustrated with woodcuts, though it must be

confessed, so far as I have yet seen, the illustrations exhibit the art as still in its infancy.

While these things are so, we need not be surprised to find that some instances occur of native gentlemen encountering the dangers of the *black water* and visiting England. The example of Rammohun Roy has in later times been followed by others; and one or two instances have occurred of young Hindoos going to England to attend our colleges, and complete their education.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

Our illustration, facing page 353, gives a striking view of the entrance to the Bolan Pass, from Dadur.

The Bolan Pass really forms a succession of gorges and ravines winding through the lofty mountain-range, or rather mass of mountains, which lies between Dadur, in Cutch-Gundava, and the town of Shal, or Quettah, in the north-east corner of Beluchistan. The beginning of the proper pass is about five miles from Dadur. The first traverse conducts to the halting-place of Kundy, ten miles from Dadur. Precipitous rocks here enclose a small oval valley, the hard surface of which is covered with stones and gravel. After heavy rains this is converted into the bed of a lake, while the steepness of the surrounding precipices "would preclude the possibility of escape to an army caught in the torrent" (*Outram*). The ascent is gradual, the scenery in places magnificent in the extreme. Thirty-five miles from the entrance of the pass the main road pursues a N.N.W. course along the bed of the north branch of the Bolan river to Abigoom, 2,540 ft. above sea-level. Thence it proceeds to Sir-i-Bolan in a series of sharp angles, and gradually decreasing in width till it narrows to 20 or 30 ft. with perpendicular rocks rising like walls on either side. The Sir-i-Bolan is 4,494 ft. above sea-level. Ten miles further brings us to the summit of the pass, which opens into a table-land, the total elevation above sea-level being 5,793 ft., and the entire length of the pass about fifty-three miles.

This pass, with the Mulloh Pass far to the south, is the only route of a reasonably practical character between the great chain of mountains which bounds the valley of the Indus on the east, and forms a buttress to the elevated table-land of Kalat and Sarawan on the west. It marks also the line of a complete change of climate, and consequently of productions.

# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narratives

## A SIX DAYS' JOURNEY FROM ZURICH TO LUCERNE.

### I. ZURICH TO SCHAFFHAUSEN.



A SHORT railway journey of two hours takes us to the Dachsen station; a walk of a quarter of an hour, and we are at Laufen, overhanging the Rhine, and close to the falls. The ancient castle of Laufen is in the hands of an innkeeper—of course! why the innkeepers are the princes of the country! Generally, they flourish in magnificent new palaces; but why should we wonder at finding them also in old baronial halls?

It is a bright glorious day; wherever you look upon water it gleams and flashes under the sunlight. By reason of much rain for many weeks past, the Rhine swells along, a brimful stream. But almost to the very brink of the precipice over which it tumbles there is no rush of its waters, no bustle or preparation for that next great feat. It looks as if you might swim or row in perfect security within not many yards of the awful cataract. It begins with a simple overflow.

You must draw near to appreciate its grandeur. But then, what a breadth from shore to shore! What a depth and weight of water! A broad, full river, carrying the water of many a glacier from yonder Alps, leaps over, amongst jagged masses, and bounds back from the shelving tables of rock beneath, dashing, spouting, foaming, all snow-white as it falls, soon to turn emerald green in its circling and almost placid pools.

We descend to a slight gallery, hanging on to the rock, fixed there by enterprising hands. It is called the Fischetz. We are close to the first great swelling bounding volume of water. We are within arm's length of it, and covered with its spray. It is here that we gain the highest notion of the grandeur of the cataract. But we must retreat, or we shall be completely drenched. We go down to the water's edge; a boat is ready to take us across, near to the

falls, yet out of danger; we land in ten or quarter of an hour, and walk on the side to the bridge above the falls, by which we are again at Laufen. The walk has been leisurely done, with much pleasantness, in from two to three hours. Now bask in the sun, planting ourselves in the shade of Laufen castle, or wherever we like, to meditate on Him who commandeth the waters to flow, gathered these which we are contemplating into their channel, rent for the rocks over which they wildly bow then opened and cleared that gentle descent by which the Rhine flows past town, and city, till it loses itself in the Ocean.

We need not have returned to Zurich; it is Saturday; so we go back to our quarters in that city, for the Lord's-day.

### II. TO REICHENAU.

By rail to Ragatz, starting at 5.10 morning. It is a pleasant journey, the country at first chiefly notable for its meadows and orchards. The latter half is amid the choicest scenery, the Lake of Wallenstadt. The trains stop at every village. The line lives by the peasantry. This carriage prevails, and the fares are low. The object as a traveller is to see the count when all around you is new and beautiful. The people are quite content to move slowly, so railway travelling can be slow. We are hardly making twelve or fourteen miles. The country people in these parts have of prosperity and comfort. They are content and pleasant with one another. You can infection, especially on a day at once so bright like this, and congratulate yourself you too are at ease, with neither care or business to occupy your thoughts. 1

recreation, seeking to be refreshed for of life, and to-day you are gaining it to your heart's content.

railways must be producing a con- effect on the Swiss of the plains. y helped to banish the costumes? at fact is that costume is fast disappear- enty years ago all the peasant women ited in the dress of their canton; now e up and rub your eyes when those nd often pretty habiliments cross , or take their places by your side in

are slackening speed; and here we agatz. It is only ten o'clock, but we ed at four, so we need a little refresh- nd then we start in a curious little for the Baths of Pfeffers, a drive of hour, sometimes thinking ourselves oo close to the brink of a precipice ing the frenzied torrent of the Tamina. rer, at and above Pfeffers, has struggled gled its way through remarkable diffi- In some remote age it may have flowed rocks which now it divides, and may n over the brink of a precipice, a fine ide. But it has eaten out a course for per and deeper—unless indeed some n of nature rent the rocks, and opened ers this almost underground channel. dge, by the side of that narrow and more or less raised above the waters, we find a wooden gallery, etimes almost overhangs the torrent, n brackets which the timid might to distrust. We reach the hot d return. The remarkable feature of our's expedition is that we are walk- river's side in the bowels of a moun- e look upwards once and again: now e sky through some narrow fissure; ps further on, and the rocks overlap er, and we are in twilight. Yet are ilar phenomena in other parts of ad, only that we stand in a different to them when we are acquainting with their peculiarities. Near the Rosenlani in the Oberland, you cross over a wild chasm; a man (always o give you pleasure, and to be paid sts down a stone, and you hear it nd bounding from rock to rock till a sh occurs at the bottom of the abyss. re down there by the water, instead above on the bridge, it would be ver again, only minus the hot spring,

which is by no means the great curiosity of the place.

Perhaps our day's work ought now to be finished; but it is only about to begin. Instead of returning to Ragatz, and taking the rail to Coire, we begin a seven hours' walk, following generally the course of the Tamina, on the western side of the great and beautiful mountain, the Calanda. At Vattis we rest for half an hour, and then we quit the river, where it turns its course from eastward to northward, after coming out of a valley renowned for its scenery—the Kaulfeuser-Thal.<sup>2</sup>

Our destination lies to the south. We soon begin to ascend the shoulder of a mountain ridge. The path becomes obscure, and soon is lost; and not a soul is near, nor a habitation visible. We toil on in hope. After a while, at a distance, on the mountain side, there is the sound of a human voice, and a tinkling of bells telling of the presence of cattle or goats. In another quarter of an hour we are in the midst of a straggling flock of extremely pretty black and white goats, conducted down from the mountain by herdsmen and boys, whom we find to be on their way to a village through which we have to pass on our way to Reichenau. We are all right now, except that we are somewhat fatigued, and a little tender-footed. Dinner immediately on our arrival at the Aigle, and an early retirement to bed, close a day which has hung up many a beautiful picture in the faithful gallery of memory.

### III.—TO THUSIS AND THE VIA MALA.

At Reichenau (where, by the way, the hotel is large, clean, and pleasant—one of the four houses which make the whole village), Louis Philippe spent some years of his life, as an usher in a boarding-school. Strange have been the vicissitudes of most of those who within the last hundred years have occupied the throne of France! The present Emperor is no exception to this remark.

Yesterday was lovely. To-day began with a little sunshine; by breakfast-time the clouds were threatening, but the weather might improve, so we set forth in a carriage for Thusis. Soon we put on our waterproofs, for it rained and was cold. At Thusis we prepared for a walk up the pass, about five miles, to the extremity of the Via Mala and back. The rain came down now, steady, hopeless, through all those three hours and a half. Of that beautiful pass, as seen from beneath umbrellas, we shall only take courage to say that there were two

redeeming points in that otherwise disappointing excursion—the heights were for the most part visible, and so was the river, in its deep and broken channel. But here the memory of this pass, as it appeared on a lovely day some seventeen years before, came to aid the imagination, and to spread a different hue from any now visible over these black gigantic precipices, with their irregular fringe of pines, dwarfed by the distance, and then standing up, far aloft, against a deep blue sky.

We return to our carriage at Thusis, and before we alight at Reichenau the sun is shining upon us once more, and displaying to us some fine mountain sides. Talking over the day, we moralize, and agree that in a mountainous country we must needs expect a share of unfavourable weather, and especially in this particular season (1860); and then we remember that amidst days of cloud and rain, are usually interspersed days of peculiar brilliancy, when all scenery comes out to view with an unwonted distinctness. What then may not to-morrow be?

#### IV.—THE VORDER RHEIN VALLEY—REICHENAU TO SEDRUN.

That to-morrow is now to-day. And what is it? Perfect. Thus far, we have been travelling southward; our course is now to make a turn to the west. The two broad streams, the Vorder Rhein and the Hinter Rhein, mingle themselves together near Reichenau, and then flow onward in one channel—the broad majestic Rhine. We have to ascend the valley of the Vorder Rhein, and we shall not leave it till we have seen three or four tiny waterfalls dangling like silken skeins from the rocks a mile or two distant from us, almost the very beginning of that branch of the renowned river. We were wisely counselled to start some two hours before the diligence, taking a light open carriage, to await the heavy vehicle's arrival at Ilanz, and thence to proceed with it to Dissentis. The scenery of this valley is beautiful, soothing, and satisfying; it seems to smile at you, and speak to you, and bid your heart rejoice. But to attempt to describe it would baffle the writer, and disappoint the reader. A few words may tell what was there; imagination must do the rest. The Rhine is here a broad but shallow stream, swelling and curling and sparkling along the valley beneath us. On either side are meadows of deep herbage—oh, so green! Here and there a little lake or tarn, itself emerald green, reflects mountain, forest, and sky. The mountains are not

one continuous ridge, but are broken up by valleys and gorges. Rushing cataracts, and bustling brooklets of crystal water, give life to the scenery, sometimes diverted from their course to turn the wheels of sawing mills and flour mills, with their rude picturesque machinery. Above us are towering precipices, and finely coloured masses of rock. Now and then, peering up above the nearer ranges of mountains, are lofty heights, streaked or capped with snow. We passed through several villages, which on that day were enlivened by the peasantry, carefully dressed for one of the festivals of the Church of Rome. Occasionally a rocky eminence was surmounted by the ruin of a castle or tower, the Rhine beginning so early to display the characteristics which distinguish it between Mayence and Cologne. But the river here is not navigable; wherefore, then, these strongholds? We take them to have been the castles of the barons who, first under the Dukes of Swabia, and then under the Emperors of Germany, were the tyrants of the country, and oppressed and plundered the people, till the latter achieved their independence by united action in the fifteenth century. It is curious to observe in this country so many memorials of those days of humiliation, affliction, and distress. Whence, excepting from them, comes one of the commonest names of a village inn, the "Crown"? Whence, too, the coats of arms on the doorways at Ilanz, and so many other places throughout the country?

It was a drive of more than three hours to Ilanz. We walked about that curious old town, and noticed in the church some of the same peculiarities which characterize the architecture of what may be called the middle Rhine (Mayence, &c.) The windows, which would belong to the "decorated" period, while the tower is built in a style intermediate between Roman and Norman, as if the form was preparing to assume the form and substance in which it was eventually to clothe itself in France and England, as Norman architecture.

Our driver was a pleasant, intelligent man, a native of the valley. His proper language was the Romansche, and we amused both him and ourselves by making out the following vocabulary, spelling words as best we could from the pronunciation of our friend, though perhaps the printer of the Romansche newspaper, published at Coire, might possibly despise our ignorance, and refer us to his spelling-book.

ree.	Mel, honey.
riage.	Carn, meat.
in.	Laich, bed.
mountain.	Porta, a castle or tower.
e.	Denâres, money.
.	Wint, a bill.
.	Bap, father.
	Moma, mother.
	Infönts, children.
tter.	Cher-chee, cherries.
	Basilgia, a church.
	Soleil, the sun.
it.	Fils, a son.
ay.	Uöri frieschi, cold water.

At one o'clock the diligence had arrived and we sat down to dinner with the waiter at that early hour, and then accompanied as far as Dissentis, where ended the carriages. The scenery had lost much of its beauty. It was indeed still pretty, but monotonous. There is a large, black-like monastery at Dissentis. We proceeded immediately after our arrival, on a two-day journey, which took us to a plain, rough road, the Crown, at Sedrun, where we passed the night.

#### —SEDRUN TO HOSPENTHAL.

The morning, at five o'clock, beautiful and bright, spread upon the mountain tops by the sun. This is a source of great pleasure to travellers in the Alps. How greatly they enjoyed these effects on many a morning. While we were dressing at four o'clock, the sound of many voices and the rustle of many feet was heard beneath our windows. Out went the whole village, and many of the mountaineers, had ere this sent a delegation to the church (Roman Catholic) and now, before six o'clock, they were returning to their homes. Our journey led back to our native land and to the mountains, and while we remembered that influences at work in a Roman Catholic country, constraining the people to attend Mass, we could but wish that we were freer, and took more delight in ourselves together to worship the name of His dear Son.

The mountain walk of six hours and a moderate pedestrians, to Hospenthal; presents no features particularly notable. The top of the pass of the Oberalp is 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. We proceeded upon Andermatt, and arrived at a little before one, a brisk (and, indeed, memorable) rain having commenced a few minutes before we reached the

shelter of our spacious hotel. From this moment till bedtime there was unceasing heavy rain. It was our intention to ascend the Fibbia to-morrow; but would the weather permit? We shall see.

*A rainy day at Hospenthal.*—This was a remarkable day; but it is not to be reckoned as one in the *six days' round*. Since half-past twelve at noon yesterday, it has rained without a moment's intermission. The mountain stream (the St. Gothard branch of the Reuss), close to the windows of the hotel, has been swelling and swelling; it is now a furious, threatening torrent. As the day advances strange stories are told to us. Above, towards Italy, the road has been rendered impassable by a mountain torrent sweeping across it, and flooding it with deep waters. Between us and Andermatt the same has happened; communication between the villages, whether on foot, by carriage, or on horseback, is impossible. Travellers going either way on the one great highroad of the St. Gothard are unable to proceed on their journey, and are thankful to have found a refuge in such comfortable quarters. We are all the more contented to remain where we are, when we hear of a carriage and horses having been swept off the road into the wild river, the horses perishing, the carriage dashed to pieces, the driver narrowly escaping with his life. Two English pedestrians arrive from the Furca; they have waded through a flood, the water up to their armpits, and are thankful that they were not drowned.

In the course of the afternoon the rain moderated, and almost ceased for half an hour, and we crept out to look upon the road where it had been converted into the channel of a river. Soon the rain commenced again as resolutely as before. When we retired to our beds, it was still raining in torrents. This was Friday August 17, 1860, a day terrible for its destructive floods in other parts of Switzerland, as well as here.

#### VI.—HOSPENTHAL TO LUZERNE.

This was the sixth travelling day—the last of this round. About sunrise one of us awoke, and hurried to the window of his chamber to ascertain what prospect there was of resuming our journey. Oh, what a sight! In an instant we knock violently against the wall of our friend in the next room. "Look out of your window! look at this glorious scene!" It was indeed a splendid sight. Yesterday, not a mountain top was visible; the clouds were drawn down,

like a dark curtain, almost to the level of our village. The sun is now rising in a clear sky. What was rain with us had been snow a long way down the mountain's side. And now the highest peaks, whether snow-clad, or bare precipitous rocks, had just caught the first rays of the rising sun, and some of them glittered like molten gold; others were rosy-pink, and you might fancy them semi-transparent. We gave up the thought of a carriage, foreseen yesterday as a necessity, and after a hasty breakfast we started on foot, soon after six, on our way towards Fluelen and Lucerne. We turned aside many a time, to wonder at the impetuous Reuss, with its unaccustomed flood of waters, or to gaze upon some striking feature of the scenery, with the mountains clothed in newly-fallen snow; or we stopped to notice the ravages of yesterday's torrents which had swept away parts of the road here and there, and now called out the energy of

hosts of peasants, who had already been at work for hours effecting the necessary repairs. In a little more than four hours we reached Amsteg, where we availed ourselves of the help of a carriage. Soon after, we passed through a country under water, on either side of our causeway. Embarking at Fluelen, we observed how much the familiar scenery of the Lake of Lucerne had gained in beauty by the snow-storm of thirty-six hours on the mountains; and we had traversed its pellucid green waters, and were seated in our hotel, soon after four o'clock. The following note in our journal of that day may bring the tour, and our account of it, to their intended termination.

"The sun very bright all day; a striking sunset as seen from near the cathedral (of Lucerne), with a rainbow till the last; pink mist; clouds like transparent amber; the open sky a lovely delicate blue."

R. B. H.

### THREE CHAPTERS ON MOSSES.

BY MISS MARGARET PLUES, AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD FLOWERS,"  
"GEOLOGICAL RAMBLES," ETC.

#### CHAPTER II.

"From giant oaks that wave their branches dark,  
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,  
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,  
And woo and win their vegetable loves!"

THE long winter had brought sickness to some members of our family, and we had left Edinburgh for a sojourn in Roxburghshire earlier in the spring than Scotch people generally venture out of the town. We ourselves doubted the prudence of our undertaking, as we met the keen wind sweeping from the snow-flecked Cheviots; and for some time we kept our convalescents house-bound. But on the 1st of April the wind changed, the sun beamed forth gloriously, turning the meandering Jed into a brazen stream, and flooding the uplands with golden light. Then we ventured out freely, and our first walk was through a wooded valley called by our friends "Katie's Glen."

Upon the roadside, near the entrance to this valley, was a small sheet of water. I asked if it was a natural pond.

"Oh no, it is artificial; it is a threshing pond."

This startled my English ears. I was well

accustomed to the old-fashioned flail threshing, and to threshing by means of a machine turned by several horses, and to steam threshing, but an artificial contrivance of water to turn a temporary wheel was new to my eyes. But at the season no threshing was going forward, so the water was allowed free egress from the sluice-gate, and went bubbling through the valley in a manner highly satisfactory to the Moss which covered the stones in the bed of the little burn.

Heaps of water-rolled stones lay here and there high upon the banks, half covered with fir and beech mast, suggesting that at some period this tiny burn must have been a vigorous mountain stream, vying with the Jed in its floods, and bringing down, moulding by its force, quantities of *débris* from the rocky hills along its course. But do not picture a desolate scene of rough stones and boulders. Vegetation had been busy dressing each rolled mass in a delicate garb. Over some the tender liverworts entwined their numerous arms, fitting themselves so close to their rocky home that the rounded outline was perfectly preserved; and now their minute stars of fruit were dotting the green with brown specks;

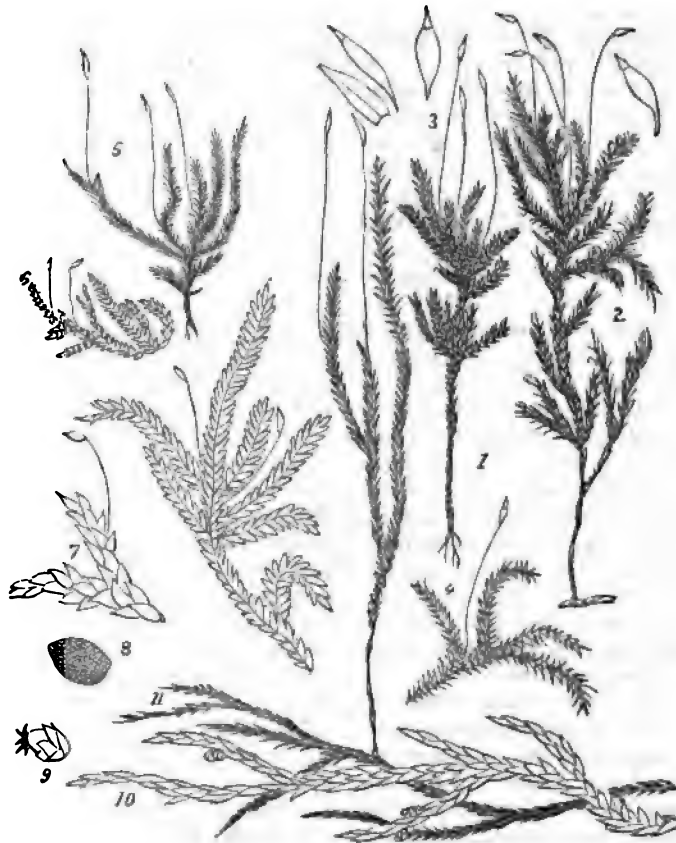


were clothed in a similar manner by the Mosses; and others again were but covered with tufts of Moss about half an inch high, and these tufts were rich in ripening which proved them to be plants of the leaved Fringe Moss.

Characteristics of this relative of our old Fringe Mosses, are a large ring, a lid, mitre-shaped veil, and fringe of teeth. It always grows in tufts, upon rocks, or on the ground; never in

the capsules in this state to be tiny blossoms. The veil is large, and bell-shaped, plaited or furrowed like the capsule, and generally covered with hairs. These Mosses grow on the bark of trees, on rocks, and stones, and one of them in water. The fruit takes twelve months to ripen: so we are always sure at any season of finding capsules upon the plant.

There is a curious Moss which grows at the root or upon the decaying stump of old trees, which I have found abundantly in Here-



fordshire. It is distinguished from the other Mosses by deep furrows in the veil. In the trees in the same glen grew some Bristle Moss tufts. This is a large Moss; the capsule has scarcely any teeth at all, and seems as if immersed in the fringe; it is regularly ribbed from the base to the top; the fringe seems to form eight teeth, which turn outwards after the lid is off, like the petals of a flower; and brightly tinted, you might well suppose

them to be tiny blossoms. From the peculiar arrangement of the fringe, which contains only four teeth, it is called the Four-toothed Moss. Its capsule is situated upon a long stalk; it has a large conical lid, and veil much like that of the Bristle Mosses. The texture of the whole plant is very thin and transparent, and the colour the most vivid green. The bright hue of the Moss was the first thing that attracted attention, as I saw its densely packed stems and foliage filling a miniature chasm in a tree stump,

which leaned its decayed weight against a red sandstone rock in the beautiful Clease Wood, near Ross. Bending to examine the verdant miniature plantation, I perceived that many of the stems were crowned with leafy cups, green and transparent like the rest of the foliage. These cups were composed of four leaves, hollowed and lying close together, so as to form the four sides of the tiny chalice. When magnified, the cup is found to contain gems or buds, and capsules rise from among these occasionally, but the fruit is rare. On the plants in the Ross woods, there were cups and buds enough, but no capsules. The whole height of the plant was less than half an inch.

Of a size to attract attention, if observation be at all awakened, and growing in vast quantities on the moorlands, is the Hair Moss, so called from the long silken hairs which thickly cover the mitre-shaped veil. This Moss grows several inches high; its foliage is dark and rigid. When dry, the leaves are closely pressed to the tough woody stem, but when the air is moist, the leaves stand obliquely. In the Spring, the tops of the stems are crowned with abundant starry roses of leaves, containing the atoms which represent the male parts of a flower; presently a stalk rises on other branches. The leaves do not diverge in the rose form, but draw close to the young stalk, which attains a length of three or four inches, the capsule on the summit continuing entirely veiled till mature. Then the hairy veil falls, disclosing a square-shaped urn, and saucer-like lid, with a beak or point in the centre. This Moss is an important plant in high latitudes, furnishing, along with the Rein-deer Moss, food for those useful animals during the winter.

A large group of Mosses characterised by drooping capsules, has its representatives upon every wall, and amid neglected pavement, as well as in the wood and marsh. The small veil soon vanishes; the lid is cup-shaped, the fringe double, each row containing sixteen teeth. The Drooping Thread Moss, Hairy-leaved Thread Moss, and Netted Thread Moss, grow on walls, forming more or less extensive tufts, and bearing an abundance of pendulous capsules in May and June. Among the paving-stones of grass-grown streets and courtyards, the whitish foliage of the Silvery and Dark Purple Thread Mosses may be commonly found, their ripe capsules becoming purple or reddish—the former in October, the latter in May. In the crevices of rocks near waterfalls, we find the large pear-shaped, less drooping

capsules of the Zierian Thread Moss those of the Rosaceous Thread Moss a found in Britain. This last-name grows to a large size, the spreading clusters of its transparent leaves can be called Rosaceous. These were found "Katie's Glen," near Jedburgh, and gathered them in the ancient forest of and in the lovely combs of Somerset.

A group of Thread Mosses of large transparent foliage, resembling in their character the little filmy ferns (*Hymenophyllum*), frequent moist woods, and bear large capsules. They are called Thyme Mosses, and their various forms bear beauty.

A family bearing round capsules are Apple Mosses; they are mostly of a l and grow on moist ground in sub-alp tions.

Around decaying trees and at the f walls we find a tall matted Moss bearing capsules on long stalks. When the foliage is of a vivid green, and though closely packed, are divergent when dry they adhere closely to the giving the Moss a starved appearance is the Tall Anomodon (fig. 1).

The Foxtail Moss (fig. 2) is one of the somest of the class. It grows upon the or on rocks. In the former situation it is the form of a tree, and attains a height of four inches; in the latter it resembles beech, growing from a perpendicular and the fronds lie one over another. gathered it upon damp rocks and the ground in Yorkshire, Kent, and I shire. The smaller species is equal (fig. 4).

The Tree Moss assumes a similar : its foliage is of a yellow tint, and it marshes (fig. 3). We have gathered peat bogs in Yorkshire.

The Silky Leskea (fig. 5) is a welcome of old walls; its branches spread in loose patches, the foliage is extreme well deserving the description of "silky" towards the ends of the branches it is golden hue. It is not uncommon, capsules erect, and ripens its fruit in the summer months.

A frequent companion of the Fox on perpendicular rocks, is the Crisped (fig. 7). Its leaves are situated in a row side the stem, and it grows in broad lying fronds, lying one over another like

a roof. Of similar habit and structure, but smaller in size, is the Fern-like Feather Moss (second figure from the top on the left hand); its foliage is glossy, and of an olivaceous hue, and the capsule is placed somewhat obliquely upon the stalk.

In very shady woods, amid Liverwort branches, and sheltered by the coarser Mosses, grows the dainty Shining Hookeria (fig. 8). Its large, delicately tinted, transparent leaves lie one over another, and its swollen capsules rise from stalks on the sides of the branches. The whole structure of the Moss is tender in the extreme.

To study the Water Mosses (figs. 9, 10, and

11), we must repair again to "Katie's Glen," and examine the long branches which wave in the rushing stream, no longer imprisoned in the "threshing pond" for mechanical purposes. These branches are some of them upwards of a foot in length; the ovate, sharp-pointed leaves are arranged in three over-lapping rows, thus giving a triangular form to the long branches. The fruit is very curious, the capsule immersed in leaves, lying one over another, like the scales on a cone (fig. 9). It is situated on the sides of the branches.

The Alpine Water Moss (fig. 11) is smaller in size, the branches more crowded, and the foliage smaller and of a darker green.

(To be continued.)

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE GOLDFINCH.

XXVIII.

The goldfinch is easily tamed, and easily taught, and its capability of learning the notes of other birds is well known; but the tricks it may be taught to perform are truly astonishing. A few years ago, the Sieur Roman exhibited six birds, which were goldfinches, linnets, and canaries. One appeared dead, and was held up by the tail or claw without exhibiting any signs of life; a second stood on its head with its claws in the air; a third imitated a Dutch milkmaid going to market, with pails on its shoulders; a fourth mimicked a Venetian girl looking out at a window; a fifth appeared as a soldier, and mounted guard as a sentinel; and a sixth acted as a cannoneer with a cap on its head, a firelock on its shoulder, and a match in its claw, and discharged a small cannon. The same bird also acted as if it had been wounded. It was wheeled in a barrow to convey it, as it were, to the hospital; after which it flew away before the company. The seventh turned a kind of windmill; and the last bird stood in the midst of some fireworks which were discharged all round it, and this without exhibiting any signs of fear. "They may also be taught to draw up little buckets or cups with

food and water. To teach them this, there must be put round them a narrow soft leather belt, in which there must be four holes, two for the wings, and two for the feet. The belt is joined a little below the breast, where there is a ring, to which the chain is attached, that supports the little bucket or cup."

XXIX.

The late William Thompson, Esq., of Belfast, records that Randal Burrough, Esq., of the county of Clare, had two tame goldfinches which were allowed not only to fly about the room, but also through the open window. The winter was beginning to be severe, and the food suitable for small birds consequently scarce, when one day the two birds brought with them a stranger of their own species, who made bold to go into the two cages, that were always left open, and regale himself on the hospitality of his new friends, and then took his departure. He returned again, and brought others with him, so that in a few days half-a-dozen were enjoying the food provided for them. The window was now kept up, and the open cages with plenty of seed were placed on a table close to it instead of on the sill, as before. The birds soon learned to come into the room without fear, and as their number had con-

tinued gradually to increase, there was soon a flock of not less than twenty visiting the apartment daily, and perfectly undisturbed by the presence of members of the family. As the inclemency of the winter decreased, the number of the birds gradually diminished, until at length, when the severe weather had quite passed away, there remained none except the original pair.

#### THE MOOR HEN.

##### XXX.

Walking by the side of a mill-pond I started a water-hen which rose out of the sedges close under my feet, and flying not more than thirty yards, settled in a wide ditch of water, which formed part of the pool-tail. On going directly up to the spot, I saw a water-hen (the same, I conclude, I had just before flushed) lying on the surface of the water in the middle of the ditch, perfectly motionless, and with its head apparently under water—at least, I could perceive no portion of its head or neck. I stood viewing it for some seconds, and took it for a dead bird; but on my gently stirring it once or twice with a spud I had in my hand, it began to move, and springing up flew into an adjoining osier-bed. Was this bird feigning death as a means of security? or why did it not take shelter among the flags and carices which abounded on either side of the ditch?

A few years ago I was present at the dragging of a river, when a water-hen became entangled in the net and was captured. It retained such fast hold among the meshes of the net, that it was with difficulty we could release it, and some slight degree of force, perhaps, might have been employed in the attempt. After the bird was extricated, and laid upon the bare turf of the meadow, it appeared to be nearly dead, and unable to stand. Some means were resorted to in the way of cherishing it, in the hope of restoring animation, but all apparently to no purpose. As life, however, was not quite extinct, and with the view to give the bird a chance, it was placed among the flags on the margin of the river, when, to our surprise, it immediately roused itself up, and ran away into closer shelter, as brisk as if nothing had happened to it.

Are we to suppose that in either or in both these instances the water-hen feigned death for the sake of defence? In the latter instance, it may possibly be urged that the bird had been so terrified as to have been almost frightened

to death; but in the former, no previous had been given to the water-hen, except was occasioned by my having accidentally intruded upon its haunts.

#### THE GOOSE.

##### XXXI.


A Canada goose was observed to associate itself with the house-dog, and would never enter the kennel except for the purpose of going when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumes to go into the kennel, except in bad weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run to the person at whom she supposed the dog was barking, trying to nip him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this was never allowed by the dog, who treated his friend with indifference. The goose never goes to roost at night with her companions, unless driven by main force. When in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the dog's side, sit there the whole day in sight of her family. At last orders were given that she should no longer be molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked. Being thus left to her own devices, she ran about the yard with him all the day, and whenever the dog went out of the field and ran into the village, the goose constantly accompanied him, contriving to keep up with the assistance of her wings, as well as running and flying, would follow him to any distance.

This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, was supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox. When the dog was ill, the mourning bird never left him day or night, not even to feed; and when she apprehended she would have been starved to death, had not a pan of corn been placed near her day close to the kennel. At this time she generally sat close by him, and would not allow any one to approach, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The death of the poor bird was very tragical; for when the dog died, she still kept possession of the kennel, and a new house-dog having been introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was again deceived, and going as usual within her usual distance, the new dog seized her by the throat and killed her on the spot.

# The Poetry of Home.


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## The Mother.

 **S**OFTENING thought of other years,  
A feeling linked to hours  
When life was all too bright for tears,  
And Hope sang, wreathed with flowers!  
A memory of affections fled,  
Of voices heard no more,  
Stirred in my spirit when I read  
That name of fondness o'er!  
Oh, Mother!—in that early word,  
What loves and joys combine;  
What hopes—too oft, alas! deferred;  
What vigils—griefs—are thine!  
Yet never till the hour we roam,  
By worldly thralls opprest,  
Learn we to prize that truest home—  
A watchful mother's breast!  
Ten thousand prayers of midnight poured  
Beside our couch of woes;  
The wasting weariness endured  
To soften our repose!  
Whilst never murmur marked thy tongue,  
Nor toils relaxed thy care:  
How, mother, is thy heart so strong  
To pity and forbear?  
What filial fondness e'er repaid  
Or could repay, the past?  
Alas! for gratitude decayed!  
Regrets—that rarely last!  
'Tis only when the dust is thrown  
Thy lifeless bosom o'er,  
We muse upon thy kindness shown—  
And wish we'd loved thee more!  
'Tis only when thy lips are cold,  
We mourn, with late regret,  
Mid myriad memories of old,  
The days for ever set!  
And not an act, nor look, nor thought,  
Against thy meek control,  
But with a sad remembrance fraught,  
Wakes anguish in the soul!  
On every land—in every clime—  
True to her sacred cause,  
Filled by that effluence sublime  
From which her strength she draws,  
Still is the Mother's heart the same—  
The Mother's lot as tried:  
Then, oh! may nations guard that name  
With filial power and pride!

CHARLES SWAIN.

## Come Home.

 **C**OME home!  
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody,  
Brother, come home!

Come home!  
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes  
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;  
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,  
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine.

Brother, come home!

Come home!  
Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,  
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove,  
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,  
Come to the fireside circle of thy love.

Brother, come home!

Come home!  
It is not home without thee; the lone seat  
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;  
In every echo of returning feet  
In vain we list for what should herald thee.

Brother, come home!

Come home!  
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,  
Watched every germ a full-blown flowret rear,  
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring  
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.

Brother, come home!

Come home!  
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
With these unwearying words of melody,  
Brother, come home!

MRS. HEMANS.

## The Home Library.

### *Fenians, Informers, and Habeas Corpus.*

London: William Freeman.

WRITTEN by "a Protestant, but no bigot," this brochure, like David's sling and stone, will do good service in the conflict across the Channel with giant Popery. Fenianism is the product of Romanism. Although respectable Roman Catholics, to their honour, deprecate the plot, the priests did not denounce it till it was too late to prevent it; and as the writer of the pamphlet remarks, "the value of the disclaimer was only equivalent to the act of an accessory turning Queen's evidence, to secure his personal safety, by making terms with the prosecution." The question is a pointed one: "If the priests have the influence ascribed to them—wielding the power of the Confessional and other ordinances—how could the movement have attained such dimensions without them, if the loyalty affirmed of them were true, checking and suppressing it?"

As an example of the practical common-sense advice tendered by the author, we quote the following:—

"Alas! my Celtic brother, if it wasn't too fearful a retribution to let you have your own way for a time, no judgment so terrible could befall you, as to leave Ireland to the Irish, or to those Irish whom yourselves have chosen. You would illustrate the frogs choosing the stork for their king, who devoured his subjects till his realm was depopulated. Ah now, dear Irish fellow-citizens, why let such men befooled you? Why distrust the people whose munificent sympathy sent you millions of money to feed your famished homes in the potato famine? If the subscriptions which you have squandered on your Mahonys, Mitchells, and others of the 'long company' who laugh in their sleeves at your being 'bled' so inexhaustibly, were expended on the improvement of your cabins, townships, lands, and families, the barren moors of Ireland might blossom as the rose. St. George's Rose has few, if any, natural advantages over the Shamrock of St. Patrick. It is the national faith, industry, order, peace, and freedom of the one sister, which comprise the whole secret of her superiority to the other. Bring away Irishmen from the obstructive influences which surround them, and they become abroad, what but for local hindrances they would be at home, happy, prosperous, and respected."

The graphic pictures of Irish life, under the aspects in which Fenianism has presented it, are drawn with an evidently practised pen, and illustrate the most weighty religious and political truths. Barney O'Brien in the Confessional is an inimitable life-picture. So also is the account of the transfer of the convicted conspirators to England, their landing at

Holyhead, and the parting scene between "Nellie" and one of the prisoners. Our readers will judge of the writer's power to delineate Irish character, from the following humorous description of a scene in Court. Barney's eyes, we should say, had been opened to the horrors of Fenianism. Proscribed and attacked by his companions, he had fled for his life to Dublin, and was there called as a Crown witness. Of course, he was falsely reported by the conspirators to have been suborned by the authorities, and to be influenced by the promise of reward.

"The prisoner's counsel bitterly reproached Barney for 'an infamous spy,' a base, venal informer who had instigated the very crime with which he charged his unfortunate victim."

"Barney muttered: 'Fenians are great heads of lies, and their counsellor couldn't sympathise with his clients, if he stuck to the truth—no matter—the gentleman's paid for id, like Stephens and the rest of the gang.'

"Hold your tongue, fellow," vociferated the financially irate advocate.

"An if I did, what's the good o' questionin' me?"

"Silence, man alive, till I give the jury your character."

"Any character, except your own counsellor, as I lave it wid yees."

"I impeach this double-dyed traitor and perjurer with contempt of Court, my lord."

"Leetle's the re'spect ye pay the Court yerself, de lyin' an' slanderin' its lawful sworn witnees that we Me Lord Judge, it's meself prays pertection for a loyal citizen, and wan of Her Majesty's Light Infantry."

"The Judge decided that intemperate allegations on the part of counsel must not be too nice as to the staple of retort, and advised more moderate terms on both sides."

"Spoke up like a noble lord o' justice, as didn't sanction ballyraggin," said Barney, gratefully.

"Will no one gag this man?" shouted the counsel.

"Thruve for you, sir," said Barney, "nobody will plaise yees."

"I ask you, sir, on your oath," demanded the counsel, "did not my client, on the very occasion of this gathering at Kilboru, publicly denounce you as the traitor?"

"Thruve he did, I'll give ye lave to say that."

"Oh," said counsel, with a significant sneer, "he did denounce you as a traitor, did he?"

"Shure he paid me the compliment of callin' me a traitor to the Fenians. Don't I know that same to the cost of my poor scone, that never got a fouler crack on it, since the day it was born."

"Oh, you admit you were a traitor to the Fenians?" repeated counsel, dropping on the other tack.

"I didn't, sir; I admit the prisoner said I was, and yer honour knows better than me, that hearny evidence is jist aquil to none at all. 'Twasn't the fact

n a witness-box, though I wouldn't mind last.'

'I're a nervous deponent, as the jury sees, done with you yet.'

'er time, sir, I'm in no hurry, this prisaint.' 'e impertinent, Private Barney.'

't, sir, manin' no offence contradictin a sel.'

'nothing better than to clip your tongue,

ients 'ud do worse for me, sir; they'd cut

ask you what they'd do?'

't, sir, no more than meself asked for the lent me, which I beg to return with my honour.'

t rob you of your own, Barney.'

ur's, your honour, and welkim, word for

ully the Court was convulsed with laughter, seeing Barney's evidence and *as triplex* examination proof, imperiously ordered him 'which Barney did, muttering loud enough - 'It's bein' down on me ye'd be after all or my bein' up to yer syntax!''

lers will see that this is no ordinary and we heartily commend it for diso all who wish well to the "sister

The writer hopefully says in his The darkest hour of the night is the the approach of morning. Perhaps is the herald of the dawn of better re Irish mind." The dawn will, we hastened by the wide dispersion of ly contribution.

*Parson's Politics*; or, *Franchise Ex-* *posed* and not for the Working Classes. *ord* to John Bright, Esq., M.P. By WILLIAM WIGHT, M.A. London: ntosh.

1 to know that one of our Bishops xpressed his opinion of this little ave seen nothing so sensible on the which it treats either in print or in

We heartily agree in this judg- so will our readers if they will make acquainted with "A Country Par- ics." OUR OWN FIRESIDE is not a agazine, but we cannot refrain from n extract:—

ords, and Commons *will not, cannot, and, ould not* enlarge the franchise to anything nt to which the working classes *can, and, ight* to push its expansion.

explain myself. The Sheriff of Glasgow he working classes of that city devote a ar to their drinking houses. A million ally sacrificed by the working classes of solitary and debasing gratification! Now, e the working men to invest this enormous use and other property; then every decanal l give them an additional ten millions roperty. Let it be remembered, too, that of Glasgow is relatively true of Liver-, and every town and district in the king- we discover that the expansion of the d to an unlimited extent, is already in the working classes. And strange as it may e cases, it is doubtful whether the aris-

ocracy or any other class possess the same power. By the abandonment of a solitary and debasing gratification they may command the franchise of the country. Numerically they could outvote any other class, or all classes united. This, too, in a way elevating to themselves, and so unexceptionable that the most timid politician could not but be satisfied.

"If, however, this element of self-elevation and national influence is deliberately and persistently cast away by the working classes, where is their ground of complaint? It is in the political as in the moral world, 'To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly; but he that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he seemeth to have.'

"I believe that the franchise obtained by the working classes would be used *by* them, but if obtained *for* them I fear it would be used *for* and not *by* them. Much will depend upon *how* the franchise is extended, as to whether it would result in the elevation or corruption of the people. It is a law of our nature that what we acquire by personal effort and sacrifice is valued and turned to an element of strength; on the other hand, that which costs us nothing is little esteemed, and too often becomes an element of weakness. I entertain no apprehension of a great expansion of the franchise among the working classes, but I am persuaded that it will be infinitely better in *quality* and greater in quantity if done *by*, instead of *for*, the working classes. Would that our working friends were true to themselves in this matter, and would take action in all that concerns their interests. Would that all those who profess so ardently to desire the enfranchisement of the working classes would take a large view of the question, and give some practical and effective shape to that view. Mr. Bright, with his commanding talents and persuasive eloquence, might surely do much towards inducing the artisans to take their political emancipation into their own hands. We should work *with*, rather than *for* them. I could rather be a fellow-labourer *with* than a leader of them."

*Sermons.* By the late Rev. THOMAS BEST, M.A.

Edited by the Rev. R. E. ROBERTS, M.A.

In two volumes. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

PLAIN, earnest, thoughtful, and thoroughly evangelical sermons. The preacher always kept to his text, and evidently shunned the artifices by which it is supposed popular applause may be secured. The editor of these volumes bears a well-merited testimony to the *consistency* which marked the whole term of Mr. Best's lengthened ministry. "His doctrines and his life were in agreement. His preaching was represented in his practice." We notice an admirable sermon "On the Death of James Montgomery."

*Sermons on Theatrical Amusements.* By the

late Rev. THOMAS BEST, M.A. Edited by the Rev. R. E. ROBERTS, M.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

MR. BEST dealt with the stage *as it is*. For forty-seven successive years, with but one single exception, arising from a sudden attack of illness, he delivered a sermon on the subject of theatrical amusements. There can be no doubt the publication of a selection from these faithful and judicious discourses will prove eminently useful. We would especially com-

ment to the consideration of those who are sometimes disposed to plead for the stage as they think it *might be*, the testimony of Mrs. Hannah More. Referring to an early period of her life, she says, "I had been led to entertain that common, but I must now think, *delusive and groundless hope*, that the stage, under certain regulations, might be converted into a school of virtue." Experience taught her how truly,

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please, must please to live."

The Christian home should be the centre of family recreation; and the lesson should be early acquired that we "live to pleasure" when "we live to God." Give the young something *better*, and they will not crave theatrical amusements.

*The Happy Man*; or, The Essential Principles of Happiness described. By the Rev. JOHN PUGH, B.A. London: Elliot Stock.

A THOROUGHLY logical treatise on the most weighty and interesting of topics. It is a book for thinkers. We hope it will get into the hands of our young men.

*Waymarks for the Guiding of Little Feet.* By the Rev. J. A. WALLACE. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

EIGHTEEN really original and interesting addresses to the young. Such addresses are by no means common. To talk to children as they ought to be talked to is no ordinary gift. Mr. Wallace possesses the gift, and has used it to good purpose.

*Lays of the Pious Minstrels.* Edited by HENRY WRIGHT. Eleventh Thousand. London: Houlston and Wright.

THE circulation evinces the public appreciation of this admirable collection of English sacred poetry, to which the editor has added translations from foreign writers. We can simply recommend it as a volume of poetic gems. The binding is in the first style of the art.

*The Confession and Absolution* sanctioned by the Anglican and Roman Churches respectively. By SAMUEL HOBSON, LL.D. Aylesham: Clements.

THE Protestantism of the Church of England is clearly demonstrated in this powerfully written treatise. We wish all the clergy were animated by the spirit which the author displays.

*Lending a Hand*; or, Help for the Working Classes. By the Author of "Doing and Suffering," "Broad Shadows on Life's Pathway," &c. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

WE could not express more strongly our estimate of these "chapters on some vexed questions of the day," than by referring our readers

to the paper in our present number on "Our Domestic Servants." Christianity, in its practical bearings on the welfare of the community at large, is seen to be the religion of common sense. We will not multiply words of commendation. The book is one which, if we mistake not, will leave its mark on the age. To Christian philanthropists it will be worth its weight in gold. Amongst the questions treated are these: "Family Life in the Workman's Home—How to Restore and Promote it;" "Homes for English Workmen—Shelter for the Homeless;" "The Workman's Home *is* it;" "The Workman's Home as it should be;" "The Workman's Home at Mulhouse;" "The Workman's Sunday—How shall he spend it?" "The Genus Mendicant—What to do with it."

*Cardiphonia.* By the Rev. JOHN NEWTON. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

ONE of the books which never grow old. Rich in the utterances of Christian experience, and possessing an indescribable charm from the associations connected with them, these letters are their writer's best monument. This new edition is worthy of the book.

*The Contributions of Q. Q.* By JANE TAYLOR. Thirteenth Edition. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

WE should have bright hopes for our sons and daughters if the cheap issue of this standard work results in its circulation by tens of thousands through the land. It is almost superfluous to say it demands, by its intrinsic merit, entrance into every home library.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Romance of Natural History.* By P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S. Nisbet and Co.

*The Sheltering Vine.* By the Countess of NOETHESK. Hatchard and Co.

*Memorials of the Rev. William Bull.* Nisbet and Co.

*Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.* By MARGARET HOWITT. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

*Light in the Dwelling.* Hatchard and Co.

*Footsteps of a Prodigal.* Elliot Stock.

*Hints on Early Education.* Hatchard and Co.

*Mottoes for the Million.* By the Rev. B. MAGUIRE. J. F. Shaw and Co.

*Bread Winning.* W. Macintosh.

*Advice to a Wife.* J. Churchill and Sons.

*Advice to a Mother.* J. Churchill and Sons.

*My Country.* Two vols. W. Macintosh.

*Pensive Lyrics.* By M. P. W. Macintosh.

*Lost and Found.* A Temperance Tale. S. W. Partridge.

*Physiology and the Sabbath.* Johnston, Hunter, and Co.

*Scenes and Characters in a Scottish Pastoral.* Nisbet and Co.







FORT AND TOWN OF ALCAZAR.


# The Christian Home.

## OLIVER WYNDHAM.

### A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

#### CHAPTER XV.

 OLIVER WYNDHAM had made an arrangement with Dr. Graves by which he might be enabled to remain out of London for two nights. He therefore, at his request, engaged a room at the old inn in Croydon, and became one of his friends. Dr. Graves had him with a letter for Mr. Trehern; morning after his arrival, he announced his intention of delivering the sermon at the Priory.

Did not Mr. Trehern tell us that he would be home early to-day, Blanche?" Purvis, turning to his daughter, repeated all that he said; but remembering the offer of an invitation to us to walk in the garden. We have seen everything in the neighbourhood except the Priory: let us go to-day with our young friend." "You are quite right, father," replied

"Mr. Trehern did request that I should make free use of his grounds; so go into his house, and look at the pictures there. As Mr. Wyndham is to stand to the Priory, we can avail ourselves of the opportunity of visiting it, or else we might not have liked to see Mr. Wyndham," she added, "are you acquainted with Mr. Trehern?"

"Personally," said Oliver; "but I shall Dr. Graves speak of him with so much attention and respect that I felt anxious to see him."

"I have seldom met with a more prepossessing person," observed Blanche. "Had my father's health permitted it, we should gladly have seen more of him. He appeared quite worthy to be the friend and companion of Dr. Graves."

"The good doctor told me that he had known Mr. Trehern in his young days," replied Oliver, "and that he was much connected with the events of his own early life. He expected him in London to aid him in the accomplishment of one of his many benevolent plans for the relief of the prevailing distress; but he did not know that he proposed going up so immediately. I will endeavour to see the housekeeper at the Priory, and ascertain her master's plans."

The party set forth on their walk. They traversed the quiet little town, which consisted chiefly of one principal street; and they passed the old archiepiscopal palace, that was built in the fourteenth century, on the site of the more ancient wooden edifice that was granted with the manor to Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the time of the Conquest. The greater part of that quaint structure was demolished, and rebuilt by the prelates Wake and Herring; and in later days the archbishops Parker and Whitgift had enjoyed the honour of receiving, and sumptuously entertaining, Queen Elizabeth in their "poor palace at Croydon." There were many other historical memories connected with this venerable building which Mr. Purvis had on former occasions detailed to his daughter with a

faithfulness that had often surprised her, and that always led her to hope that his present imbecility of mind would prove to be only temporary. He did not now pause to repeat his historical sketches, for he was impatient to reach the Priory. A new object of interest had been presented to his restless spirit, and he was eager to attain it.

Ho moved on at a rapid pace, which Blanche feared that their companion might find some difficulty in keeping up with. But she made no observation to that effect, for she had discovered that Oliver Wyndham was very sensitive on the subject of his lameness, which in her estimation hardly amounted to a defect. She contrived, however, to check her father's eager steps; and she drew Oliver into conversation, and showed so much of her own natural kindness and intelligence, that he almost forgot his sources of sadness, and felt a joyous sensation that was very far from being habitual to him.

By-and-bye they reached the gate that gave access to the Priory grounds; and, on mentioning their names, they were immediately admitted by the gate-keeper, who informed them that Mr. Trehern had given directions, before he departed that day for the metropolis, that every part of the grounds and gardens should be open to them.

There was much of beauty to delight the eye in the scenery immediately around the Priory; and everything was in such perfectly good keeping, that a sense of repose and satisfaction was produced in the mind. Mr. Purvis seemed fully to enjoy this feeling; and he walked along almost in silence, only occasionally pointing out to his companions any picturesque tree, or any good effect of light and shade, which he discovered with a painter's eye. Neither did Blanche and Oliver converse much. Both were thoughtful, and both tried to hide the thoughts that filled their minds. Nevertheless they were perfectly contented with the present, and their countenances expressed that contentment.

They proceeded to the gardens, which were arranged in the formal style then so prevalent, but which were already beginning

to look gay with early spring flowers, and were adorned with stone vases and statues, and many grotesque figures, into which the gardener's shears had pruned the yew-trees. Such a garden was altogether new to Blanche, and she was greatly amused by the avenues of verdant birds and beasts, and Chinese pagodas, that met her eyes on all sides. She eagerly accosted the old gardener, who came to meet them with a respectful welcome; and she was soon in deep converse with him on the subject of his art.

The old man replied readily to all her questions; and, while he did so, he kept his eyes so steadily and inquiringly fixed on her face as to cause her ready blushes to arise. To divert his gaze, she asked him to gather a few violets for her; and he hastened to do her bidding. He soon returned with a nosegay of all the flowers that the garden afforded; and, as he placed it in her hand, he said,

"Would you not like to go into the house and rest, madam? Mrs. Saunders, the housekeeper, will be proud to see you, and to show you the pictures. There are some very fine portraits in the saloon." Then he turned to Oliver Wyndham, and added, "One might almost fancy that young lady to be one of them just walked out of the frame. She is the living image of the picture."

Blanche did not hear this remark, for she had gone towards her father, who was resting on a carved stone seat beneath a fine evergreen oak.

"Shall we enter the house?" she said. "Even the gardener seems so much impressed by the beauty of the pictures that are to be seen there, that my curiosity is greatly excited."

"By all means, dear Blanche," replied Mr. Purvis eagerly. "You know I love pictures, and it is long since I have seen any that possessed much merit. When we are settled again, I must resume my paintings, and you must go on with your clever sketches. I wish we were at home—at home again in the sunny East, where every scene and every object forms a subject for a picture. Come, let us enter the house."

here is Wyndham? He is a man of taste and intelligence. I should like him to go back with us to our old home. Shall I propose it to him, Blanche? and offer him a share in our mercantile establishment?"

How hastily did Blanche offer her arm to her father, and lead him towards the house. He saw that his mind was beginning to wander, as it frequently did when memories of his once happy home in the East came crowding upon it; and she feared his making some remark to Oliver Wyndham that would cause confusion and awkwardness to them both. So she began to converse on other subjects, and to draw her father's attention to present objects; and, by the time they reached the entrance, where Oliver joined them, Mr. Purvis had forgotten the schemes that had dimly arisen in his partially clouded mind.

Mrs. Saunders, the trusted housekeeper, received them courteously; and she also seemed struck by something in Blanche's utterance; for she looked at her again and again, and smiled very approvingly. After she had replied to Oliver's questions respecting Mr. Trehern's probable stay in London—which she expected would be of several weeks' duration—she led the party through the chief sitting-rooms. These contained some valuable pictures of various reign schools, and many beautiful and various works of art. But good Mrs. Saunders would hardly allow the visitors time to inspect them, so eager did she appear to conduct them into the saloon—a long narrow room which occupied one wing of the old mansion, and was used as a sort of gallery.

Here were collected all the family portraits of the Treherms, and their various connections—some of whom were historical celebrities. And here the old housekeeper loved to dilate on the civil and military honours of the family, in which she had lived from her early youth.

Mr. Purvis and his companions paused before the picture of a warrior in quaint old armour, which was marked with a cross, to denote that the wearer had taken part in the "Holy Crusades." These wars were a

favourite topic with Mr. Purvis. He had visited the scene of many of the celebrated conflicts between the followers of the cross and of the crescent; and he possessed a large fund of information on the subject. The sight of this knight of the red cross brought many circumstances to his memory, which seldom failed with regard either to the events of his youth, or the knowledge that he had acquired when young.

Blanche and Oliver listened to him with interest, and his daughter felt proud and pleased that her companion should thus be made better acquainted with her beloved father's store of learning, and should also see how much of his old intelligence yet remained, and only required to be called forth. So she encouraged him to proceed with his animated discourse, until she observed that Mrs. Saunders was becoming very impatient of their long delay before the bucklered knight, and was extremely desirous to proceed along the gallery. She therefore drew her father on, and they followed the housekeeper until she stopped directly in front of a picture to which her own earnest gaze directed the eyes of the visitors.

It was the portrait of a lady—young and fair, with large brown eyes, and hair of that rich sunny hue that painters delight in, and that assumes such varied tints according to the light that falls on it.

Mrs. Saunders looked from the picture to Blanche, and from Blanche to the picture—and Oliver did the same. Then he understood the remarks of the gardener; and then also recurred to his mind the conversation that he had had with Dr. Graves, after his first interview with Miss Purvis. The likeness was indeed striking. There were the same delicately chiselled features, the same finely formed head and throat, the same graceful form, and, above all, the same peculiar eyes and hair.

Even Blanche herself was struck by the resemblance to what she saw daily in her mirror; she only thought how much more lovely the picture was than anything she had ever beheld in real life.

But she had not much time to reflect on this apparently casual likeness. Her atten-

tion was painfully called towards her father, who was standing motionless before the picture, with his hands tightly clasped together, and his breast heaving convulsively. She hurried to him, and called on him affectionately, and endeavoured to draw him away from the spot. But his feet were riveted to the floor, and his eyes to the life-like canvas; and he seemed for a time quite unconscious of his terrified child's voice, or of her clinging hands.

At length a heavy sigh burst from his labouring breast, and tears flowed from his eyes. The rigid fixedness of his form relaxed, and he would have sunk on the ground if Oliver had not lent his aid, and assisted Blanche in leading him to a tapestry-covered couch in an adjacent window.

"What is it, dearest father?" said Blanche, who was more alarmed at his silence, and his apparent unconsciousness, than she would have been at any expression of feeling, however extravagant, or however desultory. "Tell me what it is that has so moved you."

"Do not you remember her, Blanche? Is not her angel-countenance stamped upon your brain as it is on mine? No, no! that cannot be—you were but an infant! I have traced her image in your form and face—you who are all that she has left me of herself! But there she stands in her grace and beauty, as when I first saw her at Smyrna. Ah! shall I ever forget that day? Let me gaze on that form again." And he strove to rise from the couch; but he was still too weak to stand.

Good Mrs. Saunders had hurried from the saloon in search of restoratives as soon as she saw Mr. Purvis laid upon the couch; and she had not heard his rambling speech. She, however, shrewdly guessed that his sudden indisposition was occasioned by the sight of the picture, and was in some mysterious manner connected with the extraordinary resemblance between that portrait and the young lady who accompanied him. So she very wisely proposed that he should be taken to another room, and not suffered to look again on what had so greatly agitated him.

Blanche persuaded him to swallow a little

wine, and then she gently attempted to take him from the saloon. But as soon as he felt returning strength, he sprang suddenly from the couch, and the next moment he was again before the picture, calling on the painted form as his beloved wife, and imploring her to come down and bless him with her presence.

"My wife—my darling!" he cried, in plaintive accents; "I have mourned for you all these long, long years, and I have only lived for the sake of our child. And you—have you been fixed here in that gilded frame, while I wept for you in a far distant land? They told me that you were dead—and I believed them; and you were here, in your unchanging youth and beauty! Why do you not speak to me? Your eyes meet mine, but not with their old loving look. They are fixed and changeless. Is this death? I will take her hand—surely she will return my grasp!" And the poor wandering mourner laid his hand on the slender fingers of the portrait, as if expecting that they would move to greet him.

The cold hard canvas alone met his touch, and it seemed to strike a chill into his heart. He uttered a deep groan, and turned away, as if the whole sad truth had suddenly flashed upon his beclouded mind.

"Let us go hence!" he said to Blanche; and he hurried with trembling and uncertain steps down the long gallery, closely attended by his daughter and Oliver. His mind was now evidently quite gone, and he was utterly regardless of anything that they said to him, and deaf to all Mrs. Saunders's offers of assistance, and of a carriage to convey him home. He would not stop, and any opposition to his determination to hurry back on foot to his lodging, made him so violent that his young companions thought it better to yield to him.

As soon as he got outside the house, he took Oliver's arm, and leaned heavily upon it for support. As he did so, he said in a low voice,

"I cannot stay long here now that I have seen her. I must go to her; and Blanche must then lean on you as I do now. You will take care of her?"

only knows how gladly!" replied in the same tone. And then he thought how unwilling the would be to sanction that wish of his.

He had lingered one moment on the entrance to thank Mrs. Saunders for her kind offers, and also to ask whom that picture had been intended to represent.

"The likeness of a cousin of my late father," replied the housekeeper. "I brought her, for she died very young. My mother brought the picture here, and so tell me of her cousin's beauty and his, and to lament her early death. I am sick by your resemblance to the poor boy, but I would not have taken you for him, soon if I had known that the poor fellow would take it so much to heart. I am sorry, ma'am; I hope he will soon be himself again."

The next morning, Mrs. Saunders," replied and she quickly overtook her father

although unspoken and unacknowledged, was far stronger than anything that had ever before existed. They were happy that one evening, in spite of their sadness, for Blanche felt that she had a friend and protector in Oliver Wyndham, and Oliver saw that she regarded him with affectionate confidence, and she did not try to hide or repress the sentiment.

Oliver did not leave Mr. Purvis that night. Unknown to him, he watched him incessantly, and he had the satisfaction of seeing him fall into a quiet sleep soon after Blanche, at his express command, had retired to her own room.

The following morning the invalid was in much the same state as he had been before his visit to the Priory. His bodily strength had returned, and he spoke collectedly; but there was a greater abstraction of manner, and a more touching expression in his eyes when he fixed them on Blanche's fair, sweet face.

How gladly would Oliver have remained to assist Blanche in watching and attending him! And how gladly would she have had him as her companion and adviser! But his self-imposed duties required his immediate return to the melancholy city, and he felt that it was well they did so. Could he have remained in such intimate intercourse with her whom he loved so deeply and so disinterestedly, and not have betrayed his love? No; he feared that it would have been beyond his power to do so. He could struggle with his hopeless attachment at a distance; and he could devote all his best energies to the furtherance of what he believed to be her fondest hope, when the light of her sweet eyes was not shining upon him. But he could not live in her society and hide the feeling that had become a part of his very being.

So it was well, he believed, that he should go away immediately; and his conviction of the necessity of such a step gave once more to his look and manner the cold air of reserve that Blanche had seen and wondered at so often before. Instantly her own feeling, and her own manner, changed, and lost the easy freedom that had given such a

## CHAPTER XVI.

The air greatly revived Mr. Purvis, and he became comparatively calm. But a violent shock had been given to his intellect, and his young comrades feared that the consequences might be serious.

He accompanied them passively to his home, making no resistance, and replying to any remark or query addressed to him. He seemed to dwell in memories of the past, and to be unconscious of the present; and when he spoke, it was in faintly uttered phrases, in which the name of his wife was mingled with supplications for speedy release from the troubles of this world.

Oliver was deeply moved, and Oliver deeply sympathized in her saddened heart that evening, which they spent in vain efforts to draw her father's mind from the days that were gone, and to create a bond between them that,

charm to her conversation during the previous evening. Courteous she was as ever, but she was no longer confidential and unconstrained. And Oliver took his leave with a heart again saddened and depressed, and with nothing to cheer him on in the path of imagined duty, except the most disinterested hope of securing the happiness of her who was dearer to him than his own welfare or his own life.

Blanche did not ask him to repeat his visit; and, although he fully intended to find a pretext for doing so in his desire to know how Mr. Purvis went on, he did not venture to propose it. Only the invalid himself alluded to any future meeting. When Oliver bade him farewell, he pressed his hand in both of his own, and, looking earnestly in his face, said in a low voice,

"You will never lose sight of her—you will never cease to guard and protect her when I am unable to do so?"

"God helping me, I will ever be as a father to her!" replied Oliver fervently; for it was only as a father, or rather as a brother, that he could hope to be permitted to afford any help or protection to Blanche.

Her father's words to the young man, and his reply, were uttered in very low tones; but they reached Blanche's ears as she stood at the open window, and looked out at the horse that stood below, ready to take their visitor back to London. If she heaved a sigh as she listened to Oliver Wyndham's earnest assertion of paternal regard, and offer of paternal care, we leave it to our readers to divine the cause of such ingratitude. And if the last look that passed between these two young persons, as Oliver rode away from the door, was one of sadness and restraint, we do not think it needful to explain the reason why it should be so.

Oliver Wyndham returned to his solitary lodging in Whitechapel, and Elsie Crowther saw that if the two days' rest had rather improved his health, it had by no means raised his spirits. This distressed and puzzled her, for she was convinced that a mutual attachment existed between her young master and Miss Purvis; and why then should Oliver seem so depressed? and

why should he always now avoid any mention of her name? On these interesting points good Elsie Crowther was obliged to rest in ignorance.

Oliver returned to his work. He went, as usual, from one plague patient to another—for the disease still lingered in the closest and the poorest parts of the district—and a few fresh cases were constantly reported to the Inspectors. But he no longer worked with the same energy and spirit that had formerly been so marked, and he nightly returned to his home more and more pale, and weary, and dejected.

Dr. Graves had left the metropolis the day before Oliver returned to it. His friend Mr. Trehern had been greatly struck by his altered appearance, and saw the labours and anxiety that he had gone through during the last terrible months had made sad ravages on his health and spirits. He did not ask him to abandon his post, or to cease from his benevolent labours; for he well knew that such a proposal would be utterly useless. But he suggested the propriety of his accompanying him to a distant county town, where the pestilence was still very prevalent, and where the aid of an experienced medical practitioner was urgently required.

To such an appeal Dr. Graves readily listened. He placed his remaining patients under the care of a medical friend; and he set out with Mr. Trehern without any delay, leaving a letter for Oliver Wyndham to explain the cause of his absence, and to give a few directions with regard to his proceedings until he should himself be able to return.

Oliver had anxiously desired to see both Dr. Graves and Mr. Trehern. His curiosity had been greatly excited by the picture that had so powerfully affected Mr. Purvis; and he wished to ascertain more particulars respecting it than Mrs. Saunders's brief reply to Blanche's questions had afforded. He was therefore disappointed at the unexpected absence of the doctor and his friend. He thought it possible that Harry Morest or his mother, who had known the Purvis for so many years, might have been able to throw some light on the mysterious circum-



stance; but there was a feeling within his heart that withheld him from making any mention of what had occurred when he paid his daily visit to Harry. He only replied in very general terms to the inquiries that were made as to the health and well-being of Blanche and her father; and he tried to confine the conversation chiefly to serious and doctrinal subjects, such as he was glad to find Harry Morant was now willing to discuss, and to feel an interest in.

But these daily visits and daily discussions at the home of the Morants did not last long. Oliver had resolved, as we have said, to go once more to Croydon, before the time of Harry Morant's imprisonment had expired. This kind of quarantine was not now so strictly enforced as it had been during the period when the pestilence was at its height; and Harry's application for a release had been so far successful that only a few days more of seclusion were insisted on. Then Oliver expected that Harry would hasten down to Croydon, again to urge his suit with Blanche. And then he also expected that he would be favourably received, both by her and her father; and that he would thenceforth be compelled to feel that his own visits—his own friendship—his own offers of service—would all be superfluous and valueless.

Oliver had fixed on the day previous to that on which Harry Morant would again be at liberty, for his second visit to the Purvises—of whom he had heard nothing since he had left Croydon. But on the preceding evening, when he came in from his usual round of inspection, he found himself entirely exhausted, that he was unable to contradict Elsie's oft-repeated assertion that he was wearing himself out. His limbs trembled, and his very lips were colourless, as he almost fell into his easy chair. For a time he remained speechless; and his devoted nurse feared that he was again attacked by the plague, and that he would surely sink under it.

But by-and-by he partially revived; and his own and Elsie's experimental knowledge of the disease convinced them both that he was not suffering from that deadly malady.

Nevertheless, Elsie saw that he was extremely ill; and she would herself have hurried away to seek Dr. Graves, had not her master assured her that it would be a useless search, as the friendly physician was in a far distant town, and was not expected to return for some weeks.

"What shall I do?—where shall I find any one who will care for you as Dr. Graves would have done?" she exclaimed. "I have not even a messenger now to send for aid or for medicine. Our good porter, Rupert Anson, who was so active and so trustworthy during your former illness, has left the district; I am told that he has gone to work as a waterman on the river; and there is no one now within call."

Oliver smiled quietly.

"Do not distress yourself, dear Elsie," he said. "Just prepare for me one of those restorative draughts that you have so often administered with so much success in cases far worse than mine. I am only weary. If I can get a good night's rest, I shall be able to go to Croydon to-morrow. I must go there to-morrow," he added, with a long-drawn sigh—"or not at all."

"Or not at all?" repeated Elsie inquiringly. "Are Mr. Purvis and his daughter going to move from that place? Are they going off to the East again, as he—poor gentleman—used so often to talk of doing when he was in one of his wandering moods?"

"No, no, Elsie—not that I know of. But I can no longer be of any use to them; and why should I trouble them with my visits?"

"Trouble, indeed!" said Elsie, rather indignantly, while she mixed the ingredients for the required cordial, and took a hasty glance at her dear young master's suffering countenance—the expression on which perplexed as much as it distressed her. "Your visits never seemed any trouble to either Miss Purvis or her father while they were in London. I do not see why it should be different at Croydon."

"Circumstances are different now, Elsie. There are other and older friends to take my place now; and I must be contented to retire into the background—and be forgotten."

He spoke sadly, and as if he were thinking aloud, rather than replying to the remarks of his faithful servant. And Elsie saw that there were some painful circumstances with which she was unacquainted; and, with unusual tact and discretion, she dropped the subject, and did not even give utterance to her strong conviction that her patient would be utterly unable to ride to Croydon on the following morning.

Oliver refused all her offers to watch and attend him during the night; and—although she frequently went, with noiseless steps, to listen at his door—she did not know what a night of restlessness he passed, or suspect all the mental conflicts that he endured.

In the morning, she found him dressed, and sitting by his open window, as if seeking strength and refreshment from the early breeze. His countenance was calm and settled; but he was deadly pale, and his sunken eyes told of hours of wakefulness and of suffering.

"Let me have some coffee, Elsie," he said, with a faint smile. "I must start early to Croydon; for I shall return this evening."

Elsie looked anxiously in his face, but she made no reply. She saw that he was quite unequal to the proposed journey, and she felt assured that he would soon be compelled to acknowledge it; and she wisely hastened to bring him the desired refreshment.

After he had taken the coffee, he attempted to rise, saying, "I have no time to lose, Elsie—I must make the most of this day." But his limbs refused to support him, and he sank back into his chair.

"I shall be better presently," he said, in a low voice. "I must go to Croydon—I must see her again before——"

Oliver ceased to speak; and Elsie saw that he had fainted.

For some time he remained unconscious; but at length the remedies that the nurse applied were successful in restoring his senses; and she persuaded him to lie down again, and take some rest.

"In the afternoon perhaps I can ride to

Croydon," he said—"or to-morrow, events."

Elsie quietly shook her head; she said nothing; and by-and-by Oliver was asleep.

While he slept, the horse which ordered for his proposed expedition brought to the door; and Elsie prevented the groom to go to Mr. Morant's house to inform him of her master's illness. She knew that Oliver was in the daily habit of calling there himself, and that the man and his mother were intimate of the Purvises; and she hoped for aid and assistance from them. She requested the man to go to the nearest apothecary for certain medicines that she was well acquainted with; and then she went to Oliver's chamber, to watch over and nurse him with the same devotion that she had already so often manifested.

Her patient's case greatly puzzled the doctor. There was no obvious cause, and yet his weakness was very great. He did not give way to her remedies. When the afternoon arrived, he was decidedly worse; and he did not even mention the projected ride to Croydon. He expressed his sorrow that he could not go to Harry Morant, and continue the studies that they had commenced so previously.

"He will be at liberty in a few days," said Elsie;—"at liberty to come here, or to go elsewhere. Then I can go on with my work; and she will thank me for coming—it—and she will complete it herself."

What could her master mean by these and similar observations that he had made ever and anon, as if talking to himself? Elsie could not comprehend them; and at times she feared that Oliver's mind was wandering. These fears were so firmly fixed. Symptoms of fever appeared when—on the day of his liberation—Mr. Morant appeared at his friend's house. He was to find him quite delirious, and he had changed.

It was now his turn to minister to the suffering body of him who had so long endeavoured to minister to his ailments.

very readily, and very zealously, he  
 med his duty. All Elsie's wants were  
 ied by him—all her errands were per-  
 d by him; and he even shared her  
 -watches, and relieved her of many  
 of fatigue and exertion.

Elsie had not been prepossessed in Harry  
 Morant's favour; but she was compelled to  
 acknowledge to herself—and afterwards to  
 Oliver—that he acted the part of a true  
 friend, and also of an intelligent and able  
 nurse.

### SUMMER MORNING.

CLUSTERING round my window,  
 Roses red and white,  
 In beautiful profusion,  
 Open to the light:  
 Gracefully entwining  
 On this summer day,  
 While the sun is shining  
 With his earliest ray;

Shining in my window  
 On this glorious morn,  
 Shining on the roses,  
 Shining on the corn.  
 All creation, waking,  
 Lovely as of yore:  
 Golden smiles are breaking  
 As the clock strikes four.

Opening now my window,  
 The rich odorous breathing  
 Of morning fills my chamber,  
 While the roses, wreathing  
 Round my trelliss'd casement,  
 Swayed by the soft breeze,  
 Seem to say, "For this we bloom,  
 Sight and sense to please."

Underneath my window  
 Are jessamines and pinks,  
 And the fragrant lavender  
 The dew of morning drinks;  
 While roses, all commingling,  
 Gay and brilliant shine—  
 Roses round my window  
 Lovingly entwine.

Clustering round my window,  
 Roses red and white,  
 Waft their sweet perfuming:  
 So, filled with calm delight,  
 I sing, kneeling at my bedside,  
 With soul and body's powers,  
 "Praise God for the sunshine!  
 Praise God for the flowers!"

BENJAMIN GOUGH,

*Author of "Lyra Sabbatica," &c.*

## PRAISE AMONG THE MARRIED.

Yes, among the married! Why should they not speak kindly of each other? The voice of commendation is sweet, doubly sweet from the lips of those we love. It chills the best feelings, weakens the highest aspirations, when continuous and sacrificing effort calls forth no kindly return—no words of cheer, and of encouragement. The snow is ever unimpressible in the deep, hollow recesses of the mountain-cliff, where no straggling beam of merry sunshine melts it with kisses; cold and white, it sleeps in perpetual shadow, till its soft roundness congeals into ice. And thus the soul, if forced to abide in the shadow of frowns, under the continual dropping of hard, unkindly words, will assimilate itself to its mate, and become a sad and listless heart, lying heavily and cold in the bosom that should be all filled with glowing sympathies.

Husbands often do not know with what ceaseless solicitude the duties of a wife and mother are accompanied. They leave home early, many of them; the routine of business—the same as it was yesterday, and will be months to come—is so thoroughly digested that the performance is comparatively without annoyance. They have no heavy or wearing household work to do, no fretting little ones hanging on to their garments, now to nurse, now to correct, now to instruct, while still the dusting, and the cleansing, and the preparing of food must be going on, and the little garments must be nicely fitted and made, or all would be untidiness and confusion. Yet how many an adroit manager contrives to get through with all this, willing—if she is but appreciated, and her valuable services esteemed—to endure, calmly, the trials incident to her lot, keeping care from her pleasant face by a merry spirit and cheerful demeanour.

But if she never hears the kindly "I thank you," or beholds the beautiful smile that unuttered gratitude spreads upon the countenance of him for whom she has for-

saken all, what immeasurable anguish will she not experience!

We have often thought how poignant must be the grief, how heavy the disappointment of the young wife, when she first learns that the husband of her choice is indifferent to her studied efforts to please.

Gaily as the bird upon the tree by her doorside she has gone carolling about her domestic duties. The day has seemed one long year—but still, twilight *does* come, and she awaits the return of her husband. How light is her step; how happy her brow! Like a skilful painter, she has touched and retouched all the peculiar though simple luxuries of her home, till they seem to her like the adornings of a paradise.

The hearth is bright and red—not a speck of dust is visible. She has brought out all her hoarded wealth; and the tables, the new-varnished bureau, and the easy arm-chair, shine in snowy garniture. She has placed the pictures in the best light, hung up the wide sampler—her childwork at school—made all things look cheerful and bright—placed a bouquet of brilliant flowers upon the neat supper-table, and another above the fireplace—and with pleasant anticipations she awaits his return.

"How cheerful everything looks!" she murmurs; "and how pleased he will be! He will commend my care and taste."

Presently the well-known step draws near; she flies with a happy smile to meet him, and together they enter their mutual home.

What! no sign of surprise? no new delight on his features? Does he receive all her attention as a matter of course, something looked for, expected, easily done, and without price? Can he not pay her the tribute of a glad smile? Alas! he does not believe in praise; his wife must be disinterested; must look upon these performances as stern duties; if he praise now, and forget to praise again, they may be discontinued.

disappointed, chagrined; and un-  
and perfect neatness are indis-  
to her own comfort, she gradually  
a well-doing when a little kindly  
ment, a little praise, might have  
her to constant exertion.

Her wife becomes careless of her ap-  
pearance because of her husband's indif-  
ference. In the simple matter of dress—  
either!—how often men think  
of them to notice or approve the  
their wives may make! We once  
to a gentleman that his wife dis-  
tinguished taste in her attire; and  
asked you, was his answer? With a  
record it: "Has she? Well, now,  
hardly know whether she had on a  
silk or a satin-dress." We involun-  
tarily liked him; and thought that the  
look upon the countenance of his  
pale cheeks.

We do like to see a husband notice  
us, even to particularity. We like  
him give his opinion as to whether  
such a thing is becoming to his  
wife are pleased to see a father in-  
terested in the little purchases of his  
daughter instead of saying with a frown,  
"Go away; I don't care for such  
trifles suit yourselves."

Household concerns the husband  
express his approbation of neatness  
in her; he should be grateful for any  
effort that may have been put forth to  
bring her comfort or pleasure; he should  
value the good graces of his wife, and  
at times make mention of them.

Not one alone, but both should re-  
cognize the good offices of the other. We  
seem a woman the less on hearing  
"I have a good husband;" we  
ought a man wanting in dignity  
because of his wife as being dear to him,  
and her amiability or industry as  
an imitation by others. Who does  
not in the unaffected praise of a husband

or a wife, above that of all beside? No  
motive but love induces either to

"Speak the gentle words  
That sink into the heart."

Solomon says, "Her husband, he praiseth  
her;" and only the morose and reserved,  
who care not to fill the fount of kindness  
by pleasant words, differ from the sacred  
writer.

How many a home have we seen glittering  
with splendour; where glowing marble,  
from Italia's clime, gives a silent welcome  
to the entering guest; where on the walls  
hang votive offerings of art that fill the  
whole soul with their beauty; where the  
carpets yield to the lightest pressure, and  
the rich hangings crimson the palest cheek—  
yet amidst all this show and adorning has  
the proud wife sat, the choicest piece of  
furniture there—for so her husband regards  
her. Formal and stern, he has thrown  
around her the drapery of his chill heart,  
and it has folded about her like marble.  
She is "my lady," and nothing more. No  
outburst of affection in the form of sweet  
praise falls upon her ears; pendants of  
diamonds drop therefrom, but their shining  
is like his love, costly and cold. We have  
heard such a one say, in times gone by,  
"All this wealth, all this show and pride of  
station, would I resign, for one word of  
praise from my husband. He never relaxes  
from the loftiness which has made him  
feared among men; he never speaks to me  
but with measured accents, though he sur-  
rounds me with luxuries."

We wondered not that a stifled sob closed  
the sentence. Who would not rather live in  
a cottage, with one in whose heart dwell  
impulses the holiest in our nature—one who  
is not ashamed or afraid to give fitting com-  
mendation—than in the most gorgeous of  
earthly palaces, with a companion whose  
lips are sealed for ever to the expressions of  
fondness, sympathy, and praise?

# CRADLE SONG.

Words by JOHN S. B. MONSELL, L.L.D.

Adapted (from MENDELSSOHN.) and  
Harmonized for four voices, by S. G. HATHERLY, Mus. Bsc.

Hush, hush thee, my ba - by, hush, hush thee to rest, Be  
Weep, weep not, my ba - by, weep, weep not to - day, I'll  
There are flow'rs for thee, sweet one, which ne - ver shall die, Un -

still! and I'll sing thee the song thou lov'st best: For I'll  
sing till I charm thy young sor - rows a - way: For my  
fed by a tear, and un - fann'd by a sigh; There's a

sing of the mo - ther whose bless - ing thou't be; And of hearts that are  
song shall be all of those bless - ings di - vine; Of the home, and the  
he - ri - tage pro - mis'd thee fade - less a - bove, Whose ti - tle is

glad when they think up - on thee; Of hearts that are glad when they  
hope, that, sweet ba - by, are thine; Of the home, and the hope, that, sweet  
grace, and whose rich - es are love; Whose ti - tle is grace, and whose

think up - on thee; And of pray'rs which are ri - sing that thou may'st be  
ba - by are thine; Of Him who is wait - ing all bright things to  
rich - es are love; And a crown of re - joic - ing to cir - cle thy

blest: Then hush thee, sweet ba - by, hush, hush thee to rest.  
give; And of One who has died that my ba - by may live!  
brow: Then who'll be so por - tion'd my ba - by as thou?

*p* After each stanza. *pp*  
Hush, hush thee, my ba - by, Hush, hush thee, my ba - by,

*f* *ritard* *un poco dim.* *pp*  
Hush, hush thee, my ba - by, hush, hush thee to rest.

\* For this strain only, it is necessary for the Tenor voices to divide themselves into 1st and 2nd.

## THE EVIDENCES OF OUR FAITH, AND THE PROGRESS OF MODERN SCIENCE

BY THE REV. T. RAGG, INCUMBENT OF LAWLEY, NEAR WELLINGTON; AUTHOR OF "CREATION'S TESTIMONY TO ITS GOD."

## VI.—SHALL WE SAY "IT" OR "HIM"?

THERE is perhaps no older controversy in the theological department of literature than the one involved in this question—the personality or impersonality of Deity. The progress of mind, or mental development, seems rather to be in a circle than in a straight line; and thus, age after age, though under different circumstances, and with different accompaniments, the same questions turn up again. It may seem strange indeed that the ancient Hindoo superstitions, and the heathen philosophies of Greece and Egypt, should find their advocates in the present day among people who call themselves Christians; but modern Pantheism is but an adaptation of these ancient systems to the circumstances and enlightenment of our times; and it was *no good spirit* that stood sponsor when it was baptized in the name of Christ, whose morals it professes to admire, while it rejects the doctrines on which those morals are founded.

There is much of mysticism in the so-called "transcendental philosophy" imported into Germany from England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and reimported from Germany into England in the nineteenth. When its foundations were laid in this country, it was a system at least clear and comprehensible; but in the land of dreams and reveries it gathered so much from every quarter, using in a figurative or poetical sense the thoughts and language of all varieties of thinkers, that many are captivated by the mystery without having any idea what is meant, or any desire of understanding what they read.

I prefer at present to pass by these dreamers altogether, and that my readers may *know* what is brought before them, present Pantheism, or the system that acknowledges an *impersonal* Deity, as it is represented in the strong and nervous lines of Pope, furnished originally in prose by Bolingbroke:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Here we have the picture of an *animated universe*, where intelligence is continually budding forth or "cropping out" in the persons

of intellectual creatures, but where God is a person, but a mere animating or intelligent principle, manifesting itself in the persons of these, its exponents or exhibitors.

Beside this picture I place another; am even quite willing to give it in the temptuous words of those who deny its truth. It is that of "a single conscious Being (Deity) of nature," who created the universe as a machine," to manifest His own attributes, and show forth His glory.

And now comes the question, which of the two pictures shall we choose, "Shall we say 'IT' or 'HIM'?"

Apart from Revelation, we can only judge of the value of these two systems, or philosophies, by seeing which will best account for the facts and phenomena that are commonly exhibited by "things which do exist" in the outward world, of which we ourselves form a part, including of course the mental faculties connected with our own constitution and consciousness.

Pantheism is not like Atheism, or Theism properly so called. It does not separate God from the universe; but rather unites God and the universe more closely than by incarnation; and seeks to find an answer to many of the most powerful instincts, as its longing for God, and its desires for communion with Him. But depriving its Deity of personality, and of all moral attributes, and making Him the author alike of good and evil; for the manifestation of mind, of whatever tenor, must, under such a system, be regarded as a manifestation of God.

Pantheism, moreover, can adopt, in a literal or figurative sense, nearly all the language of the Holy Scripture, ranking both the New Testament and Old Testament worthies among its HEROES, by whom God (the soul of the universe) has been made manifest. It calls God "our Father" and "the Author of all things," though rather in the way of compliment than what in the modern sense is meant by creation; and using the most spiritual and most ecstatic language of the most ecstasies.



Christian worshippers, can speak of the highest condition of the soul as being "swallowed up in a God."

Under these circumstances it must be readily seen that Pantheism is much less tangible, less easy of close assault, than either Atheism or that most modern Deism which banishes God from the universe as a great absentee who has resigned the direct government of all things into the hands of His agent—LAW.

Pantheism, as represented by most of its advocates, acknowledges the existence of spirit and body as separate principles—in the language of the Cartesian philosophy, "spirit whose essence is thought, and matter whose essence is extension." It accounts for the existence of individual spirits as parts of the universal spirit, even as individual bodies are parts of the one material universe. Tracing how harmoniously these two principles work together, it traces out correspondences between mental phenomena (often called "the subjective") and material things (often called "the objective"), which it contends can only be accounted for by their being parts of one great whole, thus intimately related to each other—the counterparts of each other in the sum of universal existence. Thus Schelling contends that it is impossible the Ego (or I AM) could create all the harmonies of things. He says, "We must go back to the origin both of the subjective and the objective; and there we shall find them identical and flowing out of one original essence, called by the name of God. This self-existent Essence or Being develops ITSELF according to a law; and becomes on one side the ego, and on the other side the non-ego; on the one side the subject, on the other side the object; on the one side *mind*, and on the other side *nature*. HENCE arises the harmony of the two: it arises from their *identity*. The subjective and the objective are in such visible correspondence, because the developments of the same principle. Hence the statement that nature is petrified intelligence, and that mind is conscious reflective nature. The feeling of beauty in the mind corresponds with beauty in the outward world, because both are the unfoldings of one Eternal Power, which is at the same time God and the universe. God is lovely; the universe is lovely. Man's soul loves the lovely in nature, and creates the lovely in art, because all are manifestations of the ONE who is infinitely lovely."

Though the personal pronoun is used—"This self-existent Essence or Being develops IT-

self"—this is really bringing IT as near to HIM—the impersonal Deity as near to the personal, as language well can do. But how does the Christian faith teach us to regard the facts and phenomena upon which such strange teachings are based? It, too, acknowledges the existence both of spirit and matter, but teaches us to regard all things finite, both matter and spirit, as the *creations* of the one self-existent Being, the I AM from whom all proceeded. It acknowledges and rejoices in all the harmonies of nature, all the correspondences between mind and matter—or "the subjective and the objective"—as evidences of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Being to whom it offers up its adoration, who ordained that it *should be* thus, in order that the enjoyments of the creatures He had formed should be more complete, and their pure instincts and desires should ever meet an answer, and find abundant exercise in the outward ("objective") universe in which He had placed them. And it accounts for the essential *unity* of existing things, both mind and matter, by the fact that they had one Architect, one Purposer, one Designer, whose infinite comprehension could take in at once *all* the relations of things, and adapt every portion of His creation each to other.

Now, let it be remarked I have here exhausted all the basal or foundation arguments in favour of Pantheism; for all its innumerable volumes of transcendental mysticism are, more or less, but developments of these few principles. And only proceeding thus far, I think I am entitled to say that Christian philosophy is at least as "rational," presents reasons as probable to account for the facts and phenomena under consideration, as the philosophy opposed to it. But even in the slight glance which in these papers I have taken at the universe, that universe presents to our view other things besides spirit and matter, and a correspondence or harmony between them. We have seen, besides these, orderly arrangement, object and purpose, and adaptation of means to end.

I will not deny that some sort of orderly arrangement might possibly be expected to exist if God be considered as the animating soul of the universe; but not *such* order as we find actually existing. It is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive, for example, that an intelligence which has no personality should have ordained such a system of *compensations* as nature holds out to our view. The laws of the universe, in every department, and most strikingly, because best observed, in the posi-

tions and motions of the innumerable worlds that throng the starry Heavens, evidence either an infinite power of calculation, or an infinite prescience, upon which the individual power of calculation rests as its source and centre, which power of calculation, or prescience, has adjusted all things each to other, in so marvellous a way, that, as man's calculations follow out one after another the separate instances of a number too great to represent by figures, *each one* awakens, by its exactness, our wonder and admiration. And this prescience, or power of calculation, implies *personality*; and every separate instance of adjustment, whether of place, weight, size, velocity, or nature, implies a *choice of one* out of many possible conditions: and choice shows the exercise of a *will*; and the Pantheist's god has neither personality nor will.

Again, for the contemplation of an *object* in view, for the accomplishment of a *purpose*, for the adaptation of *means* to an *end* designed, there needs not only intelligence but *personality*. Design requires a Designer, adaptation an Adapter; not a mere soul of the universe, manifesting itself in the existence of finite intelligences, but a personal conscious Being who has power both to will and to do.

In my second paper, entitled "IT WAS DONE ON PURPOSE,"\* I showed that in the very ordination of the separate elements of which the universe is composed, the evidences of design and adaptation are clear, indisputable, and multitudinous. In every aspect and department of nature the same evidences of design and adaptation are exhibited; the subordination and adaptation of means to the accomplishment of a contemplated object meet us everywhere, and show adaptation, adjustments, and contrivances without end. And these facts will not comport with the existence of a first cause which, entirely destitute of will, creates only as a necessity of its nature, and to whom, in Pantheistic language, man is "less indebted for his existence than He is to man as a manifestation of Himself."

Nor are we left in entire ignorance what was the nature of God's design. In my third paper, "THE PURPOSE IS CLEAR,"† I showed at some considerable length that the object of the Divine Being in these adaptations and contrivances was to confer enjoyment on the creatures of His hand. I will not go over this argument again, but briefly sum it up in lan-

guage I have used in another work. "All the adaptations and contrivances of nature, while clear exhibitions of unfailing wisdom, of intelligent design, are subservient to benevolent purposes—to ends which had the communication of enjoyment or happiness in view. The physical constitution of the earth and its atmosphere; the relative quantities and arrangement of its elements; the nature of vegetable productions; the inherent principles of their seeds; that peculiar property of the surfaces of things which causes them to separate certain rays from the spectrum of light, and thus convey to the mind the idea of colours; the combination of elements which causes the emission of odours; the provision of sustenance grateful to the taste as well as nourishing to the body; all evidence the design of contributing in every way to the enjoyments of organized and sentient creatures; while the very constitution of their bodies, exhibiting a thousand unappreciated adaptations, and the gift of instincts, desires, and appetites, in perfect keeping with the things and objects among which they are called to move, equally exhibit the abounding goodness of the great Author of all."‡

But active *goodness* or benevolence will not consist with the notion of a god who is a mere animating soul of the universe, without personality, in whose regards (if IT be capable of regards) there is no essential difference between good and evil; and who, guiltless of providing for emergencies, would see with the same equanimity (if IT could see at all),

"Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

Again, there are exhibitions in the universe not merely of choice and will, but of what may be strictly called *arbitrary will*. In the placing of the starry orbs, no one plan is followed, which might indicate an order that resulted from uncontrollable necessity or other unintelligent action; but at once in systems, constellations, and galaxies, while order and symmetry are everywhere, there is yet exhibited in their groupings, distances, and relative motions, variety which might almost be termed *infinita*. In the disclosures which Geology has made respecting the different eras of creation, the power of *will* is also exhibited in bringing into being creatures which have no relation to those previously existing, though typical forms (as of the mollusca, the radiata, and the vertebrata) are generally adhered to, and adapted

\* "Our Own Fireside," vol. ii., p. 237.

† Ibid., vol. ii., p. 241.

‡ "Creation's Testimony to its God," Section 31<sup>st</sup>.

to purposes infinitely varying. In the physiological structure of the animal races at present existing, we see also the same exhibitions of arbitrary will which has adapted the same few typical forms to ends and purposes almost innumerable. And turning from these to the vegetable world, what exhibitions of *will* do we find there, in the adaptation of a few simple principles to the endless varieties of foliage, and the shapes, scent, and groupings of flowers! Yet, as already observed, an impersonal god can have no will, can make no choice, can exercise no individual intelligence, and therefore could not be the producer of the universe as we see it now existing.

I have yet another department of nature to refer to, and I will do it briefly—the mental facts connected with our own constitution and consciousness.

I intimated that by making God the soul of the universe, the Pantheist sought to find an answer to many of the soul's most powerful instincts. But there are other constitutional accompaniments of its mental and moral being, which well may be called instinctive ones, for which the system can provide no answer. I mean a consciousness, though not a clear one, of right and wrong, allied to some sense of responsibility; and a conscious feeling of dependence, accompanied by involuntary promptings to prayer. It is useless to deny the fact that, wherever man exists, and in whatever state he exists, these, in a greater or less

degree of development, may be found. They are the grand distinctions between him and the brute creation, with which a modern school of philosophy seeks so closely to ally him. Conscience, law, training, punishment, discipline, are all based upon the former, and if it do not exist, are but so many instances of the invasion of the rights of man. And to the universality of the spirit of dependence every mind will bear witness, corroborating the testimony derived from the darkest as well as the most enlightened nations, from charms, and talismans, and fetishes, as well as from the authorized worship of every civilized land. And such instincts as these would never have been imparted if there were no Being to whom we are responsible—no conscious, wise, and powerful Being to listen to our prayers, on whom the dependent spirit may securely hang.

Seeing, then, that the existence of the Pantheist's god will in no way account for the being and condition of the "things that do exist," let us turn away from this mere creation of man's diseased fancy, and ascribe to HIM who made us, and as our Master has a righteous claim upon us—to HIM who supplies all our needs out of the riches of HIS fulness—to HIM who has yet a third claim upon our adoration by redemption purchase—let us ascribe not to IT, but to HIM, all honour, power, might, majesty, and dominion, world without end. Amen.

## THE SILENT SCHOOL.

BY MRS. HOWITT.\*

TO-DAY (Sunday) Miss Bremer, took me after service to see the little Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Silent School, as she has named it, in Grabergagatan, a remote rural street, amongst the old windmills, with near-lying rocks, woods, and moorland country.

It was one o'clock when we started, the air clear, frosty, and sunshiny. We carried with us a large parcel of knitted stockings, which had been sent, I fancy, from Fröken Esselde, as a present to the institution.

There is in the Djurgard, near the shores of the Baltic, an immense institution for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, called Manilla. Al-

though it is quite a colony, yet so great, unfortunately, is the prevalence of the deaf and dumb in Sweden, that there are many who must remain neglected, because there is no room for them in the asylum. It is for some of these, and for other little pupils similarly afflicted, that the noble-hearted Jeanette Berglind, a poor cripple, born with deficient hearing herself, opened the minor institution to which we are now bound.

As we walked along Miss Bremer told me her history, in order that I might fully appreciate her when I saw her. I had also read an interesting memoir of her written by Fröken

\* See Review, "Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer," page 462.

Esselde, and as her narrative gives the substance of Miss Bremer's, I will take the liberty of repeating, in some degree, her own words.

Mamsell Berglind was an orphan, and being poor, was obliged to work for her living. An insatiable desire, however, to help the deaf and dumb had always been strong within her, and she herself having in her early life been brought up at Manilla, had seen how inadequate was even that great institution to meet the needs of this afflicted class. Besides, she longed to try the experiment of children being placed rather in a *home* than in a large educational factory. But she was so poor, that year after year went on without affording her the least chance of realizing the day-dream. Spite of this, she never lost hope, strengthening herself with the thought, "God will help me."

She returned to Manilla, worked there altogether for fifteen years, with the never abated desire of carrying out her scheme. In the mean time a little property, four hundred riksdalers, scarcely more than twenty pounds, came to her, and in order to become mistress of this inheritance, she demanded her majority, which, after a great opposition from her family, she obtained.

She lost no time in commencing her long-cherished plan, but having no means beyond her own, it seemed like madness to her friends, for what could four hundred riksdalers effect in such an undertaking? "God will help!" she still said, and confidently hired a small house in Norrmalm. Her money was all expended in furniture and school materials, but, nothing daunted, she announced that deaf and dumb children were taken in to board, the terms being moderate.

Various friends and relations of deaf and dumb children visited the school, but none, in spite of the warm testimonial she produced from the head of the Manilla asylum, were willing to make the first attempt. Again she was assailed by entreaties to give up her wild scheme rather than plunge herself in inextricable difficulties. It was all in vain. She knew that the school was needed, and felt positive that in the end it would succeed. Paying scholars, however, failing, she went out into the highways and hedges, and gathered together such numbers, that the dwelling became too small to hold them; besides which the situation in the town was disadvantageous. She removed, therefore, with her children to her present domicile in the autumn of 1861. Here the most advan-

tageous results followed; the poor, paupers thrived wonderfully; they grew a rosy and active under the motherly care of their protectress, but under the strict instruction of an assistant, who gave him for his board and lodging, were so eager to learn, and developed so much talent and intelligence, as would have been asked even amongst the more favoured children of the higher classes.

A second deaf and dumb teacher engaged, who willingly devoted himself to the still struggling state of the school, on the same terms as the first, besides a young female assistant who had faithfully stood by Berglind from the beginning with the slightest remuneration. A young deaf and dumb girl from Manilla, who acted as a pupil, completed the interesting little establishment.

Thus the school was set a-going in a quiet home, with the full approbation of the intendent of Manilla, who pronounced it precisely the preparatory institution which long been needed.

It was here, therefore, that we were now.

Turning into a country by-road, just outside the outskirts of the town, we soon reached a wooden fence, over which was "Lovisaberg," such being the appellation of the Deaf and Dumb School, and so called after Queen, who is not only friendly to it, but has placed a child there.

The house, standing on a little level, with farm buildings on one side, is built of wood and painted red. The front door stood open, and led into a passage or lobby, the walls of which were painted to represent flowers and shrubs of a conservatory, with sun and landscape. We opened the door of one of the rooms, for Miss Bremer is evidently well acquainted with the topography of the town, and found ourselves in a warm, sunny room, looking into a wide field, with probably grown potatoes, and to a country beyond. The cloth was laid for dinner of about twelve children who were assembled there. They made many pleasant articulations of pleasure, whereupon entered Mamsell Berglind, and in the inner room, her face radiant with kindly benevolence. She seemed to have a halo of goodness around her.

After a very cordial welcome, she retired to the adjoining room, and she had left, her sitting and bedroom

I preferring to remain with the young teacher, the only assistant at this moment, and whom I knew to be kind-hearted, and warmly interested in the school. Born dumb, he has now, in a measure, acquired the use of speech. He talks somewhat indistinctly, it is true, but still marvellously well for one in his condition, and we were quite able to carry on a conversation.

The ability displayed by this young man reminds me of a deaf person whom I have seen in Stockholm. Although stone-deaf, he is able to converse with any one, in their usual tone of voice, simply by watching the movement of their lips.

The young teacher assisted me in amusing the children; indeed, I should have managed very indifferently without him. I had brought with me some of Hulda's cuttings as a little present, and these gave infinite delight. They cackled and clapped their arms for wings, as they saw one group, that of an old woman feeding poultry.

We had also brought a number of little coloured picture-cards, which have been adopted here, together with many translations of English tracts, by the Swedish Tract Society, none being more popular than those of the Rev. Newman Hall.

The cards were distributed amongst the children, two boys and the rest girls, all boarders, the day-pupils not attending on Sundays. It seemed a perfect insult to the children to call them deaf and dumb, for every

action and movement spoke. I watched them conversing with each other on the varied subjects of the little picture-cards.

Miss Bremer now reappeared, and asking for a few empty plates, poured out from her wonderful bag a quantity of Danske karameller and gingerbread nuts, with which childish delights she is supplied by an old woman at the end of Drottninggatan. On this there was a very natural outburst of joy, which the children knew no better way of expressing than by spontaneously shaking hands.

It was altogether one of the happiest scenes I ever witnessed, and one of the most interesting. I shall anticipate going there again with much pleasure.

Mamsell Berglind gives her present teacher an excellent character for his unswerving goodness and patience; as a proof of which, she says he is never tired of telling the children long stories on his fingers.

On our way home I learned that this school was in great distress during the last winter, which so troubled Miss Bremer, that she addressed a letter to the "Talking Children of Sweden, on behalf of the Silent School."

The answer was money, sent by children from the length and breadth of Sweden, an answer which entirely removed the difficulties under which it was then struggling. May the school go on and prosper!

I have since learned that the Diet has made a grant for three years to the Silent School.

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

CHRIST THE SYMPATHISER.

BY THE LATE REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A., HONORARY CANON OF MANCHESTER.

"In that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."—HEB. ii. 18.

Sorrow yearns for sympathy. The weakest have it most, and even the strongest cannot always suppress the craving. Grief unshared is unalleviated. Isolated anguish corrodes the heart. Yet such is the selfishness of our nature, that sympathy is not abundant in the world, and consequently multitudes must pine for it in vain. No look of tenderness, no tear of pity, no word of solace falls on their bruised spirit, like dewdrops on a drooping flower. Indeed,

very many can scarcely sympathise with distress, for they have never felt its pang. And even where sympathy is enjoyed, it oftentimes cannot meet the special case, or reach those wounds which are the sorest because they are the innermost.

How rich, then, in fathomless consolation the truth that there is a friend, "the Friend of sinners," to whom all mourners may have access, in whom all may find fellow-feeling; who knows all their sorrows, and can be

"touched with the feeling of" all their "infirmities!"

Such is the precious truth expressed in the verse before us, a verse which tells us—

I. That Christ was tempted.

II. That He "hath suffered, being tempted."

III. That "in that He hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

Oh that the Spirit of Jesus may press from this branch of the tree of life, celestial balm into the wounds of some tried believer's bleeding breast!

I. Christ was tempted, yea, tempted, in all points, like as we are.

The expression startles man. They are wont to associate the idea of something of imperfection, if not of corruption, with the word temptation. What! Emmanuel, God incarnate, tempted like as we are? Was it possible? How could it be? The perplexity they feel springs from misconception. The primitive meaning of temptation is trial. To tempt a man is to test him, to put him to the proof. Whatever, therefore, serves as an occasion to a man to show what manner of spirit he is of, whether he will withstand or yield to evil, is a temptation. But it is clear that it is not wrong for a man to be thus put to the test, nay, it is inevitable in a world like ours. Nor is it less clear that he may be tempted without spot of sin, nay, may even manifest the more his virtue, and his hatred of sin. The furnace, instead of tarnishing or consuming, may only serve to display the purity of the ore.

Here, then, we have the key to the temptations of Christ. He was perfect man as well as perfect God. "Of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. Equal to the Father, as touching His Godhead, inferior to the Father as touching His manhood." Therefore all the feelings, affections, passions of man were His, in their fulness. Nor did their union with Deity, in one person, hinder or restrain their exercise. So that He could be, and He was, "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

The diversity and intensity of temptation

which He underwent is marvellous. can we find ourselves in any circle of trial, whether of mind, body, or where He has not been before us. I ness and weariness, in hunger and watchings often, in torture and assailed by foes, betrayed by friend by the world, oppressed with poverty, persecuted, laden with cor insult, and slander, harassed with fiery darts of the wicked one, over with spiritual perturbation and pierced by the unkindness and obd men, and crushed beneath the God's detestation of sin,—who w tempted as He was? whose path w chequered as His was chequered?

Say not then, afflicted saint, "N realize my circumstances, none w tried as I am tried." Look at Jes be silent. Look at Jesus, and be so

II. But not only was He te still mightier mystery!—He *suffer* tempted.

His was *no shadow* of humanity, *no semblance* of temptation. It was vision or as a phantom. He under the varieties and vicissitudes of m and toil, and woe. He not merely the bread that perisheth, He felt the pangs of hunger. He not only was worn and weary, but He knew the and oppression of exhaustion and f Far from being less susceptible th nary men, He must have been mor alive than others to all the sensa distress, and all the springs of inq The man of coarser mould, whose s ties are obtuse, whose nerves are steel, can pass unmoved through wh agonize a man more finely strung. is sin which has blunted our sensati made our feelings less refined. Wh must have been the sensitiveness who took upon Him our nature, p perfect, without aught to indurate t or abate the spirit's edge? Well m be emphatically "a Man of sorro acquainted with grief." His unfelt b would be "as a sword in His bones course through the thorns and briar

ness must have constantly pierced and  
ed Him.

terious glimpses into the depths of  
hrouded experience are given us  
nally in the records of His life.  
t is written, "He groaned in spirit,  
as troubled," "Jesus wept." He

round upon them with indigna-  
reing "grieved for the hardness of  
eart." He cried out to His unbeliev-  
sciples, "O faithless and perverse  
tion, how long shall I be with you?  
ng shall I suffer you?" Amid the  
of the storm, and roaring of the sea,  
pt in very weariness of the flesh. As  
ur of darkness gloomed upon Him  
was very heavy and sore amazed."  
oul," said He, "is exceeding sorrow-  
en unto death." "Being in an agony  
yed the more earnestly." So incom-  
sible was His anguish, that He prayed  
Father, if it be possible let this cup  
om me." "And His sweat was as it  
reat drops of blood falling down to  
und." And who can conceive what  
ave been His agony of mind when  
d upon the cross, "My God, my God,  
ast Thou forsaken me?" It is true  
e efficacy of His sacrifice is derived  
from the dignity of His person than  
he extent of His suffering, yet when  
taught that "it pleased the Lord to  
Him," that "He hath put Him to  
that He bade His sword awake  
the Man that is His fellow, and  
he Shepherd of the flock, we cannot  
eive an awful impression of the depth  
ersity of His anguish.

as tasted every cup we drink. He  
dergone every struggle we undergo.  
e any sharpness in pain, and prostra-  
toil, any bitterness in reproach, any  
ion in bereavement, any disquietude  
station, and sadness in desertion, any  
in divine abandonment, and amaze-  
n the hour and power of death?—  
e has felt it all. Child of sorrow,  
u bereft? behold Him at the grave  
rus. Art thou weak and weary?  
Him at Samaria's well. Art thou  
by Satan? consider Him in the

dreary wilderness. Art thou weak and  
prostrate in the flesh? see Him asleep amid  
the raging tempest in the hinder part of the  
fisher's boat, on the sea of Galilee. Art  
thou forsaken and betrayed? see Him be-  
trayed by one disciple, denied by another,  
deserted by all. Art thou heavy and sore  
amazed? consider Him in the garden of  
Gethsemane. Do the pains of death com-  
pass thee round? fix thine eye upon the  
cross of Calvary. How fittingly from His  
lips may burst the pathetic appeal in the  
Book of Lamentations, "Is it nothing to  
you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if  
there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,  
which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord  
hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce  
anger."

III. If, then, He was so abundantly  
tempted, if He suffered so intensely, being  
tempted, is He not able to succour them  
that are tempted—*able with a special ability*  
that could not otherwise have pertained to  
Him?

As the Son of God He knew our sorrows  
aforetime, for He knoweth all things. But  
He must become the Son of man in order to  
*taste* our griefs, in order to "be *touched* with  
*the feeling of our infirmities*." "The Word  
made *flesh*," can enter into our afflictions in  
a way that the "Word which was in the  
beginning with God" could not do till He  
became "Immanuel, which being inter-  
preted is, God with us." Thus it is that  
His sympathy is brought within our reach.  
The *lowest* round of the mystic ladder of His  
mysterious person rests upon earth. We can  
hear His groans, we may feel the throbbings  
of His heart as the beloved disciple did when  
he leant upon His breast at the last Supper.  
The abstract nature of the Almighty is too  
vast, too vague for us to grasp; in *Jesus* all  
comes down to our apprehension, and home  
to our hearts.

Those who have sojourned in the inner  
chambers of the house of mourning, know  
that there are few friends who can steal in  
on their seclusion there without awakening  
pain; and of the few none who has never  
been an inmate in that shaded retreat.  
From the footstep of the hardy, the buoyant,

the gay, the mourner instinctively shrinks, as the sensitive plant does from a coarser touch. A wounded spirit needs a delicacy of handling, a refinement of discernment, seldom or never learnt save in the school of sorrow. The finer shades of mental woe, the more recondite strings of the broken heart, can be understood and reached only by those who have themselves passed through and been buffeted by the deepest waters. Even the silent presence of such is balm to the wounded spirit. The consciousness of sympathy soothes. But such a Comforter is the High Priest of our profession. "In that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." "Able," because morally capacitated. "Able," for He is "touched with the *feeling* of our infirmities." "Able," for the very assurance that He *is so* solaces the distressed. And will not He be prompt to pity, who has known the need of pity? to whom an angel from Heaven appeared strengthening Him in His agony? Does not He know how to temper the fiery furnace who has felt its intensest heat? Must not He be skilled to minister the balms of the Holy Spirit to the bleeding hearts who, in the days of His flesh, offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears to Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared?

O Thou, who didst weep at the sepulchre in Bethany, how can we doubt Thy tenderness, or distrust Thy sympathy? O Thou, whose sweat in Gethsemane was as great drops of blood falling down to the ground, can we question Thy fellow-feeling with

those who agonise beneath the guilt?

Hearken then, fainting and disconsolate mourner: whose voice is that heard on the side whispering "Weep not,"—"if not afraid?" It is the voice of Him who has Himself been *tempted* like as we are, who is therefore *able* to succour the temptations. He does not forbid weeping, He will not blame thy tears. *He has wept.* All He chides thy disconsolateness and despondence bids thee learn of Him who said "I have drunk of my Father's cup which my Father hath given me; I not drink it?" But if He "learned obedience by the things that He suffered," oughtest not thou to learn the same in the same school? Shrink not from following the footsteps of the Good Shepherd, not only when they lead to the dreary but to the thirsty desert; not only when they bend towards the peaceful fold, but to the den of lions. Through much tribulation He opened the kingdom of Heaven to His believing followers, and through much tribulation they must enter that kingdom. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Nearest the cross, nearest the throne. Only let the same mind be in us that was also in Christ Jesus. Let us bibe His sympathy by sharing His sufferings. Bear we one another's burdens, and so shall we with them that weep. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and then the things which appertain thereto. For if ye shall do these things, ye shall never fail. Be it ours to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unstained from the world."





## ARTHUR LELAND.

ARTHUR LELAND was a young lawyer about und-twenty years of age. He had gone through a full collegiate course with some honors, and while pursuing his set studies, managed to read an amazing amount of English literature. Indeed, no man took a deeper interest or had a keener taste in such things than he. He was of pleasing personal appearance, fluent and persuasive manner, unimpeachable character and reputation. Every morning he came to his office from one of the pleasant little cottage-homes in the neighborhood, and if you had opened the little front-door and gone up through the shrubbery to the house, you would have seen a Mrs. Leland, here indoors, as intelligent and agreeable a young lady as ever you saw. More than you would have seen, tumbling about on the grass, or up to the ears in mischief, as if looking a little fellow of about three years old as you could well have wished for your own son.

His looks were well enough, but yet there was something wrong. Not in the house. No; it was not a cottage as you could wish; plenty of roses; peonies and honeysuckles climbing up the walls; green grass; white paint; Venetian blinds; comfortable furniture.

Not in Willie, the little rogue. No; rosy and healthy, with a fine head and intelligent charming specimen he was of an only son, full of tricks, of course, he was. Overcome with uproar, and questions, and misadventures. Mustaches of egg, or butter-milk, or after each meal, as a matter of course. Bumpers, bumped forehead, torn clothes, all day long. Yet a more affectionate, easily-ruled child never was.

The fault was not in the young mother. I tell you it was not. Leland knew, to his own core, that a lovelier, more prudent, more intelligent wife could not exist. A loving, lady-like, right and true mother.

What was the evil? Look at Leland. He was in perpetual motion. Reading, writing, talking, he is always in a hurry, always in a great hurry. Rather too much in a hurry, indeed. There is a certain slowness about our strong man. You never associate the idea of mental depth and power with our quick-stepping man. You cannot think of a Roman emperor, as a slight,

swift man. The bearing of a man's body is the outward emblem of the bearing of his soul. Leland is slim and active. He meets you in his rapid walk. He stops, grasps your hand, asks cordially after your health. There is an open, warm feeling in the man. No hypocrisy whatever. Yet he talks too fast. He does not give you a chance of answering one question, before he is asking another totally different. He is not at ease, and he keeps you from being at ease. You feel it especially in his own house. He is too cordial, too full of effort, to make your visit pleasant to you. You like him, yet you do not feel altogether at home with him. You are glad when he leaves you to his more composed wife. You never knew or heard of his saying or doing anything wrong or unbecoming. You look upon him as a peculiar sort of man. Well, somehow—but!—

He is at the bar defending that woman who sits by him dressed in mourning—some chancery case. Or it is a criminal case, and it is the widow's only son that Leland is defending. If you had been in his office for the last week, you would have acknowledged that he has studied the case, has prepared himself on it as thoroughly as a man can. He is an ambitious man. He intensely desires to make for himself a position. His address to the judge, or to the jury, as the case may be, is a good one. Yet, somehow, he does not convince. He himself is carried away by his own earnestness, but he does not carry his hearers away with him. His remarks are interesting. People listen to him attentively from first to last. Yet his arguing does not, somehow, make an impression. His pathos does not, somehow, melt. He is the sort of man that people would never think of as likely to reach the woolsack, or obtain a seat in Parliament.

Wherein lies the defect? Arthur Leland is well read, a gentleman of spotless character, of earnest application, of popular manners. Why is not this man possessed of more weight, power, standing? "Why," you answer, "the man is just what he is. He fills the very position up to which his force of mind raises him. Had he more talent, he would rise higher." No, sir. Every one of his acquaintances knows, nay, he himself knows, that he is capable of being much more than he is;—yet, somehow, somehow he does not attain to it! It is this

singular, uneasy, unsatisfied feeling which preys upon his own mind. "He might be, but he is not," say his neighbours. "I am not, yet I might be," worries him as an incessant and eternal truth.

The reason of all this broke upon him like a revelation.

He was at work one fine morning in his garden at a square plot, in which some young hyacinths of a choice kind were just springing. Willie was there with him, just emerged fresh for fun from the repose of sleep. Very anxious to be as near as possible to his father, Willie had strayed to the spot, and stood beside his papa. With a quick, passionate motion, Leland seized the child, and placed him violently back upon the gravel walk with a harsh threat. The child whimpered for a while, and soon forgetting himself, came to his father again over the tender plants. This time Leland seized him still more violently, seated him roughly in the walk, and, with harsh words, struck a blow upon his plump red cheek. Willie burst into tears, and roared with passion. His father was in a miserable, uneasy frame of mind. He ceased his work, and bared his brow to the delicious morning air. He leaned upon his hoe, and gazed upon his child. He felt there was something wrong. He always knew, and acknowledged, that he was of a rash, irritable disposition. He now remembered that ever since the infant's birth, he had been exceedingly impatient with it. He remembered how harshly he had spoken to it, how rudely he had tossed it on his knee when it awoke him with its crying at night. He remembered that the little one had been daily with him for three years, and that not a day had passed in which he had not spoken loudly, or even fiercely to the child.

Yes, he remembered the heavy blows he had given it in bursts of passion, blows deeply regretted the instant after, yet repeated on the first temptation. He thought of it all; he remembered that his boy was but a little child, and that he had spoken to him, and expected him to act, as if grown up. All his passionate, cruel words and blows rushed upon his memory; his rough replies to childish questions; his unmanly anger at childish offences. He thought, too, how the little boy had still followed him, because his father was all on earth to him; how the little thing had said, he "was sorry," and had offered a kiss even after some bitter word or blow altogether undeserved. Leland remembered, too, as the

morning air blew aside his hair, how he had shown this same miserable, nervous instability in the treatment of his dog, his servants; even the branch of the tree that struck him as he walked; yea, even to his own wife. He remembered how those black, unhappy feelings had clouded his mind, and burst from his lips, at every little annoyance that had happened. He could not but remember how it had only made him worse—had made himself and his child wretched for the time. He felt humiliated, how unmanly all this was. He pictured himself before his own eyes as peevish, restless, irritable, unhappy, and weak-minded!

He glanced at the house; he knew she was in it, engaged in her morning work, gentle, ladylike, and loving him so much. He glanced at his sobbing child, and thought how healthful and intelligent he was. He thought of his garden, and orchard, and how pleasant was his home. He thought of his circle of friends, his position in the world, his own education and health, and saw how much he had to make him and all jarred, and marred, and contrasted with his miserable fits of irritation; the plague increasing daily, becoming more and more nature—breathing the pestilent atmosphere of hell over himself and all connected with him.

As he thus thought, his little boy forgot himself, and strayed with heedlessness toward his father's side. Leland dropped his hoe, and reached toward his child. The little fellow threw up his hands, and writhed in body, as if expecting a blow.

"Willie," said the father, in a low voice. Willie looked up half in fright, half in amazement. "Willie, boy," said the father in a new tone, such as had never passed before, and he felt the deep, calm power of his own words. "Willie, boy, don't walk over the plants. Go back, and stay there, till I am done."

The child, under the irresistible power of the slow-spoken, gentle words, walked back and resumed his seat, evidently not inclined to transgress again.

As Leland stood with the words dying on his lips, and his hand extended, a singular idea struck him. He felt that he had just said the most impressive and important thing he had ever said in his life! that there was a power in his tone and

had never used before; a power would affect a judge or a jury, as it had Willie. The curse, then, had exerted its influence here too! That hasty disposition of his, had given manner to his very public speaking. This it had made his arguments unconvincing pathos unappealing. It was just a pale, serene feeling and manner, which shined at the bar as well as with Willie. With *that* feeling and manner, he felt irresistibly convince. Pleading in *that* gentle spirit, he felt would melt, would soothe heart as with the very emotion of

with all his faults, was a Christian. All that day he thought upon this. That night in the privacy of his room he melted and poured out his soul before his boy's sake, for his wife's sake, for his usefulness' sake at the unexplored steady aid to overcome the setting sin. He pleaded that, while in such a habit, he was alienating himself from his boy and his wife; yea, that alienating his own better self from where he was losing his own self-respect. His voice sank from a murmur into a whisper as he remembered that he was thus

alienating from his bosom and his side, a higher, even a Divine, a heavenly Friend.

And then he remembered that just such a daily disposition as he lacked was exactly that disposition which characterized God when God became man. The excellence of such a disposition rose serenely before him, embodied in the person of Jesus Christ—the young lawyer fell forward on his face, and wept in the agony of his desire and his prayer.

From that sweet spring morning was Arthur Leland a better man; a wiser, abler, more successful man in every sense. Not all at once; steadily, yet undoubtedly, the change advanced. The wife saw, and felt, and rejoiced in it. Willie felt it, and was restrained by it in every drop of his merry blood; the household felt it, as a ship does an even wind, and sailed on over smooth seas under its impulse. You saw the change in the man's very gait, and bearing, and conversation. Judge and jury felt it. It was the ceasing of a fever in the frame of a strong man; and Leland went about easily, naturally, the strong man he was. The old, uneasy, self-harassing feeling was forgotten, and an ease and grace of tone and manner succeeded. It was a higher development of the father, the husband, the orator, the gentleman, the Christian.

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#### W A R.

led by an illustrious commander, that, defeat, the most terrible misfortune that occur was a victory. And so every day I say who rides over a field of battle after the action, and observes the mangled with dead and wounded. Meanwhile victors, the untouched, have passed the defeated retire or flee; the conqueror is vanquished as he best may, advancing the dead and dying of the enemy, to his own. To imagine that the staff and regimental, are equal to the labours which follow a sanguinary battle that they could be so multiplied as to be equal to the surgical conflict, were a gross delusion. The medical staff of an army, under no circumstances, been able to contend with the terrible results.

Give me the money that has been paid in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a school-house upon every hill side and in every valley over the whole habitable earth. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace. I will support in the pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to Heaven.

STEBBING.

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# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters

## HEERA AND MOTEE; OR, ELLINOR GRANTLEY'S FRIENDS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS;" "MABEL AND CORA," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.



AM glad it is arranged at last," thoughtfully observed Mrs. Grantley, as she stood by the fire, with an open letter in her hand, one day in early spring. "Yes, it is a very good thing James and Anna have consented."

The remark was a soliloquy—perhaps an unconscious one; for the only other occupant of the room was an old gentleman, who for the last half-hour had been buried in his armchair and his newspaper. He was little as well as old; with a fine curly brown wig, which did not harmonize well with his wrinkled and faded features. His exterior was eccentric, and his manner and address were usually blunt even to roughness. Yet at the bottom there was such true kindness of heart, such high principle, that if he too often formed a laughing-stock to the giddy young people of his acquaintance, there were not a few men of his own standing, of well-tested powers and abilities, who were proud to acknowledge him as their friend. And the boys and girls who laughed at his ways and appearance, little recked of the storms of life which had passed over his head, and which, doubtless, might account for much that was peculiar in his conduct.

Mrs. Grantley's remark aroused him, and he asked—

"What new arrangements have you been making, Ellinor?"

"Only about my nieces—you have heard us talking about it the last few days—I am very glad to hear that it is decided that they are to come to us."

"I don't remember anything about it. What nieces?"

"The Beverleys—Colonel Beverley's daughters, uncle."

"Beverley! Hum! What relation you say?"

"Mrs. Beverley—she was my poor husband's sister. You remember her very well Mrs. Grantley, rather timidly. "Annley!"

Mr. Cowley started as if he were then said, hastily, "What! is she here?"

"No, no—her daughters," said Mr. Cowley, accustomed to his fits of real or pretended obtuseness. She added, anxiously, "not object to that, uncle."

"No matter to any one if I do," muttered Cowley.

"Indeed, it would matter very much to Francis. But I hoped you understood they were asked. They are extremely good girls—thoroughly well educated, and brought up."

"Oh, well then, of course there are no objections to be urged," said Mr. Cowley, doubt they are perfection."

Mrs. Grantley looked uneasy, but quietly—

"I know that one of them—Nellie's friend—is about the sweetest girl I ever met. She is not in general considered so far as her sister, I believe. She is quite more retiring, but——"

"A rare virtue now-a-days," interrupted Cowley. "Fascinating, is the other?—mother, I presume."

"She has lively spirits, as her mother has—yes, perhaps in some things. Hebe is like her mother in old days. But she resembles her more as she is now."

"What do you call them?" exclaimed Cowley, dropping his newspaper, and pushing his spectacles high up on his forehead.

"Heera and Motee are the names. I never saw very singular ones, though the men are certainly pretty."

h!" said Mr. Cowley, impatiently, to find a reasonable subject for comment. "Who thinks of the *meaning* of names? her parents thinking about?" "You know it was just after their return from India, and Colonel Beverley, as his wife, had a very strong feeling for the past and everything connected with it, his parents having been there a great part of his life, and his sisters married there. The twins were born, they gave them names—and really very pretty ones." "Common names! Common among all Indian young girls, as I know!" said Mr. Cowley.

"I rate my nieces were hardly to the matter, uncle," suggested Mrs. Grantley with a view to conciliate him. "And singular that the names should be so close as they really are. Heera, every one knows, is so very like a diamond—so clear and bright; and Motee—nothing more suitable than to liken her to a

gem. He muttered again something very foolish!" at good Mrs. Grantley's little sentimentalism. Presently he ob-

servingly had not told me yet when and why the ladies are coming."

Colonel Beverley has been so out of the country this winter, that the doctors strongly recommended a total change of air and scene as restorative; so he and Anna have started to go for a few weeks' tour on the continent, and the girls are coming to us in their absence."

"Really! No, you don't say so," said Mr. Cowley incredulously. "There are not now-a-days who would miss such a unity of foreign travel."

"But the truth is they have no choice in the matter. It would just double the expense if they were to go—and, in fact, the reason which Colonel and Mrs. Beverley suggested for the journey was by finding a pleasant inland for the girls while they are away. Of course I offered to take them in my place. I have heard how matters stood, and Anna is relieved and grateful, that I am quite sure I had it in my power."

"Does the proposed journey take

you not think they will go abroad for a fortnight or more; but in a week they will be home and pay a visit to some

friends in London on their way. I have asked the girls to come to us then."

Mrs. Grantley's explanations were interrupted by the entrance of her son and daughter on their return from a walk. The former was a fine-looking young man, now home from Oxford, on his first vacation, with a peculiarly frank, open, hearty bearing, and clear smiling brown eyes. The latter was a slight, pale, dark-eyed girl of about seventeen; usually very composed in manner, reticent, and somewhat proud in character.

"What are you and uncle Francis discussing so earnestly, mamma?" asked the young lady, sitting down, with a look of unusual animation on her face, called up by her long walk with her brother.

"Talk of *discussions*!" exclaimed Reginald. "That is what Nellie and I have been at the last hour, and at the end of it we have found ourselves exactly at the same point as at the beginning."

"I always argue in the circle, you know," said Ellinor, laughing. "It is much the safest plan, for, as you say, it only brings one over and over again to the starting-point."

"Your cousins are coming, my dear," observed Mrs. Grantley. "I have a letter from your aunt, and she is very grateful to us for offering to take them in."

"Oh, I am glad to hear it," said Nellie, eagerly, leaning forward.

"When will they come?"

"In about a week they hope."

"It will be very nice," said Nellie. "And Motee—there must be a letter from her to me. She always answers by return of post if I ask her."

"There is none to-day, dear. I daresay she did not think it worth while, as she will see you in a week."

"None!" Nellie repeated, drawing back.

"Perhaps your cousin is disappointed at losing the pleasure of a continental tour," suggested Mr. Cowley, half ironically.

Nellie was silent, and a chilled cold look had settled on her face—a look of real and unaffected disappointment. Mrs. Grantley answered for her—

"Oh, no, that is not at all likely. Heera might be, but I do not think Motee would prefer anything to coming here. She and Nellie have been such very close friends ever since they were children. Nellie was at the same school with her for three years, you know."

"I don't remember it. I never heard anything about it," said Mr. Cowley, as if he felt himself injured at having been kept in ignorance.

Mrs. Grantley hesitated, and then said in a low tone—

"I did not think you would care to hear us talking about Anna or her family, so I have always avoided it."

There was a moment's pause, and then Mr. Cowley remarked—

"So Nellie did not patronize the other young lady—what is her name?—Heera!—in the same way!"

"Oh, every one likes Heera," said Mrs. Grantley.

Reginald laughed at the slightly dubious tone—

"Mother, I should very much like to know what there is about Heera that you don't approve of—what makes you speak of her in that doubtful way, as if you were not quite sure about your own opinion of her. It is so long since I have seen them, that my own memory won't supply me with more than the most general outline of what they are."

"I like her very much," said Mrs. Grantley, with a rather nervous glance at her uncle, for she knew that if once a prejudice were implanted in his mind it would not be easily uprooted.

"Nellie, you can tell me," persisted Reginald. "What is this mental reservation that you and my mother always show when you speak of Heera?"

"I never said there was one," said Nellie, rousing herself from her abstraction, though her eager animated look was entirely gone. "She doesn't suit me so well as Motee does."

"So you won't enlighten me. I shall make most particular observations when they come, and I daresay it will not be long before I know all I wish."

"No—you will think Heera perfectly charming," said Nellie. "Almost every one does."

"Except you. And you won't even take the means in your power to prevent my thinking so," said Reginald, comically. "Forewarned is forearmed, you know."

"No, I don't want to prejudice you," said Nellie, rising. "I am going to take off my things now."

She disappeared from the room, but a moment later Reginald strode across it into the hall, and overtook her with a quick—

"I say, Nellie, I want one word with you.

You're not going to make yourself because you have had no letter!"

"What makes you think such," asked Nellie, quietly, turning round him.

"What? Why, I saw it in your course. You may depend upon it that's a mistake. Uncle Francis' idea is more correct. From your accounts of Motee I am sure he would have written if possible."

"More likely she did not wish"—Nellie faltered, but presently she went on "most likely, as uncle says, she would have gone abroad."

"Depend upon it, she would have done nothing of the sort," said Reginald, "don't mean that she would not like any girl would. Why, you would, I know very well."

"Not better than being with Motee nearly so much," said Nellie, in a low tone.

"Then you may be certain she would not either," cried Reginald. "That's not the thing that would keep her from coming."

"Yes—if she felt she could not write about coming," said Nellie, quietly. "I would not say anything insincere, as she cannot express pleasure enough."

Reginald looked half-amused and half-irritated.

"Nellie, you are the most arrant tormentor I ever had the pleasure of knowing. I declare your only object in having me here seems to be to suspect their affection for me."

"Oh, Reginald!" said Nellie, reproachfully.

"Really I mean it, Nellie. The fact is, I have noticed it more than ever."

"You have noticed it more than ever," said Nellie, scarcely been a single individual, among all your friends and acquaintances that has been mentioned, whom you suspected of coldness or neglect—was it intentional. Am I vexing you?" changing his tone, and taking it all up between his own. "You know I don't know what I think; and I don't know what I think of young ladies and their friends."

"I can't help being more sensitive than some people," said Reginald, perhaps just a touch of complacency. "I should not wish to be so proud as to be perfectly secure that my feelings would be fully returned."

"Proud!" repeated Reginald, with a droll expression. "You have cured Nellie. I always imagined that she had more pride in taking offence easily."

exacting a great deal of attention—not that I mean you do that exactly, but——”

“I have not taken offence,” said Nellie, gravely. “I am only sorry that Motee does not wish to come—pained that she does not care so much for me as I do for her.”

“Nellie, how do you know she does not? I do believe that if mamma herself accidentally passed you in the street, you would infer that she did not care for you.”

“If she did it *intentionally*,” began Nellie. “But that would be quite a different thing. I know, though, who *has* passed me to-day,” she added, to turn the subject.

“Who? Some other hapless friend of yours? What’s the name of the lady?”

“No lady. It was Owen Russel.”

“Ha! oh, I see. You are feeling jealous for me this time, as well as yourself. Thank you very much. But seriously, Nellie, you’ve enough troubles with your own friends, without making up any more about mine. You see I’m such a thick-skinned fellow by nature, that unhappily I positively couldn’t get up any sentiment on the subject, even if I were to see Russel walk away from under my very nose. I should take it for granted that there was some first-rate reason for his conduct under the circumstances.”

“I wish I could think so too,” said Nellie, sighing. “O Reginald, I cannot help being angry with Owen, though I have not said much about him, as I knew you would not agree with me. But you know you have been home now a whole week, and in the first three days you went twice to his house, and found them all out; and not *once* since then has he called to see you.”

“Probably from the best of reasons—that he has been unable.”

“I don’t believe it. I haven’t contradicted you about it before.”

Reginald uttered an “Oh, oh.”

“I mean not strongly. But this morning when I was out I passed him as I left a shop; I was as close to him as I am to you. He saw me in a moment, coloured up, started aside, and hurried on with the stiffest of bows, looking quite alarmed, for fear I should stop him.”

“I daresay he was on some errand, and afraid of being delayed; or perhaps he thought you did not want to speak to him.”

“He shall have some reason to think so,” said Nellie, emphatically. “If he does not care to come and see you when you have been away from home so long, I don’t want to have any

more to do with him. I believe it is that money that was left to them lately. He thinks they are grander now, and can look higher.”

“Nellie, Nellie!” cried Reginald, in despair; “I really never did see any one so ingenious at finding unworthy motives for every one’s conduct.”

“Only when they are as evident as this,” said Nellie, turning coldly away, though she always bore from her warm-hearted, outspoken brother remarks which she would not have allowed for a moment from any one else.

Reginald stepped after her, placed his hands on her shoulders, and made her stand still.

“Nellie, one thing I must say, that I think it is anything but *apparent* that Russel’s motives are those you impute to him. He may have had a hundred reasons for his behaviour. However, I won’t argue the point, as it would only be chasing you round and round your *circle*. I’ll leave Russel to convince you himself. You are not offended with me, are you?”

Nellie answered by a kiss.

“I don’t mind what you say to me, Reginald. You are generally in the right, I believe, and if I *could* feel like you I daresay it would be better; but I can’t.” And, releasing herself from him, she ran upstairs.

Reginald slowly returned to the drawing-room, soliloquizing by the way—“Nellie’s the best girl that ever was, and I never saw her equal; but as for the *pride* she talks of, why, she is never satisfied unless she has her friends at her feet; and they can’t *live* there altogether. Pity people *will* be suspicious!”

## CHAPTER II.

It was on a Thursday that the conversation in the last chapter had taken place, and on the following Saturday Reginald went a third time to the Russels’ house, but found that they had all left home for some days. Nothing had been seen or heard of Owen; and while Reginald still most obstinately persisted in his belief that there was some good reason for his friend’s conduct, Nellie could not allude to him without indignation; nor was she much less provoked with her brother for his credulous simplicity.

“Really,” said Reginald, good-temperedly, one afternoon—it was Friday, nearly a week later, and the day on which Heera and Motee Beverley were expected to arrive. “Really, Nellie, I would agree with you if I could, but

absolutely I can't make myself angry or miserable about what I don't believe."

"But you must *see* what Owen is, Reginald."

"I see what he *does*," retorted Reginald, laughing. "I *know* what he *is*, and that is quite enough for me."

"Ah! you have not been with him since this money came to them. I have, and I have fancied once or twice that he has seemed cold."

"My dear Nellie, there isn't a single person in the place that hasn't seemed cold to you at one time or other—and a good deal oftener than once or twice."

"Well, you are very happy in being able to bear such treatment without feeling it," said Nellie, sighing. "Anything like coldness always makes me wretched—when it is from those I care for."

"Yes, and you are doing your best to make me the same," laughed Reginald. "You won't succeed, Nellie. I shall require desperately strong evidence before I can believe Russel such a fickle piece of goods as you would make him out. I'm going for a walk now, and I shall ask at the house, as I pass, whether they have returned home yet."

"Reginald, how can you expose yourself in such a way to rebuffs? You will only be sent away again."

"A very innocent sort of rebuff, to be sent away because no one is at home. If they are not, I shall be back all the earlier."

"I cannot think how you can do it," said Nellie, as he went away. "I could not."

He returned in less than an hour, with the words—

"Your prognostications were right, Nellie. They are still away."

Nellie's lip curled.

"But they hope to be back to-morrow or next day."

"Much you will see of Owen when they do come," said Nellie, quietly.

"Are you talking of the Russels?" asked Mrs. Grantley, who had just before entered the room. "It is singular that we should have seen so little of them lately."

"Very," said Reginald, gravely. "Nellie can't get over it at all. When Russel does make his appearance, I don't believe she will condescend to speak a word to him."

"Who are you speaking about?" chimed in Mr. Cowley, rousing himself in his arm-chair from one of his fits of abstraction. "Oh, I remember, I heard. Reginald thinks that some one is treating him with insufficient attention."

"Nellie thinks so for me," said Reginald.

"Then Nellie has no business to think anything of the sort," said Mr. Cowley, rather sharply. "Never trust to reports or appearances. Nellie, don't you grow up a suspicious exacting woman, or you'll suffer for it."

Nellie looked rather scornful at the rebuke, though something in the tremulous eagerness with which the last words were spoken, deterred her from answering him. Mr. Cowley leant back, with a deep sigh, and did not speak again.

The silence that ensued was only broken by the arrival of the expected cousins. Reginald's first impression was that the same description would apply equally to both—not tall, slender in figure, with pretty fair complexion and features, large blue eyes, and profuse light brown hair—and that he would never know them apart. But in half an hour his opinion had so completely changed, that he began to think he had never seen two sisters more unlike one another in everything except mere appearance. Heera's features were, strictly speaking, the prettiest, Motee's expression by far the sweetest; Heera's manners were lively and sparkling, Motee's soft and retiring; Heera's spirits were almost flippantly gay, Motee was quiet and thoughtful; Heera seemed to talk equally sense and nonsense, merely for the pleasure of hearing her own voice, and Motee, though well able to converse, and always ready with the right words at the right time, was as willing to be silent and to hear others as to speak herself.

Nellie received them kindly, but was a little stiff towards Motee, and did not reciprocate her expressions of pleasure at meeting again. Motee looked rather perplexed, but before she had time to wonder much what was the cause of her cousin's manner, Reginald exclaimed aloud, in his frank abrupt way—

"So, Motee, you disappointed Nellie of a promised letter the other day!"

Nellie looked decided disapprobation at Reginald's mode of proceeding, but he smiled back in answer, while Motee seemed surprised.

"Did I? I don't know when you mean."

"A week ago—Nellie nearly broke her heart."

"Reginald! how can you talk such nonsense?" said Nellie, colouring.

"Not quite, only *nearly*," persisted Reginald.

"I wrote at the same time as mamma—just a week ago," said Motee.

"Reginald, I wish you would not interfere! Motee made no promises," said Nellie, rather annoyed.

"Interfere! I'm only fishing for the truth."



ote, Motee, though the letter did not

ry strange," said Motee, in perplexity. ly wrote, and asked mamma to en- n hers. I remember giving it to take to her."

was talking to Mrs. Grantley, but interrupted them, explained the sub- discussion, and politely asked if she ed delivering the letter.

not? of course I did," said Heera. see I am making inquiries for the ellie's peace of mind," pursued Regi- imperturbable gravity, "so you must . May I ask if you are quite certain?" —at least, I don't remember particu- of course I did as Motee asked me," a, laughing. "Unless I forgot." hat a probable occurrence?"

r, I can't deny. I am famous at home tfulness. Very likely I did in this l it was certainly a great wonder that ould have trusted me with her letter." called away in a hurry," said Motee. how ungrateful you must have ne, when you had just been thinking about our plans, and asking us to e,"

pressed her hand silently, but was ot to meet Reginald's eye. What a lid not learn experience by these little , instead of ascribing such mistakes to ver-sensitiveness—almost to humility ing it for granted that the fault, if it , was irremediable. She had not yet at pride was at the bottom of all— strong, that even when convinced of ake, she could not stoop openly to dge it, or ask forgiveness. For, though Nellie's actions were dictated by the motives, though she really wished to do what was right, yet her know-elf, of her own failings and weakness, et very limited. As both Mr. Cowley inald had hinted, she was too much to exact love and attention; too easily with the slightest failure in that She could not trust the affection of ids, without constant evidence that ed the same as ever, but was always fancy it must be undergoing a change, g cold.

owley hardly condescended to notice arrivals during the hour that elapsed inner. He sat in a "brown study," ly completely lost in his own thoughts;

though an occasional sharp glance from his keen grey eyes, and low "hem" of alternate approbation and dissatisfaction, showed him to be not quite so unconscious of all that went on, as he desired them to suppose.

"What a strange old gentleman!" exclaimed Heera, when he at length quitted the room for a few minutes. "Mr. Cowley did you say he was?"

"Yes, my uncle," said Nellie in a lower tone, afraid of being overheard, as he might return at any moment; "or rather my great-uncle."

"But does he always live with you?"

"Not exactly. He has a very nice large house and grounds of his own in the west of England, but he hardly ever goes there, and though he calls it only a visit when he comes, he does in reality spend more than three quarters of the year with us."

"I wonder you can put up with it," said Heera. "Such a peculiar old gentleman—and oh, that wig!"

Heera went into a fit of laughter at the recollection.

"You will appreciate him more when you are better acquainted with him," said Mrs. Grantley quietly. "He is very kind, as you will find, though he seems rather blunt at first."

"Blunt! I wish he were!" cried Heera, laughing. "Anything would be better than the grim determined silence of the last hour. Oh, no, I never shall like him—I couldn't possibly get over that dreadful wig. I only hope I shan't laugh every time I see it. It's enough to send one into convulsions."

"Hush! he is coming back," said Reginald, rather peremptorily, detecting the sound of Mr. Cowley's returning footsteps; but the incorrigible Heera uttered a very audible "That wig! oh dear, it's enough to kill one!" even at the moment that he entered the room, in spite of Motee's imploring glance, and Nellie's rather displeased face.

However, Mr. Cowley had evidently heard nothing, and appeared also to have overcome his fit of moodiness. Heera, indeed, he treated with a dry bluntness that showed him to be far from prepossessed in her favour; but he had apparently taken a fancy to Motee. At dinner-time he handed her to the seat on his right hand, with a deferential air, remarking—

"You perceive, Miss Beverley, I am bound to be attentive to my niece's particular friend."

"Thank you for calling me so," said Motee, with rather a heightened colour, and a smiling glance at Nellie.

"Uncle Francis knows that you have always been my adopted sister, Motee," said Nellie.

"A very good thing for both, no doubt," returned the old gentleman. "May I ask how you have left your father to-day? Is he better yet?"

"Not much, thank you; but we hope the journey will do wonders for him," said Motee.

Mr. Cowley laid down the carving-knife with a dissatisfied air.

"Journeys very seldom do all that is expected of them," he muttered, half in soliloquy. "People think in these days that a rush over land and sea, by rail and steam, is the infallible recipe for every imaginable species of ailment."

"Oh, there's no fear that it won't succeed with papa," said Heera, confidently. "He has had the advice of the best London doctors, and they all say so."

"Aye, aye! doctors are ready enough at all times to delude themselves and their patients into such a belief—a groundless idea—quite groundless," murmured the old gentleman; while Motee gave her sister a deprecating glance, and Reginald asked quietly, "How many of them has he consulted?"

"Oh, ever so many!" returned Heera, pursing up her pretty mouth into an arch expression.

"What are the names of the doctors, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Grantley, turning to Motee. "I did not know your father had seen any but the one you always consult."

"There was a Mr. Hobson," said Motee, with some hesitation. "Papa met him at a friend's house, and then he came to see papa, and recommended a continental tour."

"Hobson, Hobson!" repeated Mr. Cowley. "And he's one of the first London doctors, is he?"

"I don't know that he is exactly that," said Motee, with a rather distressed glance at Heera, who sat in assumed unconcern. "I believe he has a very good practice."

"Oh!" said Mr. Cowley, emphatically, fixing his eyes on Heera, but failing to disconcert her in the slightest degree.

"How is Randolph getting on?" asked Nellie, after a short silence—an uncomfortable one, it would seem, to every one but Heera.

"Oh, he's quite well again," said the latter; "but we're all in desperation about what he's to do. Somehow he hasn't much interest, I fancy."

"Oh, Heera! not in *desperation*," expostulated Motee.

"Not after he has lost that splendid talent! Such a shame that he should, Lord Morbury's promise."

"Whose promise?" cried Mr. Cowley in a startling tone Motee thought. "Who talking of?"

"My brother Randolph, and papa's Lord Morbury," said Heera.

"I was not aware that you had a business said Mr. Cowley, studiously addressing himself to Motee, and turning away from "Older than you, I presume."

"Yes—oh, several years. He is an engineer," added Motee, as he seemed to farther information; "and until lately seemed to be getting on pretty well in his profession, but his health failed him, he had to throw everything up for me half a year. And now he is well again finds it so difficult to get anything to do."

"What is this about a splendid talent?"

"It is one for which he has been lately. It was a very good one, and quite equal to it, and it was only just that he failed in getting it. We quite thought he would have had it, and were very much disappointed."

Mr. Cowley made a few short, decided remarks as to Randolph's capabilities and expectations.

"Humph! very good!" he observed, ending. "He'll do, if he can get a start no doubt—if he is all that you think. Is the cause of your sister's indignation Lord Morbury? Is he a friend of yours?"

"A great friend of papa's," said Heera, "had great influence about the giving of the appointment, and after all—after almost missing it for Randolph, and professing so anxious that he should have it—managed to get it for some relation or of his own."

Mr. Cowley made a short sound indicating strong disapproval. Motee said gravely:

"Heera, I don't know what promise mean. Lord Morbury was very kind to me, I believe, when papa spoke to him, but really I don't think he *promised* anything."

"Let's hear your version of the affair," said Mr. Cowley, impatiently. "There's nothing at the facts of the case with any one else."

Motee looked rather distressed, as if with an apologetic glance at her sister, only afraid you would misunderstand her.

"Nothing more likely, my dear Miss B. —nothing more easy—so pray set me right."

as possible. What *did* Lord Morbury *do*."

at he would, if possible, recommend lph, and use his influence in his favour; said his assistance had already been en for another young man, in case he decide upon applying for the appoint- which was not then quite certain; and only in the event of his failing to do so, Lord Morbury could do anything for lph."

! that materially alters the case!" ejacu- fr. Cowley.

era seems to have forgotten the most ant part of it," remarked Nellie, quietly. on't think that makes much difference," ed Heera. "Lord Morbury promised to best for Randolph, and I don't believe "

mma says she is sure he would have Randolph, if he could," said Motee, a gathering frown on Mr. Cowley's face. says she could never think for a moment : had done less than he promised."

course *not*, indeed," said Mr. Cowley, tically. After which he sank into a fit occupation, which lasted with little in- sion all the rest of the evening.

Beverleys went to bed early, as they ired with their journey. Nellie accom- them upstairs, but came back after a nd remarked, as she entered—

w, Reginald, what do you think? Isn't one of the prettiest girls you have ever

all—perhaps—yes—one of them," said ld, reflectively. "Not to my mind so oking as her sister or *you*."

ie laughed.

at is your partiality, Reginald, I am

And you must acknowledge, pretty as is, she is not so brilliant-looking as "

e difference between a genuine pearl ock diamond," said Reginald.

, not so bad as that!"

is not gold that glitters," quoted Re- oracularly. "It's very well to talk of a pretty face, but there isn't half the and character there that there is in s."

m glad you appreciate Motee, though I give you credit for so much penetration. so quiet, that it takes some time to be- acquainted with her."

pearl hidden in an oyster-shell," sug-

gested Reginald, assuming a comically senti- mental air.

"That is mother's favourite simile, is it not?"

Mrs. Grantley smiled.

"Reginald, I hope you won't take a dislike to Heera and make her stay unpleasant to her. She is our *guest*, you know."

"As if I ever made anything unpleasant to anybody!" cried Reginald. "What an insinu- ation!"

"Only if you make up your mind in too much haste—" said Mrs. Grantley, gently.

"Then I can alter it, if necessary, mother. My opinion *now* of Heera is that she is very pretty and charming, but as to placing any *reliance* on her——"

"Reginald! Reginald!" interrupted Mrs. Grantley, in serious earnest, with an appre- hensive glance in the direction of Mr. Cowley.

"You have no reason for thinking that," said Nellie.

"Haven't I? The first thing I always notice with a new acquaintance is whether he sticks close to the truth at all times. Now, did you not hear the random way in which Heera talked? I believe she thinks it is witty, and I suppose it does sound clever and sparkling from her lips; but that is no excuse. First, she declared my uncle had consulted the best London doctors, and in Motee's account they dwindled down to the family physician, and a nonentity they picked up at a friend's house. Then she made out that Lord Morbury had broken his promise, when it appeared that he really had made none at all, and had done all that was in his power. And another time she was running on about Lord Morbury's kind- ness to her father, driving him out in his carriage, and asking him to his estate for change of air, when a word or two from Motee explained that the latter was only an un- accepted invitation of two years back, and that uncle Beverley had *once been on business* in Lord Morbury's carriage."

"She does it without thought," said Mrs. Grantley. "I am very sorry for it."

"Ellinor!" interposed Mr. Cowley, abruptly; "what is this about Lord Morbury being so intimate with the Beverleys?"

"I don't think he is *intimate*," said Mrs. Grantley, quietly, while Nellie asked in sur- prise, "Do you know him, uncle Francis?"

"Do I? Do I not?" said Mr. Cowley. The next minute he added, "I knew him long before you or your mother were born, Nellie. We were schoolfellows—class-mates—rivals and friends."

"I don't remember hearing you mention him, uncle."

"I don't suppose you often have. I don't talk much of my friends," said Mr. Cowley, laconically. "But to hear your cousin accusing a man like Lord Morbury of playing them false, and failing to keep his word—a chit of a girl like that!—I've no patience with her."

"I am sorry for their disappointment about Randolph," mildly remarked Mrs. Grantley, to divert his attention from Heera's delinquencies.

"Aye! and I was about to allude to that—only the thought of that girl put it out of my head. I happen to have heard of another appointment, very similar to the one he has lost, only a day or two ago, and it is very probable that I might procure it for him—by requesting Lord Morbury to recommend him."

"Lord Morbury again! What an influential man he seems to be!" said Nellie, admiringly. "How delightful, uncle, if you really could."

"I can write to him about it, and I don't doubt he will do his best, unless he should already have promised his interest elsewhere, which is quite possible. However, as the appointment will not be vacant for a short time, and the fact that it will be so is for various reasons kept a secret at present, it is not likely that there have been many applications for it as yet."

"And you think Lord Morbury is likely to attend to an application for Randolph?" said Reginald, rather dubiously.

"Attend to it! Why not?" exclaimed Mr. Cowley. "Of course he will. And what is more, if Randolph Beverley is fit for the work, I have very little doubt that he will have it to do. If I asked this for any young man, I should be secure that Lord Morbury would do his best to comply with my wishes; and as it is, I don't doubt I shall obtain an answer by return of post, promising all that I request of him. I don't doubt it."

"You think he is already interested in Randolph," said Nellie, wondering at the strong emotion that was visible in her uncle's face, uncalled for, as it would appear, by the subject under discussion.

"Perhaps he is," said Mr. Cowley, shortly, with an evident effort at self-control. "Your cousin Heera would make it out so, and no doubt he is interested in her brother—but not in the way she and you think," he added in a lower tone. "There! that's enough," Mr.

Cowley went on abruptly after a moment's pause. "You may make your mind easy, child. Whatever I ask Lord Morbury favour of—of your aunt Anna or her—he will do his utmost to perform. It will be a pleasure to him."

Mr. Cowley rose to leave the room. Nellie asked eagerly—

"Uncle Francis, may I not tell her? She will be so pleased."

"Tell your cousins! Not Heera," said the old gentleman, very decisively. "I have it cried over the town at once. Keep it quiet. What's the use of raising hopes of the young man and his parents perhaps to be disappointed after all, cousin Heera would be certain to let it out to them and every one."

"Then Motee, uncle; I may tell her the promise of secrecy. Please don't say it's too delightful to keep to myself, and it is if there were less hopes of success. I'm almost sure of it."

"Not so certain as that. No, not at all. All that we are secure of, is that Lord Morbury will do his utmost. Yes, tell her what you wish, for she's a sensible girl, an chatter-pie: but no one else—no one at all. Good night."

He was gone the next moment. Nellie lingered to ask—

"Mamma, what did he mean about Anna and Randolph?"

"My dear, I cannot tell you," said Mrs. Grantley, seriously. "It is only a story of her girlish days, and hers; and your uncle is not like it talked of. I can only say that, knowing uncle Francis' character, his conduct about Randolph is most kind—it is noble."

Nellie looked earnestly at her mother's glistening eyes.

"Well, mamma, I must not ask more. I always have a curiosity to know something of uncle Francis' past life. I should like to read the history of it would be worth reading."

"It would be the history of a life of passions, strong trials—severe discipline make him what he is now. You think a deal, Nellie, of his little roughnesses and ways, but if you had known him twenty years ago, you would see how much there is of a noble and forgiving and self-denying character. Neither you nor Reginald are half to appreciate or understand him!"

(To be continued.)

## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

V.—SARAH MARTIN.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "WELL MARRIED," ETC.

activities of the present age usually call the principle of association. It is not so individual effort as societies that aim at bringing down the strongholds of iniquity. Less, in every well-organized society, is very much of individual exertion; if many useful plans are traced to their source, it will be found that some one person is the motive power—the mainspring of the apparently complicated machinery. Yet, while that one energetic person is directing others, arranging plans, and organizing methods—sometimes on a very large scale—the same person would be nearly powerless left quite singly to attempt that which association can be stimulated to effect. Such an one acts on others, the influence of which is not less necessary to that individual acting and acted upon is truly the life of all societies. It must be a recognition of the fact that causes persons to combine, makes it so much easier for any one to labour in a society than to labour alone. Yet rarely, at rare intervals, an instance of unaided effort, powerful for good, draws a society out of its apathy, and compels admiration, and love, even from those who stand afar off and gaze, and never could be brought to imitate.

The case of individual exertion in reference to the destitute and the depraved is more valuable and instructive than that afforded by the life and labours of Sarah Martin, of Yarmouth. Never was there a being more single-heartedness of purpose. Love to the principle—love to man the evidence—these distinct guides to exertion in behalf of humanity. And when the slenderness of means, the lowliness of her condition, the scantiness of her education are considered, the amount and the results of her labours are among the marvels of philosophy.

The subject of our sketch was born in Norfolk. Her father was a village tradesman. At an early age she lost both parents. An aged grandmother took charge of the little one, and brought her up. This aged woman

was well qualified to be the guardian of childhood, for she was "a meek and lowly Christian"—one who, having been tried in the furnace of affliction, had come out as gold refined by the fire.

However docile Sarah Martin might be in other respects during her childhood, it was not easy to lead her mind to a consideration of religious subjects. The enmity against God, which the Scripture, as well as our own experience, assures us dwells in the human heart, usually manifests itself during childhood in indifference rather than in opposition. In the subject of our narrative it was shown in a strong repugnance. She says—

"At twelve years old I discovered an indescribable aversion to the Bible, and a bitter prejudice against spiritual truth and the Gospel of Christ in every form that met me."

It is to be wished that the amiable writer of such a confession had also told us what methods had been used to present the Gospel of Christ to her. It too often happens that religion is made repulsive to children by the gloom and austerity with which it is taught. The misanthropic heart of childhood is led to look upon it as a check. Its restrictions, threats, and terrors are enforced and described; its melting tenderness and genial sympathy are rarely shown. The Bible is made a lesson-book, a task, a punishment; how then should a child love it? We by no means assert that the estimable aged woman who brought up Sarah Martin thus introduced religion to her. We rather think that it may be inferred she was not only a meek and lowly, but also a cheerful Christian. Yet it so seldom happens among children that the heart is actively opposed to Christian truth, unless it has been presented in some repulsive and injudicious form, that we could not pass over such a statement without comment.

Oh, mothers! teachers! see to it that you do not clothe Mount Zion with the darkness and gloom of Sinai. Let love be the constraining principle—let your looks, words, manners, show that

"True piety is cheerful as the day."

A lonely child, whose school instruction had

been attended to, would naturally seek companionship in books; and Sarah Martin's reading seems to have been miscellaneous, and, in some degree, dangerous. She herself lived to deplore the time she wasted over the trash of a circulating library. Some books of a high literary character came, happily for her, among the rubbish of novels and romances. Shakspeare and the British poets, Addison, and Johnson, and the Essayists, were among her early readings, and must have left traces on her intellect. Yet when any "ray of Gospel light came across her mind, she turned from it as from a reptile."

The sight of her beloved grandmother making the Bible her book of daily comfort was a salutary admonition to Sarah. She could not be unaffected by it. Once she left the room as her aged parent was reading aloud, for, she said, "she could not bear it;" and so keen was this feeling of repugnance or discomfort, that she hid two Bibles that had belonged to her deceased mother, that they might not even casually be in her sight.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen she was put to learn dressmaking, a trade which she entered on for herself as soon as she had acquired the needful knowledge. Working diligently daily, she still found time for reading at intervals, being, however, careful that the books were not on the topic she dreaded—religion—for at this time it seemed to be her idea, to use her own words, that "should the Bible, after all, prove to be true, the less I knew of it the better it would be for me."

This wretched infatuation seemed to be strengthened by an intimacy she had formed with an aged couple who lived in the neighbourhood, and were very fond of her. The old gentleman was an infidel of the old school—a reader of Voltaire, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke—and where reason failed, as it ever must, to pour contempt on Scripture, he used the weapons of his masters, and scoffed and mocked at truth. A dangerous acquaintance this for a mind so disposed to hostility to the Bible as Sarah Martin's!

One of those incidents that we too often foolishly call accidents providentially gave an impulse in the right direction to Sarah. One fine summer Sunday she took a walk of recreation to Great Yarmouth, the nearest town to her grandmother's dwelling, and entered a place of worship, with no other motive than curiosity. The text was, "We persuade men" (2 Cor. v. 2). Persuasive, indeed, must this

sermon have been—nay, more, convincing, for it completely entered the heart of the young sceptic. She felt "that the religion of the Bible was a grand reality," and, as a necessary consequence, that she "had been wrong." Full of the new thoughts and feelings that this conviction aroused, Sarah sought her infidel acquaintance, and told him with great admiration and astonishment of what she had heard. He tried to impute the impression to the effects of novelty, and prophesied it would soon wear off, to which she replied, "I hope not; be it novelty or delusion, it is too precious, I cannot part with it."

How strange that any one should be so blinded or malignant as to try to make this poor orphan girl doubly an orphan! What power there is in the words "Our Father, who art in Heaven," to one who is fatherless on earth! What has infidelity to give as a substitute? It is indeed a truth that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." It might be in some measure owing to the blighting influence of this false friend, that, for some months after Sarah Martin's reason was convinced, her heart was unsubdued and unconsecrated. She was led, however, in the autumn, when she completed her nineteenth year, to examine the great question of religion with genuine earnestness; and with the sincerity natural to her character she felt how great was her condemnation in having so obstinately rejected the instructions bestowed on her childhood, and her conflicts were correspondingly great. But light arose in the darkness; her spirit was thoroughly illumined, and during her whole subsequent life no clouds ever obscured the reconciled countenance of her God and Saviour.

The Bible became her constant guide, while other good books were not rejected; they were read discriminatingly, "and," as she says, "in their proper place, not as standards, and ever reserving a much larger portion of time and of my best hours to the Bible. The advantage of reverting to it in circumstances of trial or difficulty, for minute direction and sure guidance, has been as life against death to me."

Her inner life of faith had its outward manifestation of good works, without which we are assured faith is dead. It would be well if all Christians endeavoured to make their lives the exponents of their pure belief: the sneer of the scoffer, and the taunt of the infidel, would then soon be silenced. Sarah Martin describes her sense of obligation thus: "And now, in

ous liberty wherewith Christ has made I wished to give proof of my love, and the Lord to open privileges to me of my fellow-creatures, that happily I with the Bible in my hand, point others to fountains of joy whence my own so flowed."

First opening for a career of usefulness he Sunday-school, where she became a and was greatly encouraged by man-rospering in this interesting work. k poor in the workhouse claimed her y from the commencement of her n life. Her visits to a young woman, dying of a lingering disease in that f sorrow, were peculiarly acceptable; the death of this poor invalid, several yed and afflicted who had witnessed her ministrations to the departed, entreated continue her visits, to read the Scrip- id to pray with them. Perhaps none h Martin's labours were really more ing to her own soul than those which er the instrument of soothing the ad of penury and sorrow. She records, received "a hearty welcome from the of all the sick rooms" in the work-

e course of her avocations as a dress- she often passed the gaol of Great th; and her thoughtful mind reverted ondition of the prisoners; she could : with blank indifference on the heavy here human beings were immured, penetrating in spirit within the build- l reflecting on the causes of crime. NCE rose up before her reason as one edisposing cause; and, the love of God ning her, she ardently desired to read iptures to these fellow-creatures, shut m society whose rights they had . She was assured that Scriptural ion alone, plain and unperplexed by inventions, as it is in the Bible itself, eet their unhappy circumstances.

ray, however, was not plain for her to er purpose. She had nothing in her position or manners to impress the of the hiring officials of the gaol. ould little understand her motives, and possibly they might have afforded all a lady of property and influence, yet, e characteristic vulgarity of low minds, ould be inclined to scorn the poor dress- who wanted to come reading and pray- the prison. All people of observation

know that the lower you go in the scale of persons invested with official authority, the more assumption you find; thus the parish beadle is always a far more dogmatic, dictatorial person than the magistrate, and the turnkey of the prison, in many cases, than the governor. Sarah Martin's position in life would bring her more in contact with underlings, in the outset of her career, than with enlightened persons competent to understand her motives and estimate her character. We have dwelt on this because it must have been her greatest external difficulty, and to surmount it, unfriended as she was, manifested the noble perseverance which formed such a distinguishing attribute of her mind. She appeared to be conscious that the path she felt drawn to tread was so peculiar that those who knew her best might wish to withhold her from it; so she says, "I did not make known my purpose of seeking admission to the gaol, even to my beloved grandmother, until the object was attained, so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him."

In order to estimate the importance of labours so remarkable as Sarah Martin's, we must for a moment dwell on the fact of the originality of the idea. In our day we are accustomed to the plan of prison visitation. Committees of ladies exist in very many places for the especial purpose, and a regular organization of effort of the kind is instituted. In 1810-11-12, when the wish first came to the mind of this young woman of nineteen or twenty, not only were there no such associations, but she had not the stimulus to individual effort which Mrs. Fry's labours were so calculated to give. It was in 1816 that Elizabeth Fry first entered Newgate, and stood among the refractory women like an angel in a den of lions. And for a long time after that first effort, the work proceeded comparatively slowly, and doubtless was confined to the great and important towns in the land. Sarah Martin, meanwhile, in a third or fourth-rate town of our eastern coast, was working diligently, unnoticed and unknown, but not unsuccessful.

In 1819, nine years from the time of first desiring to promote the welfare of the prisoners, the first memorable instance of success occurred. Sarah Martin says, in her own brief but interesting statement—

"I heard of a woman being sent to gaol for having cruelly beaten her child, and having

learned her name, went to the gaol, and asked permission to see her, which, on a second (not the first) application, was allowed. When I told the woman, who was surprised at the sight of a stranger, the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears, and thanked me, while I read to her the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke."

This reception from one who had not only broken human laws, but whose offence was against even the law of nature, must have deepened the conviction of Sarah Martin that there is no heart so hard but the voice of love can melt it—no nature so impure but the grace of God can cleanse it.

Here, then, was work to do, and all that now was needed was strength of soul and body to do it. At first, for a few months, the diligent prison visitor restricted herself to brief periods, when she read the Scriptures to the prisoners. She soon saw how necessary it was they should be able to read for themselves. But how to teach them, when her time was so limited, was the difficulty. Dressmakers, carrying on their business in a small way, are usually so ill remunerated, that every hour must be given to their trade, or they cannot live. It is only by strict diligence and conscientiousness that they can have the sweet and sacred refreshment of the Sabbath unsullied by labour and care. To take regularly any other day, as well, would be ruinous in most cases—a break in the business of the week that could not be remedied. Yet, after due deliberation, two things impressed the mind of Sarah Martin—that the prisoners could not learn unless regular fixed instruction were given them; and, secondly, that at all sacrifices she must become the regular teacher. So she gave up, as she most humbly and unaffectedly says, "a day in a week from dressmaking, by which I earned my living, to serve the prisoners."

The annals of benevolence has no nobler record than this brief statement gives. A sixth of her income taken, not from her superfluities, but her necessities, and this sixth given also at the risk of injuring the whole trade from which her support was derived. There may doubtless be some—not many—who give a sixth of their income to works of piety and benevolence; but with this to give labour in a department of effort to which at first she must have been unaccustomed—the moral beauty of the deed rises to the sublime. That she was blessed in her deed is gratefully acknowledged. "This (day) regularly given, with many an

additional one, was never felt as a loss, but was ever followed with satisfaction, for the blessing of God was mine."

Notwithstanding the lifelong labours of Howard, the active efforts just completed by Mrs. Fry and her coadjutors, prison was in a most disorderly state in many districts, and that at Great Yarmouth must have been peculiarly destitute of any means of reclaiming offenders. They were locked up from society, and that was all. In prison they were hardening and corrupting another, preparing to leave the prison worse than they entered it.

There was no order, no observance of Sabbath; the prisoners played or worked that day as on the rest, pretty much to their own pleasure. Sarah Martin had succeeded in improving them as to reading and writing, but the matter for the time seemed to have ended. Going to the prison one Sunday to see a convict, who was about to be sent out of the country, the visitor found her making a list of names. This state of things could not be tolerated. Sarah Martin urged the prisoners to form a day service, by one reading to the rest. This, probably, was agreed to as a pleasing—a break in the monotony of idleness. The service probably would have been continued for three Sundays, and then given up. In order to encourage them to perseverance and regularity, and to cultivate due habits of order and devotion, it was intended to be, if not a religious service, at all events a sacred engagement, to which the watchful visitor resolved to attend on every day morning "as a regular hearer." It had a salutary effect, for the morning reading continued, but it was discovered the afternoon service was given up. On hearing this fact, Sarah Martin determined to attend the afternoon also, and the reading was continued. So here was the hallowed day, when, with Christian friends—to walk to the house of God in company—to join with neighbours in the hallowed exercise of prayer and devotion—to hear soul-refreshing truths and exhortations, must have been a joy beyond expression to the subject of our sketch—yet due to this her dearest privilege was given up. Can we realize the gloom of prison with its deeper gloom of faces dark with sullen passions, the imperfect reading, many uninspired words, and dimming their nobility of language, and among the throng one young woman, patient, intent, devoted



in that assembly! We must take in view—what she resigned, what she felt, and what she must have endured, even feebly, to understand the whole. After many changes of readers, very the work of conducting the worship was taken by Sarah Martin. She says, "embraced from necessity," and in much acceptable to the prisoners, for God's sake; and also an unspeakable advantage to myself."

Governor and his wife soon saw the good in these self-denying vigilant labours, in quiet, order, and general improvement; they cordially gave their sanction—they did not hinder Sarah Martin: all she was to be let alone at her work. A person she had most effectual aid; she felt an interest in the worker and feared that the labour would be too a constitution not naturally strong, she proposed paying her for an additional week as if she was engaged in it, that day to be devoted to rest. It was felt at accepting this, because Sarah Martin's idea of rest was merely a variety of occupations. However, on considering herself aided by a small quarterly on for Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, she spent Monday in every week for claims from the prison. She entered now on the duty of instructing the young, both boys and girls, of whom she collected a goodly number at one time amounting to seventy, and she continued for many years, until the common schools being instituted, she resigned them without injury.

Monday afternoon was especially given to the instruction of the workhouse children—as it will be seen, of great utility. Sarah Martin's labours had been recognized; in this new department they were continued. How long will it be before philanthropy recognizes the fact that, though it is the reclamation of criminals, it is to aim at preventing the young from entering the ranks of crime?

The instruction of children in the workhouse, the old system used to devolve on some inmate who could read—a rare attainment for filling this office, some small allowance in diet, and liberty to go out of the workhouse were allowed. It often happened that one among the inmates was found who could read, that attainment comprised his education: he might be thoroughly

immoral, and, indeed, often was so. The successive schoolmasters in Great Yarmouth workhouse were among the great trials, and in some cases triumphs, of the benevolent Monday afternoon visitor. The children at first had no schoolroom, but were taught in a sleeping garret, where a decrepit old man dozed through the irksome duty. This aged man died, and his place was supplied by John Staggs, a man who had brought himself to poverty by drunkenness, and was spending his last days in one of the three last earthly dwellings of the drunkard—the prison, the madhouse, the workhouse. He had no sense of religion, but yet he was able to discern the excellence of the plans devised by the visitor as to what the children should learn, and was very zealous to carry them out, looking with joy to the return of the day that brought her to superintend his labours. Ah, welcome indeed to him was that superintendence, for he learned to consider his ways and be wise—became a decided religious man, and always expressed the greatest thankfulness that he had been placed in that schoolroom; for whatever he had taught others at the outset, there he himself had learned the first of all truths—the way of a sinner's acceptance with God. This knowledge calmed the impetuosity of a naturally impatient temper, made him the affectionate guide of the children, and when his increasing infirmities compelled him to give up his work among them, he only resigned it when flesh and heart failed, and his dying bed witnessed the sincerity of his conversion. At that happy dying bed, Sarah Martin ministered, and must have found in the testimony of the sufferer her own exceeding great reward.

The next schoolmaster whom they were obliged to choose, for no one else could teach reading, was Edward Lenny, an old sailor of bad character, and known to be a thief. This man entered cordially into the plans laid down, and found also a blessing in his obedience to the gentle yet firm guidance of the presiding mind that was so constantly bringing order out of confusion. Indeed, the change that gradually, but permanently, took possession of this man was so marked, that his holy life for several years, and triumphant death, were among the choicest recollections of his benefactress.

Her success in instructing the teachers in primary truths was the most effectual plan that could be adopted for the use of the children. It was beginning at the fountain-head. A rare

administrative faculty must she have possessed thus to influence those who had grown old in sin, and be the means of making the eleventh hour of their life-toil such a source of blessedness to themselves and others. In the last schoolmaster, whose qualifications she names, she was destined to disappointment. He was a drunkard, and though in other respects an

able man, that vice was a hindrance to all progress, and Sarah Martin was not favoured to witness his reclamation. At that time no practical methods had been introduced for neutralizing the practical vice of drunkenness; people contented themselves with denouncing and deploring the sin, but adequate remedies were never applied.

(To be concluded next month.)

## CROSSING THE LINE.

BY JAMES KEER, ESQ., M.A., LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE HINDOO COLLEGE, CALCUTTA;  
AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC LIFE IN INDIA."

TO-DAY, whilst creeping along in almost a dead calm, we *crossed the line*. Last night, about eight o'clock, one of the sailors called out, to our surprise, "Ship ahoy!" On looking ahead we saw a boat approaching, with a bright light burning. In a few minutes the boat was at the ship's side, and a person curiously dressed came on board, announcing himself as the ambassador of Neptune, the god of the sea. He advanced to the chief officer, with whom, speaking through a trumpet, he held the following dialogue:—

"What ship is this?"

"The *Juliana*."

"To what country is she bound?"

"To India."

"Who is the captain?"

"Captain Driver."

"How is Captain Driver?"

"Very well, I thank you."

"How are all the young Drivers?"

"All quite well."

"Have you any passengers or sailors on board who have never crossed these seas before?"

"Yes; a considerable number."

"Very well," says the ambassador, "Neptune and his court will pay you a visit to-morrow at noon, when the customary ceremony of shaving them will be performed."

By this time some of us had edged forward to get a better view of the ambassador, when suddenly a deluge of water poured down from aloft. This damped our curiosity, and caused an immediate retreat. The representative of Neptune then withdrew, after handing to the chief officer a sealed letter addressed to the

captain. He glided overboard into his boat, which was seen for some minutes floating away, with the bright light burning in it, and from which a voice was heard singing a sea song.

After breakfast this morning we were all assembled on deck, when the captain informed us that he expected a visit from Neptune in the course of the day, and that those of us who paid a fine of a guinea each, the money to be distributed among the sailors, would escape the ordeal of being shaved. The passengers were all only too happy to purchase exemption on these terms.

And now for the preparations which were going forward with a view to Neptune's visit. In the first place, a large sail was suspended from the four corners, forming a capacious hollow in the middle. Buckets of water were ranged round it. Close to the suspended sail two or three steps led up to a narrow platform, on which was ostentatiously displayed a pot containing a mixture of soap and tar, one or two brushes, and a rusty instrument representing a razor.

Precisely at twelve o'clock Neptune arrived in great state, accompanied by his queen and a large retinue of attendants. He was naked to the waist, and his body, of a dark fish-like colour, was dotted with bright red spots here and there. He wore a long grey beard, which was wet and dripping as if he had just risen from the sea. In his right hand he held a trident or sceptre. Seated in a chariot, with his queen beside him in appropriate costume, he moved forward to where the captain was

ly to receive him. "I understand, er," said Neptune, "that some of passing through my dominions time, and you are aware of the custom that prevails on these. We will now proceed to business." He bowed assent, and holding in his those who had paid the fine rather the ordeal, he handed it to Neptune. The sea looked over it, and he pleased to express his approval, a normal dispensation to all who had the fine.

the passengers escaped the ordeal, sailors and young midshipmen were. One of the sailors in particular with much severity. He had made unpopular with his messmates voyage by his habits of pilfering, terminated to have their revenge. of the sailors caught hold of him, and behind his back, and tied a cloth over his eyes. In this state he was handed to the sea king, who put the questions to him:—

"your name?"

"Stowaway."

"were you born?"

"in your mouth."

"how long have you been at sea?"

"years."

"how did you join this ship, have you done anything worthy the name of a British

Jack Stowaway could answer this. One of the sailors stuffed a handful of powder into his mouth, and emptied it later upon him. He was then led up the stair on to the narrow platform beside the suspended sail. Here, for a few moments, still blindfolded, of the sailors who acted as barber the razor with which he was to shave his head was one of your rusty razors, of a piece of an old iron hoop. It was first covered with a thick coat of tar, put on with a brush, and

then scraped vigorously with the iron hoop. Under this operation he made very wry faces, and roared out for mercy. But his tormentors kept scraping away, applying more soap and tar from time to time, and then scraping it off again; and every time he opened his mouth the tar brush was thrust into it. Now and again he struggled hard to get away, but without effect. Two brawny sailors held him, one on each side, while another carried on the shaving process. After tormenting him for a considerable time in this manner, they then pitched him head over heels into the hollow sail, and poured pitchers of water over him. Here, too, he was received by another tormentor clothed in a rough skin, and called the Bear. As soon as he was tumbled into the hollow sail, the Bear caught him in his arms, hugged him affectionately, and kept plunging him overhead in the water. When this had continued for some time, there was a short pause. The handkerchief was removed from his eyes, and he was allowed to look around him. After looking wildly round, his first impulse was to escape from his persecutors. He scrambled up the sides of the sail, and was on the point of escaping, when the malicious Bear caught him by the legs and pulled him back, plunging him again overhead in the water. This went on some time longer, when at last he was allowed to get away, and he made off looking very sulky. It was a rough lesson, but after all there were no bones broken, and Jack Stowaway was more frightened than hurt.

Neptune had been sitting all this time, trident in hand, looking on. He now announced that the proceedings of the day were over, and that he was perfectly satisfied with the manner in which they had been conducted. He intimated, however, that if any of the passengers wished to have an experimental acquaintance with the ceremony, he would delay his departure in order to afford them the opportunity. One and all of us declined the offer, and expressed ourselves as perfectly satisfied with what we had witnessed.

## THE CABBAGE CATERPILLAR.

### A PAGE OF INSECT HISTORY.

latter days of August or the beginning of September, the common caterpillar seeks its winter quarters, and creeps

into the corners of window-frames, the crevices of dead walls, and even into our houses, in search of a convenient and sheltered spot,

where it may undergo its surely looked-for process of transformation. As these insects (the larvæ of the cabbage butterfly) live only in our vegetable gardens, and are slow movers, an immense amount of labour must be necessary in their transit from the place of their caterpillar existence to the attic stories of dwellings, where the aurelia may frequently be found, and in which the pair we have in our mind's eye managed to deposit themselves. We had seen one of them on the outside of the casement for two days before it effected an entrance; the first intruder managed it unperceived by us, but had not settled itself when the other arrived, and after trailing up the wall-side from different starting places, we found on the second day that both were stationary, within a few inches of each other. Being desirous of observing them, strict orders were given that they might not be disturbed; and finding, after the first day, that both appeared to have slightly contracted, we concluded that their metamorphose had begun, and at this early stage of it, had the curiosity to examine them. The skins of the insects looked slightly glazed, and the bodies were compressed at both extremities close to the wall, while a thin white silken thread passed over them at about the fourth dark section from the head, so as to attach them firmly from side to side, on the surface to which they had consigned themselves.

From day to day we watched with an interest never previously felt in these humble creatures, the development of their curious change: we saw their winter coffin gradually hardening, and moulding itself to the shape within it; the flattening of the head; the angles for the wings; the narrowing of the lower part. This part alone appeared endowed with sensibility; for when, in order to observe them one night, the flame of a candle was passed at a considerable distance from them, we perceived a movement in this portion of the chrysalis, which showed perception still existed in it. There they remained, bound and fettered with their self-spun thread, and patiently awaiting their summer waking.

Our house was at a very considerable distance from any kitchen garden; the window by which they entered was in the gable end of it, at such an elevation that its discovery was alone a wonder; and then the singular circumstance, that in the whole length and breadth of the walls, *be-fetished* from brooms and dusters for their especial preservation, they should both

find their way to a spot within a distance of each other! Had there arrangements? Were they lovers on earth, about to put on their winged life? We should not think such a romance fly existence more wonderful than the ingenuity by which they had shaped themselves from the green bowers of their vegetable to the sheltering walls of our homes.


They entered on one of the last days of August: and behold! one fine day, in the beginning of May, an empty chrysalis hung on the wall, and a butterfly, with its large wings expanded, sat at the head of the old grave, as if a bright spirit above a grave. As the window was open, the disappearance of the chrysalis was a mystery; the second occasionally flung out its silken wings, then closed, then opened, as if to shake them out of the fold. Nature had so carefully laid them, with a wondrous motion (one could almost detect a trembling of delight) now and then through them. At length it sprang from the window, and lay there basking for moments longer. Presently there rose from the wall, on which it had been clinging, a white-winged glorious insect, and flew off into the fields of air. How we know if this butterfly were really the same as that other empty sarcophagus, the emanation of which their flight has proved. We had fancied, without however considering the subject, that the silken ligament probably answer a double purpose, to compress, separate the aurelia from the chrysalis; but how then could the insect have effected itself? Instead of this, the top of the chrysalis had burst centrally, and the head and wings, and consequently the whole body, came forth without compression; the shell remained, with this exception.

If any of our young friends that should have the opportunity—with a view to household prejudices—of studying the progressive change of the ordinary caterpillar into its chrysalis state, and then patiently for its emerging in the form of a butterfly, they should promise them, that both conditions of life will henceforth have a new interest and from this trifling study in practical philosophy, they may probably be led to more important ones; or at least to the habit of examining for themselves such parts of nature's economy as falls within the

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### VII.—TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

ELIGIOUS festivals, marriage entertainments, funeral ceremonies and mercantile transactions, furnish occasion for the people of India often to leave their homes for long and

excursions and pilgrimages. Whole households thus travel abroad, and, if very poor, have an ingenious way of sharing the toil of carrying their infant. A cotton cloth, several yards is spread upon the ground, the "wee" is placed upon the inverted folds, while, mats tied together, the whole is slung upon an ambuco pole laid upon the shoulders of two men, much as two draymen carry a barrel of sugar or a bag of cotton. In the rice fields and seeing the mother perform her task of transplanting the tender seedlings have often observed her infant suspended in this manner from the bough of a mango tree, thus removed above all other reptiles and vermin, while the mother performed the important office of rock-riding. If pecuniary means allow, and for the purpose, or an aboriginal mat is obtained, and on it is placed the luggage which sits the mother, with two or three youthful family.

Mode of which is deemed a grade higher in ability and comfort, is to call into use a *mon cart*, in Southern India called a *palanquin*, drawn by two of the inferior class of the hardy bullocks. These conveyances are serviceable in conveying travellers and baggage and utensils, the tents and the soldiery, the treasure received at stations for transportation to the coast, with the inland products that need to be brought to the seaboard towns for export.

When heavily laden they are the slow and wearisome mode of from twenty miles per day. It is in use among the higher classes in India, and almost wholly so among foreign

residents, is the *palanquin*. Mr. Ward gives an interesting description of this mode of travelling.

"Not long before leaving Madras, I found it necessary to visit the neighbouring village of S—. Having sent to the nearest place of rendezvous, the *maistry*, or headman of a set of bearers, soon entered my presence with a low salaam, when the following colloquy passed between us:—

"Well, *maistry*, I wish to go to S—. Have you a neat *palanquin* and a set of good *boobies* (bearers) all ready?"

"Yes, sir, we can go at any moment the Reverend order."

"How far is it?"

"Four *kathams*' (anglice, forty miles).

"How many bearers will be needed?"

"If the Reverend wishes to go through in one night, a full set of twelve men, a *mussalchee* (torch-bearer) and *cavardy cooly*. At what time does your Reverence want to leave?"

"At six o'clock. Be here all of you at that hour, and I shall be ready. But stop a moment, tell me first what you are to charge."

"The Reverend knows what the government rates are, but for *master's favour* (making a low salaam) we will go for one rupee (about fifty cents) apiece each way."

"Well, I will give it if you do well; remember now, a good *palanquin* and good practised fellows."

"How could I do otherwise for the Reverend?" with which flattering expression he salaamed himself out of my presence, and went about making ready for the excursion.

"At the hour appointed, the whole set came gliding into the yard, the empty *palanquin* being brought leisurely along by four persons, who placed it before the door, while each in turn made his obeisance.

"Well, *maistry*, are your men all here?"

"The Reverend count and see."

"The whole twelve were then passed in review."

"'The mussalchee, where is he?'"

"'There, your Reverence,' and I immediately recognized this important personage by his long stick with cotton cloth wound round one end, which, in journeying, he carries in his left hand, and keeps saturated with oil from a flask in his right. This torch-man is always considered necessary, though the light of the moon may render his flambeau quite uncalled for.

"'And the cavardy cooly, where is he?'"

"'Upon which there stepped forward a short thick-set man, all muscle and sinew.

"'Well, now, let us look at your palanquin.'

"And had the reader stood by my side he would have observed that the singular conveyance submitted to his examination is shaped like an oblong box, in length six feet, in depth and width four. A strong pole extends from either end about five feet, which is fastened by means of four rods to the body of the vehicle, and in case of a long journey, an additional rope attached to one pole passes under to that of the opposite. These arms, the frame-work, panneling, &c., are made of teak or other pliant wood, with sliding doors and Venetian blinds. Within, upon a rattan bottom, is placed a mattress covered with chintz or morocco, which forms the traveller's seat and bed. Passing from one of the inner sides to the opposite, is a wide leathern strap, against which he leans, while a small pillow lies loose upon the cushion, by which his knees can be a little elevated and relieved from the tediousness of a horizontal position. Just over the spot where the feet are to be placed, there is a shelf, where books, medicine, &c., can be deposited, near which is a watch pocket, and many other little contrivances essential to one who anticipates a journey far from home. The whole is painted green, and on the top is a large cotton cloth to shield the occupant from the dust, and coloured blue or black, according to the taste of the owner. As my maistry has brought a superior article, the reader will remark that it has a few extra conveniences. There is a second top, raised about four inches above the first, thus admitting a current of air, and tending to produce greater coolness and comfort. Upon this second covering is a tin box, painted black and called an *imperial*, which forms a receptacle for those articles of clothing that cannot find room in the main body of the vehicle. A *gurglet* (earthen bottle) for water, is nicely encased in a wicker-work basket, and fastened upon the end of the pole next the body of the *palanquin*; and in the same posi-

tion upon the opposite sides, are bottles and medicines.

"Such was the conveyance brought night's excursion. In the first place, two tin boxes were filled, one with necessaries, and the other with table furniture utensils, 'curry stuffs,' bread, and ceteras. These were given to the cavardy who fastened one upon each end of bamboo, and having slung them upon his shoulder started off immediately, might be at the end of the stage by arrival.

"Now for the palanquin: in went one after another, the poor bearers begin to think that the Reverend's money was to be obtained at the expense of fatigue.

"But their complaints were little. Just so much must go, and in this. The last article being stowed away, they were told to call his men for a departure; they rose from their recumbent position on the verandah or sand, where they had a few moments to refresh themselves in preparation for the fatiguing duties before them. The first act of making ready was to aid in winding around the body a long cotton cloth by way of imparting greater strength to the frame. Then followed the taking of stations, each being supplied with a support to prevent the shoulder being injured by friction of the pole, while those of smaller size were furnished with a second support to bring the *palanquin* upon a level.

"'All ready, maistry?'"

"'All ready,' was the reply. A partition to the friends I was about to leave. I crept, when first the rear, then the front beams were slowly placed upon the shoulders of my men, and off I hastened, while they began with which they kept time to their tread. To a griffin (*alias*, a noise), this sound is rather frightful, and I felt of a young man who was informed that as his bearers began to make a noise jump out and run for his life. He was directed, not a little to the surprise of innocent natives and amusement of friends. Being accustomed to the noise they neither alarmed me by their shouting nor troubled me by their apparent expressions of pain, for I knew them to be men of equality of tread and the presence of courage and good spirits. At times their responses have no meaning, being

'he he, ho ho,' while again they have reference to the size and weight of the person they are carrying, of which the following is a significant illustration :—

"Oh what a heavy bag,	Ho, ho.
He is an ample weight,	" "
Let's let his Palkee down,	" "
Let's set him in the mud,	" "
No, but he'll be angry then,	" "
Aye, and he'll beat us then,	" "
Then let us hasten on,	" "
Jump along, jump along,	" "

"If a *lady* be the passenger, such expressions as these may be heard :—

"She's not heavy,	Putterum (care).
Carry her softly,	" "
Nice little lady,	" "
Here's a bridge,	" "
Carry her carefully,	" "
Carry her gently,	" "
Sing along cheerily,	" "
Putterum, Putterum.'	

"When passing through the streets of a town, they are accustomed to dignify the traveller with the noblest titles.

"Here is a great man,	Ho, ho,
He is a Rajah,	" "
She is a Ranee,	" "

for the reason that their own importance will be enhanced by an attendance upon so noble a person.

"When approaching home the theme is changed. The benevolence of the traveller is then the burden of song. The ear is saluted by complimentary expressions like these :

"He is a charity man,	Ho, ho,
He loves to do good,	" "
She is benevolent,	" "
She won't forget us,	" "

the object of which is to remind the one they are carrying, that in case of a safe arrival at home, a little extra pay will not be at all unwelcome.

"As I passed beyond the city limits, the face of the country presented little to interest, and my confined position allowed but a glance at any object as I passed. To while away time that began to hang heavily, I availed myself of the remaining twilight to read a book, brought for that purpose. This was difficult, for the tread of the bearers, though usually regular, caused a motion of the conveyance more tremulous than that of a railroad car. I suc-

ceeded tolerably well, however, though such a mode of testing the strength of the eyes is contrary to the advice of the wise and prudent.

"But of all the vehicles in which I have yet had the fortune to be conveyed, the palanquin is the most lonely, and least attractive or agreeable. It is eminently useful, and here your praise of it must end. Carrying but one person, there he must sit and think and speculate, while there is just enough about him to divert attention, and thus to forbid a very profitable and connected train of reflection. Such being the case, I was right glad to perceive that it was late enough to conclude upon retiring to rest. Having accordingly told the men to set me down, which was willingly done, I removed the end of the strap behind, and arranged my pillow; then making my necessary toilet, I reclined at full length, hoping for a quiet repose of a few hours. The bearers again under way, I was visited by the nocturnal goddess, though I could not say with the poet 'Kind nature's sweet restorer, *balmy sleep*,' the state I was in being little entitled to the appellation 'sleep,' and still less to that of "*balmy*." Once I was aroused by inhaling an odour quite foreign to the *spicy* land of Ind. A breeze had sprung up, and my torchman had taken shelter under the leeward of my palanquin, giving me an opportunity of quaffing the fumes of burning cotton and rancid oil. Having intimated to him, in very decided terms, that he must leave that locality, he trotted ahead, while I relapsed into my former repose, from which I was again awakened by a dream which was 'not all a dream,' to wit that I was again doubling the Cape of Storms. When a little aroused, I called for information respecting the very disagreeable motion of the conveyance, when I was told that a new man had taken hold. I requested the maistry to defer all experiments of apprentices until some other person (or thing) was their traveller than myself. My request was heeded, and again all went smoothly onward.

"After journeying a few miles further, the maistry was at my elbow with the intelligence that we were near a river, the water of which was deep, and that we might find some difficulty in crossing.

"Such interruptions are not uncommon in that land of drought and torrent. That which now presents to the eye but an extended waste of arid sand, becomes in a few days the bed of a navigable stream. At these times the journeyer does best to trust himself to the

judgment and experience of his bearers, instead of himself directing what shall be done. When the water is very high and the current strong, prudence dictates a patient delay upon the bank till the 'river runs by,' which it sometimes does in a few hours, especially if the monsoon have not fully set in. In other cases the course is adopted which was pursued in the present instance. The torch-bearer went ahead into the middle of the stream, holding his flambeau above him in one hand, while with the other he carried a long pole, cautiously measuring the water's depth just before him. After finding that the river was fordable, he returned and reported to the maistry, who directed one-half of the men to place the bottom of the palanquin (cooly like) upon their heads, and the other merely to walk near their fellows, that they might be at hand in case of danger. Thus we entered the river cautiously, slowly, with just enough of the 'ho ho' not to let courage fail or spirits flag. Deeper and still deeper sunk the bearers, and nearer to my person approached the rapid waves. I looked ahead and there was the mussalchee, his light borne aloft, and his turbaned head just appearing above the surface of the water. I thought much, but said nothing. At the moment in which it seemed that another step downward would have brought the raging stream into my vehicle, I felt a slight elevation. The danger was past, cheerful sounds were again heard from the men, and with buoyant steps I was carried safely to the opposite bank, hardly less pleased at my arrival than when the mussuli boat landed me on the sandy beach of Madras.

"The bearers placed the palanquin upon the ground to allow themselves a little rest after their tiresome march, while the maistry made his appearance, in their behalf, at my door with a low salaam, which was answered by a commendation of their skill and an intimation that a more valuable expression of my good will was in store for them. With a few other interruptions, which I will not weary the reader by narrating, we reached the village of S—, at sunrise, having been twelve hours running forty miles, including the delay in crossing the river. Reaching the Bungalow, I very happily found it unoccupied, and therefore had the suite of rooms to myself. My palanquin was brought within, so as to be sheltered from sun and rain. My bearers having received the means of purchasing a sheep, and thus enjoying an extra dish of

curry, were dismissed for the day, with instructions to be at the door before sunset. I lay myself upon a cot, with one or more of my attendants, and a table and chairs, these caravans furnished, and seized a little rest, while my attendants, toasts, and eggs were in course of preparation for my breakfast. So much for a night's excursion in a palanquin, which although before suggested, very lonely and very tasteful to many, is of eminent utility in those parts where stage coaches, canals, and railroads are unknown."

The *ton-jon* is a conveyance much used in the cities, and large towns of India for carrying people, calling, and evening airings. It is a palanquin in having a pole of three or four half feet length before and behind, and carried by bearers. In the form of top, and in its rising and falling top, it is like a chaise, the seat being only of sufficient height for one adult. The sides are left open, provided with extended brass wire which are hung curtains of green silk which may be drawn at pleasure. It is light and airy, suited only for short distances, and the posture is upright instead of reclining.

The value of a *palanquin* varies from a hundred dollars; and that of a *ton-jon* from thirty to seventy-five dollars, according to their size and elegance of finish. The *ton-jon* and those in high official station, retain their bearers for their personal use, and are used for eight persons (enough for short distances and with no baggage) being about a month, housing and feeding themselves, and not needed in carrying the vehicle to distant places upon errands, pull the punkah, assist in amusing the children, watch the fire, introduce visitors, and the like employment of which the foreign resident has sufficient to engage many attendants.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

THE TOWN OF ALLAHABAD, i. e., "the city of Allah," the capital of the province of the same name, is situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, in "perhaps the most favourable situation which India affords for a great city" (*Heber*). The Fort, once in beauty, and now gaining in strength, it has lost in external appearance, or strong position on a tongue of land at the confluence of the above-mentioned rivers, the navigation of which it completely commands. It is of great extent, and is surrounded towards the rivers by bastioned walls



polished freestone. In the dry season, the water is so low that the fort is accessible from numerous sand-banks in the Ganges, the haunts of legions of alligators. The government-house, formerly the regal palace, is pleasant and commodious. Allahabad is a mart for cotton: but the principal source of its revenues consists in the pre-eminence which it holds in Hindoo veneration as the holiest of their *prayagas*, or sacred confluences of rivers. The number of pilgrims of all castes who annually repair hither to bathe themselves in the united streams, is estimated at upwards of 200,000; and a tax of three rupees levied on each by the government produces an average amount of between 600,000 and 700,000 rupees.

In 1857 Allahabad became the scene of one of the demoniac massacres which distinguished the revolt of the Sepoy troops.

Early in the morning of the 5th June, news came of the rising at Benares, and a telegraphic message was received from Sir Henry Lawrence, desiring that every European should be kept in the fort till all was secure. A few hours proved that on the outside of the fort the rebels were triumphant. The English officers of the 6th regiment were sitting quietly at mess, when the mutineers sounded an alarm. The officers, thinking that it was some disturbance amongst the people, rushed on to the Parade, and were cut down whilst the

band was playing the Queen's anthem. Nine youthful ensigns doing duty with the regiment were bayoneted in the mess-room, and eight other officers were shot. Merchants and others swelled the slaughter, till fifty Europeans had fallen by the hands of the Sepoys. The treasury was looted, the prisoners in jail were released, and the work of general destruction commenced. House after house was plundered and fired. The whole station was reduced to ashes, and the murderers revelled in the scene of their wanton destruction.

For ten days the English were blockaded in the fort, and dared not venture fifty yards from it without being shot at. In it were 400 Sikhs of doubtful loyalty, and 80 invalid English artillerymen, with 100 English ladies, and a large number of children. At one time during this period it was expected that the Sikhs would rise against them, on account of their having obtained spirituous liquors and become drunk and riotous. For three successive nights the ladies, silent, timid, and sleepless, crouched in the fort, expecting death, but guarded by the Europeans, each with a revolver in his hand, ready to meet the attack of the Sikhs. But happily the Sikhs remained true, and recovered their senses. Colonel Neil, with a detachment of the Madras Fusiliers then arrived from Benares, attacked successfully the insurgents, and in a few days had the whole of Allahabad in his possession.

### CONCERNING ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.\*

The Empire of the Past, visible and traditionary—visible, through history and science, even to the mists of chaos, when the world was a bubbling preparation—gives ample evidence of a governing Power, whose sceptre has swayed the smallest detail, creating blades of grass, and fashioning the exquisite fabric of man. As we see the master hand throughout every phase of a beautiful picture—in conception, design, drawing, lights, and shadows—so, looking at the world's structure, we have everywhere evidence of its conception, creation, and onward movement to perfection. The Master has left its Divine impress upon every part.

There are landmarks in the past which need

but little contemplation to convince us that the Almighty is ever controlling events. Joseph's slavery was the agency for wonderful results in the cause of Christianity, Moses laid in the bulrushes was part of a great plan designed by the Creator. The prosecution of Daniel was another step onwards in the van of universal Christianity. Pharaoh, Alexander, Henry VIII., and Napoleon I., were instruments for mighty purposes. Constantine "accidentally" lodged in an inn, and married the innkeeper's daughter, Helena: their offspring was Constantine, who raised the standard of Christianity with such wonderful and startling results. Then further on we have the Reformation of the sixteenth century, the transfer of India to Protestant

\* "Provincial Papers." By Joseph Hatton. London: C. J. Skeet. See Review, page 463.

England (not forgetting our recent punishment for mal-administration), the destruction of the Spanish Armada, the discovery of the gunpowder plot, the reign of Cromwell; all pointing to a Power preparing, chastening, and ruling with a wisdom illimitable in its majesty of strength. We see periods of death and destruction, when for a time the narrow mind of man observes nothing but a going backwards, made to bring forth happier and more glorious times; presenting, on being viewed from the hill-top of History, but so much of the fermenting process which the world passes through for good.

All this is discoverable in the merest apparent trifles. In 1430, one Laurentius Coster was amusing himself and his children in a little town in Holland by cutting letters on the bark of a tree, when one of these apparently accidental circumstances occurred which, strangely enough, have led to so many of the greatest inventions. He thought he would impress these letters upon paper—glorious thought!—and here was the art of printing. The Chinese had, it is true, impressed inked blocks on paper many years before, but they had not hit upon the simple and important contrivance of cutting their letters separately, whereby the same blocks might be adapted to other texts than those for which they were originally cut. Then came the idea of the multiplication of these letters in moulds, and the superseding of the Chinese mode of friction by the introduction of the printing press. The honour of these inventions seems to be divided between Coster of Haarlem and Guttenberg of Mentz. Then there rise up other great names associated with the art—Faust, Schæffer, Caxton. But there seems every reason to trace back the invention to what is generally looked upon as accidental circumstance. Is there no Divine agency apparent here? Was not the Press an instrument necessary at the particular period of its creation to carry on the great work of Progress? And how well it is performing its work! building up tomes of thought which shall irradiate a blessed influence for all time, and forging links in the chain of circumstance that shall be the clue illuminating the darkness of oblivion when thousands and tens of thousands of years have buried the present in the fabled dust of Time!

It is said that we are indebted for the discovery of the polarity of the magnet to a similarly accidental circumstance. Some persons were amusing themselves by swimming,

in a basin, a loadstone suspended to a piece of cork, and were struck with the fact that whenever it was not interfered with, and left to settle its own position, the loadstone pointed to the north. What a gleam of light was that for civilization! The properties of the magnet were known to the Greeks and Chinese, but it was left for "accidental circumstance" to point out their greatest power.

Brande gives us the following curious history of a very celebrated scarlet dye resulting from the treatment of a decoction of cochineal with a chloride of tin and tartar. It appears that the Dutch chemist Drebbel, resident at Alkmaar, had prepared some decoctions of cochineal for filling a thermometer-tube. The preparation was effected in a tin vessel; and into this some *aqua regia* (nitro muriatic acid) having been spilled by accident, a rich scarlet colour was observed. Thus, by mere chance, was the discovery made that oxide of tin in solution yielded, by combination with the colouring matter of cochineal, a scarlet dye. Drebbel communicated his discovery to Kuffelar, an ingenious dyer of Leyden, who was the first to carry out its manufacture: hence it was called Kuffelar's Colour. The process soon reached Van der Gecht and Gulich, who, however, appear to have discovered the process by their own independent investigations. Van der Gecht, in 1550, communicated the secret to the Gobelins, the celebrated tapestry manufacturers. Nearly a century after this, in 1643, one Kepler, who had acquired a knowledge of the process in Flanders (his native country), came over to England, and settled at Bow; where, having practised the dyeing of this colour, it went by the name of Bow Dye. Kepler, however, did not carry this process to such perfection as the brothers Gobelin, or, indeed, the dyers of Flanders; nor was the art of scarlet dyeing thoroughly known in England until one Bauer, or Brewer, having been invited to England in 1667 by Charles II., with the promise of a large salary, practised the art in his own manufactory.

A recent number of the *Art Journal* gives an excellent illustration of a new style of wood engraving, the origin of which is a singular example of "accidental discovery." The editor says the invention was brought about in this way—Mr. Dewitt C. Hitchcock, an artist of considerable ability, and one of the best wood-engravers in the United States (and it is certainly a recommendation of the discovery that it originated with an engraver), was removing

the enamel from a card with a wet brush, for the purpose of whitening a piece of wood on which he was about to draw, when he noticed that the printed letters upon the card were brought into bold relief by the operation. The process immediately suggested itself that here was a "process," and he at once devoted a portion of his leisure time to work it out exactly. After successive trials, carried out with no little perseverance, he was at length able to produce relief printing plates perfect in every respect. Then arose another obstacle, which would answer the purpose of the process. In this extremity an acquaintance, Hitchcock's, Mr. Day, of New Jersey, who was well informed in all connected with the "graphotype" process, was successful enough to invent an ink which would answer the purpose. Patents in various countries were applied for and obtained, and the process was brought into extensive use in America, and has been introduced here. The method adopted may be explained in a few sentences. The very finest pulverised ink is sifted on to pieces of sheet zinc, which present an even surface, which is then subjected to the action of an hydraulic press; the polished sheet plate giving it the necessary smoothness. A coating of size is then laid on, "set" the chalk, thus producing a surface like an enamelled card, which may be used upon. The tracing is transferred to the plate in the ordinary way: that is, by means of a chalking, or rouged, thin paper; the ink is made with brushes; the ink used is of a greasy nature, and has the property of rubbing with the surface of the chalk, and so giving it that it protects the lines during the rubbing process. When the drawing is finished it is ready for the engraving or rubbing, which is done with soft fitch or hair brushes, and silk velvet. The lines are brought into relief on the same surface as those of a woodcut; only that instead of the tedious mode of picking out minute bits of white with a graver, the rubbing moves in a few minutes all the inter-spaces of chalk untouched by the ink, producing a perfect *facsimile* of the drawing in almost incredible short space of time. The rubbing or engraving may be carried to any depth, and a point of very great value is that there is no undercutting, the lines are, to use a technical term, of the true width; hence moulds can be taken from these with great ease, much more so than from

those produced by any other process. When the drawing is brushed down to the necessary depth, it is very carefully dusted out, and a solution of water-glass, silicate of potash, being applied, all that remains on the zinc plate is rendered completely indurate. In an hour or two this becomes perfectly dry, and when oiled, a mould may be taken from it by any of the ordinary methods. By a very ingenious adaptation of the ruling machine, tints of almost every kind may be produced, as well as most descriptions of ornamental lines.

There was a time when the inquiring disposition and roving habits of man were bounded by lakes and rivers; the raft and primitive canoe did not suffice to navigate the surging ocean, and many races were thus cut off from all communication with each other—all beyond the seas being worlds of dread and mystery. When science did cast its rod over the oceans, and mark out a path for navigation, the safest and only reliable beacons, when the land faded from the mariner's view, were the lamps of God stationed above the bewildered seaman as he raised his eyes to Heaven in prayer.

At the period when Carthage fell before the rivalry of a brave but barbarous power, it seemed as if the science of navigation was buried amongst its ruins: as if God had destroyed the very powers for progress which He had created. For centuries the darkness thus induced hung like a pall over the nations. But at length, in His time, the Lord of the Universe once more said, "Let there be light;" and the discoveries of Christopher Columbus followed its dawning. Ever since, the illumination has been increasing in power and brilliancy, bringing to our view new seas, new rivers, new worlds, fresh peoples.

What a romance of incident, what an epic, is the history of the discovery of the American continent; how rich in narrative, how fertile in heroic deeds! Well may Spain be proud of her conquests! We by no means intend even to point out the chief events of the exploring of the New World; but there is one episode so interesting, and withal so illustrative of our remarks, that we should be sorry to pass it over.

In 1510 there existed, at St. Domingo, a Spanish colony, under the government of Admiral Diego Columbus, whence occasionally issued forth throngs of adventurous spirits, having for their object the booty as well as the glory of the discoveries attendant upon investigating the unknown regions of the

Southern continent. Odjeda induced one Fernandez, a lawyer, to advance money for an expedition to explore the rich forests of the continent. They left behind them certain confederates, at the head of whom was Enciso, who obtained the convoy of a king's ship to prevent a number of men who had fallen much into debt and much out of reputation—wild, troublesome fellows anxious to get away from St. Domingo—from coming on board. There was one, however, who hit upon a plan to accomplish his purpose which did not fail in its execution. Concealed in a cask which was supposed to contain provisions, he was safely carried on board, and much to the disgust of Enciso, came forth from his hiding-place when too late to be reconveyed on shore. The stranger was, however, a brave, muscular, daring man, a skilful swordsman, and in every way calculated to be a valuable addition to the band of adventurers.

Hardship soon came: where they expected to find Odjeda, they found desolation; and to complete the horrors of the voyage, Enciso's ship was wrecked on the coast near San Sebastian. At this juncture the passenger who had been brought on board the vessel unwelcomed, having formerly sailed along the coast, led the band on to Darien, where they found immense wealth both of booty and food. Upon this the strange passenger became a favourite with the followers of Enciso, who was at length deposed from authority, and the daring adventurer of the cask was placed at the head of affairs. At Darien he established his head-quarters, and made every effort to raise himself in the estimation of his followers. That he might amass large quantities of gold, he organized exploring parties, to start forth from his seat of government. At the head of one of these bands was the famous Pizarro himself, who being on one occasion repulsed in a conflict with the Indians, the head of the local government set out himself, and from a chief whom he took captive he

first heard of the great ocean which lay beyond the mountains westward.

In the meantime the adventurer condemned to deposition and other in Spain, at the suit of the first captain. This fact had come to his knowledge from a private source. He had not learnt it so he determined upon some great merit which should compensate the merit for past grievances. Although not a fifth of the force which seemed necessary for such an exploit, he decided upon making the discovery of the ocean of which an Indian had told him. One hundred men were selected from his forces, in the picturesque fashion of the time, on September morning 1513, offering up for the success of their enterprise, they went forth into the unexplored wilderness.

On they went, encountering the usual obstructions, overcoming the dangers of hardships of swamps, marshes, forests with tribes of Indians hovering on them and occasionally making attacks upon them. When they arrived at the mountain range were only about sixty who could commence ascent to gaze, with like rapture to the crusaders in after years, upon the goal of their pilgrimage. The event long came at last, the Indian guides pointed an eminence from which the sea was visible. The captain of the band and a few climbed it, and, looking westward, beheld at the feet of nature's rugged ramparts and hills, they saw a mighty ocean—

"Kissing with murmur bland its shores."

Well might the beholders fall upon their knees and thank Him who had directed them thither!

The name of the captain thus converted into a ruse on board Enciso's ship was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, and the sea which he beheld from the mountain top was the Pacific Ocean.



# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE  
THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY  
PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE GOOSE.

XXXII.

During a visit to some friends at Wistow, many years ago, I was often amused with the eccentricities of an old goose, who had seemingly forsaken his own kindred and formed a friendly alliance with a flock of ducks, in the midst of which he was always to be found, either afloat or ashore. Indeed any approach to his own tribe generally met with a rebuff; but he was of a peaceable turn, and not the goose to pick up a questionable quarrel; so these insults were never retaliated but by a hiss. On inquiry into this strange friendship, I was given to understand that the venerable goose had been hatched under a duck, whose motherly kindness he still evidently cherished, by the fact of his sticking to the family group ever after, in the midst of which he probably still maintains a conspicuous place.

XXXIII.

"As silly as a goose," is a proverb; but I knew a goose that showed more sagacity than the species get credit for. She was the property of a cotter at Appleton-le-Moors, Yorkshire. The cotter had no way to his back yard, except through the house or by going round to a back lane, a distance of four or five hundred yards. The goose and her little flock were frequently let through the house to the back yard, and thus saved the trouble of walking round by the lane; but when the house was cleaned such a favour was refused. Every night when the goose wanted to go to her quarters, she knocked at the door with her bill, and on being told to go round she always did so immediately, or if admitted to pass through the room, she marched her flock in a single file, and heading them as a good general she quacked her thanks all the way through.

### THE JAY.

XXXIV.

I had a very clever talking jay, which used to have a common circular cage made in wicker-work, such as blackbirds and thrushes are often kept in. The cage was every evening let down by a string from a pulley under my verandah, so that Poll (all jays are Polls) might be drawn up to roost. She would never settle on the roost till the door was shut and the peg put in the staple. As the loquacious creature improved, my fear of losing her increased, and I gave orders that she should no more be allowed to roam, since most days she absented herself for several hours. Still Poll was daily at large, but none knew how. I resolved to judge for myself; feeling sure that some person on the premises daily opened the cage, inasmuch as the peg for fastening the door was always very carefully lodged on a place inside the cage. I rose before it was light one summer morning, and secreted myself. As soon as daylight appeared, Poll began to hop up and down from the perch, and put out her head to make observations. At length out came the head, and with the beak tightly grasping the peg, a considerable deal of wriggling loosened it; then, very carefully turning the head, the peg was got inside, and hopping on to the perch, by a little putting and placing, it was securely lodged in its place, so well that, but for seeing it, I could not have believed.

### THE LION.

XXXV.

A lion, which the French at Fort St. Louis, in Africa, were about to send to Paris on account of its great beauty, having fallen sick before the departure of the vessel which was to convey him to Europe, was loosed from his chain, and carried into an open area. M.

Compagnon, author of "An Account of a Journey to Bambuk," having returned home from hunting, found this animal in a very exhausted condition, and out of compassion poured a small quantity of milk down his throat, whereby he was greatly refreshed, and soon after recovered his perfect health. From that time the lion was so tame, and acquired so great an attachment for his benefactor, that he ate from his hand, and followed him about everywhere like a dog, with nothing to confine him but a slender string tied round his neck.

One day, says Mr. Hope, I had the honour of dining with Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton. After dinner the company attended Her Grace to see the feeding of a lion which she had in the court. While we were admiring his fierceness, and teasing him with sticks to make him quit his prey and fly at us, the porter came and informed the Duchess that a sergeant with some recruits at the gate, begged permission to see the lion. Her Grace, with great condescension and good-nature, asked permission of the company for the travellers to come in, as they would then have the satisfaction of seeing the animal fed. They were accordingly admitted at the moment when the lion was growling over his prey. The sergeant, advancing to the cage, called out, "Nero, Nero! poor Nero! don't you know me, Nero?" The animal instantly turned his head to look at him; then rose up, left his prey, and came, wagging his tail, to the side of the cage. The man then put his hand upon him, and patted him, telling us at the same time that it was three years since they had seen each other, but that the care of the lion on his passage from Gibraltar had been committed to him, and he was happy to see the poor beast show so much gratitude for his attention. The lion, indeed, seemed perfectly delighted; he went to and fro, rubbing himself against the place where his benefactor stood, and licked the sergeant's hand as he held it out to him. The man wanted to get into the cage to him, but was withheld by the company, who were not altogether convinced of the safety of the act.

#### THE CHOUGH.

##### XXXVI.

An accident which befell one of these birds afforded an interesting instance of the efforts of nature to repair injury and mutilation. It was standing on a window-sill, and had the

greatest part of its beak crushed by the shutting of the window. The person then, nursed it with the greatest care, kept it alive. When the wound began it was turned out among its companions whom it was as regularly fed as if it had been made to understand that it could feed itself; but what was still more extraordinary, soon afterwards flights of which usually remained in their loneliness upon a neighbouring rocky mountain down to the garden, and were constantly hovering over their disabled and mutilated companion, as if to marvel at its strange appearance. As the wound healed, the upper bill, two-thirds of which at least had been severed, began to grow, and in a few days had made considerable progress, with the prospect of its finally assuming its former formation.

#### THE LINNET.

##### XXXVII.

In passing a low furze bush I was attracted to a bird which fluttered a few feet from me as if in a fit. My impulse was to step quickly forward and up, the former of which I did; but within about two feet of it, it rose and fluttered a few yards further. Thinking it was I again attempted to pick it up, when it appeared to receive a fresh amount of excitement and made another intoxicated sort of dash of a few yards. This it did several times. I began to doubt if I could catch it when at last, to my great surprise, it came near enough to "put some salt on it," rose up and flew away twittering (like me as I found afterwards) like the strongest linnet in the world. At first I was puzzled to account for its very extraordinary behaviour, but it struck me that possibly a partridge, it might have performed the same described to decoy me from its nest. Before returned, and searched the furze where, sure enough, I found it with its bills which were still warm from the heat of the body which the faithful little bird had saved for their preservation; for had I but supposed, I could with my stick without have knocked her down. This trait of character of the linnet was new to me and lighted me much.

## The Poetry of Home.

nday Afternoon in the Country.

SONNET.

'down upon this bank. Those chiming  
bells  
are sweet, and sanctify the fragrant  
breeze  
With a calm Sabbath quiet. Through  
the dells,  
by varied paths divergent, 'twixt the  
trees,  
ng o'er the fields, the peasants come  
up God; cheerful but serious, they  
in tones subdued. A healthful bloom  
the cheek of youth. Some aged stoop  
the weight of years: while there a group  
s children, singing "Happy day,"  
ough the meadows toward the lichen  
:  
the pastor comes, his flock to feed  
venly bread, and lead them, while they  
and meekly ask the blessings which  
need.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Summer Hours.

ME out, come out: leave pen and  
book!  
Come out, and dream beside the brook  
These sunny summer hours:  
The ripening corn-fields in the breeze  
Are rustling softly—mid the trees  
The birds are singing, and the bees  
Are humming in the flowers.  
out, and lie beneath the beech  
verhangs yon tiny reach  
parkling yellow sand:  
watch the swallow skimming by,  
ung trout rising at the fly,  
d ones floating lazily  
ath the sheltering land.  
out, and hear the woodlands ring  
weet bird-voices as they sing  
r merry roundelays:  
s thrush and blackbird, finch and jay,  
ested wren and linnet grey,  
rt hedge-sparrow, robin gay,  
warbling Summer's praise.  
throw the ponderous tome aside,  
human knowledge, wit, and pride,  
learn in Nature's school:  
hen the lessons all are known,  
ipil, unto ripeness grown—  
h Summer's sunny days be flown—  
shrine them in his verse.

And some among the thousands drear,  
Who winter, summer, year by year,

The dusty city throng—  
Shut out from birds, from balmy air,  
From woodlands green, from cornfields fair—  
Shall find sweet nature's beauty there,  
And bless him for his song.

Then, poet, rise! leave pen and book:  
Come with me to the silvery brook

That murmurs through the flowers:  
On its cold margin dreaming lie,  
Where scented breezes softest sigh,  
And gazing on its mirrored sky,  
Thank God for Summer hours.

ROSAMOND HERVEY.

If Thou wert by My Side.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fall  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
List'ning the nightingale!  
If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gaily would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!  
I miss thee at the dawning grey,  
When on our deck reclined;  
In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
And woo the cooler wind.  
I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide;  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,  
I miss thee from my side.  
I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer;  
But miss thy kind approving eye—  
Thy meek, attentive ear.  
But when of morn or eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.  
Then on! then on! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still;  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.  
That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
Nor mild Malwah detain;  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits,  
By yonder western main.  
Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright,  
they say,  
Across the dark-blue sea;  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee.

REGINALD HERBY.

## The Home Library.

*Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.*

By MARY HOWITT. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A DIARY of twelve months spent with Fredrika Bremer, from the pen of Mary Howitt, must needs abound with interest. The sketches of Swedish home-life, in the palace and the cottage; the vivid delineations of characters, scenes, and places; the conversational ease which runs through the narrative; these features are attractive enough, but to all these we have added in these volumes domestic glimpses of the life of one who was both philanthropically and intellectually a benefactor to her race.

We are disposed to question the introduction of a paragraph in the preface, which indicates the writer's theological bias, and scarcely accords with the impressive sentence which seems to have been the last uttered by Fredrika Bremer—"My soul is in the right place, but still there is combat. The love of CHRIST is great, immensely great!" In the paragraph referred to, Mrs. Howitt is credulous enough to attach importance to an "impression" which Fredrika Bremer is said to have received many years before her death, and which she appears to have regarded as "intelligence of the date when her mortal existence must close." We think this token of the weakness of a great mind might fitly have been veiled from the public: but Mrs. Howitt makes the matter ten times worse when she proceeds—at least so we understand her—to trace to the influence of this "impression" a life which, by the description given, might have been absolutely sinless. We trust Fredrika Bremer, in her philanthropic labours, was "constrained" by a far nobler motive than this credulous "impression"—a motive of which she spoke in her dying moments—even by "the love of Christ;" and that throughout life she aspired after that "holiness" which, just so far as it is attained, humbles the character it exalts. And we also trust, although Mrs. Howitt tells us that she "did not talk religion, but cheerfully and faithfully lived it," that "whilst men saw her good works," the "mouth" did also sometimes, out of the abundance of the heart's experience, speak to others of what "God had done for her soul." It is well that we should remember that "cant," of the very worst type, may appear under the guise of liberality as well as under the cloak of religious profession. We regret that we have been obliged to say thus much in faithfulness to our own convictions; but setting aside this

"theological bias" on the part of the author of the diary, which we may add seems to be almost confined to the preface, we can promise the readers of these volumes that they will find them full of interesting information. Miss Bremer was no ordinary worker; and her remarkable cheerfulness of spirit made her in society a universal favourite. She accomplished most important reforms, and was the centre of many philanthropic movements. The lessons of such a life ought to be studied, and as a contribution to this end Mrs. Howitt's work claims a warm reception.

*Sermons for the Sick and Afflicted.* By the late Rev. HUGH STOWELL, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THESE sermons were "prepared" by the venerated and beloved writer "expressly for the house of mourning and the chamber of sickness." The teaching is pre-eminently the teaching of sympathetic experience. Written in much pain and weakness, yet indicating no diminution of the remarkable intellectual powers which distinguished the author, the sons and daughters of affliction will here find the words of one who sought to comfort others with "the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God." In this parting legacy to the Christian Church we recognize no ordinary gift. Such books can only be written by those who know what furnace trial is: the "sons of consolation" must themselves experience the baptism of personal sorrow. The value of these sermons will be attested by the gratitude of many a suffering and sorrowful spirit—gratitude which will one day help the writer himself to see how truly his own share of suffering was not "in vain in the Lord." We quote an extract in "Heart Cheer for Home Sorrow." Our readers will remember that one of the latest efforts of Mr. Stowell's pen was a contribution to this portion of our magazine—since published in a suitable form for distribution to sorrowing friends—"Breaches in the Family Fireside."\*

*Orange Blossoms.* Edited by T. S. ARTHUR. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

PRACTICAL hints pleasantly conveyed, which, if duly regarded, will ensure genuine "home fruit" as the result of "Orange Blossoms." Books really suitable for presentation to brides and bridegrooms, however strange it may seem, are not numerous. This is, therefore,

\* Published by W. Macintosh. Price 2s.



welcome; and we gladly call attention to it contains "pictures of life, serious earnest admonitions, and hints and , which, if wisely followed, will keep light with sunshine, or scatter the clouds ere they break in angry We refer our readers to "Praise Married," and "Arthur Leland," as what we mean. A capital resolve to have worn, are wearing, or are ar, Orange Blossoms," appears in ge.

e in love right faithfully,  
ough bright and gloomy hours;  
ight shall cheer my constancy,  
dark shall try its powers."

g up of the book is worthy of the which it is designed.

the *Million*; or, *Evenings with Sing Men*. By the Rev. ROBERT J. M.A. London: John F. Shaw

l of these "Mottoes for the Million" on would prove the earnest of an f the sons of toil in the scale of higher than that anticipated for e most ardent political reformers. e is a true friend of the working- no ordinary working-man himself; ws how to recognize the dignity of hers. He writes on practical subs in a manly tone, and he has promise which working men will esteem The writers of tracts too generally essary to descend to the supposed uneducated mind; Mr. Maguire's o stimulate thoughtful, though ders to ascend to his level.

*Papers*, being a collection of Tales ches. By Joseph Hatton, Author r Sweets," "Against the Stream," don: C. J. Skeet.

rs evince no ordinary talent. They in a popular style and will uny meet with popular favour. The close observer of men and manners, ithfully with some of the faults of genial tone and a poetic fancy add ctions of the volume. At the same ld have wished some passages had d, and some expressions qualified. ave been well if Mr. Hatton had in describing what we hope may be s a purely imaginary tract-distrib- 59), to guard against being supposed e description to a class of workers take a duty which at least "costs hing," and who might venture to ask uestion their mode of discharging o show them by practical example t better. We are quite aware that s might be greatly improved in in spirit, and some tract-distributors ; visitors are not so judicious as we

might wish them to be. But as a class the poor know how to value this agency for doing good: and it is not wise to depreciate on account of the errors of a few, any self-denying manifestation of the sympathies of practical Christianity. We are sure that Mr. Hatton did not intend to do this; but there are those, as he well knows, who seem to consider it a sufficient reason for doing nothing practical themselves, if they can cry down, or sneer down, the activity of others; and for this reason we should have been gratified if he had added a few words expressive of the kindly appreciation with which we doubt not he regards the labours of tract writers and distributors. We gladly acknowledge that Mr. Hatton has himself devised a capital tract for the toilers, in the shape of half a dozen lilies of the valley, with the words of our Saviour on the Mount—"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field . . . shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith"—concealed as a missive in the bouquet. But we can appreciate this form of tract distribution without reflecting upon the value of that more easily and more commonly adopted. But we willingly revert to what is excellent in these "Provincial Papers," and commend to our readers an extract in our present number, "Concerning Accidental Discoveries."

*A Commentary on the Revelation of St. John*, considered as the Divine Book of History. By SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THE author has "spent upon this work much precious time for the greater part of his life." So far as his interpretation applies to the past, we certainly think it will commend itself to the judgment of most Bible students. It is very important to notice the fact, to which Mr. Garratt draws attention in his preface, that "there is in reality but one grand historical interpretation of prophecy;" and "the points" on which such commentators as Elliott, Faber, and Cumming differ from others, relate "not to the past, but to the present and the immediate future." We consider this fact very significant. It indicates agreement where we should expect it; and it also seems to us to indicate the impossibility of turning predictions into what would really be history before the period of their fulfilment arrives, and our consequent duty to wait for unanimity of opinion and interpretation till God is pleased to remove the prophetic robes of darkness in which He has clothed the events that are yet future.

Entertaining these sentiments, we refrain from discussing the views which various writers have expressed of unfulfilled prophecy, especially in its Millenarian aspects. Our readers who wish to see what can be said on both sides of a question, should obtain Mr. Garratt's Commentary, and the recent work entitled "The End of All Things." It is due to Mr. Garratt, however, as one of the most judicious

living advocates of Pre-millennialism to guard against identifying him with many so-called advocates of that system, who are far from being "judicious." We thank him for the warning which he so distinctly utters against "the utterly delusive productions" of would-be Millenarians who "have done their best, or worst, to bring the Book of Revelation, if not the Word of God itself, into contempt." It is, indeed, a sad index of popular ignorance, that such books as "Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World," can find any foolish enough to read them. We would especially commend an extract in which Mr. Garratt, before stating what he conceives to be "the signs of the close of the times of the Gentiles, and of our Lord's Appearing," points out a very common error, even amongst Millenarian writers of credit and note.

"We must exclude from being signs at all of His appearing, certain events, which some consider as the only signs given us—wars, rumours of wars, pestilences, famines, and earthquakes in divers places. What our Lord expressly tells us is this: that though to many these things would seem to portend His coming, such an idea would be a delusive one; whereby He showed His knowledge of the human heart, and also of the future. For both in poetry and in theology, in the hymn and in the sermon, though from the day our Lord spoke to the present hour men have fought, or talked of fighting, and pestilence, and famines, and earthquakes have periodically occurred, such events have been always spoken of as the signs of the second coming. While yet the words of Jesus have proved true respecting them: 'All these things must come to pass, but the end is *not yet*.' It is not in such events as these, so common and constantly recurring, on which prognosticators love to dwell, that we are to see the signs of His appearing."

In one or two instances we confess we are unable to follow Mr. Garratt, or to be sure that we have understood him.

Take for example the interpretation given of Rev. xxii. 5. Is there any ground whatever in the words themselves for the assertion—

"In this passage we are taught of multitudes who lived in ignorance of Christ *raised from the dead*, and proving immediately that had they known Him, they would have rejected Him"?

If this is the teaching of the passage, words must, it seems to us, be capable of strange meanings.

On another page we find the author speaking thus of a "new" interpretation of "a portion of the Apocalypse, on the right understanding of which may depend the conduct of Christian men in times almost, if not actually, now present":—

"It appears to me written as with a sunbeam. If it so seemed to the Churches, it could hardly be fulfilled. I therefore do not anticipate its full reception by the majority of professing Christians. But if any one believes that God has enabled him to see clearly the meaning of some portions of His Word, it is his duty to make it known to others."

Of course it is; but in this case it would almost seem *our* duty to hope that "others" will *not* receive the special gift of discernment which has enabled the writer to see this interpretation, "written as with a sunbeam," since if they do see it, "the prophecy could hardly be fulfilled," and so Scripture would cease to be Scripture; yet if "written as with a sunbeam," how can any help seeing it?

But we will not enlarge. Taking the volume as a whole, and especially referring to the author's treatment of what is justly regarded as fulfilled prophecy, we consider it a most important and valuable exposition of the Revelation, indicating throughout an eminently devotional spirit.

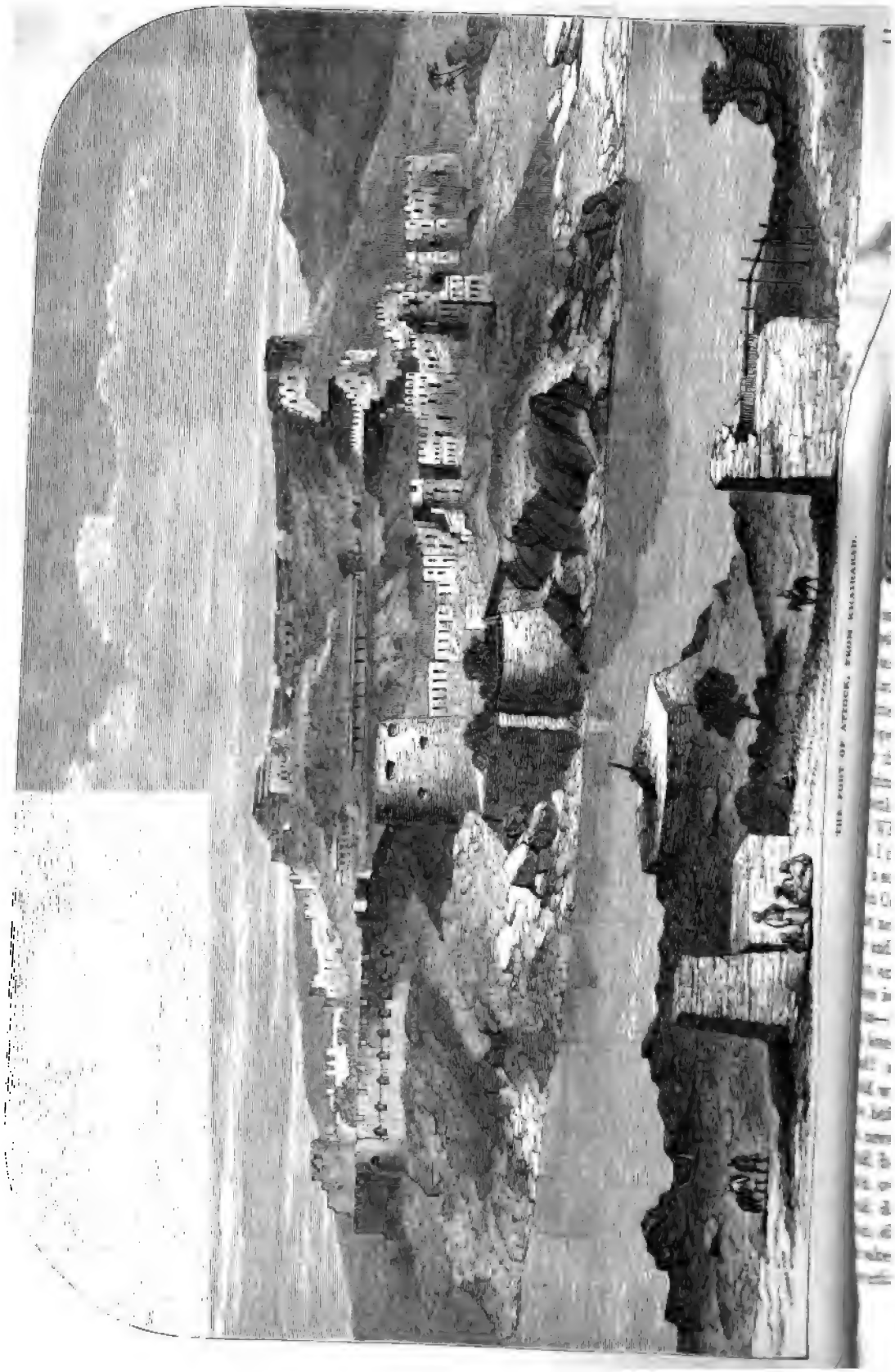
*Light in the Dwelling.* By the Author of "The Peep of Day," &c. Twenty-first thousand. London: Hatchard and Co.

THIS is not a new book, but it is a book which we hope will never grow old. "The Peep of Day" has done for the nursery—the world in miniature—what "Light in the Dwelling" is adapted to do in the family circle—the most important world in which we move. Commentaries are generally too diffuse, and often too learned, for the "common people," who, nevertheless, heard the "wisest" of teachers "gladly." "Light in the Dwelling," without disregarding the light of scholarship, is especially significant of the light of Christian experience. The best description we can give of the work is found in the diffident terms which the author employs in the preface: "Familiar illustrations, and brief reflections, expressed in common words." What more can be desired to secure the end in view? We most cordially recommend "Light in the Dwelling" as a book for every Christian home.

*Passages from the Diary and Letters of Henry Craik, of Bristol.* By W. ELFE TAYLER. London: J. F. Shaw and Co.

RICH in Christian experience. We have no space for a lengthened notice; but as the biography of one eminent for gifts, and graces, and "labours more abundant," our readers will do well to make the volume their own. The reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers are deeply interesting. A photographic portrait of Dr. Craik accompanies the work.





THE FORT OF ATTECK, SNOW MOUNTAINS.


# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER XVII.

NE night when Harry had persuaded Elsie Crowther to go to her own room and take some rest, he sat by Oliver's bedside and watched him sleeping. He had passed the day, and his anxious attendants much from some hours of quiet sleep, should be granted to him.

Soon after Elsie's departure, he began to utter incoherent sentences, and by-and-by he closed his large sunken eyes, and Harry saw that they glowed with an unnatural redness, and that his mind was again wandering.

"Why do they not bring me the horse I ordered?" he said. "I have waited so long; and it will be night before I can go to my room. And I must not stay—no, I will not stay there again. I will just see my father come away. Do you know," he said, turning his eyes on Harry, of whose identity he was now utterly unconscious—"Do you know that the man whom you will soon be there to claim her and she will welcome him as she would welcome no other. I must see her before she is his affianced bride. I never see her afterwards—my heart breaks. And her father bade me to look over her and protect her! Ah, I will do so to the death! But he—he who she loves—would resent it, and for that I would not arouse his anger. He is my father now, but he can never love

her as I do. Do not tell him that I love his bride!" he added in a low, confidential whisper; and he took Harry's hand, and drew him towards him. "It is better that he should not know it, or she either. When I am dead, you may tell them all that I have told you. Till then, Guy Egmont, I charge you to keep my secret."

Harry was sorely perplexed. He saw that Oliver took him for the friend of whose terrible death he had told him, and he tried to soothe him by promising to obey his injunction of secrecy. He also saw that he was, in his delirium, revealing the real feelings of his own heart, and that he entertained a hopeless attachment for Blanche Purvis. But who the supposed object of her affection could be, he was at a loss to divine, and he felt that it would be cruelty, as well as a breach of honour, if he were to press the poor sufferer on the subject that was evidently a source of so much pain and excitement.

He therefore allowed him to ramble on from one wild fancy to another, merely making such replies as he seemed to require; and after a considerable time he ceased to speak, and at length sank into the deep slumber of exhaustion.

Then Harry sat silent beside his friend, and he mused deeply on all the words that he had so unconsciously uttered. He had unwittingly discovered Oliver's secret, of which he had not previously entertained any real suspicion. And he had also been informed of the existence of a happy rival to

both Oliver and himself—a fact that was by no means welcome to him. It is true that from Blanche herself he had never received any encouragement, or any hope that she would ever return his affection. But he had nevertheless cherished such a hope; and all that Oliver Wyndham had hinted to him, and all his earnest entreaties that he would give heed to that one all-important subject on which Blanche thought so seriously, had tended to strengthen that hope. Could it be that Oliver had been deceived, and that he had recently discovered that her affections were given to another? If so—if he could no longer entertain even the most remote expectation of winning her for himself—he felt that he could have resigned her to Oliver with less of bitter feeling, and with a greater confidence of her future happiness, than he could have felt with regard to any other man on earth.

There was a something in Oliver Wyndham that had interested and attracted Harry from the first. His manner was so natural, although it was certainly rather reserved. His kindness of heart, and his unselfish efforts to do good, were so apparent and so unaffected. His religious zeal was so warm, and yet his mode of speaking on religious subjects was so calm and so rational, that Harry felt a higher esteem for him than he had ever felt for any man before.

Even his personal appearance had a peculiar charm in Harry's eyes. His fine manly countenance and bearing, combined with the infirmity which Oliver had himself ever regarded as such a serious defect, excited both admiration and sympathy. And as Harry Morant looked on the pale and lofty brow of his sleeping patient, he wondered that Blanche had not divined his love and returned it. Harry Morant was not a vain man; he had been more grieved than surprised at his own rejection by his early friend and companion; but he now wondered how she could have lived so much in Oliver's society, and have known his powers of mind, and seen his attractive manners, and not have felt for him the preference that he so well merited.

Harry meditated long on what he had discovered of the feelings and the character of his new friend—a character altogether differing from any that he had ever before had an opportunity of studying. The more he reflected, the more he became aware of Oliver Wyndham's superiority to himself, of his high principles, and his self-denying goodness. He compared Oliver with all those men with whom he had ever before been intimate; and he felt how greatly he excelled them. And then he tried to satisfy himself as to the cause of this excellence—the ground of this superiority; and he was compelled to acknowledge that Oliver was more self-denying, and benevolent, and honourable, and courteous, and attractive than other men, because he was more deeply imbued with the principles of Christianity, and more influenced by those holy doctrines which he was so earnest in inculcating upon the minds of others.

The hours that Harry passed in silence by his friend's bedside that night were not unprofitable. His undisturbed meditations led him to a strong conviction of the worth and the beauty of true religion, as he had seen it exemplified in the characters of both Blanche and Oliver; and to a desire to share the peace and confidence that they both appeared to enjoy, though in very different degrees. In Blanche he had always seen, in former days, a joyousness of spirit and a hopefulness of feeling that had often excited his wonder, but that he had recently learnt to attribute to its true cause; for Oliver had told him how her faith—and her faith alone—had enabled her to endure severe trial with fortitude, and even with cheerfulness. Oliver's disposition was evidently less sanguine, and his spirit less buoyant, than that of the Christian maiden. He enjoyed, and professed, a measure of spiritual peace and tranquillity; but he was never joyous—he never seemed to realize bright and exhilarating hopes, either for this world or for the future. How was this? If Oliver held the same faith that animated and cheered Blanche Purvis so greatly, why did he not also enjoy the same apparent happiness, and the same joyful anticipations? Was it owing to his natural

"? was it caused by his hopeless did it arise from a difference in knowledge and experience? Harry ed to question his friend when a at opportunity should occur, and ver might be able to enter into the and analyze his own opinions and onsequent feelings.

a great joy of both his devoted he invalid awoke in the morning reshed, and with his mind perfectly l calm. Still there was a sadness k and manner that Elsie attributed weakness and suffering, but which iced to a deeper and less remediable

have slept well, Oliver," he said "I hope that you feel much better easonable rest."

I see that I have slept long," liver, with a faint smile, as he ex- is long thin hand to his friend; see you have watched through the am rested, and by God's blessing may soon regain my strength, and o work again. I have been dream- aming of the journey that I intended before I fell sick. I do not know ago that was—it seems very long nd now I do not care to go to Croy- ill you go for me, Morant? Will down and see Mr. Purvis and his ; and mark his state of health, and ow whether you find him recover- whether Blanche—Miss Purvis, I ' and a bright colour rose to his k as he said the words, "whether ppier with regard to him. She is heerful—always bright and san- ie added with a sigh.

longed to enter on the subject so deeply engaged his thoughts e past night, and for which Oliver's rk gave him so good an opening. ew that the invalid was altogether to any such serious discussion; he deferred it to a more fitting occa- only answered, very readily, I go down to Croydon with pleasure, I see you so much better, and that ry down a favourable report of you.

No doubt the Purvises have wondered at your long absence. I would have let them know of your illness if I had had any opportunity of conveying a letter so far. But indeed, Wyndham, my thoughts have been so much occupied by you and your state of suffering, that I have forgotten everything else."

Oliver's penetrating eyes were fixed on Harry's face, and he listened wonderingly and almost breathlessly while he spoke.

"Ah," he thought within himself, "can he speak thus carelessly and indifferently of anything that regards *her*? Can any other object have caused him to be forgetful of her?—and she loves him!"

He groaned as these thoughts passed through his mind, and he compared his own feelings with those that he attributed to his happy rival. He did not know that his own unconscious words of the previous night had convinced Harry that his love for Blanche was as hopeless as he believed his own to be; and had determined him to conquer it, and to regard her as betrothed to another. He replied gravely,

"Thank you, Morant, for all your care for me, and all that you have done for me. I can fully appreciate the sacrifice that you have made; and which, under your circumstances, I fear I should hardly have been equal to. You must not devote yourself to me any longer. Go down to-day to Croydon, and bring me back a good report of your visit. I bid you God-speed."

Harry was more and more perplexed at the discrepancy between Oliver's words during his delirium and those which he had uttered now and at other times when his mind seemed clear. Strange thoughts crossed his own mind, and he resolved to lose no time in ascertaining the truth with regard to Blanche's present sentiments and future intentions.

"I will go, as you desire," he replied, "and I hope to find Mr. Purvis recovering, and his daughter happy and hopeful. You shall hear all that takes place during my visit, which will be a brief one, for I shall return in time to see you this evening."

Harry took his leave, and Elsie, who did not know of his proposed ride to Croydon, resumed her post in Oliver's room, well pleased to see how entirely his reason and consciousness had returned, and that all fever had for the present left him. She endeavoured to cheer him with hopes of a speedy recovery, and a prospect of soon being able to resume his intercourse with his friends the Purvises.

"I think the best thing that you can do, Master Wyndham," she said, "will be to take a lodging at Croydon, and try the effect of country air and cheerful society. Miss Purvis's sweet smiles and pleasant conversation will do more towards your recovery than anything that I, or the doctors either, can do for you in this desolate place, and this infected atmosphere."

"I thought so once, Elsie, but I do not think so now. I shall not go to Croydon any more."

Elsie looked earnestly in his face. She saw that he was perfectly composed, but that a deep dejection was expressed in his countenance. She thought that possibly he was hurt and grieved that his friends had not taken any notice of his serious illness; and she then remembered that some days since—when her young master was most alarmingly ill—a labouring man had brought a letter, which he said had been given to him by a lady at Croydon, to convey to Dr. Graves in London; and that the doctor being out of town, his servant had desired him to take it to Mr. Wyndham.

Elsie Crowther had at that time been in great distress of mind. She was in dread and fear that he to whom she had devoted her life for so many years would soon be removed from her care, and would cease to need her attention and her love. She had taken the letter, hardly even considering from whom it came, and had put it aside and forgotten it. Now it recurred to her mind; and, hoping that it would tend to cheer and animate the invalid, she hastened to seek it, and placed it in his hand, telling him how she had allowed it to remain disregarded.

Oliver seized the packet with a trembling

and eager hand; and he hastily exclaimed almost involuntarily,

"Oh, why did you not give sooner? It would have revived: was most ill and weak; and she deemed us so negligent not to have reply!"

His eyes ran rapidly over the the letter contained; and as th Elsie saw that his countenance be troubled, and that a deep red appeared on his pallid cheek. She repress her interest and curiosity thought it better that Oliver should any cause of anxiety, and not show his own breast, as had ever been his wont.

"Is all well, my dear master? gently; "or has Mr. Purvis had a If so, there is all the more reason go to Croydon, that I may help young lady in nursing her poor father charge of him is too much for her."

"It is so indeed, Elsie," replied very sadly. "But she does not need our aid. Others have a better right their assistance now. Would it known of this letter when it first or well, I would then have gone for I could have been of use to her and of some comfort to his daughter alas! that time is past. Mr. Morant down to see Mr. Purvis, and he will the advice that is needed."

"In my opinion, Mr. Morant is welcome than some one else might Elsie, in a low voice. But she desired to express her opinion more. Oliver made no reply to her remark probably he did not hear, for his fixed on the note that he still held in hand, and which seemed to absorb his attention.

Soon Elsie left the room to procure restoratives as she hoped would be of use to her patient; and to assist in giving strength to his wasted limbs, and to his wan cheeks.

When she returned, she found gazing at the precious note, which he folded carefully, and placed under



th a deep sigh that seemed to come from s heart, and which certainly went to that his faithful Elsie.

"You must cheer up, dear master, or I all never get you strong and well," she id, as she placed a neatly arranged tray on small table beside his bed, and began to rve his breakfast. "It grieves me to see u so low-spirited; for you are surely covering now, and all the bad symptoms ave abated. I wish that our good Dr. raves were again in London. He would on put you into better spirits about your- self."

"Dear Elsie, I am not out of spirits about myself in the sense which you mean," replied Oliver; and he smiled as he said so; but it was not a smile that cheered Elsie's affectionate heart, or made her feel less anxious about her beloved charge.

"It is not fear of death that throws a loud over my brow," he continued, after a hort pause. "I should rather say it is not my dread of the suffering of death, or any eluctance to leave this world of care, and disappointment, and sorrow. If I could feel hat I had atoned for all my past sins and egligences—if I could be assured that the ttle work I have been permitted to do for od and my fellow-creatures—since I have nown and cared to do His will—had been pproved and accepted, and I might claim n entrance into the land of peace and rest repared for the godly,—then gladly—oh, ow gladly—would I sleep the sleep of eath!"

Elsie was grieved—she was even shocked t this utterance of her master's feelings. he felt in her own simple heart that there was a great and vital error in the sentiments hat he had just expressed. She knew that ny hopes of favour and acceptance that ere founded on his own good works were tterly futile, and could never yield him eace or comfort. She knew—for she had arnt it by experience—that the only sure round of confidence for a penitent sinner is i the finished work of Christ; and all such orks as are acceptable in the sight of God, ust be wrought, "not *for* salvation, but *on* salvation." Elsie Crowther knew all

this, and she thought, and felt, and acted accordingly. But how could she teach her clever, intellectual master, to whom she had ever looked up with reverence, while at the same time she had loved him with devotion?

Very humbly, but very earnestly, she replied,

"Dear Master Oliver, it is '*the blood of Jesus Christ alone that cleanseth from all sin.*'"

She said no more; but she busied herself in arranging the apartment; and Oliver lay still and silent, but evidently in deep and serious thought.

It was a long day for Oliver, and an anxious one for Elsie, while Harry Morant was absent on his expedition to Croydon. The invalid spoke very little; but his faithful nurse observed that he never slept, and that he frequently drew the note which she had given to him from beneath his pillow, and perused it with eager eyes. Then he would seem restless and depressed for a time, and feverish symptoms would return. But he did not again relapse into unconsciousness, or wander in his talk. He remained perfectly collected, and was evidently stronger; and Elsie felt convinced that if all sources of anxiety could be removed from his mind, he would now rapidly recover. But how was such a desirable object to be effected? She did not even know the real ground of his obvious disquietude of mind—how, then, could she hope to lessen it?

But Elsie had done more to soothe her master's troubled spirit than she was aware of. Those few blessed words that she had uttered in reply to his unscriptural reasoning, had sunk into his heart; and ever and anon he repeated them to himself. Then a calmer expression would appear on his countenance; and that sweet smile which had ever given joy to Elsie's heart, once more came to gladden her. But it did not last: the bright indication of a spirit more at ease soon died away, and the habitual look of sadness returned. And so the day wore away.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

It was evening; and the few dim lamps that then burned in the streets of London

—making the gloom and the darkness more visible—had been lighted; and the watchmen, with their clumsy lanthorns, were going their accustomed rounds. Oliver Wyndham's chamber looked cheerful and inviting, for Elsie had arranged it with her usual care and neatness, and had prepared it for the reception of the expected visitor. A small fire burned brightly in the grate; for, although spring had set in, and early flowers decked the gardens and hedgerows, the nights were still chilly and ungenial. A small but elegantly formed lamp stood on the table at Oliver's bedside; and tea and other refreshments were set out, as if waiting the arrival of a friend.

All looked calm and cheerful except the occupant of the room. As the day declined, Oliver had become restless and almost irritable. The deep red spot again appeared on his cheeks, and told of inward fever, and his eyes looked unnaturally large and bright. Elsie was occupied with her various domestic arrangements; but she occasionally found some pretext for entering her master's room; and she was distressed to see the change which had gradually taken place in him.

Once she heard him softly repeating her own words—“*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*” But his countenance did not now assume a happy or a tranquil expression. Even while those holy and encouraging words were on his lips, his ears were listening for Harry's arrival, and his mind was harassed by thoughts of all that might have occurred that day at Croydon—and his spirit could find no peace or rest. But Elsie was glad that those words had dwelt in his mind, and she inwardly prayed that they might arouse within him thoughts and feelings that would ultimately give him a true and lasting peace.

While she thought on these things, Harry Morant arrived, and she left the friends together.

After a brief greeting, Oliver said, with as much calmness as he could assume,

“How did you find Mr. Purvis? and his daughter—was she well?”

“I have not seen them, Oliver. I grieve to say that they left Croydon a week ago;

and all my efforts and all my inquiries have failed to obtain any information respecting them. The keeper of the house in which they dwelt had no idea in what direction they had gone. She only knew that Mr. Purvis had become very strange and restless, and that his daughter seemed very anxious and unhappy about him; and was eagerly expecting some one to arrive from London.”

“And Dr. Graves was out of town—and I was lying here unconscious of her distress!” exclaimed Oliver eagerly. “Oh, Morant, if I had but known that she had sent for Dr. Graves—if this note had but reached me while I had sense to comprehend it, all might have been well!”

And he once more drew Blanche's letter from beneath his pillow, and gave it to Harry, who was at a loss to understand his meaning.

The letter ran as follows:—

“Dear Dr. Graves,—I am sure that Mr. Wyndham will have told you of the shock which my poor father received the day that he so kindly spent with us. I grieve to say that the effect of that unfortunate visit to the Priory has by no means passed away; and my dear father is more restless and dejected than I have ever known him. He is resolved to leave Croydon immediately, and to go to some place on the southern coast, where he believes the sea-air will revive him. As it is uncertain how long we may be absent from London, or whither we may bend our way, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will take from the chest which you so kindly took the charge of, a small sealed packet containing money. If you could spare the time to bring it down to Croydon yourself, it would be an unspeakable comfort to me to see you, and to ask your advice with regard to my father. I cannot ask Mr. Wyndham to take another journey to visit us, for he looked so ill when he was here that I am afraid he is suffering from all the labour and anxiety that he has so courageously endured. If you cannot come down to Croydon, I will thank you to give the packet to the bearer of this letter. He is an honest man, and will deliver it to me safely. Let me thank you once more for all your kindness, and assure you of my sincere regard.

“Yours sincerely,

“BLANCHE PURVIS.”

his glittering eyes were fixed steadily on Harry's countenance while he read it, but he did not trace upon his face all the emotion that he expected.

"What is now to be done?" exclaimed Morant, raising himself up in his bed in difficulty, and looking earnestly at Oliver.

"I believed that you would be able to make every necessary arrangement for Mr. Purvis's comfort, until Dr. Graves died; and I hoped that you might have led her father to remain at Croydon, till the good physician had seen him. Now it is too late. They are gone—and know not whither. We must follow the morant; we must trace them step by step until we find them. Perhaps already they are in some trouble or difficulty, and the little girl has no one to help or protect!"

Oliver fell back on his pillow, exasperated by his painful feelings, and by the silent utterance of them.

"What shall be done that can be done," said Harry very earnestly; for he shared Oliver's uneasy feelings, although with more calmness. "But, my dear fellow, you must not thus excite yourself, or give way to needless apprehensions. Why should you imagine evils that may never occur? Mr. Purvis was ever a shrewd and intelligent man; and although his mind may be weakened by illness, he is doubtless well able to take care of himself and of his daughter. Blanche also has more decision and self-possession than most girls of her age. She need not fear for her discretion, or courage."

"Now it, Morant, I know it," replied Oliver impatiently, for he was surprised and annoyed at Harry's coolness; and he felt that by the sense of his own utter helplessness.

"I know that she is wise, and strong and brave; I know that she will do what is right, and will do it. But she is young and lovely, and her father is incompetent to be her only guardian. Put her in your place—strong and free—I will not rest until I had discovered their whereabouts and traced them out and found

"If I were sure that such interference on my part would be well received, Oliver, I should be at least as eager as you could be to attempt it. But I fear that I should fail in the effort, or that, if I succeeded, I should not be welcome."

"I wish I were as sure of being welcome to Blanche as you would be," thought Oliver to himself. But he only said,

"I think you ought to try. I can feel no rest while such uncertainty hangs over their fate."

And a very painful expression was visible on Oliver's countenance as he turned away his face to avoid the scrutiny of his companion.

After a pause, Harry said,

"Oliver Wyndham, you puzzle me. If you really believe all that you are so earnest in teaching me to believe, you ought to be a happier and a more contented man than you appear to be. If I could feel the assurance that you profess to feel, that every event—however small—is ordered and appointed for my good, and that of my fellow-creatures, I think that I should be less anxious and excited than you are when circumstances are untoward, or adverse to your wishes. You believe Blanche Purvis and her father to be true servants of God, and you tell me that '*all things work together for good to those who love God.*' Why, then, do you not trust that He will watch over them and protect them?"

Oliver turned on his pillow, and looked steadfastly in Morant's face. He felt the full force of his remarks, and he was too ingenuous and sincere to try to hide it.

"You are right," he said softly—"you are quite right, Morant. My practice is sadly below my knowledge and my convictions. I can preach calmness and confidence to others; but when I am tried myself, I find my patience fails. Would to God that I could really enjoy that peace which I have seen so beautifully exemplified in the conduct and conversation of the Purvises—that '*perfect peace*' which never forsook Mr. Purvis even during the agonies of the pestilence, so long as his reason remained. I know the ground of their happy

trust in God; but I do not fully realize all that I know, and care and apprehension and doubt beset my mind, especially now, when I am weak and helpless, and cannot try to still the anxious and depressing thoughts that arise in my mind by any bodily exertions, or active efforts to serve God and my fellow-creatures. Morant, you must not take me for an example of the proper influence of religion on a true Christian. I have studied it in the daily life of Blanche Purvis, and her afflicted father, and I feel how lamentably I fall short of their attainments, either as regards their conduct in this world, or their sure and abiding hope of a blessed world to come. Oh that I could be a partaker in that assured hope, and could not only feel—as I do most strongly—that there is nothing to attach me to this present life, but could also enjoy a happy confidence that when I leave the trials and disappointments of earth, I shall enter into the rest of heaven! Then how welcome would death be to me!"

"Pardon me, Wyndham, if I again remind you of your own teaching, and your own comments on the words of Scripture, the last time that we read them together. I have not forgotten how you spoke of the joy, and the peace, and the exalted hopes that are the portion of the believer—although I cannot say that I have as yet experienced them. Still I conceive that if I could actually feel a confidence that my sins were pardoned, and would never rise up against me hereafter,—if I could be assured that in the day of judgment—if, indeed, there is to be a final judgment—my Judge would also be my friend and advocate,—if all those slavish fears that will beset the mind, even of the avowed infidel, were removed, and heaven—such a heaven as you tell me of, and such a heaven as Blanche described to my poor dear Kate—were opened to my view, then I believe that I should have a very cheerful spirit, and be able to bear with composure whatever might befall me here. What, I often ask myself, would the trials of this life be to me, if I were sure of such happiness as you tell me is the Christian's portion, and which my darling

sister left us in the full prospect of into? If you, Oliver, who have and striven, and sacrificed your ease and your health in the interested service of God and man—if not entitled to enjoy that peace and hope, how can I ever aspire to it?"

Oliver Wyndham made no reply for minutes. The words of his inquiry had probed his spirit to the quick, shown him his own spiritual defect and had thus revealed to him the his own spiritual doubts and despair. He now saw that by his weakness and inconsistencies he was becoming a stumbling block to the very individual whom he was so desirous of leading forward in the way, and encouraging with the brightness of the Gospel. He felt that he had his own deportment, adorned the which he professed, or given visible proof of his faith in it. He had attempted to teach Harry Morant, but Harry was unconsciously teaching him. He confessed to put all his trust in the fiction wrought out by the Redeemer, now felt convicted of having ground of his hope of safety and acceptance in his own works, his own charitable efforts, his own self-denying labours. Harry's hand, and in a tone of despair he said,

"How greatly am I your debtor! You have shown me my own errors and shortcomings, and taught me by your example, and by your clear views of what a Christian's privileges ought to be, far more than I have ever taught you. Those very trials that I have made to assist me when I was distressed, have been—however they may have helped themselves—a ground of false hope for my soul. I feel that I have been wearying myself in order to atone for the past, and seeking peace for the future; and therefore I have ever been disappointed. I see now, Harry—I see why I have never been able to reach that enjoyable frame of mind that I admired so much in the Purvises—'perfect peace' arose from spirits 'stayed on God,' and put no confidence in any doings of their own. Yes,

simple faith in what Christ has done—that belief in Him as our Saviour, as well as our Judge, to which you referred just now,—these I now see are the only feelings that can give a settled joy and peace. Had I sooner discovered this great truth, I should have been a better teacher for you, Morant, and you would have had less need to marvel at my inconsistencies.”

Harry could hardly follow his friend in all that he had now said. He had greatly admired Oliver's unwearied efforts for the good of his fellow-beings, and his courageous disregard of infection; and he deemed that such acts of self-denial ought to bring their own reward in the hope of a future recompense. Therefore it was that he wondered at Oliver's frequent dejection of spirit, and evident want of confidence for the future. He now wondered equally at his so earnestly disclaiming all idea of merit, and all hope of earning a recompense for himself. His replies to Oliver showed clearly what his own views were, and they drew the former to reflect on his own mistakes and errors, and to trace them to their proper source—a want of simplicity of faith, and a clinging to self-dependence.

How long the conversation on these deeply interesting points might have been prolonged, to the forgetfulness of all else, we cannot say. But happily for Oliver's strength it was interrupted by the entrance of Elsie Crowther, who came to suggest that it was high time for her master to be left undisturbed for the night. She could not quite repress her indignation at Harry when she found that he had kept the invalid talking all the time, and had not even administered to him any needful refreshment.

Harry apologized very humbly for the inadvertence, and Oliver assured his nurse that the conversation he had had with his friend had done him more good than either rest or food could have done. But Elsie

was not mollified. She saw that Oliver's eyes were unduly bright, and that the colour in his wan cheek had too deep a tinge; and she made no reply to the excuses that were tendered, but set herself to repair the omission that had been made, and pressed upon the patient every little delicacy that she had provided, leaving his visitor to take care of himself.

Harry soon departed; but the discussion that he had held with his friend, and Oliver's open and ingenuous replies to his remarks, did not pass from his mind, or fail to produce a salutary effect. He was more struck by Oliver's self-renunciation than he had ever been by his exhortations and his doctrinal instructions. He saw that there was a religion that aimed at something more pure and more lofty than mere morality and benevolence, even in their noblest and most self-denying form. He knew that Oliver Wyndham's life had of late been exemplary, and he had often wished that he could himself attain to what he regarded as an exalted pitch of virtue; and yet Oliver declared that he derived no true peace and confidence from all his meritorious actions, and all his continual self-denial. He had spent his days—and often his nights—in doing good to others; and he had brought himself to the brink of the grave by his persevering exertions; and yet he did not seem sure of a reward, or confident of being justified and accepted in the sight of God. His faith must therefore have been different from that which Blanche Purvis had inculcated to his dying sister, and which had enabled Kate to lay aside all her doubts and fears, and meet death with composure, and even with joy. In Harry's present serious frame of mind and softened feelings, an unusual degree of interest seemed to attach to these subjects, and he resolved to refer to them again at his next interview with Oliver.

## HARVEST-HOME.

•  
Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the Winter-storms begin ;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied ;  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !

We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear :  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home !  
From His field shall purge away  
All that doth offend, that day ;  
Give His Angels charge, at last,  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

Then, Thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !  
All are safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
There for ever purified,  
In God's garner to abide :  
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



## THE MINISTERING WOMEN AT THE CROSS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Here was thy rock, thy fortress, and thy rest—  
 A FAITH intense, beyond mutation firm,  
 Whose solid basis was the ETERNAL HEART,  
 Open in Scripture, by the SPIRIT read;  
 But in the life of Jesus heard to beat  
 With pulse almighty, in its love for man.  
 Faith to thy being aim and shield supplied,  
 Summoned thy soul, and nerved thy noble heart,  
 With zeal untamed, to burn, or bleed, or die,  
 But falter nohow."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

y women were there beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto  
 MATTHEW xxvii. 55.

and the Word of God will not  
 amination, but they require it.  
 searching the examination the

no doubt a great truth is ex-  
 he familiar proverb, "A *little*  
 s a dangerous thing." I do not  
 overb refers to knowledge that  
 or limited all human knowledge  
 at it refers to knowledge that is  
*rficial*. Such knowledge often

captious, presumptuous, self-  
 ionated; so that the book of  
 ead of being studied profitably  
 tially, seems only to suggest to  
 lless speculations and irrational

, also, with the volume of Re-  
 he superficial reader, self-suf-  
 elf-confident, often reads to dis-  
 lties and to surmise objections.  
 readers have often stumbled at  
 crepancies in the Gospel nar-  
 riations in parallel accounts,  
 n all cases of circumstantial  
 ght to be expected, and rather  
 ct truthfulness than the com-  
 made occasions for cavilling  
 d assumed difficulty. Whereas,  
 rsons bear in mind their com-  
 orance, and seek to increase  
 edge of the Book of God, the  
 air more searching examination  
 e discovery of perfect harmony  
 eming contrariety.

In gratifying contrast with this captious  
 scepticism of the ill-informed reader of Holy  
 Scripture, creating difficulties which do not  
 really exist, we may always notice, on the  
 other hand, the power of the intelligent  
 and thoughtful reader to discover *incidental*  
 marks of the truthfulness of God's Word—  
 such a mark, for example, as that which we  
 possess in the extreme *naturalness* of the  
 Gospel narrative.

Not only is the evangelic record simple,  
 but there are many of those "touches of  
 nature" which, in the absence of truthful-  
 ness, could never have been imitated.

As a prominent instance of this natural-  
 ness, I think the mention made of *the pre-  
 sence of women at the cross of Christ* cannot  
 fail to strike us.

A first thought would lead us not to ex-  
 pect their presence. Danger so great as  
 to terrify Peter, and cause the disciples to  
 fly, might well account for and excuse the  
 absence of women. But a second thought  
 corrects the first, and we are ready to ex-  
 claim, "How true to nature is this incident!"  
 A very slight insight into female character  
 enables us to see that these women were  
 just where their feelings would lead them  
 to be: that they did what their love would  
 naturally prompt them to do, neither more  
 nor less.

Truly the Gospel narrative is no "oun-  
 ningly devised fable" (2 Peter i. 16). "That  
 which we have heard, which we have seen  
 with our eyes, which we have looked upon,

and our hands have handled of the Word of Life, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us" (1 John i. 1, 3).

This incidental argument for the verity of the testimony borne by the Evangelists, will gather fresh weight as we proceed to prosecute our more immediate purpose—the consideration of the conduct of these ministering women at the cross, as bringing out some of the *leading traits of woman's character*—traits which are ever worthy of imitation.

And, in the first place, I would notice

THE STRENGTH AND CONSTANCY OF THEIR AFFECTION.

Our blessed Lord, the impersonation of wisdom, truth, gentleness, and goodness, had won this affection. For some years these noble women had followed Him, more or less constantly, in His various journeys of benevolence through Palestine. Their delight had been to minister to Him of their substance. The seamless garment He wore was woven by their hands. The precious ointment with which He was anointed in the house of Simon, was the offering of one who had been "forgiven much," and therefore "loved much" (Luke vii. 47). Their affection continued unabated to the last. Their attachment did not change with changing circumstances. When Jesus was apprehended, they did not forsake Him. When He hung expiring on the cross, they were as near to Him as they were allowed to be. They saw, with tearful eyes and bleeding hearts, all that was done to Him during those fearful hours. And as they were "the last at the cross," so they were "the first at the grave."

Truthful picture of the strength and constancy of woman's love! She deserts not the object of her affection, though reduced to poverty and despised by others. She tends him on "the bed of languishing"—a "ministering angel then." She cleaves to him in danger; she is ready to go with him to prison; she will scarcely be severed from him in the hour of death!

Let woman remember that, in this peculiar trait of her character—THE DEPTH AND CONSTANCY OF HER AFFECTIONS—she possesses a

talent *mighty for good, or mighty for evil*. Her affections, rightly directed and controlled, constitute the crown of her glory; but they expose her to special temptations, which, when they overcome, reduce her the more readily to the extremes of wickedness. Hence we find amongst women the very best and the very worst of human beings. We find them the brightest ornaments of humanity; and we find them moving in the lowest depths and amidst the darkest shades of wickedness.

Happy is that woman whose affections have been consecrated to CHRIST's service! Then will her ministry of love be "twice blessed"—blessed to herself, and blessed to all who come within the circle of her influence.

A second trait in woman's character, exemplified in the conduct of the ministering women at the cross of Christ, is

SUPERIORITY TO DANGER.

They were not present with our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane; but early in the morning they had heard of the melancholy transactions there. Instantly they are near their suffering Master, in the midst of the scene of danger. They rise above all fear. They are not ashamed to own Him when He is presented to the people as an object of scorn, derision, and mockery, wearing the crown of thorns and having in His hand a reed as a sceptre. They follow Him to the cross; they stand by Him there; and do all they can to mitigate His pains and to comfort His mind.

Again, how lovely and true the portrait! In moments of calmness, woman is often fearful and timid. The prospect of coming danger terrifies her, and she shrinks with the fear of anticipation. But let her feelings be aroused, let her heart be interested, and what danger will she not brave—what difficulties will she not surmount—what trials, and privations, and sufferings will she not endure?

This superiority to danger is another talent entrusted to woman's charge. How momentous its use or its abuse! It is fearful to contemplate this feature of woman's



character, as it was illustrated by the conduct of many during the horrors of the French Revolution. It was said that the men were frantic, but compared with the women they were tame and timid. But let us rather turn from this dark side of the picture, and point to those who have used this gift for God, and Christ, and man. The prisoner's friend, Elizabeth Fry—Sarah Martin, the less known but equally illustrious labourer in the same "work of faith and love"—Hannah More and her devoted sisters—the missionary heroine, leader of a noble band, Sarah Judson—the hospital nurse, Florence Nightingale—the authoress of "English Hearts and Hands"—"the Navy's Friend, and thousands more in humbler spheres—these "ministering women," baptized in modern times with this spirit of fearlessness consecrated to the service of Christian charity, have furnished bright examples for sisterly emulation, bidding others "Go and do likewise" (Luke x. 37).

A third trait which we notice in the character of the watchers at the cross is

#### THE SIMPLICITY AND CONSTANCY OF THEIR FAITH.

It does not appear that their confidence in the Messiahship of Jesus was shaken by the strange and unexpected calamities which had overtaken Him. They had, doubtless, the faith of Martha when she said—her brother being in the grave—"I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, that should come into the world" (John xi. 27). Their views of the nature of the Messiah's kingdom could scarcely have been free from the prevalent errors; yet it would seem those errors had a less dangerous influence over them than over the disciples. The disciples lost all faith in the hour of peril, and fled; the women loved on, and their confidence remained unchanged.

We may admit that their faith was a sentiment of the heart, rather than a conviction of the understanding. It may, therefore, to a considerable degree, have been *unreasoning* faith, but it was not, by any means, *unreasonable* faith, or *unfounded* faith. It was the clinging of good hearts to real goodness. It

was the unsuspecting confidence of pure minds in truth and purity. There might be difficulties about the subject of the Messiahship of Jesus; but they left them for others to solve, whilst they believed and were sure that He was the Christ, the Son of God. They believed this with Martha, when He stood at the grave of Lazarus and bade the dead come forth; nor did they less firmly believe it when, with sorrowful hearts, they saw Him laid in His own grave.

The intuitive perception of woman often enabling her to see and grasp the truth, when, for a time, obscured from others by a cloud of vain and shallow yet perplexing mental doubts, is no slight aid to the exercise of simple and confiding faith in the Word of Divine promise. Reason has her place and office; it is her province to guide the decisions of the understanding: but Faith recognizes the value of evidence which mainly commends itself to the *heart*. Woman's faith in the true and good seldom leads her astray; and certainly we may learn from it the wisdom of exercising faith in Him who is the fountain of all truth and goodness. Especially in seasons of trial we should beware of the reasonings of unbelief. Reason must not expect to "trace" then; but the heart may safely "trust."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

"Be not faithless but believing" (John xx. 27). Try to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 15).

We notice, lastly, in these holy women, an example of

#### CANDOUR AND OPENNESS TO CONVICTION.

These traits of character were exemplified by them when they became disciples; but they were still more strikingly exhibited in their conduct after the crucifixion. "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week" (Matt. xxviii. 1), they came to His sepulchre. They beheld an angel there, who told them that their Lord had risen, and reminded them of His own words while He was yet

with them, declaring that He would rise again. They remembered, and at once believed. They believed in His resurrection before they saw Him; and we are told "they departed quickly from the sepulchre, with fear and great joy"—how natural the combination of feelings!—"and did run to bring His disciples word" (Matt. xxviii. 8).

With the single exception of John, the beloved disciple, these were not so ready to receive conviction. "Their words seemed to them as idle tales; and they believed them not" (Luke xxiv. 11). The true explanation of this contrast is to be found in the different state of the hearts of the women and the hearts of the disciples. The women had been faithful—the disciples had deserted their Master; and unlike John they had not yet returned to their allegiance. It is a matter of experience that the deceiver is always ready to mistrust. Unsuspecting confidence is difficult, if not impossible, to those who have betrayed the confidence which others have reposed in themselves.

Highly did our Lord estimate the faithfulness and candour evinced by these noble women. They were the first who were informed of the fact of His resurrection. The visions of angels appeared to them, and not to the other disciples. And Christ was seen twice by them, before He had been seen once by any of the apostles.

That great principle of the Divine government is still unchanged, "Them that honour me, I will honour" (1 Sam. ii. 30). "Whosoever will do the will of God,"—whosoever hearkens with a candid and ready mind, and is prepared to act upon his convictions—"he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God" (John vii. 17).

We have thus glanced at some of the leading traits of woman's character brought out in the conduct of the ministering women at the cross of Christ. Each trait has suggested its special lesson; and each lesson has illustrated and enforced the duty and the privilege of woman to MINISTER TO CHRIST.

Very briefly, in closing our reflections, we would enforce this duty, and commend this privilege.

Great indeed are the obligations of to Christianity. Christianity has done for man, but, considered as a social it has done much more for woman. Her the slave of man, degraded and oppressed: it has raised her to the dignity of companionship with him—consciousness of her own proper worth—counsellor, fellow-worker, and comforter.

Should not *gratitude* prompt her to consecrate to the service of Christ the talents with which she is endowed—*strength and constancy of her affection—superiority to danger—the simplicity and constancy of her faith—her candour and openness to conviction?*

The influence of woman, were talents duly employed, would be to the world as "life from the dead."

What might not our *mothers* accomplish in the training of their children! How of our ablest and most useful men have traced their religious impressions, mentally, to the prayers and counsels of maternal love! How many in their wanderings, have been restrained—held from an irretrievable plunge into the abyss of sin—and at length have been brought home to God, by the remembrance of loved associations connected with the lessons of piety taught at a mother's knee! Richard Cecil tells us that, although during days of his vanity he withstood all endeavours to influence him for good, he could never resist his mother's tears. It would seem that the heart can scarce come so hard in any instance as to be insensible to the appeal which a mother can make. Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, in his narrative of an interview which he had with Bellingham, the assassin, says, he made him feel nothing till he mentioned his mother, and then he broke into a flood of tears!

But not alone the mother—the wife, the sister, the friend, may wield a mighty influence for good. Woman, as we are specially gifted—possesses those features of character which fit her, more than man, to be the benefactor of humanity. The very law of nature inclines her to

compassion and pity; her delicate sensibilities are more affected with the presence of disease, and pain, and misery. *Feeling* more than man can feel, she can *do* more than man can do; for her sympathy is that key which seldom fails to give her access to the heart, and dispose it to receive right impressions.

We turn, then, to the gentler sex, and with the deepest sense of the momentous issues depending on individual faithfulness, we urge, as woman's mission—A MINISTRY OF SERVICE TO CHRIST.

The neglect of this mission is the world's poverty. The performance of it will be the world's wealth.

Great are the evils which affect our domestic relations. Few are the families in which there is not a painful consciousness of these evils. Woman is the centre of home influence; and in her influence, sanctified and consecrated, we see, humanly speaking, the hope and pledge of Christian households.

Great are our social evils. A darkness which may be felt rests upon dense masses of our fellow-countrymen, enslaved by vice, estranged from God, and almost alienated from the sympathies of humanity. Woman is that "missing link" which, by the grace of God, may unite the broken chain, which ought to bind man to man in the enjoyment of the common privileges of the children of our common Father.

We do not say that it is woman's province

to stand forward in the eye of the world—to occupy a prominent or public position. From this notoriety she will naturally shrink: although there are exceptional instances in which it is unavoidable that her "good works" should, even in this public sense, "be seen of men" (Matt. vi. 5). And when this is the case, exposed as she must be to greater difficulties and temptations than others, she justly claims a special interest in our sympathies and our prayers, that she may be enabled to "stand," humbly, "in the true grace of God" (1 Peter v. 12). But we *do* say that every Christian woman is called to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour" (Titus ii. 10) in the eye of *her* world—in her family first; in the circle of her friends and neighbours next; and then, as far as her ability extends, in the homes of the suffering and the afflicted, in the dwellings of the poor and ignorant, and in the haunts of the vicious and the depraved.

In a word, her mission of duty and privilege is to emulate the example of THE MINISTERING WOMAN AT THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

"Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind—  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food—  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose; to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind:  
Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due."

CARLOS WILCOX.

**HEROISM.**—In the cholera wards of the London Hospital, in a scene of suffering and death sufficient to try the stoniest heart, a lady volunteer nurse has passed her time since the beginning of the epidemic, moving from bed to bed in ceaseless efforts to comfort and relieve. So very youthful and so very fair is this devoted girl, that it is difficult to control a feeling of pain at her presence under such circumstances. But she offered her help at a time when, from the sudden inroad of cases, much assistance was urgently required, and

nobly has she followed her self-sought duty. Wherever the need is greatest and the work the hardest, there she is to be seen toiling until her limbs almost refuse to sustain her. And the effect of the fair young creature's presence has been that the nurses have been encouraged by her never-failing energy and cheeriness, so that the dread of the disease has been lost in efforts to combat it. This is an instance of devotion which it would be an insult to praise—it need only be recorded. —*Lancet*.

## HOW TO FURNISH MY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

THE garniture of her house appears to be, generally considered, a more appropriate occupation for a lady than the laying out of her garden. Few are regardless here, and yet few, perhaps, are aware how much is required—I ought rather to say, *exactly what* is required to make a house look really inviting and agreeable; for, after all, this is the highest recommendation to any domestic establishment, whatever may be its rank in the social scale. It is easy to make a house look well, and fashionably furnished—not so easy to make it look hospitable and inviting. The upholsterer can do the former to our hands; the latter is the result of pleasant cordial feelings—long habits, perhaps hereditary, of noble and generous companionship with persons like-minded, and of a sincere and earnest desire to make others happy as well as ourselves.

So strong are these impressions produced upon our feelings, though often at the time unconscious of the cause, that there seems to me but little value in any kind of fitting up of a house if the general effect is such that it seems to freeze you into stiffness, shut you up, or thrust you out. What, for instance, is the value of any kind of furniture, if its effect, as a whole, is that of making everybody look ugly? When people feel themselves looking ugly, they are always cross; their benevolence is chilled; their aspirations quenched as by floods of cold water, which leave them dripping, unsightly, and depressed. Whatever, therefore, has a tendency to produce this effect should be carefully avoided in the fitting up of rooms to which we invite our friends, and where we ask them to "sit down, and make themselves comfortable."

I remember a room in a handsome old-fashioned mansion, where many a merry hour was spent, I dare say. But somehow I never could feel merry there. To me the feeling was never got rid of that I was stiff, awkward, and intensely ugly. A cold shiver often crept over me, with the kind of sensation one experiences in going into a room after the carpets have been taken up and the curtains removed. At length, I found out it was the walls—panelled walls painted light blue, almost white, which by the lapse of time had changed to a colour

of greenish tint; and there, in a room without a picture on the walls, we sat amidst of the pale cold sea-colour, with the very eyes ache for want of so much contrast. And so it was, I suppose, sought out all the brown, and purple, and yellow-greens in the complexions of the faces, and drew these colours out into unpleasant and humiliating prominence.

Certain it is that an agreeable colouring in the walls of rooms goes a long way towards producing that aspect of cheerfulness and cheerful hospitality which I have often felt of as a great household charm. Pictures, in gilded frames, help very much to the same end—not too bright or gaudy, but just warm with a kind of subdued glow.

In the same way as the walls, a carpet also can be inhospitable and repulsive, being absolutely ugly in itself. A carpet may be really beautiful as a fabric, and often see, and yet produce anything but a desirable effect. As a general rule, that carpets should not very much attract the eye to themselves; they should be intrusive rather than staring or glaring, because they are only parts of a whole, and not the principal objects. In the parlour, for instance, is the room, the principal objects are the occupants, to which everything else should be kept subservient. Whatever in the furniture starts out of a room, as a picture, is itself too conspicuous, breaks the harmony of proportion of the whole, and therefore produces the general effect. Elaborate, gay, and gaudy patterns in carpets have this tendency. The foot should tread safely and comfortably on the floor; it should not hesitate under a carpet of stumbling over branches of trees, or vases of flowers, and, worse than all, of a landscape scenery into a space. It is reversing the order of things, that we should walk upon the carpet, and the effect it produces can never be good, and ought not to be tolerated by anyone who has any taste. It can never be by good taste.

The ancients knew better than this. In the Mosaic flooring we find no imitation of nature, no aerial flights of fancy—the grouping together of objects was necessarily be spoiled by being

pon, and no less spoiled by being represented at, so as to accommodate them to the feet. By those who cannot travel far, a good idea of the effect of Mosaic flooring may be obtained at the Crystal Palace, in the Pompeian Court, and again in the Alhambra. But neither of these convey the idea as a whole. The only true and just effect is seen in long ranges of apartments where the flooring altogether is rich in patterns of this kind, many of them beautiful in their own style, but always flat and perfectly level—in appearance, no portion of them standing out to the eye as if higher than the rest, and certainly no portion of them representing aerial space, nor even distance, beyond the plane of the general surface.

In the rich and varied colouring of carpets of Eastern manufacture, but especially in the Persian, the same rule is observed of never deviating from a level surface; and hence, at least in part, the extremely comfortable appearance of a Persian carpet. In these patterns we generally find sufficient variety of colour to satisfy the eye, and yet no one stands out from the rest, so as to attract attention as an individual object on the floor, or as something to be stepped over and avoided, lest it would be crushed, still less as an opening through which the foot might step into infinite space.

It seems to me rather a remarkable feature of English taste that when we want something beautiful we must have it florid, strong, or glaring. We seem to miss, in our efforts of this kind, the grand secret of *keeping under* those things which should only be accessory or subservient—a secret by which each may be made to contribute to the beauty of the whole, and by holding their appropriate place may lighten and enhance that which is most important.

This system of relation and proportion applies to the walls as well as the floors of our houses. The effect of large, strong, prominent patterns, in making an apartment appear small, is generally understood, as well as the opposite effect of creating distance from the eye by simple and unobtrusive patterns. Patterns on walls which are not true to certain horizontal and perpendicular lines, are also well known by their perplexing torment to the eye. It is not that a sprig of flowers, for example, is not placed in just relation to some other sprig, but they may each have some diagonal bias which seems to cast them sideways, and which the eye is continually following

up or down in a slanting direction, not true to the perpendicular of the wall. Such tendencies are always objectionable in patterns of dress as well as of furniture, but most objectionable in a room, because the walls must be perpendicular. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that certain lines, either direct or implied, should follow the line of the wall, and even of the floor: I mean that the patterns of our carpets and walls should be such as to carry the eye, it may be insensibly, along perpendicular and horizontal lines.

With regard to the colour of rooms and furniture, it seems strange that green, which is at the same time the prevailing colour in nature, and the most agreeable to the eye, should not be the best for these artificial purposes. Yet so it is, that although beautiful in itself, green does not make other things beautiful. The common expression is, that "green does not light up well." The fact is that green is not a good accessory, and we should never forget that all furniture is accessory, or ought to be so; and even in nature green owes much of its beauty to atmospheric influences, to the amount of sunlight to which it is exposed, and, in a garden, to the relief afforded by the various tints and often gorgeous colouring of flowers.

If in an apartment furnished with green, we could supply a light equivalent to sunshine, and fill that apartment with specimens of beauty in human form that should be equivalent to the flowers of a richly cultivated garden, no doubt the effect would be enchanting. But the sunshine is not at our command, and all human beings are not like flowers. The consequence is that green is not a cheerful colour when used for this purpose, and seldom produces an agreeable effect.

Generally speaking, some indefinite tone of subdued warmth is best for our walls—something which keeps its place as subservient, and yet contributes to the agreeable impression of the whole. The furnishing of our houses is indeed a fine study for all ladies in this respect, that they bear always in remembrance the *relation of parts to a whole*—the *true relation* which is only one mode of defining *just proportion*. Thus the human occupants of a house constituting that principle which has most to be considered, all rooms may be called badly furnished in which the chief objects are not brought out to the best advantage, and all others made accessory to the same end.

What, for instance, should we think of a

lady who in actual words should introduce her friends to her furniture?—who should say, “My carpet, Mr. So-and-So, or my curtains,” &c.? Yet certainly there is an aspect about some over-furnished rooms which amounts to very much the same kind of thing, and which leaves the subdued visitor really at a loss about which he has come to see—the lady or her house.

This law of proportion and fitness embraces all ranks and conditions of life; and happily for women who have much to do with our social affairs, they are for the most part gifted

with a quick perception, often called *taste*, which enables them to perceive, as if by instinct, what is in exact proportion, or what is *monious*. In nothing is this more than in our general mode of living. A dress or cottage furniture in a man’s house is quickly discovered by any female eye, and is quickly condemned; but I am not sure that the opposite of this, which is removed from good taste, is so generally perceived and condemned. I allude to finery—the too great display—where things are not in perfect keeping.

### SUMMER MUSIC.

Gaily through the woodland,  
Softly in the vale,  
Floats the Summer music  
On the balmy gale;  
Insects hum their story  
To the scented breeze;  
Rain-drops gently patter  
On the thirsty trees.  
Mortals, let not sadness  
Round your spirits cling;  
Mate with summer music,  
Sweetly, sweetly sing.

List the strains that languish  
In the evening air;  
Beautiful, soft music  
Liveth everywhere.  
Through the dewy moonlight,  
Fairies gently steal,  
And on quivering blue-bells  
Ring their midnight peal.  
Birds in dreamy love-land  
Sit with folded wing,  
Breathing summer music;  
Softly, softly sing!

See the rising glory  
O’er the earth appear;  
Nature’s full-voiced chorus  
Swells upon the ear:  
Soon each mystic shadow  
Gently fades away;  
All creation, waking,  
Hails the new-born day.  
Come ye, come with gladness,  
Touch the tuneful string;  
Bring your Summer music,  
Gaily, gaily sing!

ELIZA F. MORRIS,  
*Author of “Life Lyrics”*

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

"FEAR NOT . . . I HAVE THE KEYS."

Rev. i. 18.

It is this "Fear not" which often we most need to hear. We do not exercise ourselves in *great* matters—we can trust these to Him who has the keys, for we feel they are too high for us; but we do painfully exercise ourselves in lesser things, as if we had the sole charge of them. We should not for a moment presume to grasp the keys; but we do presume, in our thoughts, to dictate when and where and how they shall be used. We strive, oftentimes almost unconsciously perhaps, to re-arrange and re-ordain particular circumstances, and even whole scenes, in our life and in the lives of others. And with a still more importunate and sorrowful eagerness do we seek to have some power in arranging for life's close. We would not dare to take the key of death into our own hand, but we would touch it while it lies in His. *Not now*, or *Not there*, or *Not thus*, we are always saying.

"*Nor now*," we say, when the father is called to leave the family of which he is the sole stay. "Let him live, let a few years elapse, let his family be provided for, let his work be done!" *It is done*, is the answer. His fatherless children *are* provided for; I have taught him to leave them with me. "The Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, is God in His holy habitation."

"*Not now*," we say, when the mother has heard the home call, and with a calmness and courage greater than those of the soldier in battle, is rising above all her cares, and becoming a child again at the threshold of the heavenly home. Oh, not now! Who will check the waywardness, encourage the virtues, receive the confidences, soothe the little sorrows, and train the loves of those infant hearts? Who will teach the evening prayer, and listen to the Sabbath hymn? Who can give a mother's care and feel a mother's love? I, saith the Shepherd, I will gather the lambs with mine arm, and carry them in my bosom. I will forget no prayer of the dying mother's heart. I will treasure in my heart the earnings of her life over her children, and the

unutterable compassions of her dying hour; and when many years have sped, and she has been long in heaven, these children will remember her in their holiest and happiest moments, and by their walk and their work will be proving that she did not live in vain, that she *finished* the work that was given her to do.

Or we say, "*Not there*," oh, not there! Away on the sea—a thousand miles from land—let him not die there, and be dropped into the unfathomed grave, where the unstable waves must be his only monument, and the winds the sole mourners of the place! Or not in some distant city or far-off land—strangers around his bed, strangers closing his eyes, and then carrying him to a stranger's grave. Let him come home and die amid the whisperings and breathings of the old unquenchable love. "*He is going home*," is the answer, and going by the best and only way. "I can open the gate Beautiful in any part of the earth or sea; and your friends will flee to the shelter of *my* presence all the more fully because yours is far away."

Or we say, "*Not thus*"—not through such agonies of body, or faintings of spirit, or tremblings of faith—not in unconsciousness—not without dying testimonies. Let there be outward as well as inward peace. Let mention be made of Thy goodness. Let there be foretellings and foreshowings of the glory to which, as we trust, they are going. Oh, shed down the light, the fragrantcy of heaven upon the dying bed! The answer is, "They are there, and you are so dull of sense that you perceive them not. Your friend is safe in the everlasting arms."

Thus the *time*, and the *place*, and the *circumstances* are all arranged by the wisdom and the will of Him who holds "the keys;" and we could not, even if we had our own will and way, make anything better than it is in the perfect plan. Better!—everything would be worse—inconceivably worse, if *we* had the keys. Let us trust them, with a loyal, loving trust, with Him who graciously says, "Fear not . . . I have the keys."

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

## HEERA AND MOTEE; OR, ELLINOR GRANTLEY'S FRIENDS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS;" "MABEL AND CORA," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.



OTEE was working quietly in the drawing-room after luncheon, in the afternoon of the following day. Mrs. Grantley sat at the table with pens, ink, and paper, writing a letter. Nellie's entrance broke upon a rather long silence.

"Oh, you are here, Motee! I am very glad, for I was afraid you would have gone out with Heera. Reginald has taken her for a walk, has he not?"

"Yes; I told him I would rather stay in for you."

"And we can go out presently, if you like. I want to tell you something first, Motee. I could not get a minute with you alone before, though I have been trying all day. Oh, I don't mean mamma—she knows it," as Motee glanced involuntarily in the direction of Mrs. Grantley. "Motee, can you keep a secret?"

"I hope so," said Motee, smiling—"if it is right."

"Of course; I should not ask you if it were not. It is uncle Francis' secret, and he insists that no one shall hear but you, and you only under promise of secrecy. It may only end in disappointment after all, and he does not wish it talked about. He has an especial horror of its coming to Heera's ears."

"I think I may safely promise to tell no one without leave. What is it, Nellie?"

Nellie detailed the conversation of the preceding evening, and Mr. Cowley's intentions with regard to Randolph. Motee listened with brightening eyes.

"How kind—how very kind of him! Oh, Nellie, it will be delightful if he succeeds in getting it. We shall not know how to thank him enough. It will do papa more good than anything. How exceedingly kind of Mr. Cowley!"

"Yes, it is kind," said Nellie; "I hope he will succeed, Motee. It will be very nice, and I really expect that he will."

"To take such trouble for us—almost strangers!" said Motee gratefully. "I am sure we could never have expected it."

"Not quite strangers," remarked Mrs. Grantley, with a half smile. "He knew your mother, dear, very well in past years."

"Did he? I suppose I must have heard her speak of him then, but I don't recollect it."

"No, I dare say not often," said Mrs. Grantley slowly.

"Uncle Francis must have been quite middle-aged at the time that you and aunt Anna were girls," said Nellie.

"He was, and a very different man to what he is now. He is sadly aged and broken, but also very much softened."

"I could imagine that he had been very severe at one time," said Motee with a little hesitation.

"He was, dear—exceedingly so. I was always a favourite of his, and he was kind and indulgent to me, for various reasons. But though he really was in general benevolent and kind-hearted, yet when anything touched his pride or roused his distrust in any way, he was most harsh and suspicious. He has had some bitter lessons to learn before he became what he is now."

"Suspicious of what?" asked Nellie, while Motee watched with sympathizing interest the varieties of expression that flitted across her aunt's gentle and somewhat careworn face, as the memories of bygone days came vividly to mind.

"Everything—everybody! He was always doubting and judging harshly, and then finding out his mistake and repenting his injustice."

"I never should have thought him particularly sensitive," remarked Nellie gravely.

"He was proud, and quick to take offence."



id Mrs. Grantley. "It was much the same thing, if there is any difference at all."

"Mamma, did you ever see Lord Morbury?" asked Nellie.

"Often, at one time—very often; but that as a long while ago."

"Is he very old?"

"Oh no!" Motee said hastily; "I have seen him once, and I am sure he is not."

Mrs. Grantley smiled.

"He is the same age as uncle Francis, but should imagine him to be a man who would grow well, and not grow old rapidly—strong, healthy, vigorous, and yet calm and even-tempered."

"Nellie, I have written the letter," said Mr. Cowley, coming into the room. "Here is—umay see it, and your cousin too, if she likes." Motee gratefully expressed her thanks for the trouble he was taking; and, with a nod of probation, he sat down and began reading the letter aloud. Motee was rather surprised to find that during the first two or three pages Randolph and his plans were not so much alluded to. The composition was a curious mixture of elaborate care and characteristic untidiness. First came inquiries about Lord Morbury and his family; then some short mysterious allusions to old days; next came a sentence which made Motee colour, about Anna Grantley's two daughters, who were living in the house—one of them very high in his esteem, in spite of a barbarously ugly name of Mahommedan derivation."

"Oh, what a shame!" Nellie exclaimed.

"I am sorry you don't like the name," said Motee, laughing and blushing; "but I can't help it."

"Of course: I don't blame you," said Mr. Cowley. "Barbarously ugly it is, nevertheless. um going on now."

On the fourth page came an allusion to the pointment, and a slight sketch of what he understood to be Randolph Beverley's capacities, followed by a request that Lord Morbury would if possible use his influence in his behalf.

"That's all that is necessary for you to say," said Mr. Cowley, stopping short. "You can't understand the rest. Will it do, Miss Beverley?"

Nellie interrupted her warm thanks to observe,

"You quite ignore the fact, uncle, that Lord Morbury already knows Randolph personally." "How? What should I say about it?"

asked Mr. Cowley rather gruffly. "Are you such close friends?" he inquired of Motee.

"No, not exactly," said Motee timidly. "Papa and mamma have met him occasionally, and he has always been very kind. But Heera and I have only seen him once, and Randolph not more than twice. His house in London is a long way off, and he is very busy, and we keep no carriage."

"That's a straightforward answer," said Mr. Cowley with admiration. "I like to see a girl who can speak the truth, and neither more or less."

A pause followed. Mr. Cowley began directing an envelope, and folding up the letter. Suddenly he asked,

"What were you talking about when I came in?"

Motee felt rather guilty, and Nellie coloured a little, as she said, "Of Lord Morbury, I think, just at that moment; and about his having known aunt Anna some years ago."

Mr. Cowley was silent, an expression of unwonted emotion passed over his face, and curiosity prompted her to add, "I was saying that I wished I could hear some stories of your past life, uncle. You must have so many you could tell."

"Stories!" muttered Mr. Cowley, while Mrs. Grantley looked up, startled at her daughter's temerity. "Aye! there are plenty of stories to be told at my age—plenty that your mother could tell too, for the matter of that."

"Uncle Francis, I have never spoken of any subject upon which you wished me to be silent," said Mrs. Grantley, gently.

"I know you have not—I never intended to imply that you had, Ellinor. But if Nellie is so anxious to hear some tales of the days before she was born, I dare say I could tell her something—something that might be useful to her—something not unsuitable."

Mrs. Grantley looked up in some anxiety. "What are you going to tell her, uncle?"

"About a mistake of mine years ago—a mistake resulting from my own obstinate suspicious pride, which has embittered my whole life." Mr. Cowley's lips quivered for a moment, though his face was set determinately. "You have never heard me speak of it, Nellie, but I have often thought of telling you. Miss Beverley—or Motee, if an old man may call you so"—Motee made a quick gesture of assent as he continued without a pause—"you may hear me also. Not that you need it. That is not your fault. But mind, there must be no

talking about it. If I reveal to you the darkest passage in my life, you must never mention it again."

Both girls answered simply in the affirmative. Nellie had never seen him so agitated. He leant back in his chair, and asked abruptly,

"Nellie, have you ever heard of your cousin—of your mother's cousin—my niece, Lucilla?"

"Lucilla Cowley!" repeated Nellie; "yes, I have heard the name, but I know hardly anything about her. I think I remember seeing her portrait years ago, the only time I was ever at your home."

"No home for me since I lost her," said Mr. Cowley, bitterly. "Your mother will tell you what she was, Nellie—the brightest, loveliest girl that was ever seen! Her parents died when she was a baby, and ever since then she had lived with me, and been *my* child. Our love for one another was like that of father and daughter. This was when Ellinor—your mother, I mean—was a girl too, of about her age."

"Mamma, you remember her?" said Nellie.

"Very well indeed," said Mrs. Grantley, who was listening with evident uneasiness.

"Let me go on without interruption, if you want the story," said Mr. Cowley, abruptly. "Your mother, Nellie, lived near us, and she was always in and out. Lucilla and I were as happy as the days were long. Not that she was like me! Such a gentle, trusting, loving creature!—she never had a harsh word or look for any one. There was another young lady living near, a sort of friend of Lucilla's, though very unlike her. She was thought pretty; and she was a lively, merry girl, very fond of talking; and though I dare say she was not a bad girl, she was too much given to meddling with what didn't concern her. Her name was—"

"Uncle Francis!" interposed Mrs. Grantley hastily, in a tone of caution, if not of alarm.

"Well, well—never mind the name. I'll call her Mary. I told you, girls, that Lord Morbury was my greatest friend, did I not? He is now, but at that time I had another equally dear to me—Heatherstone was his name. He lived at a short distance, and we met often enough to keep up the warm feeling between us which had subsisted from boyhood. He was a widower at the time of which I am speaking, with one son. Francis was a fine young fellow, very like his father, with very good prospects. He was in the army; and it was not to be wondered at that, after knowing one another from childhood, he and Lucilla became engaged—

and with the full concurrence of his father myself. Everything went on smoothly; the wedding-day was fixed, when—"

Nellie looked rather impatient at that followed; but Mr. Cowley resumed a minute,—

"Now for the sad part of my tale: you that Lucilla had a friend, or rather acquaintance, whom I shall call Mary. I believe this girl really intended no harm; she was too fond of gossiping and idling. One day, about two months before the wedding, she came to call on us. Lucilla was in high spirits that day, and I remember Mary telling her how happy she was looking, and raving about being so happy when Francis was absent with his regiment, and could only come for occasional visits; but Lucilla had written her a letter that afternoon, telling her to come and see him early the next week. She had asked Mary to stay to tea, and from that incident date our troubles. Not that I blame Mary—it was not a half or a quarter so much my fault."

"What did she do?" Nellie asked.

"She talked—nothing else. But she said things she had no right to say, or I think she had no sense to say. First she had a string of insinuations against Francis Heatherstone—insinuations of such a way as to imply a great deal more than was really said. He had been paying attention to her, she hinted, to a certain young lady, nameless, of course; and somebody full of commiseration for poor Miss Heatherstone had written her a long letter to the effect of which she quoted. A strange mixture of truth and falsehood it must have been; everything was distorted to the disadvantage of Francis Heatherstone. This was the story that I told me, when Lucilla was out of the room a few minutes; but she went on much the same in her presence, only a little more careful not to hurt her. She had some feeling for my poor girl, though she could not resist the pleasure of talking. Lucilla laughed outright at first, when she came to the point of Mary's remarks, and turned the subject as if it were a joke. But when she heard and jealousy were roused, and I began to hear particulars. Mary gave the particulars enough, referring to her letter for evidence, but laughing over it, and not in the least realizing what she was doing till she saw the sight of Lucilla's white, quiet face—the poor girl believed one word of it, but she was frightened for what I might

her she would have stopped, if I had her. But she had already said enough, more than enough. After a string of wild proofs of Francis' inconstancy, she was at last brought up in another quarter. She had heard "old Mr. Heatherstone" call him to distinguish him from—speaking in a really shameful way of his engagement. At least, she had seen no one else who had heard him, and who told it to be a fact that he had professed intent, and expressed a belief that his heart had looked higher. I might have thought that nothing was more unlikely, for she was heiress to my estate, with expectancy little if at all inferior to Francis' but my pride was thoroughly roused, and I was angry with both father and son—and more angry the longer I thought that had passed. I never doubted the words Mary had said, and I thought my moderate in not making up my mind what to do, instead of waiting till the morning, when I rode over to see her, and her repeat distinctly all that she had said. Francis of, or hinted about him, the next evening; and even show me parts of a worthless gossiping letter which formed the substance for much that she had said."

Cowley paused a moment, almost overpowered by indignation at the recollec-

tion. He determined at once that the whole affair must be broken off. I was not going to leave my Lucilla upon unwilling hands, I thought it was a very good thing that we had seen Francis' real character in time. She was thoroughly roused, and nothing could turn me from my resolution—not even her tears and distress—her assurances that Francis could never have done anything worthy, and that she entirely trusted to her entreaties that I would at least inquire, and do nothing rashly, or break forth with such cruelty. There she stopped, before she had spoken the word, and for the first time in her life, I was much displeased with her, and desired to leave the room, and never speak upon the subject again, for my mind was made up. I wrote off a short angry letter to Francis Heatherstone, informing him that the engagement was entirely at an end; that he need not see Lucilla again, as I intended to go abroad for several months; and that my own conscience would supply the reasons

for my conduct, I considered it unnecessary to enumerate them."

"Oh, uncle!" Nellie exclaimed involuntarily.

"Aye! you may well be shocked, child, but beware that *you* never act in any such manner without well-grounded reason. There is danger for *you* if you are ever in the like circumstances, and I am telling you this sad story that it may be a warning to you. But I must go on. Of course Francis did not submit coolly to such treatment. He came over instantly, insisted on entering the house, though I had given orders that he was not to be admitted, and declared he would not leave the hall without seeing me. He seemed half frantic, they said—and no wonder—no wonder! But he was forced at length to go away, without a word with me, for I utterly refused to meet him for a moment. The next day his father came, and I could not well deny him an interview, but I remember going in as rigid and determined and hard as a bar of iron. He begged to know my motives for such extraordinary conduct, and whether Lucilla participated in them, and desired that I would at least allow his son the opportunity of justifying himself. But in my madness I refused to acquaint him with my reasons—I declared no explanation could make the slightest difference—that I had Lucilla's happiness too much at heart, ever to allow the engagement to be renewed; and, in short, that it was my wish never to hear it mentioned again. Heatherstone bore with me with wonderful patience, and tried every means to turn me from my resolution; and even to the last he did not once lose his temper; but he said at length, haughtily and bitterly, when he rose to leave, 'Cowley, I shall say no more, for I am convinced that it would be utterly useless. Your trust in your friends is less than that you would place in your very dogs! To appeal to your long-tryed knowledge of Francis, and the confidence you ought to feel in him, would have as little effect as to appeal to your love for Lucilla. But beware that you do not bitterly repent this day's decision at some future time—perhaps not far distant.'"

Nellie shuddered, and Mote's face was painfully intent and anxious.

"I took her abroad without delay," resumed Mr. Cowley. "At first she seemed distressed, but when she begged me to let her stay quietly at home—she would be so much happier—I silenced her imperatively, and she never made

any more complaints; though she grew white, and thin, and weak, till I was alarmed for her health; but she would not call herself an invalid, and dropped none of her usual employments. She never spoke of Francis, for I had forbidden her to do so, and she always obeyed me; and the only time I ever alluded to him was to let her know that he had exchanged into a foreign regiment, and sailed for the West Indies. Mr. Heatherstone, too, left his home before long, and as I knew he was not likely to return for some time, I yielded at length to what I *knew* were her wishes—though she never said much about them—and we travelled homewards. But the very day after we arrived she was taken ill with a dangerous attack of low fever, and for weeks no one thought she would live. At last she began slowly to improve; but just about that time we heard that Francis Heatherstone had been attacked with yellow fever immediately he reached the West Indies, and had died after three or four days' illness. I gave strict orders that no one should mention this in Lucilla's hearing, but a servant imprudently revealed it to her—I believe by accident, and that Lucilla guessed the truth from a thoughtless word uttered without any intention of letting her know it. But the effect of the news was too much in her feeble state. She had a relapse, and she was too weak to rally. She died, Nellie, in your mother's arms."

A silence ensued. Nellie broke it by saying, "Mr. Heatherstone?"

"The news of his son's death broke him down completely," said Mr. Cowley, conquering the agitation that convulsed his face. "He only lived a year."

"Did you see him again?"

"Once—when he sent for me, some months after all this had happened. He knew he could not live long, and his only anxiety was that I should be assured of his complete forgiveness for all the distress I had caused him, and that I should be convinced of my error. I explained everything when I saw him—showed him the slight grounds there had been for my inveterate anger—and told him exactly what had passed between An—Mary I mean, and myself. He made me promise to sift the matter thoroughly for his sake, and I did so. I saw Mary myself, and to her great distress gave her some idea of the misery her careless words had caused; and she assured me that if she had imagined anything so trivial could have occasioned such

momentous consequences, she would have explained matters long ago; but the fact was she was so completely in the habit of going to idle, aimless gossip, upon every subject that came uppermost, that she had not given a second thought to all she had said that evening—especially as she had not been staying for some months in the West of Scotland, and had heard little of her troubles. Mr. Heatherstone had assured himself that the words she had quoted concerning the engagement, were uttered in earnest, and she now confessed that she had really believed them; while the stories of Francis, she said, were mere gossip, and the letter she had received not a whit more depended on. If she had ever imagined at that moment that I could seriously have reproached her with them, she would never have repeated them, but she had done it, as it were, "in fit and no thought of consequences. I do not know how I endured at the time to hear that I was almost too wretched to be angry with her. I can scarcely allow myself to think of it now. It was bad enough when the worst that I had thought of was that I had been rather too harsh and severe. But now to know that I had been utterly unjust—that all this misery had been prevented by a few inquiries which it probably *would* have been, but for my obstinate pride and temper—Nellie, that in the agony of remorse I went in the first few months, my brain might have given way under the pressure, but for the constant care and sympathy and affection afforded me by one steady friend—Lucy. I shall never forget it."

"I should like to see him," said Nellie thoughtfully, while Motee asked, with eyes and unsteady voice,

"Mr. Cowley—was here—Lucilla's death?"

"Perfectly," he said in a low voice to your aunt. Tell her, Ellinor."

Mrs. Grantley hesitated.

"I never saw a more peaceful death," she said at length—"more assured than hers. Her sins were washed away in her blood—more beautiful patience and devotion throughout her illness. It was touching."

"And her entire forgiveness of all her harshness," said Mr. Cowley, with an effort. "She never reproached me—never alluded intentionally to my share in

that sorrow and suffering. Even in a, she never uttered a hard word in re to me: she only used to repeat over r again, 'Uncle, dear uncle, you won't ain—you won't judge again hastily. It a mistake—only you were too certain you won't forget next time—charity h no evil—charity hopeth all things—believeth all things—you won't forget e'—until I felt as if the very sound of ce repeating that text would drive me Nellie, can you wonder now that I have such a horror of hasty suspicions?"

"said Nellie slowly.

ave told this story for your sake—not is any pleasure to me to recall such recollections, or rather to speak of hings which are never absent from my Nellie, let it be a warning to you."

Cowley rose, as he spoke, to leave the out paused a moment as he saw Motee's ed on him, full of tears, while her colour anging painfully. He came back, and her hands in his, with an air of fatherly ss, asked gently, "My dear, are you dis- at an old man's story of his troubles?" e hesitated a moment, and then said in ing voice,

as not thinking of that—only—I mean h you had not told it to me."

leed! Why not?" he asked quickly.

ause—you know," said Motee, breaking You know what I mean—I wish I had rd you."

! I see," said Mr. Cowley slowly. "My he went on again, "I judged perhaps ly in relating this to you. But I meant —"

one had any right to tell me such a but herself," interrupted Motee hur- and raising her face with a look almost ntment. "It was not *right*!" And she nto tears.

e was looking on in amazement, but had ough to obey her mother's distressed and leave the room without a word. wley's face was a mixture of expres- out the predominating one was appro- and even respect.

may be that I have made a mistake," l gravely; "but I had a motive; and I d when I was alone with you to explain ould not have told you the story in the e of any one else, but that I wished to hear it—to take warning from her ile's conduct. Perhaps when you know

my reason for letting you hear it too, you will forgive me the pain I have caused you."

"I don't know—it was not *right*," said poor Motee again, between her sobs. "It was not kind to tell me in that way—to find such fault with her!"

"Did I speak harshly? If I was carried away so far as to do so, it was only by a momentary feeling of excitement. I thought I had conquered that completely. I acknowledge that for a long while I much overrated her share in the sad story I have told you, and that I felt very bitterly towards her. But now that I can look calmly back, I see that I have been unjust, or at least judging harshly from the consequences of her fault, which after all was no more than the careless talk of a thoughtless girl. It is *myself* that I blame for all the miseries I have borne."

"If you only knew her now, you would never speak of it again," said Motee eagerly. "I can't tell you what she is—there never was such a mother! If I had known who you were speaking about, I would not have stayed to hear the rest, but I did not know till just at the end. She has only once spoken to me about it—when something had made her talk to me about idle gossiping, and she told me she had such a great horror of it, for she had done such terrible mischief by it when she was a girl. But she hardly gave me any particulars, and mentioned no names; and it was only your beginning to say her real name by accident that recalled to me what she had said."

"I see! Perhaps I had better have said nothing before you," returned Mr. Cowley—so dejectedly that Motee's kind feeling was roused at once.

"I daresay you only meant to do for the best—I mean, I am sure that you did," she said quickly. "It is only that I don't like to hear such a story as that from any one but herself. She would have told me if she wished me to know it."

"Your feeling is very creditable both to yourself and her," said Mr. Cowley quietly. "My only motive for telling you, Motee, was that I wished for an opportunity of letting your mother know—without any formal letters passing between us—that there is not the slightest unkind feeling on my part towards her. I wish to destroy any painful recollection she may still have of the strong bitter expressions I can remember using with regard to her conduct."

"She has," said Motee in a low voice. "Yes, I remember her alluding to that—saying it would be such a comfort to know that she was forgiven by him—she did not say any name—whom she had injured so deeply."

"Then you may assure her, Motee, that I have forgiven her, even as I hope myself to be forgiven," said Mr. Cowley seriously. "If I had not, how could I look for pardon for my own most sinful conduct—pardon from my heavenly Father through the blood of my Saviour! When we think of *that*, Motee—that great and wondrous love, and our own unworthiness—it seems strange that we can ever be so slow to forgive one another."

The old worn face of the speaker was lighted up with strong feeling; and there was an answering light in Motee's blue eyes as she said gently,

"I will tell mamma what you say, and I know it will be a comfort to her."

"And if she wishes for a proof that I have laid aside all bitter and unkind feeling," added Mr. Cowley, resuming his usual quick, abrupt manner, "tell her, child, that I could never have taken the interest I do in your brother Randolph's plans, if it were not so. Now we will say no more about it. You understand why I told you the tale, and we need never allude to it again."

He disappeared, without waiting for an answer; and Motee, evidently disinclined to converse further, took up her work, and went quietly out of the room. Nellie came in, two minutes later, exclaiming, the instant she saw her mother alone,

"Mamma, pray satisfy my curiosity now. I saw Motee going up to her room, so I supposed the scene was over. What was the matter?"

"I thought you would have understood," said Mrs. Grantley. "That young lady that uncle Francis called Mary——"

"Yes, I guessed it was about her, but I don't understand how, unless Motee knows her. Is she a friend, or relation?"

"It is Motee's mother."

Nellie started violently.

"Mamma! Aunt Anna! Impossible!"

"Yes, she was very different as a girl to what you have seen her. Then she was like Heera, and now she is like Motee."

"I could never have imagined such a thing! And how singular that Motee should never have heard it before."

"She has heard the outline of it from your

aunt, though no particulars. I am surprised that Anna should shrink from of it to her children—Heera especially."

"Heera would publish the whole week, with various additions and omissions. No, I don't wonder *she* never. But how was it you never told me, ma?"

"My dear, if I had done so without Francis' permission, he would never have come to the house again," Mrs. Grantley answered.

Reginald and Heera, returning from their walk, interrupted them, and nothing more was said upon the subject. Motee presently appeared, quiet and composed as usual, rather more silent. Mr. Cowley was there more till dinner-time, and even then he stood all in the dining-room before him. Motee standing in one of the windows, thoughtfully out, when Nellie entered the room, and came up to her.

"Meditating, Motee? What are you thinking about?"

"Randolph and Mr. Cowley," said Motee, turning round with a bright smile. "I was thinking of the kind of your uncle to write that letter."

"He really does like to do a kindness, doesn't he? One would not think so always," said Mrs. Grantley.

"I am sure he does. I am afraid I am too much from the letter, but I can think how delightful it will be to him. When Mr. Cowley read it to us, I——"

"Mr. Cowley read *you* a letter!" exclaimed Heera, appearing round the curtain. "What are you talking about, Motee? Don't you know so, or I shall think I am treading on the fines of some important secret."

"If there were one, you are the last person to be made acquainted with it," said Mrs. Grantley.

"Because I could not keep it two hours! Very true; and you are prudent to hide it from me. Never shall I be satisfied till I know it."

"I never said there was one," said Mrs. Grantley.

"Can you say there isn't? I thought I fancied Motee had been looking rather strange all the afternoon, and this explains it. Has it anything to do with brown wig?"

"Hush!" said Nellie hastily, as Mr. Cowley walked in and took his place at the table. Heera was obliged to defer her inquiries for a short time. Motee was considering the vexation at what had passed, how she could manage to elude them without compromising the truth, or giving her any clue by which

cover the secret, when she heard Mr. Cowley asking,

"Ellinor; has that letter been sent off yet?"

"To Lord Morbury——" Mrs. Grantley stopped. "The one you wrote this afternoon?"

"Yes; I left it by mistake on the drawing-room table."

"It was probably posted with the others—if it was in the letter-rack of course, and most likely if it was on the table. It was stamped and directed, was it not?"

"What letter?" asked Heera.

"One I wrote," said Mr. Cowley shortly. "Nellie, just go and see whether it is there."

"I'll go," said Heera, springing up, and she was off before they could remonstrate, though Mr. Cowley muttered something like "interfering." It was several minutes before she returned, with a heightened colour, and rather excited manner.

"It is not there," was all she said.

"Are you sure, dear?" asked Mrs. Grantley, as Mr. Cowley fidgeted.

"I lighted one of the candles, that I might see better. How dark that room gets in the evening. I suppose the trees make it more so than this."

"Are the letters gone from the rack?" asked Nellie.

"I don't know. I forgot to look."

Nellie rose in obedience to a glance from her mother, saying she would go and see. She was back again directly.

"Yes, they have all gone. I asked the servant, and she said she had taken one or two off the table. She always looks there, she says, because uncle Cowley so often forgets to put his letters in the rack—and Reginald never does it."

"Too much trouble," said Reginald laughing. "I do it when I remember it, but that is not always, certainly. I don't pretend to be so methodical as my mother, who I don't believe forgets it once in a year. Motee, what may I give you now?"

*(To be continued.)*

## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

V.—SARAH MARTIN.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "WELL MARRIED," ETC.

*(Concluded from page 448.)*

In 1823, Sarah Martin first commenced her industrial plans in the prison. Two benevolent gentlemen gave her, between them, the sum of £110s., for prison charity. She justly thought the greatest charity would be to teach the prisoners some useful employment; so, with this fund in hand, she commenced buying coarse materials, cutting out garments, and superintending their making up by the prisoners. When made, she undertook to be saleswoman, and disposed of them among her connexions, laying aside the price of the work done in the making of them as a little fund for the prisoners when they left the prison—by these means accomplishing many good objects, first employing time that would have been wasted, teaching useful arts that might help the delinquents to live honestly in future, and providing them with a small sum with

which to commence the world anew when their term of punishment had expired.

The plan was so obviously good and beneficent, that many persons contributed to the prison fund; and though Sarah Martin never wished it to become large, strictly limiting it to supplies of materials, yet, from the beginning with £110s., it soon rose to £77s. Various articles worth £408 were in course of time sold for the benefit of the prisoners.

It was comparatively easy to set the female prisoners to work. The visitor's own business made her expert in the selection, cutting out, and in superintending the making up of materials; the greatest difficulty was with the men. Here her mind showed itself fertile in resources; she employed them in making or plaiting straw hats, manufacturing bone spoons and seals, sewing boys' caps, for which she

begged old cloth and stuff; and, as a last resource, patchwork, which proved very amusing. An etching of "The Chessplayer," by Retzsch, she took into the prison, and two men desired to be permitted to copy it. They were supplied with materials, and succeeded very well. Others also attempted it, and, as the picture presented a good lesson against gaming of all kinds—a vice to which the prisoners were peculiarly addicted, it was for a long time kept before their attention.

Nor did the exertions of this devoted woman cease when the prisoners were discharged; she kept a watchful eye on many, provided some with employment, assisted and instructed others, and proved the faithful, unwearied friend of the friendless. Many satisfactory and remarkable instances of thorough reformation of heart and life came under her notice.

It must not be supposed that a work so important as that to which she devoted herself was carried on without many difficulties, though her hopeful, grateful nature, prevented her doing more than incidentally mention them. No doubt many idle and envious persons, who felt that all activity condemned their selfishness, looked with aversion on her labours, or regarded her merely as an eccentric, but she never alludes to the estimate that human beings formed of her works; it was enough for her that she felt a sweet assurance of God's approbation. Nor must it be forgotten that she, a delicate woman, went among a set of undisciplined delinquents, who, when at large, were the terror of the district, and on whom, during their incarceration, no other restraint was imposed than merely that of being under lock and key. Swearing, gambling, filthiness, were by no means prohibited; loathsome skin diseases and vermin were common, so that to visit such a prison and prisoners was very different from such an occupation in our day of prison cleanliness and order. Sarah Martin's neat personal habits were shocked at every turn; indeed, she records that, from the dirt of the prisoners, she suffered the utmost annoyance.

"I could not," she says, "even mention my distress to any human being, because my friends, not exposed to the trial as I was, nor requiring strength peculiar to it, might not have felt themselves justified in receiving me from the prison to their houses."

She gratefully testifies to the fact that, with very rare exceptions, she was received with

respect and gratitude by the prison chief. Her chief trial was with a turnkey, whose character and conduct thwarted her turn. He tried to destroy her influence over the prisoners, and would willingly have tempted them to disrespect towards her; but the felons were, it seems, better than that, for they would not yield to his temptations. We may judge how greatly he impeded her work and tried her patience, for, as she writes of him,

"My soul was even as among lions; man was a legion; and my health suffered from intense anxiety of mind. My influence over the prisoners was simply supported by the force of truth, nor was it for a moment forced upon their unwilling attention.

The effect this man's behaviour had on her spirits may be conjectured from the character of the following poem, written at the time of her difficulties, in November

#### AN EARNEST PRAYER.

"Hide not Thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger: Thou hast been merciful, O Lord, leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of truth."—Psalm xxvii. 9.

"I am a stranger in this world;  
When shall I rise to dwell with Thee  
When shall the friendly hand of death  
Set my imprisoned spirit free?

I am a stranger in this world,  
Dead to its interests and its joys;  
A higher interest meets my view,  
A nobler work my soul employs.

Lord, I am weary of this world,  
Where all I see is stained with sin;  
Without, a host disputes my way,  
And guilty unbelief within.

A work Thou hast assigned to me,  
Dear for Thy sake; yet my poor heart  
Midst storms and enemies and snares,  
Would gladly from this world depart.

Oh, of Thy Spirit, pitying God,  
A double portion hence bestow;  
More largely on me let the streams  
Of mercy, love, and comfort flow.

A den of lions is the scene  
Of my poor labours, where I tell  
Of God's high justice, and how men  
By Jesus may be saved from hell.

Oh, leave me not; by Thy right hand  
Support, direct my path, and plead  
In my behalf; e'en now, O Lord,  
With God the Father intercede.



The threat'ning skies are dark; the storm  
 Seems gath'ring o'er my drooping head,  
 Let hope divine, let joy be poured,  
 On one to this world's pleasures dead.

Show me at once, by that pure light  
 Which meets the soul from heaven to earth,  
 That by Thy word these low'ring clouds  
 Shall to a brighter scene give birth.

Have pity on me, e'en as when,  
 In the young infancy of grace,  
 When I was gathered in Thine arms,  
 And rested in Thy kind embrace.

Now worn with conflict in the war,  
 Though vict'ry still shall crown my days,  
 More of Thy presence give, and fill  
 My heart with love, my lips with praise."

It is evident she possessed as much firmness gentleness, otherwise she could never have acted any improvement in her rough pupils. It records a scene that was the probable consequence of the evil promptings of her enemy turnkey.

In 1838, on entering the bridewell one morning, several prisoners, instead of seating themselves in order, left the room, and talked idly in the yard. Before leaving the place, they went and told them they might leave the room, but must be silent; and whilst I came to their profit, not my own, in turning from them when I read the Bible, the insult was to me, and the injury to themselves. Next morning I found the table dirty and the room in confusion, and I instantly left them. Those who desired my visits followed me, expressing their hope that I would not forsake them, and their wish the innocent with the guilty. Judging that these were less determined in having their visits ready than they ought to have been, I leave them a short time, and on again returning at the earnest request, not only of my friends, but of those who had been opposed to me, I was received with eager thankfulness. I never had occasion afterwards to adopt a similar course."

It is no matter of surprise that with all the important labours in the prison and the dressmaking business declined. It seems something incongruous in the case of customers consulting Sarah Martin on cut, colour, and endless diversities of dress. Her mind was intent on momentous questions in reference to the souls of her fellow-creatures, what interest could she take in all the follies and vanities that fashion dictates, not merely on her votaries, but on those who are her purveyors? Yet to expect

ladies to wear ill-fitting or unbecoming gowns because their dressmaker was a philanthropist, was to expect an amount of self-denial certainly beyond the power of woman in general to exhibit. Sarah Martin seems to have felt that she was never meant to continue in her business, for she says, "In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future, but as that disappeared care fled also. God, who had called me into His vineyard, had said, 'Whatever is right I will give you.'"

But the labourer must live: even the idler, in the face of the angry scorn of society, claims that right. What were the means of support of the poor dressmaker, whose trade was gone, and whose time and talents were given to instruct ignorance, reform vice, and comfort sorrow? True, she had treasures laid up safely in a bank that never breaks, but from whence she could draw no supplies that would pay rent and provide daily bread. It seems she inherited between two and three hundred pounds, probably the bequest of her aged grandmother. The interest of this, at most some £12 a year, was her income. Oh, wealthy reader, your amusements, your luxuries, your fancies, any month—nay, often any week, cost you far more than this munificent reformer had to sustain life, and keep up a decent appearance in society.

The being able to devote her whole time to the work she loved was a great additional source of enjoyment. She speaks with a warmth of feeling approaching to rapture of her entire dedication to the mission of her life. At the end of five years, she says,

"The highest elevation of desire and satisfaction that I could contemplate, on this side heaven, has been afforded me during the last five years. With all my time devoted to the prisoners, I have found it to be an expanding field, bringing wealth which the mind of an archangel might fail to estimate. To those who may not enter into these views, much of what has been said may seem visionary, and they may think I depict my happiness in too glowing colours."

Meanwhile, great and salutary changes had occurred in the prison. The governor, an aged man, who was in office when Sarah Martin first commenced her remarkable career, was dead, and his place was filled by a very efficient successor, whose wife entered very warmly into the plans of the visitor, and became her coadjutor and friend.

Unnoticed and unknown beyond a very limited circle, the subject of our narrative had pursued her course for many years; but at length the extraordinary character of her labours, their regularity through good and evil times, attracted attention, and the corporation of the town thought of presenting her with some testimonial in money of their approval. She shrunk from this so decidedly, that her friends accused her of pride in the refusal, on which she explained the motives that actuated her in the following noble letter:—

"You have long known my views on this question; yet long as they have prevailed, and interwoven as they are with my inmost soul, that alone is not a reason why they should be held, except as supported by higher principles. I have hated the thought of remuneration for gaol services, casting it away when proposed as an odious thing—a fetter. Yet, be it so, that the Searcher of hearts may have detected secret pride assuming a place with other motives of good, I refuse not to be corrected.

"My objection to receiving money in this case, as far as I can judge, does not arise altogether from pride. As my kind friends can tell, I accept the smallest obligation with the same grateful feeling that prompts the acknowledgment of a larger one. But here lies the objection that oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction on my part to have been attended with great advantage, and I am apprehensive that, in receiving payment, my labours may be less acceptable. I fear also that my mind may be fettered with pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment that might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat, to know if it will cut. Now, my life is my own, my time is my own for the prisoners, according to my conscience before God, and the consequent desire is, in an honest and faithful manner, to obey the wishes of the gentlemen who have the control of the gaol, who honour me with their confidence, and support me with their influence.

"Were you so angry that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when if I ventured on what I believed would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me, and my conscience too, and these would follow me everywhere. As for my circumstances, I have

not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."

This matter was, however, so arranged as to leave her without choice in its reception. The sum of twelve pounds a year (!) was to be given her, of course as an acknowledgment, and not by any means a remuneration for her services.

The Government Inspector of Prisons, Captain Williams, went down to Yarmouth in November, 1835, and on the 29th of that month, being Sunday, attended Divine worship in the prison, and was startled at the scene that presented itself. He says,

"The male prisoners only were assembled; a female resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation exceedingly distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well, much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse of her own composition was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points [query, *controversial* points], and admirably suited to the hearers.

"During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

Captain Williams then enters into a description of her long course of labour in the prison, evidently thinking that the deliberations of legislators might benefit by the accounts of the useful plans she had introduced. For many following years he again and again reverted to her services in the cause of humanity.

A great variety of duties devolved upon this exemplary woman; for, on the discharge of such prisoners as belonged to the locality, they were naturally unwilling to lose sight of their benefactress—that is, those of them who resolved to amend their lives; so that they came to her with their troubles; and while she had very little to give them in the way of alms, she did far better in advising them as to modes of obtaining an honest livelihood. Her humble finances set up many an itinerant vendor of fish and vegetables—clothed many a boy and girl who were going to service. One entry in her "Liberated Prisoners' Book" records the purchase of a donkey to carry panniers of fish round to the villages, as a means to enable a

an to keep his wife and family from the use. The animal was bought, on condition that if he used it well, it should in time be the property of the liberated prisoner. No eye did the benevolent donor keep poor beast, and she had the satisfaction find her plan was a real benefit to all

Weakness seems to have been a most permanent impediment to many of her measures of reclamation of the liberated criminals. Testimony is very strong on this. A youth she had taught to read in prison, was, after liberation, engaged in fishing, and was to be doing well. He called, very well dressed, on his benefactress, who said

"I have been to the public-house."  
"No," he replied, "but not to drink; we had our making-up dinner; the owners refused it. I only took a little ale; I was not to it."

But Martin, well knowing from her long experience among criminals that there is great even in a little, replied, "*is poison with you*;" and added, "I wish you could give me a little money for the bank."

A comment on the case is, "The public-house was his ruin at first, and with his want of means much is to be feared."

Though the subject of our sketch was never of strong health, she was permitted to exemption from any severe illness for twenty-four years of her prison labours. Anxieties, meanwhile, for the charge she undertaken, were a great strain on the system as her constant toil was also on the physical frame; and in the spring of 1843, her health began to be seriously affected. Protracted disease had long been insidiously undermining her constitution; for though she lived rather more than five months from the date of her first seizure, there seemed, from the beginning, no hope of ultimate recovery. Her sufferings were very great, but borne with calm serenity that became her elevated Christian character. Her letters, during her confinement to different friends, show a mind soaring above earthly things—a faith triumphant over bodily pain and failing nature—a hope more brighter and brighter to the period of her death. She died November 2, 1843, aged 60. Very appropriately did Captain Martin say of her—

"A simple, unostentatious, yet energetic

devotion to the interests of the outcast and the destitute, her practical and useful benevolence, her gentle disposition—her temper, never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude—present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied in humanity."

Eleven years before her death she had, in preparation for that event, written a funeral sermon, which she wished some one to be kind enough to read to the prisoners, her solicitude for them extending beyond death and the grave. The text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is used appropriately to bring eternal realities before the minds of the poor criminals. She says nothing of her labours, nor of her life, beyond a severe delineation of her state during her youthful days of thoughtlessness and alienation from God, evidently desiring by that picture to lead the most hardened to hope for Divine assistance in conquering the evil tendencies of our fallen nature. She reminds them for how many years she had been a worshipper with them, and after solemn admonitions, concludes as with a voice from the unseen world:

"And now, my friends, I speak to you under very different circumstances to those in which I ever addressed you before; now I know by sight the reality of the truth which I have so long been accustomed to express to you by faith. At the close of former discourses prepared for you, I have often said to this effect, 'What improvement shall we make of these truths?' but my day of improvement in the world of time is expired, and you alone are called on to embrace that benefit. I am become an inhabitant of eternity with my ever-living Redeemer; yet hearken to this my last exhortation, 'Prepare to meet your God.' You ever heard me with kind attention when I was your fellow-worshipper. I repeat it now. Verily there is but a step between you and the eternity which I have entered, and if you die in your sins no refuge will then be set before you. May you turn from every sin, from every false and unscriptural hope, for it is written, 'None of them can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him.' May this be the appointed moment for your spiritual resurrection—may eternal mercy now say, 'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.' \* \* \* \* \*

"Farewell! May we meet in heaven, and

proclaim with grateful and adoring joy to all eternity, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

She sometimes employed her brief periods of leisure—if, indeed, it can be said she had any leisure—in composing and arranging not

merely her weekly religious addresses, but pieces of sacred poetry. From these, how we pass with merely incidental notice;—he was a true poem—a noble voluntary—and devout, sweet and sacred—harmonious and for ever!

### ACCOMPLISHED AT LAST.

(The laying of the Atlantic Cable was completed on Friday, July 27th, 1866, at 8.43 a.m.)

SORE troubled and baffled, but never dismayed,  
Success is achieved, and the cable is laid!  
In those long weary months of dejection and doubt,  
The bright flame of courage was never put out:  
And now for the patience and toils of the past,  
The guerdon is mighty,—accomplished at last.

Fond heart-aspirations, high hopes of all lands,  
Were bound with the cable to strengthen its strands;  
And prayers that the Angels of Silence will keep  
Have followed its course through the paths of the deep:  
The labour looked hopeless, the work seemed too vast,  
But the fears are all ended,—accomplished at last.

There are hearts on that distant American shore  
Whose pulses will beat in Old England no more;  
But this new cord of love can sweet tidings convey  
To the friends in the Fatherland, far, far away:  
For the Old World and New are together bound fast  
By this marvel of science,—accomplished at last.

The mighty Atlantic shall bear on her breast  
New argosies laden with wealth from the West;  
For a word through that wonderful cable will tell  
The plans of the merchant, as if by a spell:  
Till Commerce looks back on the hardships long past,  
And in gratitude utters, "Accomplished at last!"

But 'mid all its benefits, countless as yet,  
We number one lesson we should not forget:  
In each separate life there is work to be wrought,  
Perchance with much sorrow and bitterness fraught;  
That work may be lowly,—its object is vast,—  
Let us do it,—let that be accomplished at last.

Only see that the cable be firm in each strand,  
Lest it part ere it reaches the heavenly land;  
Look well to the fibres—no flaw should be there;  
Let the work be continued in faith and with prayer:  
Till when life and its doubts and misgivings are past,  
We may rest from our labours,—accomplished at last.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## TWO PARABLES FROM NATURE.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT "OUR OWN FIRESIDE."

## I.

## THE GREAT EXAMPLE.

Summer night had passed, and the morn-  
 breaking. It was fresh and dewy, and  
 seemed waking up to new life after  
 hours of darkness. The lark was already  
 up towards heaven, and the blackbird  
 was beginning their day too, with  
 praise. The sun had not yet risen,  
 as near at hand. You knew it by the  
 which was stealing over those white  
 aiting along the horizon, as if on pur-  
 u knew it by the golden glow spread-  
 farther and farther across the eastern  
 is coming! he is come now; bringing  
 gladness on those slanting beams,  
 the folded flowers, waking a thousand  
 rs, drying up the dewdrops it is true,  
 carrying them gently from earth to  
 Oh, it is a glorious sight to see the  
 on his daily race!

The daisy in the grass thought so too,  
 the first time she opened her pink-edged  
 l looked round timidly on the green  
 d then glanced up to the rising sun.  
 e world just made?" she asked of any  
 could answer. She did not know (how  
 :?) that things had been going on just  
 summer after summer. It was a new  
 her; and so in her simplicity she  
 t had just burst into life, fresh from  
 or's hands.

child," said a tall, lanky buttercup  
 "what a question! do you think the  
 s been waiting till you should open  
 epy eyes of yours to see it? It was  
 yesterday, and the day before that.  
 world is two months old to my certain  
 re, and that is a long time—longer  
 are likely to live, I guess;" and the  
 , who was lifted up because she had  
 fast, looked down with contempt on  
 le flower.

The blackbird paused in the middle of his  
 cious song, to give his opinion on the

sh flowers, both of you," he said, "you  
 st allow me to correct your narrow  
 I can tell you that last summer, when  
 ing, the sun shone quite as brightly,

and the meadow there was full of buttercups  
 and daisies, just as good as you are. So the  
 world is a year old according to my remem-  
 brance; and as I had a father and mother, why  
 it must be more than that at any rate. In-  
 deed, so far from its being new, I have heard  
 people say the world is wearing out, and going  
 to decay; and really snails are getting so very  
 scarce, I feel inclined to believe it." And then  
 to comfort himself, he resumed his song.

But the daisy was the wisest of the three  
 after all; she was quite right, and the black-  
 bird wrong in talking of the world being old.  
 True, it was created thousands of years ago,  
 for the people who lived then, but God makes it  
 new every morning for you and for me. Every  
 day is a new day: every summer morning is  
 prepared as much on purpose as if it had been  
 the first that ever smiled. Never think God  
 created the world, and gave it certain laws, and  
 then left it to shift for itself: no, He is always  
 making it to this very day; He is always pre-  
 sent with it, upholding the sun with His  
 finger, though we see it not; putting fresh  
 music into the birds' throats, and painting  
 new colours upon the flowers.

The daisy had some thoughts of this kind,  
 but they were very vague and dim. She kept  
 looking up at the sun; she did not know how  
 useful he was, but she thought him very  
 glorious, and she wanted to learn more about  
 him. So she summoned courage to ask the  
 blackbird.

"Please, sir," she inquired, "as you say the  
 sun is not new to-day, will you tell me where  
 he comes from? It must be from some very  
 beautiful place, I am sure."

"Well, I can't exactly say where he comes  
 from," replied the blackbird, "but I know  
 where he goes to. I am awake before he is  
 every morning, and I see him rise up over  
 yonder hill, and then take his course straight  
 across the sky till he disappears."

"Oh, does he go away?" cried the daisy  
 piteously; "how dull the world must be with-  
 out him."

"Don't interrupt me," said the blackbird  
 impatiently; "of course he comes back again.  
 He did all this yesterday, and to-day you have  
 seen him begin it all over again. How it is  
 that he sinks down at one side of the sky, and

starts forth again the next morning from the other, I can't quite understand; it is a puzzling question, very. But there he is—there is no doubt about it; and he never seems weary of his way, nor his work either! but goes on, day after day, lighting up the world, and making every one feel warm and comfortable, besides turning the buds into flowers, and then the flowers into fruit, and then ripening the fruit till it is sweet for us to eat. Sometimes the clouds come and hide his face for a little while, but he soon shines through them, and it is all bright again."

"But do you think the sun can see *me* down in the grass, and would he take any notice of such a very little flower?" asked the daisy.

"To be sure he would: there is nothing too small for him to smile on. He shines into all the little corners just as much as on the great high places, and you are just as welcome to *your* share of him as the lily or the rose is. Everyone may take as much of the sunshine as he can hold, and yet there will be none the less left for others."

"Great and glorious sun," said the daisy, looking up lovingly, "how I wish I could be like you! If I could only do something for others! Of course I could not shine, I know; but if I could only do ever such a little thing to show you how grateful I am!"

The blackbird was gone now; so the daisy was left to her own reflections, and she looked round to see what she could do. The sun was high in the heavens by this time, and the dew was nearly all gone. But there was one pearly drop still left on a blade of grass below her; the daisy saw it, and she bent her stalk over it, that her tiny shadow might come between it and the sun. And all through the glowing summer day, while the rest of the field was dry and thirsty, she kept that one blade fresh and cool.

"It is not much, but it is something," murmured the daisy; "the sun does small deeds as well as large ones."

Presently a glowworm creeping through the grass, paused beneath her green tuft.

"May I stay a little?" he asked, "the sun is so hot I feel quite faint, and it is moist and pleasant under your nice leaves. When the twilight comes, I shall be able to light my lamp and journey on to my home there by the hedge."

The daisy did not know the least what the twilight meant, but she was glad enough to find she could be useful; and so the glowworm

took a refreshing nap under the same shadow which sheltered the dewdrop.

By-and-by a group of children ran merrily into the field; their hands were full of flowers, yet they gathered and gathered, as though they could never have enough.

"Oh, what a beautiful daisy," said one little creature, and she clapped her hands with delight. And the daisy looked up again with a loving smile, to think she too had been able to send a little bit of sunshine into a child's heart.

She did not hear the lark chirp at her side, till he said cheerily,

"What are you doing, little daisy?"

"I am copying the sun," she replied.

The saucy buttercup overheard, and the idea quite upset her gravity.

"I wonder what we shall hear of next!" she exclaimed,

"Nothing so very strange, as I can see," remarked the lark quietly. "Perhaps you don't know, little flower, that *you are named after the sun*; so it is very natural you should try to be like him. People have looked at your bright golden eye, and your white petals all round it, like rays, till they have fancied you a little likeness of the sun, and so they have called you day's-eye, because the sun is the eye or light of the day. So it is quite right that you should be always looking up at the sun, and always trying to do as he does in making others happy."

The daisy could hardly think it possible. Was it so indeed? Yes, she *would* believe it; and she gazed up to the clear blue sky once more, full of wonder that so lowly a flower should bear the name of such a glorious creation; full of thankfulness that she should be permitted to send out her tiny ray of love and brightness amongst the grass, even as the great sun did far away in the heavens.

"*The sun of righteousness.*"—Micah iv. 2.

"Leaving us an *example* that ye should follow His steps."—1 Peter ii. 21.

## II.

### EARTH AND HEAVEN.

It was a balmy April morning, and a child was sitting on a bank which sloped towards the sunny south. The blue sky was above her with hardly a cloud upon it, and a beautiful stretch of open country lay before her, with a range of soft swelling hills a mile or two be-

id. But the child was looking neither at sky nor the hills; she did not care for anything so far away; her whole soul was gazing enough her eyes down at the earth on which she sat. What a carpet it was! Who says the earth is dark and dull? Who calls it dead and dreary? If it is, *this* must have been a little bit cut out of Paradise, and let down into this lower world.

But no, it was only a common piece of soil such as you and I may see in every lane all through the Spring-time; except that the flowers which blossom generally in little separate patches seemed here determined to bloom in company. And a goodly company it was. There were primroses by hundreds; yet the bluebells outshone them, for a little way off one could see only bluebells, and no primroses. Then, bluer still, if possible, there was the dark red violet and the independent looking purple pansy, side by side with the pale trembling primrose just beginning to shrink under the rays of the warm April sun. Besides these, in the child's lap was full of cowslips which she had gathered in the meadow; she meant to roll them into a cowslip ball; but now she was sitting in a kind of dream, looking lovingly and earnestly at the flowers' faces as they seemed to gaze up into hers.

"Primrose," she said at last to the tuft by her side, "I want to ask you something. They have told me often that there is another world beyond this, and we shall go there some day when we die. It is a beautiful land, they say, nobody tells me what it is like. Will there be flowers there, I want to know? Shall *you* be there, or such as you? Perhaps the sunbeams have whispered it to you. *They must whisper*, as they come from thence. So do the dewdrops; and, perhaps, as they lay all night in your breast, they have told you stories of that far-off land?"

But the primrose only drooped her head, and said nothing. If she knew, she kept her secret well; and if she *had* an opinion of her own upon the subject, she was far too modest to give it out to others.

"Bluebell," said the child again, looking a little further, "can *you* tell me what I wish to know? You are like the sky with a shadow upon it. I woke last night and looked up; oh! it was such a deep, deep blue; I suppose the darkness made it so. They say heaven is there in those distant heights: will *you* blossom there just the same, only without the shadow?"

"I cannot tell," replied the bluebell, surprised at the question. "The earth is my home, not Heaven; I have to do my duty in this world, and know nothing about another. I make the earth beautiful for your feet to tread on, and for your eyes to see; be satisfied with that, and trouble not your head with foolish questions. You have many years to live here; is not that enough?"

"Oh, but I should like to live here always," cried the child passionately; "earth is so beautiful, I don't want anything better. If I did not find *you* in that other world, flowers! flowers! oh, what should I do?"

"Hush, hush, little maiden!" said the honeysuckle on the hedge, who had just opened her first blossom, "you must not talk so. Perhaps you would not care for flowers there."

The child shook her head. There was no comfort in this thought; the very idea of not finding any pleasure in flowers seemed a dull and joyless blank.

The honeysuckle continued, "Well, I don't know myself any more than the others, but I should think it was quite certain that whatever you want you will have there, and that there will be something in that world to satisfy all the desires which lie deep down in people's hearts. Ah! I suspect if there are no flowers there, it will only be to leave room for something better still."

At this moment a gentle voice called the little girl, and she ran quickly up the bank, in at the garden gate, and was soon busily engaged at her daily lessons.

Days went by, weeks went by, and the beauty of that flowery bank had passed by too. Meekly and quietly the primroses had sunk down one by one into their nest of green leaves, till none were left of all those countless eyes which had looked up so tenderly to the April sky. Of the bluebells, all you could see were some yellow grass-like leaves, and an army of tall gaunt stalks; the summer showers fell softly upon them, but all in vain; they could not bring back the vanished colour: the bank was very green, that was all.

But the child of whom we have spoken sat on the lawn in her father's garden with riches heaped around her—riches not of gold, but of summer flowers. The roses were in full blossom; there were standard roses and dwarf roses, creepers hanging in wild festoons, and long bright chains stretching from one walk to another; the whole air was fragrant with their sweetness. The choicest of these lay in the

child's lap as she sat upon the grass, and by her side was a gorgeous pile from the greenhouse, geraniums of all hues, fuchsias, verbenas, and others rarer still. It was her birthday, and these treasures had been gathered for her wherewith to adorn her birthday feast.

The honeysuckle was in full blossom too upon the hedge, and she looked down thoughtfully at the happy unconscious child singing to herself over her bright possessions.

"How about the flowers of spring?" asked the honeysuckle gently.

"The flowers of spring? the flowers of spring?" replied the child with wonder; "Oh, I had forgotten all about them!"

"And yet a short time ago how you loved them! You said you could not be happy without them, and now you have not even given them a thought. Yes, the greater has

swallowed up the less; they satisfied you but amidst these fairer summer blossoms have no need to ask for them back again. Little maiden, little maiden! when you ask questions about that other world, remember that the joys *there* will be brighter joys *here*, even as the gifts of summer are the flowers of spring."

A wise honeysuckle; but she was quite right of other things beside flowers.

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 17).

"They shall be abundantly satisfied, and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures" (Psalm xxxvi. 8).

## Science, Art, and History.

### THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.



HERE we called upon to enumerate the true wonders of the world—those great gifts to civilization which the highest reason never ventured to anticipate, and which evince more than any other the genius of our race—we would name the steam-engine, and its application to fixed machinery and to vessels and carriages—the system of railway locomotion—the electric telegraph—the telescope and microscope—the voltaic battery—the electrotpe—gas illumination—and the submarine Atlantic telegraph.

The last of these inventions, though neither the greatest nor the most useful, is perhaps the most marvellous. Even when the various discoveries which it combines were familiar to philosophers, it was no mean effort of genius to apply them in the construction and deposit of a submarine telegraph; and when cables had been stretched and in operation over short distances, and under shallower seas, it required

a deep faith in the resources of science to contemplate their extension across the Atlantic.

When Franklin tamed the lightning, he brought it down to do menial work in his laboratory, he little thought that the lightning would be flashed through the string of his key to join the world of civilization to the remote republic which he loved. When Levee and Sir W. Watson carried the electric current through 6,000 feet of wire, the idea occurred to them that the transmitter and receiver could be combined into signals and in the Atlantic. When Volta invented the battery which immortalized his name, and Professor Galvani discovered electro-magnetism, they contemplated their telegraphic application. Even when Cooke and Wheatstone established the electric telegraph in England, and their inventions for working it, they looked forward to its submarine extension.

We do not know who had the merit of suggesting a submarine telegraph.



use of subterranean or buried telegraph which must have often passed through ground, and even across brooks and could not fail to suggest the practical submarine cables; but whoever may suggested the idea, it seems beyond a doubt that the Messrs. Brett were the first that it into execution. So early as the 16th of June, 1845, they registered a "General Telegraph Company," the specified object of which was "to form a connecting communication, by telegraphic means, between the British Islands, and across the Atlantic to Nova Scotia, and the Canadas, the United States, and continental kingdoms;" and on the 1st of July of the same year, they explained to Sir Robert Peel, then at the head of the Government, the advantages which England and her colonies would derive from its execution. A scheme so grand and cosmical in its nature, so confounded even the capacity of that great statesman, and Mr. Brett was recommended to the Lords of the Admiralty as the proper person to "sanctioning and recommending it." To test its practicability by experiment, Mr. Brett offered, by means of a submarine and subterranean telegraph, to connect the Dublin Castle in instantaneous communication with Downing Street, provided that the Government was advanced by the State towards the cost.

The head of the Admiralty was in a rapport with the head of the Treasury, and the British Government rejected the proposal, which as the mistress of the sea, and protector of her vast colonies, it was the duty of England to have originated and noted.

Thwarted in his noble enterprise, Mr. Brett sought for the patronage of foreign monarchs. In 1847 he obtained permission from Napoleon III. to unite England with France by a submarine line; but though the Prussian Government of 1848 was equally favourable to the scheme, it was deemed by the French too hazardous to receive their support. Discouraged by disappointment, Mr. Brett applied in 1849, to Louis Napoleon, who immediately granted the concession which was requested, and agreed to give him the exclusive of the enterprise for ten years. The Emperor, however, was not yet prepared to undertake it, and only £2,000 was subscribed for the undertaking.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the enterprise was resolved to lay down the cable at a small expense; but, before doing this, they

solicited from the Admiralty the same protection and exclusive privilege which had been conceded to them by the French Government. This boon, however, was refused, and permission was granted to them to land the cable on the English coast, and thus make it useful to the nation, on the express condition "that the public should be at no cost respecting it," and that "*it shall cease to be used, and removed whenever their Lordships (of the Admiralty) should think proper to order it!*"

Though thus left to their own resources, and exposed to the chance of having the voice of their telegraph hushed, and its cable removed, they commenced their great work in August, 1850. A single copper wire, enclosed in gutta serena, and twenty-seven miles long, was put on board the *Goliath* steam-tug, to be paid out from a large iron cylinder, round which it was coiled. The vessel started from Dover, exciting no other feeling but one of fear on the part of the projectors, "lest this frail experimental thread should snap, and involve the undertaking in ridicule. When one end was fixed in the Eastern Railway terminus, the wire was paid out and sunk by means of pieces of lead fastened to it at distances of the sixteenth of a mile. The operation was successfully performed, and the wire landed and fixed at Cape Grisnez. When the instruments were attached to its extremities, a message was sent across the Channel the same evening to Louis Napoleon, the only patron of the undertaking." After several other communications had been transmitted, "the words 'All well,' and 'Good night,' were printed by the telegraph in Roman type, and closed the evening." "*The jest of yesterday,*" as the *Times* remarked, "*thus became the fact of to-day.*"

Upon attempting to transmit messages, early next morning, no answer was obtained; and it was found "that the frail experimental thread had snapped" at a sharp ridge of rocks about a mile from Cape Grisnez. The action of the waves had rubbed the cable against the rock upon which it lay, and after wearing off the gutta-serena envelope, at last broke the wire. The result of the experiment, however, was in every respect valuable. It established the great fact that a submarine cable, even with a single wire and an insulating envelope, would have been a permanent and useful telegraph if landed on a sandy beach, or if made stronger in those portions that had to rest on a rocky bottom. The Messrs. Newall and Company, of Gateshead, were therefore em-

ployed to make a stronger cable, sufficient to resist any force, either of pressure or attrition, to which it might be exposed. This cable, 24 miles long, and weighing 180 tons, was submerged in September, 1851. After one-half of it had been paid out, a gale arose, the tug-boat broke away from the vessel which carried the cable, and the latter drifted a mile up the Channel before it could be overtaken by the steamer. The consequence of this was that the cable was carried out of its direct line, and doubled into a "kink" or bend. This caused it to be too short to reach the French coast, and it became necessary to manufacture an additional mile of it, which being spliced to the part laid, the whole was finished, and a regular telegraphic communication established between Dover and Saugar, near Calais, on the 17th of October, 1851. The great problem of submarine telegraphs was now solved, and it is manifest that it is to Messrs. Brett that the world is indebted for its solution.

The next cable which was laid down was between Holyhead and Dublin, or rather Howth, a distance of about 60 miles. It was executed by Messrs. Newall and Company, and consisted of one wire, the insulating rope of the part in the deep sea (70 fathoms) being enclosed by twelve wires twisted round it, while the shore end had six twisted wires. It was conveyed on twenty waggons to Maryport, and after being put on board the *Britannia* at Holyhead, it was laid down in eighteen hours. The quantity of cable expended was 64 miles, and its total weight about 80 tons.

In 1847, Mr. Brett applied to the King of the Belgians for a concession to establish a submarine telegraph from Dover to Ostend; but it was not till 1852 that he obtained it, in conjunction with Sir James Carmichael, Bart. It consisted of six copper wires, with twelve iron wires twisted round the insulating envelope of gutta-percha. It was 70 miles long, weighed 500 tons, and cost £33,000. It was made in 100 days, coiled into the vessel in 70 hours, and submerged in 18 hours, on the 4th May, 1853.

The next submarine cable was laid between Portpatrick, in Scotland, and Donaghadee, in Ireland, by the Magnetic Telegraph Company. It consisted of six wires, enclosed by twelve wires twisted round the insulating rope. Its length was 25 miles, it weighed per mile 7 tons, and its price was £13,000.

As our limits will not permit us to describe more minutely the other submarine telegraphs

which have been executed, we shall present our readers with a list of the principal ones, with the length of the lines:—

Italy and Corsica . . . .	60 miles.
Corsica and Sardinia . . . .	9 "
Denmark, Great Belt . . . .	16 "
Denmark, Little Belt . . . .	5½ "
Denmark, the Sound . . . .	11 "
Scotland, Firth of Forth . . . .	6 "
Black Sea . . . . .	400 "
The Solent, Isle of Wight . . . .	4 "
Straits of Messina . . . . .	5 "
Gulf of St. Lawrence . . . . .	70 "
Northumberland Straits . . . .	10 "
Bosphorus . . . . .	1½ "
N. Scotland, Isthmus of Carso . .	2 "
St. Petersburg to Cronstadt . .	9 "

The submersion of telegraphic cables in sea of moderate depths and breadths, could not fail to suggest their more extended application but, as we have said, it required more than ordinary faith in the resources of science to contemplate the practicability of spanning the Atlantic. In October, 1842, Professor Morse of New York, had stretched a submarine conducting cable from Castle Garden to Governor's Island, and transmitted an electric current from one end to the other. On the faith of this experiment, "he demonstrated to a committee of the American Institute the possibility of effecting electrical communication through the sea, although the transmitting cable was lodged by the anchor of a vessel almost as soon as telegraphic operations had commenced, and the gold medal of the Institute was adjudged to him "as an acknowledgment of his success." Having continued his investigation he announced to the Secretary of the United States Treasury, "that a telegraphic communication on his plan might with certainty be established across the Atlantic;" and he added that, "startling as this statement may now seem, the time will come when this project will be realized." The short submarine cable however, which Professor Morse had constructed, and even the longer one which William Shaughnessy had stretched between the Hoogly, were not sufficient guarantees that an iron wire could be embalmed and buried in the depths of the Atlantic.

We cannot find space to detail the progressive steps which were taken. Many important problems required to be solved before any decisive attempt could be made to accomplish the great cosmical enterprise. But the most formidable difficulty was removed by the

organization of the "Atlantic Telegraph Company" now gave definite character to the rise. The Company consisted of the sale of 350 shares of one thousand pounds each. Sir Charles Bright and Mr. Whitehouse were appointed as their engineer and electrician. The prospectus was issued on the 6th of July, 1856; and in one month the whole sum of £350,000 was subscribed. The Governments of Great Britain and the United States agreed by a contract of twenty-five years' duration, to pay to the Company, till the dividend reached 6 per cent., a subsidy of £20,000 a year, of £10,000 subsequently, and to make arrangements for laying down the cable.

the cable first constructed, 332,500 miles of iron and copper wire were employed—which would girdle the earth thirteen times. The cable weighed from 19 hundred-weights to 1 ton per mile, and would bear, without injury, a strain of 4 tons.

der to deposit the cable in the bed of  
antic, the British Government placed at  
vices of the Company the line-of-battle  
*Jamemnon*, of ninety-one guns, Captain  
1; while the United States Government  
ver its fine new frigate the *Niagara*,  
1 Hudson.

as arranged that the *Niagara* should pay share of the cable from Valentia to mid where the *Agamemnon* would join her and proceed to Newfoundland. 335 miles had been paid out, when Mr. Bright, during these operations had assisted particularly at the operation of the breakers, obliged for a while to attend to other the machine was for the moment left in charge of a mechanic acquainted with its

When Mr. Bright was on his way to a part of the ship, he heard the machine. He immediately called out to ease the and reverse the engines of the ship; but as he reached the spot he found that the was broken. The breaks had not been 1, and to this, or to the hand wheel of

Disheartening as this failure was, the engineer, and all parties on board, and the directors themselves, regarded it as the result of an accident not likely to occur again; and with the experience gained, it was resolved to renew the attempt in 1858.

The interest of our narrative at this point will justify our giving the details at some length.

When the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara* had each taken on board their half of the cable, they rendezvoused at Plymouth; and, accompanied by the *Gorgon* and *Valorous*, which were commissioned to convoy and assist them, they set sail on Thursday, the 10th of June, 1858, with the intention of commencing the deposit of the cable at the middle point of the line, the *Agamemnon* paying it out towards Ireland, and the *Niagara* towards Newfoundland. Before three days had elapsed, a gale arose, in which the ships separated from each other. The *Agamemnon* strained and laboured under her burden; and the massive beam under her upper deck coil cracked and snapped with the noise of artillery, as if she were breaking up; and on Monday, the 15th, when the gale had become more fierce, she heeled over to an alarming extent. On the 16th the *Niagara* rejoined company; and, as the wind increased, the *Agamemnon* "took to violent pitching, plunging into the trough of the sea as if she meant to break her back, and lay the Atlantic cable in a heap." The weather improved somewhat on the 19th; but in the evening the sky became dark, a heavy rain fell, and the wind increased to such a degree that Captain Preedy remained on the deck throughout the middle watch, the *Agamemnon* rolling 30 degrees each way, and straining to an alarming extent. About ten p.m., when the wind and sea had increased, three or four gigantic waves approached the ship, "rolling on like hills of green water, with a crown of foam which seemed to double their height." The *Agamemnon* rose heavily to the first wave, and then went down into the trough of the sea, falling over so as almost to capsize completely on the port side.

Everything now broke adrift, and the scene, as the narrator states, almost defies description. The crew, and everything loose, were hurled across the ship. The coals on the main deck broke loose, smashing everything

before them. Another tremendous wave produced similar results; and it became obvious that two or three more such lurches would make the masts go like reeds, while half the crew might be maimed or killed below.

This state of things continued till Monday, the 21st, when the aspect of affairs was so alarming that Captain Preedy resolved to try wearing the ship round on the other tack. The rolls which she had previously experienced, were mere trifles compared with those which now took place. Out of 200 men on deck, 150 were thrown down, falling over from side to side in heaps, while others, holding on to ropes, swung to and fro with every heave. The last hour of the stout ship seemed to have come. A heavy sea again struck her, and after a few more disastrous plunges, Captain Preedy, unable to contend against the storm, got up full steam, and allowed the *Agamemnon* to run before the wind, rolling and tumbling over the huge waves at a tremendous pace. On Tuesday, the 21st, the ship commenced beating up for the rendezvous, from which, on Friday, the 25th, they were still 50 miles distant. As the *Agamemnon* approached the place of meeting, the *Valorous* hove in sight at noon, the *Niagara* came in from the north, and in the evening the *Gorgon* from the south—the squadron being now reunited near the spot where the great work was to commence. The place where they met was only 30 miles nearer the Irish coast than had been previously agreed upon. The *Valorous* had first reached the real rendezvous. The *Niagara* arrived two days before the *Agamemnon*, and the *Gorgon* was third.

On the evening of Friday, the 25th of June, the sea was as still as an inland lake, and the four vessels lay together side by side, ready to commence their interesting work. After disentangling the cable, which had been shaken into a shapeless tangled mass during the lurches of the *Agamemnon*, the operation of laying it commenced on the morning of Saturday, the 26th of June. The end of the *Niagara's* cable was sent on board the *Agamemnon*, the splice was made, and at 2 h. 50 m., Greenwich time, it was lowered over the ship's side, and disappeared for ever. When each ship had paid out three miles, the cable broke on board the *Niagara*, owing to its over-riding and getting off the pulleys. When the break became known, both vessels returned, a fresh splice was made, and again lowered at half-past seven. The paying-out machine now worked

well, the greatest strain being on 2,500 lb., and at half-past three a.m. of the 27th, 40 miles had been laid down few minutes after, Professor Thomson that the cable had parted. The *Ag* was stopped to discover where the fracture taken place; but, unfortunately, the strong breeze and a heavy swell, produced a strain of 4,000 lb., that broke the cable a few fathoms beneath the stern. The ships again returned to the rendezvous to renew their labours. The *Agamemnon* joined the *Niagara* on Monday, the 28th; it appeared that a total fracture had taken place, at about 10 miles from each ship, at the bottom of the ocean. The third and last splice was now made, and lowered in 2,000 fathoms of water, at seven o'clock the same night, the ships, paying out went on successfully till Tuesday, the 29th, when 146 miles had been laid down, and when, without an instant's warning, the cable again parted. The ships ceased to move; the fractured end of the cable swung loosely over the stern-ways. The engineers, officers, and men stood by the disaster, and the *Agamemnon*, after waiting in vain for the *Niagara* and *Gorgon*, to head to Cork, and, after a cruise of three days, anchored off Queenstown on July 1st.

After making every possible arrangement to guard against future accidents, and to board a fresh supply of coal, the squadron sailed on Saturday, the 17th of July, to resume their arduous labours. The *Valorous* met the rendezvous in lat. 52° 5' and long. 10° 15' W. On the 24th, the *Niagara* on the 25th, the *Gorgon* on the 26th, and the *Agamemnon* not till the 27th, having had to wait for Professor Thomson as one of the directors, had the charge of the electrical department on board. On a beautiful calm day, the *Agamemnon* met the rest of the squadron. The splice was made at noon, and, when it had been lowered, the ships started an hour after for their respective destinations. The *Valorous* was running out at the rate of six knots under a strain of only 500 lb., when a whale approached the ship's bow, threatening to come in contact with the cable, but it only grazed it at the place where it was laid on the sea. About eight o'clock, when going on well, under a strain of 1,700 lb., an injured portion of the cable was discovered about a mile or two from the paying-out. The injury was immediately

er was this done, than Professor reported that the electric continuity had ceased, though the insulation

Regarding the injured piece as cause of the stoppage, the cable that part, in order to make a permanent repair, but no sooner was this done, than it was found by the electrical tests that the cable was broken some miles from the ship. The splice was made in time to save the cable, and preparations were made to pay out as little rope as possible and to hold on for six hours, in the event of the fault might mend itself before the cable was returned to the renouveau. The magnetic needle, however, suddenly indicated either the cable had broken from the *Niagara*, or the insulation had been completely

The alarm, however, was false; the signal disappeared, and perfect signals were received from the *Niagara*. The paying out was as usual for some time, till another fault of the cable was discovered, and it was repaired.

On the evening of Friday, the 30th, a gale came ahead of the ship, which now stood against the wind, consuming enormous quantity of fuel, that if the wind continued it would have been necessary "to cut spars, and even the decks, to bring the ship to Valentia." On Sunday, another gale came, and continued so severe during that Monday morning, that it required the strenuous exertions of the engineers to keep the wheels from stopping altogether. The ship rose and fell with the sea. On Tuesday the *Agamemnon* narrowly escaped collision with the *Chieftain*, a three-masted schooner; and on Tuesday, a large bark, which was standing right in the ship's stern, was driven from its course by the volleys from the *Valorous*. On Wednesday of the same day, the *Agamemnon* passed the steep submarine mountains which form the Telegraphic Plateau from the Irish coast.

The next day was beautiful and calm; the ship was only 89 miles from Valentia, and the two ships exchanged signals that they were in sight. On the morning of the 5th, the bold and rocky mountains which surround the wild neighbourhood of Valentia, appeared at a few miles distance, and at 10 o'clock a.m., the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara* were anchored on the side of Beginish Bay, opposite to Valentia. Soon after they received a signal from the *Niagara* informed

them that they were preparing to land, having laid down 1,030 nautical miles of cable. This was the first message that electricity conveyed across the Atlantic. The *Agamemnon* laid down 1,020 nautical miles, making the total length of the cable 2,050 miles. On the forenoon of Thursday, the 5th, the boats of the *Valorous* landed the Irish end of the wire at White Strand Bay, off Douglas Bay, amid the cheers and greetings of all who had assembled to receive it.

About the same time that the *Agamemnon* landed the cable at Valentia, the *Niagara* did the same in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. Her progress was nearly the same as that of the *Agamemnon*—the length of cable paid out by the two ships being generally within 10 miles of each other.

When the eastern and western extremities of the cable were put in connexion with the recording instruments, "messages to and fro" were quickly transmitted. On the evening of the 17th of August, the following message was dispatched from the directors in England to the directors in America:—

"Europe and America are united by telegraph. 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill towards men.'"

This message, consisting of thirty-one words, occupied thirty-five minutes in transmission.

On the 17th of August the following message was received:—

"We are now receiving from Newfoundland accurately, with perfect signals, at the rate of one hundred words per hour."

Immediately after this, a message from the Queen to the President of the United States, consisting of ninety-nine words, was received at Newfoundland in sixty-five minutes. Both this message and the reply to it were repeated back to Valentia, to test their accuracy, and were found to have been taken with great exactness. These messages, which we cannot withhold from our readers, possess more than a temporary interest. They will be read in future ages, by the Anglo-Saxon race, when England and America, we trust, shall have forgotten their animosities, and shall have united their gigantic resources in extending to oppressed Europe and barbarian Asia the blessings of liberty and religion.

The following was the message of the Queen:—

"From Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to His Excellency the President of the United States.

"The Queen desires to congratulate the President

upon the success of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the greatest interest. The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable, which now already connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the two nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interests and reciprocal esteem. The Queen has much pleasure in thus directly communicating with the President, and in renewing to him her best wishes for the prosperity of the United States."

The following was the President's reply, which consisted of 143 words as transmitted, and occupied two hours in its passage through the cable, including several "repeats" and corrections:—

"The President of the United States, Washington City, to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of Great Britain.

"The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of the Queen on the success of the great international enterprise, accomplished by the skill, science, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph, because far more useful to mankind than was ever won by a conqueror on the field of battle.

"May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing

of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual friendship between the kindred nations, and ment, destined by Divine Providence, to c gion, liberty, and law throughout the worl view will not all the nations in Christen taneously unite in the declaration, that it i ever neutral, and that its communications al sacred in passing to the place of their destit in the midst of hostilities.

"(Signed) JAMES BUC

It is impossible to read, without these interesting messages—from th which gave the glory to Him who cr subtle element that spoke across the material along which it flashed its voic genius which developed its laws—to i which breathed the ardent wish tl and goodwill should reign between unfriendly nations, born of the sa speaking the same tongue, and rejoic same faith.

The triumph, however, was not y achieved. In the very moment of success, a renewal of disappointm vened to test yet further the indomi severance of British energy.

(To be continued.)

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### VIII.—LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND OCCUPATIONS OF THE HINDOOS.

WITHIN the limits of a single paper, it will only be possible to glance at so wide a topic as the literature, science, and occupations of the Hindoos. We shall endeavour, as well as brevity will allow us, to present to our readers a popular summary of the information we have gathered.

#### LITERATURE.

India abounds with languages. Eighteen at least are in habitual use throughout the peninsula. The Sanscrit, which the Hindoos term the "writing of the gods," is considered, with the exception of a few mountain dialects, to be the parent of all Indian languages, from the Indus to the farthest part of Arracan, and from Cape Comorin to Chinese Tartary. Sir William Jones, speaks of it as "of wonderful structure, more accurate than Greek, more copious than Latin, and more exquisitely perfect than either."

The principal portion of Hindoo literature consists of the *Vedas*, *Shastras*, and *Pooranas*.

The *Vedas* are regarded as an immedation from Heaven, and as containir man needs to know respecting the ch God and His claims upon the ratio: They treat of creation, rewards, pu sin, religious ceremonies, and contain praise of the Supreme Being, and to t of subordinate deities. It is believed, the various portions of the universe and men, were issuing from the differe the body of Brahma, these holy wo and fully written, dropped from his fo After meeting with sundry disasters, into the sea and like places of dai which a miracle alone saved them, finally placed in the hands of Vyasa learned men to methodize and arrange them have they come to our day.

Let a single quotation illustrate the of these works. It is taken from th Sama-Veda:—

f innumerable heads, innumerable eyes, at, Brahm fills the Heavens and earth. was, whatever will be; his command is life; he is the source of universal motion; of the moon, the sun, the fire, the light- a is the breath of his nostrils, the primary s sight, the agitation of human affairs is s sleep is the destruction of the universe. rms he cherishes the creatures; in the preserves them, in the form of water he in the form of the sun he assists them in fe, and in that of the moon he refreshes The progression of time forms his foot- gods to him are as sparks of fire. To now."

m Jones fixes the date of the Vedas s before the birth of Christ. After lucous efforts, a complete collection red books has been found and now British Museum, bound in eleven s.

importance to the Vedas the various ld a place. Their themes are less those of the Vedas. These teach the science of architecture, law moral philosophy, astrology, and Being the great books of Hindoo y are used in schools and colleges, a formidable array of metaphysics, philosophy, "falsely so called."

mas are in Hindoo literature what re in theology, and the Shastras in They are mythological poems of arity and interest.

mon characteristics of the Vedas, ad Pooranas are number, antiquity, Dr. Duff thus speaks of the latter

eid of Virgil extends to about twelve es, the Iliad of Homer to double that the Ramayana of Valmiki rolls on to a isand, while the Mahabharat of Vyasu ren that sum! Many of the other sacred it a voluminousness quite as amazing. edas, when collected, form eleven huge nes, while the Puranas extend to about of lines! In one of these it is gravely livine authority, that originally the whole anas alone consisted of one hundred kolis, l millions of stanzas; but as four hundred these were considered sufficient for the f man, the rest were reserved for the gods.

Sir William Jones say, 'Wherever we tention to Hindoo literature, the notion of ents itself; and sure the longest life would r a single perusal of works that rise and berant like the Himalayahs, above the

bulkiest compositions of every land beyond the confines of India."

Next in order are works on the subject of *Jurisprudence*, among which the *Institutes of Menu* occupy a place altogether pre-eminent. The author is "known in the Puranas as the son of Brahma and one of the progenitors of mankind." His *Institutes*, in twelve volumes, though inferior to the Vedas in antiquity, are held to be equally sacred; and owing to their being more closely united with the business of life, have tended much to mould the opinions of the Hindoos. Sir William Jones places the publication of these ordinances about 880 B.C.

Volumes on ethics and casuistry are very numerous. These are variously expressed in the language of poetry, proverbs, fables, narratives, and didactic counsel. While many of the sentiments in these works are greatly defective, and in some cases ruinous in their practical tendency, it must be admitted that very much is true and worthy of commendation and practice.

From one of these productions, termed the *Cural*, a portion of which has been translated, we quote the following stanzas:—

"Refer not virtue to another day;  
Receive her now, and at thy dying hour  
She'll prove thy never-dying friend.

Know that is virtue which each ought to do,  
What each should shun is vice.

If love and virtue be thy constant guests  
Domestic life is blest, and finds in these  
Its object and reward.

Of all the world calls good, no good exists  
Like that which wise and virtuous offspring give:  
I know no greater good.

Sweet is the pipe, and sweet the lute, they say—  
They who have never heard their children's tongues  
In infant prattle lisp.

What bolt can love restrain? What veil conceal?  
One tear-drop in the eye of those thou lovest,  
Will draw a flood from thine.

To honour guests with hospitable rite,  
Domestic life with all its various joys  
To man was given."

As vehicles for the conveyance of ethical precepts, *proverbs* are very popular. Many of them have their origin in the wisdom of remote antiquity. We select a few of the more striking:—

If taken to excess, even nectar is poison.

The crow imitating the gait of the swan, lost even its own.

Is the fold to be placed where the sheep may wish ?  
 Though a little bird soar high, will it become a kite ?  
 Is he a friend who helps not in adversity ?  
 Are all men, *men* ? or are all stones, *rubies* ?  
 No one knows all things, and no one but knows something.

The flower which is out of reach is dedicated to God.  
 No matter what becomes of others' affairs, attend to your own.

If *one* only knows the matter, it is a secret ; if *two*, it is public.

Winnow while there is wind, and turn the mill while there is sugar-cane.

A guilty breast is always agitated.  
 When faults are scrutinized, relationships cease.  
 Infatuation precedes destruction.  
 They who give, have all things ; those who withhold, have nothing.

Even a small rush may be of use as a toothpick.  
 Taxes and gruel will continually grow thicker.  
 Marry the daughter on knowing the mother.  
 Favours silence the tongue.  
 A dog is courageous in his own kennel.  
 To destroy an enemy make friendship with him.  
 Did ever any one become poor by giving alms ?  
 Courage is tried in war, integrity in the payment of debt and interest, the faithfulness of a wife in poverty, and friendship in distress.

Little things should not be despised ; many straws united may bind an elephant.

He who seeks the company of the wise, shall himself become wise ; even glass inserted in gold partakes of its colour.

Truth, contentment, patience, and mercy, belong to great minds.

A gift bestowed with kind expressions, knowledge without pride, and power united to clemency, are rare but excellent.

Every one looking downwards becomes impressed with the idea of his own greatness ; but looking upwards feels his own littleness.

A wise hearer is not affected by the *speaker*, but by the *oration*.

An affectionate wife and her lord should perform their domestic duties without disagreement, even as both the eyes look at the same object.

Through these and like media the Hindoo sages conveyed instruction to their pupils and readers respecting the manifold duties of life. While their thousands of pages contain much that is true and admirable, the value of their teachings is often impaired, and in some cases neutralized, by the absence of a proper motive of moral conduct, the edifice being based on selfishness. This will be seen when we consider, in succeeding papers, Hindooism as a religious system, theoretically and practically. Thus much, however, is certain, that a habit of regarding the excellent counsel given in

their proverbs respecting truth, integrity, valence, and virtue, would quite change the face of Hindoo society.

#### SCIENCE.

The Hindoo mind has ever been distinguished for brilliancy rather than depth and strength. Hence the people have devoted more time to literature, especially in a poetical form, than to science. Nevertheless we must assign to it a high rank in scientific attainments.

They are famous arithmeticians. Among the Greeks and Romans, the method used for the notation of numbers by the letters of the alphabet, which necessarily rendered arithmetical calculation extremely tedious and onerous, the Hindoos had, from time immemorial, employed for the same purpose the ten ciphers or figures, and by means of them performed every operation in arithmetic with the greatest facility and expedition. This study is pursued in all the schools of the land ; so that even many of the laboring classes are proficient in mental calculation.

It is interesting to observe a palam maistry, for example, replying to your question "how much he will ask to carry you to a distant place?" "So many bearers, so many miles, so much for extras, &c. ; he thinks the lips move, a figure is noted upon the ground ; again he thinks, and with less time than is taken to write this sentence, he tells you the amount, and if his data be correct, you find nothing wrong in the result.

Geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, have all been studied in India from a very early period. A volume on arithmetic and geometry was written as early as the year 1150 A.D., containing the celebrated proposition that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the squares on the sides containing the right angle. As a striking example of the absurd superstitions which may possess a strictly mathematical mind, unenlightened by the Divine truth, we quote the introductory part of this book :—

"Having bowed to the Deity (Ganesa), whose image is like an elephant, whose feet are adored by all who, when called to mind, restores his votaries from embarrassment, and bestows happiness on his worshippers, I propound this easy process of computation, delightful by its elegance, perspicuous with its concise, soft, and correct, and pleasing to the learner."

The Hindoos have also made considerable progress in astronomical knowledge. The Brahmins annually circulate a kind of almanac.



ing astronomical predictions of the remarkable phenomena in the heavens, the new and full moons, eclipses of the moon, &c. But here again the super- of Hindooism, as a religious system, ight into ludicrous prominence. Ac- to the Vedas the eclipses are occasioned cks upon the sun and moon by the

Rahoo, because of a grudge he has those orbs. It will not do for the astronomer to declare that sentiment r it is found in a sacred book. He e avoids the difficulty by saying that things might have been so formerly, and so still; but *for astronomical purposes, ical rules must be used.*" And as to hing of the Shastras, that the earth is d upon the heads of monsters, &c., e explained to mean the moon's nodes tude; and thus an unity is preserved the deductions of science and the ions of the popular faith.

adiposition of the Hindoos to travel unt for their geographical ignorance: ough considerable attention has un- y been given to natural philosophy, y, mineralogy, botany, and geology, no evidence on record of these having rsued as separate sciences. "Physic to have been from time immemorial a pirical history of diseases and their ;" (Sir William Jones). Extensive are now established in all the large d towns of the country, which are over by an European physician. nic institutions, in which lectures on ces, especially chemistry, with modern ies in steam, galvanism, electricity, e been established, and have thus far ended with good results. When the r tells a Hindoo that news can be ted a thousand miles a moment, the ed listener professes to believe the it, because "His Honour" or "The d" says so, but *he would much like to e.*

ht to be added here that the praise of al cultivation belongs chiefly to the of former times. Since the Mo- an conquest the deterioration has been and great throughout the country. inal works of note have appeared he last century. The Hindoo youth present day, with few exceptions, so he elements of knowledge are acquired. ed from school to assist in supporting

his parents, and there his education closes. Hence there is a lamentable want of general intelligence among the mass of the people. Testimony varies on this point. Mr. Fox, a devoted missionary at Masulipatan, considered it quite the exception to find any of the lower classes able to read with facility.

#### OCCUPATIONS OF THE HINDOOS.

From what must now be a very brief review of the leading occupations of the country, it will be apparent that there is a vast discrepancy between the results of Hindoo industrial occupations and the means by which they are accomplished.

In agriculture, for example, the foremost pursuit of native Hindoos, the plough used by the farmer consists of two rude sticks, or one if sufficiently crooked, with an iron spike at the end, as a share, which the ploughman guides with one hand, while he uses the other in directing the movements of the cattle. The sowing is as clumsy as the ploughing. The business of the harrow is performed by an instrument like a ladder, on which the husbandman stands, while rough bushes attached to it assist in smoothing the ground. And instead of threshing machines the rice is beaten out of the husk, and the small grain threshed with a staff. These implements are the same that have been in use from time immemorial. Rice, wheat, barley, indigo, opium, sugar, tobacco, are the principal products.

A like simplicity in the system pursued holds good in respect to the productions of the loom. The loom itself is a contrivance upon which an European could not manufacture the coarsest canvas, yet with it the Hindoo manufactures silks, carpets, embroideries of the most delicate and beautiful texture. The Hindoo carpenter knows no other tools than the plane, chisel, wimble, a hammer, and hatchet; but he will nevertheless turn out a first-rate article. The goldsmith, and the blacksmith also, literally carry their shops with them.

In the other trades and occupations—shoemakers, brass-founders, confectioners, oilmen, fishermen, distillers, palanquin-bearers, and shopkeepers of various grades—the implements used are equally simple.

"But why," asks the reader—"why do not foreigners introduce the machinery and implements of the western continent?" To a limited extent this has been done; but it is a precept in India most faithfully heeded, that "ancient custom is irreversible law." An

English officer recently imported from England several ploughs and hoes, with an admirable loom for weaving cotton. "To please His Honour," the complaisant farmer used the plough for a little time, but soon found a plausible pretext for returning to the time-honoured scratcher; while the other implements met a no more fortunate reception. In vain have efforts been made to induce the women who sweep the rooms to use brooms carried from this country, instead of the bunch of grass tied in a brush-like form, which is to the highest extent wearisome; but no, custom prevents. The same obstacle opposes all advances in cotton cultivation, and like improvements. "Our fathers did so, and so will we," say the people all the country over.

The truth is, the native Hindoos excel as copyists; but they seem to possess to a very limited extent the faculty of invention or the spirit of enterprize. Their painters will give the most faithful representations of any object that is set before them; their craftsmen will build a carriage or construct a piece of furniture the facsimile of any given model; and their tailors never fail in making a garment precisely according to the pattern. They excel in this species of accurate imitation, but they have little or no idea of originating any new device or unattempted contrivance.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

ATTOCK is an important town and fortress in the Punjab, on the slope of a low hillock on

the east side of the Indus. The modern is of a rectangular form, having the sides 1,200 feet in length, parallel to the river. It is strongly built of polished stone, and is commanded by an adjacent hill, from which it is only separated by a narrow ravine. It was formerly the seat of the Lahore Government; but after 1818, when it fell into the hands of the Rajah Runjeet Singh, it declined. It now contains about 2,000 inhabitants. The appellation *Attock*, or *Atti*, signifying "limit," or "prohibition"—is, according to some, from the restrictions which are here imposed on the navigation of the Indus; according to others, from the distance of its being on the original frontier of Hindostan, beyond which a Hindoo might not pass without special permission. The crossing of the Indus by Alexander in 326 B.C., is generally supposed to have been effected in the immediate vicinity of Attock. The river is 260 yards in breadth in June (*Elphinstone*), and a depth of 35 fathoms, and a current running six miles an hour in the middle of the river (*Burnes*). It is crossed by a bridge of seven boats, maintained by the Rajah of the Punjab for the transit of his troops. Such a bridge can only be thrown across the Indus from November to April, when the waters are low, and the velocity of the stream comparatively small.

In the February number of OUR FIRESIDE (page 65), we inserted a view of the "Bridge of Boats," taken—as is also the present illustration—from a photograph.

#### FACTS.

THERE is an immense power in facts. The long, and for a time, the barren contemplation of one simple fact, has often led to the sublimest discoveries. The fall of an apple elicited the theory of gravitation; the ascent of a soap-bubble, the laws of colour and light. Wherever there is public opinion, wherever there is common sense and common feeling, a fact is sure to have its weight. Tell it in a thousand forms. Tell it with perpetual variety of circumstance, and novelty of view. Tell it of this locality, and tell it of that. Tell it of twenty years back, and tell it of now. Tell it of the mass, and tell it of individuals. Give sums

total and particular instances. Give names and places. Make the fact familiar, vivid, and yet marvellous. Tell it in this with a laborious and painful detail, which cannot be gainsaid. Be a very plain man. Before a generation is past, the fact will speak for itself and find a cure. It will have endued a mere fact with energy. An undeniable statement, which admits of being comprehended in ten words, and which was once the ineffectual subject of whole libraries, will at least have more than ten million men.—*Times*.

# from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE LINNET.

XXXVIII.

be more interesting than the affection two linnets we are about to mention containing four young ones, aged, was found by some children to carry them home, for the purring and taming the young birds. Attracted by their chirping, conring round the children, till they house, when the nest was carried he nursery, and placed outside the The old birds soon afterwards made ance, approached the nest, and fed without showing any alarm. This ed, the nest was soon afterwards table in the middle of the apart-he window left open. The parent boldly in and fed their offspring as ll further to put their attachment , the nest and young ones were in a bird-cage; still the old ones attered boldly within the cage, and e wants of their brood as before, s evening actually perched on the dless of the noise made around veral children. This continued for s, when an unlucky accident put it. The cage had been again set he window, and was unfortunately l to a sudden and heavy fall of rain; uence was that the whole of the e drowned in the nest. The poor o had so boldly and indefatigably heir duty, continued hovering round and looking wistfully in at the win-eral days, and then disappeared.

### THE BLACKBIRD.

XXXIX.

bird belonging to the gatekeeper of prison, Stirling, went missing in

June last, and was not again seen until one day during the late storm, when it appeared at the prison and entered its cage.

### THE ASS.

XL.

Some years ago the boys in the village where I lived were in the habit of having donkey races for a hundredweight of tares. One of the boys borrowed a milkman's ass that was a noted runner, and much to his surprise lost the race, because the ass made a dead stop at the door of all his master's customers.

### THE DOG.

XLI.

A gentleman lends a staunch old pointer to a friend—a miserable shot. One cover after another is found, but not a bird is bagged, not even a feather is disturbed. The dog bears with this for some time; all at once he stops; he utters something between a bark and a growl. It is an expression of disappointment and contempt; he gallops home as fast as his legs will carry him, and nothing can persuade him to accompany that person again.

### THE KESTREL.

XLII.

About four years ago my children procured a young kestrel, which, when able to fly, I persuaded them to give its liberty: it never left the place, but became attached to them. In the spring of the following year we missed Billy (as he was called), for nearly a week, and thought he had been shot; but one morning I observed him soaring about with another of his species, which proved to be a female. They paired and laid several eggs in an old dove-cote, about a hundred yards from the rectory; but that season, being disturbed, as I thought, by some white owls, the eggs were never hatched.

The next spring Billy again brought a mate: they again built, and reared a nest of young ones. Last year they did the same; but some mischievous boys took the young ones when just ready to fly. This year Billy has again brought his mate, and they have established themselves in the same quarters. Billy, though in every respect a wild bird as to his habits in the fields, and flying away at the approach of a stranger, is quite at home with my children. He comes every day to the nursery window, and when it is opened will come into the room and perch upon the chairs or table, and sometimes upon the heads of my little ones, who always save a piece of meat for him. His mate will sometimes venture to come within a yard or two of the house, to watch for Billy when he comes out of the room with his meat: she will then give chase, and try to make him drop it, both of them squealing and chattering, to our great amusement. During the time of incubation Billy takes his turn on the nest, and when the young are hatched, comes two or three times a day for food. When the breeding is over, the female departs, but the male never leaves us; indeed he is so attached to the children, that if we leave home for a time, he is seldom seen; but as soon as we return, and he hears the voices of his little friends calling him by name, he comes flying over the fields, squealing with joy to see them again. He is now so well known amongst the feathered tribes of the neighbourhood, that they take no notice of him, but will sit upon the same tree with him: even the rooks appear quite friendly. I never saw Billy attempt to catch a bird, but the large stock of beetles and cock-chafers are a favourite food with him in summer.

#### THE GULL.

##### XLIII.

At Colbourne, in the Isle of Wight, a herring gull made its escape, about thirty years ago, from a garden in which he had been kept a prisoner. From that time, however, to the present, he has returned all but daily to visit the place of his former captivity, though at the distance of six or seven miles from that part of the coast where they resort. Here he is regularly fed, and is so tame with the man who has regularly attended to his wants, that he would eat out of his hand; but will not allow any further familiarities. In the breeding season he is accompanied by his mate, who will not venture to descend, but remains hovering

and screaming over him whilst he is below.

#### THE FROG.

##### XLIV.

During one of the wet evenings in the beginning of October, my attention was attracted to a noise between the window and the blind (or sun blind) of the sitting-room house I was stopping at, in the quiet village of Lindfield, in Sussex. I looked, but could not see what caused the noise. Presently the noise occurred again; and on looking again, I found it proceeded from a frog climbing up the blind, and then jumping down again. I took no particular notice of the frog was taking shelter from the rain, but presently a second made its appearance, acting in the same way as the first one. These actions in this way lasted for some time, then changed their mode of climbing, instead of having their backs to the window, they turned about and climbed the window frame, and looked into the room. On coming down to one particular spot, where they were attracted by the light, I took further notice than occasionally I do of them, and retired to rest, leaving them their snug retreat, as I thought, for the night. But what was my surprise, when, on the following morning, I found that a large frog had been by the leg, and made a prisoner between the blind and the window. From this I was not at all unreasonable to presume that the visitors the evening before had been attracted to the spot by the cries of their captured ones and their climbing up the blind, and then jumping down into the room, for the purpose of imploring assistance for the escape of the imprisoned one. What is still more striking, is that when they were taken down from the blinds they always jumped to the spot where the captive was. I have heard of instances of sagacity in dogs and even pigs, but never heard of it before.

#### THE GOLDCREST.

##### XLV.

Colonel Montagu mentions one which he used to feed her young in a room, even when she was taken into the hand. He found that she fed her brood once in every minute or two minutes, averaging thirty-six times the hour, and this for full sixteen hours a day. The young ones, eight in number,

ceive, if equally fed, seventy-two feeds y, the whole amounting to five hundred enty-six. The male would not venture room.

#### THE EEL.

XLVI.

Illis, in the "Polynesian Researches," he statement that a native chief of the of Hawaii, having brought eels to a of tameness, could call them from their with the shrill sound of a whistle.

#### THE BADGER.

XLVII.

le more than two years ago, some men in a wood, at night, a young badger, tly about four months old. In a short began to feed heartily, and ultimately very familiar and playsome. He was Bobby," and answered to his name as as a dog. With the dogs kept in the use, he always lived on excellent terms, and frisking with them, both in and doors. He was frequently taken short n company with the dogs, to a garden quarter of a mile from the village, and h occasionally frightened by the stage assing him, he only once attempted an He seemed rather afraid of strangers, being taken much notice of, always is way up the body of his protector, by his long claws to the dress, and his head under the flap of the coat.

#### THE CATERPILLAR.

XLVIII.

was one incident in connexion with e, which I shall not soon forget. About of May I had occasion to supply them ash food, and remove some that had dry and dead. On placing them on es, their first work was to provide ves with a place to dwell in. This e either by rolling the leaf up or draw- together. I observed one to stretch it to ascertain if there was another leaf on finding there was, it commenced g a web to its centre, and then began the leaf towards the one on which it When about half way, the thread broke; nt the leaf to its place. This was re- second time, but with no better suc- nothing daunted, the thread was made he leaf a third time; but before it was an half way, snap went the thread

again; and thus it was repeated six or seven times in about ten minutes, with no better result. I then went away. The next morning I paid an early visit to my breeding cage, when to my surprise the leaf had been drawn close, and it had made itself a very comfortable berth. I have many times asked myself what is there that patience and perseverance cannot do.

#### THE ANT.

XLIX.

In nothing is the ingenuity of these little insects more remarkably displayed than in the expedient to which they frequently resort to cross a little stream on the sand beach after a shower of rain. Sometimes their train is cut in two by one of these little streamlets. To plunge into it singly, they would soon be swept away by the rush of the current. They come to the edge of the water, raise their antennæ, point them from one direction to another, as if they were taking a scientific view of the dangers of the crossing. They wander up and down the stream with the greatest uneasiness, and finding no other way to cross, form themselves into a compact knot or raft of a dozen or more, and launch themselves upon the stream. They have, by previous observation, made sure that they would strike a projecting point or bluff on the opposite shore, and not be carried by the current into the main river. The moment they touch the other side, they use their claws like anchors, and hold on until the whole company disengage themselves and march off in single file to the track of those who have preceded them. I have watched them for hours together, and have seen raft after raft of these little creatures go over in safety, when if they had attempted to get across singly, they would all have been swept into the river.

#### THE DOG.

L.

Mr. J. Fogg, of Scarborough, sued Mr. N. B., of Pickering, for the sum of £6 6s., the value of a retriever dog alleged to belong to the plaintiff, and unjustly detained by the defendant. The dog had been lost, according to plaintiff's account, shortly before Christmas, and had been duly advertised. The dog plaintiff lost answered to the name "Sam." The defendant, about October last, had bought the dog in question of a man named Swales, who had found him, and sold him after ineffectually advertising. This dog

answered to "Sam," but defendant contended that he could not be the same dog as that lost by plaintiff, as was proved by the dates. The judge ordered the dog himself to be "called" as a witness. "Sam" on appearing was delighted to find the defendant, but on the plaintiff walking across the court, and saluting the dog with "What, Sam! shake hands," the dog at once held up his right fore foot, and settled the matter. The judge ordered the dog to be returned if the money was not paid in a

week, with costs. His Honour advised to pay for the dog's "board and lodgings" and avoid further trouble.

#### THE CANARY.

##### LI.

Lord Kaimes relates an instance of which, while singing to its mate hatch eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female left her nest, and finding him dead, rejected food, and soon died by his side.

### THREE CHAPTERS ON MOSSES.

BY MISS MARGARET PLUES, AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD FLOWERS,"  
"GEOLOGICAL RAMBLES," ETC.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Praised be the mosses soft,  
In the forest pathways oft,  
And the thorns that make us think  
Of the thornless river brink  
Where the ransomed tread."

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

THE largest and most attractive family in the Moss tribe is that of the Hypnum or Feather Mosses. Growing mostly in a creeping fashion, their branches spread over stones, tree-boles, or the soil of the hedge-bank, and form a carpet of delicious softness and charming hue. They bear their capsules in an oblique position on long fruit-stalks, the stalk bent at its juncture with the capsule, so as to cause the urn to stand obliquely, horizontally, or tending towards drooping. The ring is large, elastic, and perishing; the lid rounded and convex at the base, and prolonged to a beak at the top. The veil is small and cone-shaped. The fringe is double, the outer one much affected by the air, spreading in damp, incurved when dry, and composed of sixteen teeth. The name, Hypnum, is derived from the Greek word *sleep*, and doubtless refers to the delightful couch which either a living plot of Feather Moss growing under sheltering trees, or a collection of the dried fronds, affords.

The Rough-stalked Feather Moss (fig. 9) is a showy species, growing abundantly on hedge-banks, and the boles of trees. The stem is procumbent, the branches erect and loosely-

tufted, the lid conical and bluntish. The foliage is a full, rather olivaceous green.

Of a similar tint, but with glossier, more packed foliage, is the large species known as the Neat Feather Moss (fig. 1). Its stems are long, the branches arranged in an orderly fashion on either side, each curved slightly, the leaves round pointed, and the chestnut urns oval. It is not unfrequently in fruit, but its fruit is counted rare.

The largest and best known of the mosses is the Triangular-leaved Feather Moss, extensively used in packing glass and sold in considerable quantities to fruiterers, dyed a deep purple for garnish. Its natural hue is light green, its foliage is abundant, and spreads out in all directions, and both the stems and leaves are very crisp. It grows very tall, often a foot or more, and though a somewhat coarse-looking plant, has its own especial beauty when in flower, or carpeting the ground with its nodding hyacinths.

Almost as well known as the last is the Tamarisk-leaved Feather Moss. Its leaves are very small, but planted thickly along the stem. All along the stem, arranged in a perfect row on either side, rises a close row of branches, each thickly beset in its turn with rows of branchlets. This truly feathery appearance of the fronds is one of the beauties

ite Moss, and its rich colouring is  
er. In shady situations it attains to a  
length, the fronds growing partly erect,  
partly inclining like the feathers on a  
breast. As they lie one over another—  
part nearest the stem of a rich grass green,  
g to the tint of Spring's earliest foliage  
ds the tips of the fronds—the plot well  
bles a vast tuft of lovely and verdant plu-

But when the Moss throws its fronds

in face and show not unlike to that kind of  
oke ferne called *Dryopteris*. It creepeth upon  
the ground, having divers long branches, con-  
sisting of many small leaves, every particular  
leaf made up of sundry little leaves, set upon  
a middle rib, opposite to the other."

This Moss is rarely found in fruit, but we  
got it with urns upon it in Herefordshire, and  
very prolific specimens were sent to us from  
the neighbourhood of Carlisle.



d the bole of a tree, or over the surface of  
nbling block of sandstone, it assumes a  
ng habit, and the delicate branches are  
n striking contrast with the dark tint of  
urface which they are striving to cover.  
supposed that this is the Moss of which  
d speaks. He says:—

ere is likewise found in the shadowie  
of high mountains, and at the foote of  
d rotten trees, a certaine kind of Mosse

In "Katie's Glen" there were boulder stones  
perfectly enveloped in Feather Mosses. One  
had glossy foliage, numerous interlacing stems  
about an inch long, and the branches irregu-  
larly placed and clothed with overlapping,  
roundish, pointed leaves, all of a uniform  
yellowish-green. It was covered with a forest  
of chestnut thread-like stalks, bearing capsules  
of a similar hue. This is a very common Moss,  
growing in large even patches on walls, at the

foot of trees, and among the sward. It is called the Cypress-leaved Feather Moss (fig. 4).

Other stones in that same glen were covered with a somewhat taller species, the Curving Feather Moss. Here the colour was still olivaceous; the stems were nearly erect, bearing clusters of branches, which were all curved, some approaching the drooping form; the leaves were narrower, sharply pointed, and not glossy as in the former species. Abundant capsules rose on stalks from among the crowded branches, oval in form, and with beaked lids, and being rare in fruit, we accounted this Moss one of the choicest treasures of the glen.

In limestone districts we find a Moss forming a curtain of tapestry over the face of dripping rocks, its slender branches often coated with lime, deposited by the water which continually trickles over them. This is the Curled Fern Feather Moss. Its stems sometimes attain a foot in length, are sparingly branched, each branch adorned by two regular rows of branchlets, and these beset by crowded, spreading, twisting leaves. In Yorkshire woods we have often found it with abundant fruit upon it; the branches are matted together by brown hairs which grow capriciously upon them (fig. 5).

The dryer part of such woods, or of the adjacent moorland, is often graced by the flattened whitish branches of the Wavy-leaved Feather Moss (fig. 6). In this species the leaves lie flat in a style technically called *complanate*. In youth they are pale green, but the first hot weather turns them white. The stems are almost simple or slightly branched, and though they cross and recross one another, they never form the matted carpet which others of the same family excel in.

The waters have their own group of Feather Mosses. In the Yorkshire gill, where the

dripping rocks are draped by the Curled Fern Feather Moss, and the higher part chequered by the pale fronds of the Wavy-leaved species, a babbling brook flows onwards, tossing in its restless stream the long stems of the Beaked Water Feather Moss (fig. 7). In our figure we only represent the branched or upper part of the stem; the lower part is generally destitute of branches, and almost of leaves—quite so where the current is very strong. The foliage is of a dark olive-green, and the capsules short and thick.

High up upon the moor, the side of which is clothed by this wood, we find peat bogs; and if we draw thence the Bog Moss, and Bog Bean, we may chance to bring another Moss whose dark branches with their sickle-pointed leaves show in strong contrast to the soft whitish foliage of the Sphagnum. This is the Claw-leaved Feather Moss.

The Creeping Feather Moss (fig. 10) is a velvety Moss, forming with its closely interlacing branches a thin covering upon walk, stones, and trunks of trees. Its colour is a full bright green, and it is common everywhere, adorned with abundance of chestnut capsules every Spring.

These are a few of the more generally prevailing Feather Mosses, a dozen examples from a family numbering above ninety species.

Nearly related to the Feather Mosses is a tiny species, interesting as the instrument in the hands of Providence for conveying the noted lesson of faith to the traveller Mungo Park. When he believed himself deserted by God as well as by man, and saw no means of subsistence in the desert, nor of exit from it, he was yielding to despair, when his eye fell upon a tiny plant of the common Flat Fork Moss. It suggested the thought, "If God sustain this tiny plant, am I beneath His care?" Instantly faith and hope revived, and the traveller pressed forward on his way.





## The Poetry of Home.

### Amongst the Heather.

**B**UT amongst the heather!  
Up on the leese and the downs,  
While the bright summer weather  
Smiles, and the fragrant breeze  
Waves the foliage of the trees,  
And Harvest wears her crowns.

While the clouds are fleecy white,  
And the face of Nature bright;  
Come and breathe the bracing air,  
And gaze on the beautiful view;  
Leave in the valley your care—  
God sends this beauty for you!  
Come out amongst the heather,  
Up on the leese and the downs,  
In the clear summer weather,  
While Harvest wears her crowns.

Out amongst the heather!  
Up on the leese and the downs;  
There are birds of varied feather,  
And rookeries like towns:  
There are the song-birds singing  
From dawn till dark,  
An outdoor concert ringing,  
And, ever heavenward winging  
And warbling still, the lark!  
And the goldfinch on the furze-bush,  
And the linnet on the broom,  
And the clear notes of the wood-thrush  
Come with the hawthorn's perfume;  
The young birds, slowly flying,  
New fledged with timorous wing,  
And the peewit faintly crying  
In the valley, by the spring.  
Come out amongst the heather!  
Up on the leese and the downs;  
Come in the bright summer weather,  
While Harvest wears her crowns.

Come out amongst the heather!  
Where the spices smell like "Bether."\*  
Soft is the mossy greensward,  
And pliant to the feet;  
All the banks are daisy-starred,  
The wild thyme's breath most sweet;  
Bushes and brake look golden,  
And the thorn is snowy white;  
And "Forget-me-Not" unfold  
Looks loving as the light;  
Cowslips, fern leaves, and grasses,  
With herbs of varied scent,  
Grow where the sheep-track passes  
In calm content.

\* Canticles ii. 17.

Come out amongst the heather!  
Up on the leese and the downs;  
Come in the bright summer weather,  
While Harvest wears her crowns.  
BENJAMIN GOUGH.

### True Harmony.

**W**HAT magic harmony in loving words!  
Fuller than richest strain of  
melody,  
Sweeter than tend'rest note of  
woodland bird.  
Fresh as th' all-inspiring western  
breeze;

Pure as Æolian zephyrs' dulcet tone,  
Sighing through moss-clad woods of giant  
trees.

Constant as murm'ring brooklet's ceaseless  
flow,

In dreamy, hazy hour of summer-noon:  
Like angel-whispers, ever breathing low.

Each spell-bound soul dwells silent and apart,  
Till, wakened by the master-chord,  
Undying echoes vibrate in the heart.

VIOLET.

### Summer.

**W**INTER is cold-hearted,  
Spring is yea and nay,  
Autumn is a weathercock  
Blown every way:  
Summer days for me,  
When every leaf is on its tree:

When Robin's not a beggar,  
And Jenny Wren's a bride,  
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,  
Over the wheat-fields wide;  
And anchored lilies ride,  
And the pendulum spider  
Swings from side to side.

And blue-black beetles transact business,  
And gnats fly in a host,  
And furry caterpillars hasten  
That no time be lost,  
And moths grow fat and thrive,  
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,  
Before green nuts embrown,  
Why, one day in the country  
Is worth a month in town:  
Is worth a day and a year  
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion  
That days drone elsewhere.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## The Home Library.

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*The Beautiful in Nature and Art.* By MRS. ELLIS, author of "The Women of England," &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THIS is one of those books—not too numerous—"calculated for helping those who are endeavouring to help themselves." Those who *can* appreciate, and those who *desire* to appreciate, "The Beautiful in Nature and Art," will find in Mrs. Ellis a friend indeed. They will be disposed to recognize in her a realization of her ideal of what a woman may be—"happy in her power of extracting interest from everything around her, because she can communicate this interest to others; and rich in the abundance of her resources, because she is ready for all circumstances, and can always lend a helping hand or suggest a useful thought." We most cordially recommend this volume to "that class of young students who are just feeling their own way in the practice of art." The genial and considerate spirit of the writer has prompted her to divest the treatment of her subject of that forbidding—shall we say learned and pretentious—aspect which sometimes discourages the earliest efforts to grasp the beautiful in nature and art. At the same time, "extreme simplicity" is not allowed to militate against a high standard of experimental knowledge; and advanced students will derive many valuable and practical suggestions from Mrs. Ellis's work. The Table of Contents embraces, "The Usefulness of Beauty in Nature and Art," "The Truthfulness of Art," "The Love of Beauty," "The Love of Ornament," "Early Dawn of Art," "Ancient Typical and Symbolical Art," "Conventional Art," "Grecian Art," "Different Kinds of Ancient Art," "Revival of Art in Italy," "Slight Notices of Distinctive Terms applied to Art," "Learning to Draw," "Imitation," "Light and Shadow," "Form," "Colour," "Characteristics of Trees," "Character in General," "Lady's Work," and "Lady's Handiwork." As possessing general interest, we have quoted an extract in our present number in which Mrs. Ellis counsels a lady "HOW TO FURNISH HER HOUSE." We cannot refrain from adding to this quotation the following:—

### ART IN THE COTTAGE.

"Very pleasant and very pretty to the poor cottager is the gaily-coloured print upon the wall, the lamb of crockery upon the chimney-shelf, or the engraving of the ship in which some ancestor went out to sea; the old-fashioned sampler, too, set in its gaudy frame; and all of this kind which the labourer and his family

have been able with their scanty means. But better still will it be when machine art shall multiply for the poor man the beauty with which we all, more or less, in surrounding ourselves. And to whom more hopefully than to the lady of taste for supplying the improved patterns and signs which cheap work will be the prop spreading throughout the country?"

### HOW TO FIND TIME.

"The great point is to be always a direct answer to the question, What am I doing? By habitually asking ourselves this question that time—that precious time which so many are complaining that they cannot find quantity—is doubled on our hands. It is *now* which makes all the difference—time enough for everything."

### ART—NOT IN A WOOL SHOP.

"To a person of true artistic taste, I think there are few spectacles bearing any relation to the volting than the general supply of patterns in English wool shops—patterns with which one only amuse themselves, but over which one must give close attention, counting, measuring, or copying stitch for stitch, for how many precious lives it is dreadful to think—passed away never by the remotest association bring with them the sweet breath of nature, nor embody a single idea which it can interest a rational mind to think of."

### KNITTING.

"A very humble and uninteresting occupation will say. And yet not many years ago it was an astonishing aspect of social life to see the ladies who bent their fair heads, strained their eyes, and perplexed their busy brains over knitted patterns, which never led to anything but what was simply curious, and very wearisome doing."

"Regarded in the light of refreshing means of invigoration, I think we may pronounce upon elaborate knitting, that it is a waste of time—that it does not pay, except to the extent to which it is pursued as a matter of business. For the strict use of these words there is no kind of exception as carried on in England, which does not pay at the present time. Knitting may, however, be made beautiful than we can form any idea of when we see the exquisite dyes and the delicate material produced in some other corner of the world is this kind of work which attains a higher degree of excellence than in the Pyrenees, where the peasant women make it an article of trade, often sitting in groups by the roadside or tending cattle on the slope of the mountain, chatting cheerily, and even looking about them as their hands play rapidly with a flutter of the tinted balls of the finest wool; and the

completed, is a softly-shaded pattern of tie dyes for which the Barege waters are so

d of knitting may be worth while to the men of the Pyrenees, especially as they can live merry while at work; but beautiful as it is, I scarcely think that the time and an educated woman could be bestowed on, to the extent which it requires, with of refreshment, or with any adequate result. Indeed, I was convinced of this influence of a lady of my acquaintance, who, and a present to her mother which should be rare and beautiful, had undertaken the one of these shawls. This lady told me as she gave the close attention which her work she was obliged to shut herself up for and see no company, in order to complete hers of her knitting; and when she showed it to her needles, no less than three balls of the finest wool, each to be used. I did not wonder that she had to shut up, indeed, I rather wondered that she ever came out as a sane woman after a whole day of it. It is unnecessary to say that there could be no salutary effect produced upon the cha-

er all, let no one despise knitting as a peculiarly salutary in some states of mind. Plain knitting, I mean—the knitting of stockings, such as it is impossible to buy, at a price which brings them within the reach of the poor. How many a sufferer from weakness, how many a watcher in the chamber, how many an aged woman weary of her life, might be consoled and cheered by the use of stockings, provided only that her work is well chosen, and the work familiar to her. But the value of such knitting can never be at its true worth, except by those who knit and read at the same time. If we have a nervous temperament, restless unless employed—a mind often exhausted by feelings too sensitive for perfect peace; or, if I would earnestly recommend the knitting and reading as the most wholesome occupation for spare moments, but especially for nervousness and exhaustion.

Highly nervous temperament, especially if the mind has been long strained by close application to one subject, or where the feelings want a just balance, reading alone is not the very holding of a book becomes burdensome, and then the thoughts wander, and get work upon the subject which had been intended to be, perhaps too much. But add to this the monotonous occupation of the hand, and the mental powers really rest better than when employed, while the too active mind is in an agreeable, all-pervading, though finite sense that something is actually accomplished. Of course, none but plain knitting can serve this purpose, and in order to render our occupation more interesting, I would advise the use of knitting for the poor, as a kind of very useful and welcome.

that I am not writing about things with no practical acquaintance, I may just say that easy work, only carried on in evenings, would not interfere with the real business of life. In the winter of 1865 to supply

seventeen pairs of warm stockings to a society of poor women by knitting and reading at the same time. How many books I read during this time I am unable to say; but this I know, that I have learned to enjoy reading much more, and to read to better purpose, while knitting, than when my hands are unemployed."

But our quotations must end; and we will close by recommending some of our readers to read over again the last paragraph, and counselling them, during the winter of 1866, to "go and do likewise."

*Bread Winning*; or, *The Ledger and the Lute*.

By M. A. S. Barber. London: William Macintosh.

THE career of Miss Barber furnishes a most instructive example of what one single private Christian may do, even without the wealth of this world, and in the midst of weakness and suffering. She was the well-known editor of *The Coral Missionary Magazine*, and interested herself in many works of Christian philanthropy. At the time of her death she had raised a settled annual income exceeding £1,000, for religious efforts, and upwards of two hundred children were supported by her in Africa, India, and North America. It is but right also to state that she never received the slightest pecuniary remuneration for her labours from the fund thus raised, but contributed liberally to the presents sent to the various missionary stations. The last volume published by Miss Barber, "Sweet Childhood, and its Helpers in Heathen Lands," was reviewed at the time in *OUR OWN FIRESIDE*, and we are glad of the opportunity of again calling attention to it. The Autobiography contained in the narrative now published, received its title just before her death, and she added after it, in pencil, the emphatic words, "And now I rejoice evermore." Truly, "She hath done what she could;" and her life speaks. We hope this little volume will find many readers.

*Lyra Evangelica*. Hymns translated from the French of the late Dr. Malan. By JANE E. ARNOLD. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

POETICAL translations rarely do justice to the original, but we must certainly pronounce this work an exception. Miss Arnold has thoroughly appreciated the genius and the spirit of these eminently Evangelical Hymns; and as a memorial of their distinguished and venerated author, her volume will be treasured by many English readers. A brief and interesting sketch of the life of Dr. Malan accompanies the Hymns. We hope next month to find space for one or two of the Hymns which will justify the high opinion we have expressed.

*Pensive Lyrics*. By M. P. London: William Macintosh.

WITHOUT any great pretensions to literary merit, we can thoroughly commend this little volume. The hymns are simple, earnest, and Evangelical. We wish we had space to quote one entitled "Thy Glory."

*The Mighty Mystery*; or, The Joint Action of the Holy Trinity practically and devoutly considered. By G. W. MYLNE. London: William Macintosh.

THIS treatise is written in the spirit of one who feels that "the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped." We often meet with strange ignorance on the subject of the Holy Trinity, where we should expect better things. Because the doctrine is *mysterious*, some Christians appear to regard it as unimportant. For the very same reason, to be consistent, they ought also to regard as unimportant the eternity and omnipresence of God. The mystery is equally great in either case: but in the latter men seem to comprehend that the mystery in no way militates against the practical influence and simplicity of the truth. Let the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity be thus received, and it will be seen that its importance cannot possibly be overstated. If this doctrine be rejected, our Lord Jesus Christ was nothing more than a man; the world is left without an atonement; the Church is convicted of awful idolatry. The Gospel without the Trinity would indeed be the arch without the keystone—the body without the soul. The Trinity is interwoven with the whole system of Christianity. Christianity itself is, so to speak, *a picture of the Trinity*. It is the knowledge of God so conveyed, as to commend God to our love: and we see not how that knowledge could otherwise be conveyed. So far from being a speculative and unpractical doctrine, the Trinity in Unity is emphatically THE Revelation of God to man which attests its genuineness by its mighty influence. The mystery of the doctrine does not at all interfere with its practical simplicity. It is as simple as it is mysterious. We could almost have wished that Mr. Mylne had added to his title "The Mighty Mystery, or THE SIMPLE FAITH." There is mystery enough to baffle the unlawful and presumptuous attempt "by searching to find out God;" there is simplicity enough to enable the humblest inquirer who would "do the will of God," to "know of the doctrine that it is of God"—the doctrine that makes the believer in it "wise unto salvation." "This is life eternal," to know God as He is revealed in His Word—an Almighty Father, infinite in His compassion, holy in His love—an Almighty Son, mighty to save, to justify the ungodly, to redeem the lost, to sympathize with the tried—an Almighty Spirit, mighty to sanctify, to strengthen us in our weakness, to purify and cleanse the very thoughts of our hearts. Just as the mystery of the processes of vegetation does not interfere with the simplicity of the fact that we are sustained by the *bread* it produces, so the mystery of the Divine nature does not affect the simplicity of our knowledge

of God—the Father, the Saviour, the Sanctifier, and the practical results of that knowledge evidenced by the Christian life.

We cordially recommend Mr. Mylne's work to our readers.

*Leaves from Nature's Book.* By M. K. M. London: William Macintosh.

A BOOK just suited to our mind. We best express our opinion of its worth by referring our readers to the "Two Parables" inserted in our present number. Let parents make a note of it, and order it at once.

*Life Lyrics.* By ELIZA F. MORRIS, author of "The Voice and the Reply." London: Kent and Co.

AMONG our minor poets, Eliza F. Morris is entitled to take a distinguished place. The "ring of the true metal" is heard in this volume from the first page to the last. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. And not only is the poetry good, but it gives expression to deep, tender, and yet vigorous religious sentiment. We have inserted a few lines, "Summer Music," and need add no further commendation.

*My Country.* The History of the British Isles. By E. S. A., author of "The World in which I Live, and my Place in it," &c. London: William Macintosh.

WE do not know of any volumes designed for young people equal to these for the amount of historical information which they contain, combined with a recognition of the debt our "country" owes to the influence of genuine Protestant principles.

*Conspectus of Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Bible.* By WILLIAM LANE. St. Bees: John Reay.

DESIGNED and admirably adapted for students. Teachers in our Sunday-schools would also derive great advantages from its use: the Clergy would do well to introduce it to their notice. One book read on this plan would be found to convey a surprising amount of information.

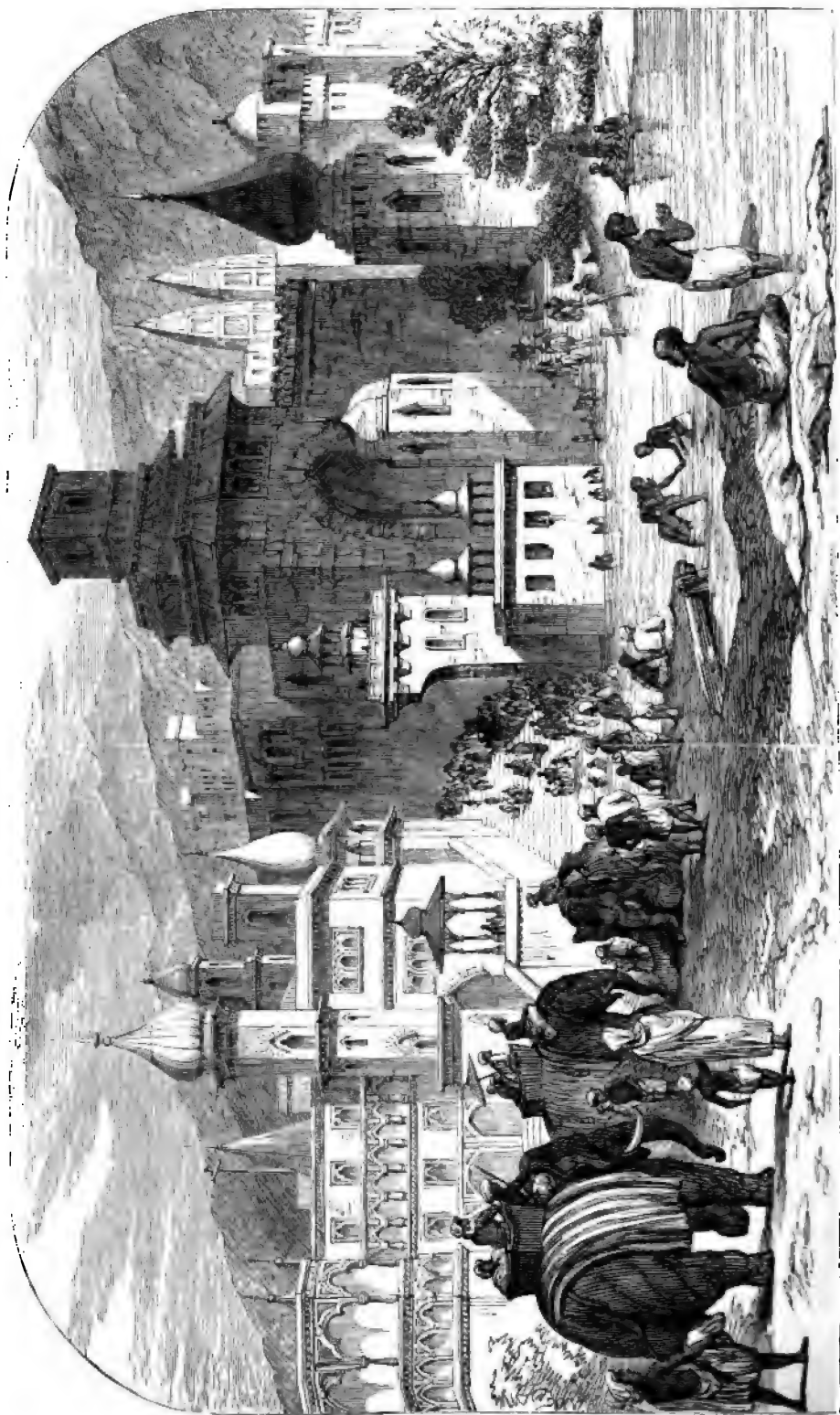
*Little Steps to Great Truths; or, Harry's Own Book about Music.* By ELIZA JUKES. London: William Macintosh.

THIS little book attempts *less* than it performs. The author knows how to interest as well as to instruct the learner. As an elementary work, we give it our strong recommendation.

*Friendly Words and Short Stories to Help and Cheer.* By the Author of "Old Peter Pious," &c. London: William Macintosh.

AN excellent book to lend to the poor, and to place in the servants' library. Those who have read "Old Peter Pious" will not require to be told that the author is eminently gifted as a writer for plain people. Those who have not read "Old Peter Pious," should order both the little books together.





THE GHAT AT HURDUWAR.


# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER XIX.

 IN the following day Harry Morant was early at Oliver's dwelling; and Elsie, when she admitted him, acknowledged that her master was better than he had been on any day. At the same time she begged the visitor not to say anything to her, or to arouse either strong feelings or thought; for he had suffered from fever during the early part of the plague, and now seemed very weak, but very calm, and even cheerful. He promised obedience; but he soon broke his promise when he found himself in the presence of his interesting friend. Oliver sat down, and seated by an open window, through which the soft spring air came in, he felt his pale cheek, and revived his spirits. He had insisted on leaving contrary to Elsie's entreaties, and on his own strength—or rather, as she called it, his own weakness. A calm and happy expression came into his features, and he extended his hand to Harry, saying in an encouraging tone, as he laid his other hand on the shoulder of his guest, "I am able by his side."

"I found it all here, Harry. I have seen why I have never been the happy man, being that you truly suggested that I ought to be. It seems to have dawned on my mind during our last night's conversation. It has set me thinking very earnestly, and I have disciplined myself very strictly. No

wonder that I could not sleep, and that Elsie thought the fever was returning. But at length some passages of this blessed Book came into my mind with a fulness of meaning that I had never perceived in them before, and I fell asleep repeating the gracious words to myself. As soon as it was daylight, I awoke greatly refreshed, and I have been searching out the passages for my own comfort, and also to point them out to you."

Oliver directed Harry to the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and requested him to read those portions which so clearly set forth the corruption and spiritual helplessness of the human race, and the utter inability of man to justify himself by the deeds of the law. And then he pointed to those comforting verses—24—26, which declare that the sinner is "*justified freely by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus*;" by which means "*God might be just, and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus*." Then he led him on through the Apostle's eloquent arguments, and inspired declarations, proving the fulness and the freeness of salvation, and the efficacy of faith in a crucified Saviour to give peace with God, and to produce the fruits of holiness. He showed him how the Christian is to become "*dead to the law, but alive unto Christ*," and how he is thus to be "*raised from the death of sin, and to bring forth fruit unto God*."

Very earnest, and very expressive was Oliver's countenance while he endeavoured

to impress these important doctrines on his friend, and to give him the same clear view of their meaning that had now been granted to himself; and Harry listened with interest, and not without effect, to what he saw were the firm and settled convictions of his friend—convictions which had given him a new sense of joy and confidence.

But when Harry came to the opening of the eighth chapter of this most comprehensive epistle, and read St. Paul's noble proclamation, "*There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit,*" he saw a gleam of pure and heavenly joy light up Oliver's countenance as he folded his long thin hands together, and said fervently,

"Thanks be to God, I now know what that means! and I can rejoice in the knowledge. Morant, I see now that all my doings were nothing worth, for I acted under the hope of meriting God's favour; or, at least, of becoming worthy to share in the merits of His Son. I did not *show my faith by my works*—which is the Scriptural rule—but I tried to find in the works themselves a ground for faith, and a cause for that blessed confidence that I now perceive can spring from nothing but a simple belief in what the Redeemer has done for us, and in our stead. Now I know what that merciful Redeemer meant when He said, '*If ye love me, keep my commandments;*' now I understand those words of the Apostle, '*Faith that worketh by love;*' now I long to render to my God and Saviour that willing service that is the result of gratitude, and not of fear—that is the expression of love, and not an effort to purchase a reward!"

When Oliver ceased speaking, he closed his eyes, and leaned back in his cushioned chair, as if exhausted by his own earnestness. But the sweet smile still lingered on his features, and Harry looked at him with feelings both of love and reverence, although he could not quite sympathise in all his present happy experience.

Presently Oliver opened his eyes, and looked inquiringly at his companion.

"All that you say is very beautiful,

Oliver," said Harry; "and I can add and can envy you that happiness which seem to derive from your full belief some day I may perhaps share it. I mean truly, do you believe that your feelings would prompt you to make sacrifices, and incur those dangerous fatigues for the good of others which so greatly surprised me in you?"

"By the help of God," replied solemnly, "I do believe that I am more for His service, now that I have His free grace and pardon, than any motive or feeling could have led me to. And I trust I should do it in a more cheerful spirit."

"A more humble spirit," Wyndham exclaimed his friend; "Why, you always appeared to me to be far too and too distrustful of yourself, and of your own powers and attractions! In what respect can you desire to be more humble?"

Oliver smiled; but there was sad in his smile.

"You have mistaken my pride for humility," he said; "and perhaps I have been guilty of the same error myself. I have been so averse to mingling with my creatures, but because I imagined that the world in general would despise me as a man, and pity me as a lame and infirm man? It was not—I know it now—because I thought so lowly of myself of my own merits, as to feel that I deserved contempt—no, it was quite the reverse. My natural disposition led me to desire to rise high, and occupy an exalted position, and when I found that my physical infirmity and my poverty were insuperable obstacles in the way of my ambition, I became morose and misanthropical. I hated my fellow-men because I believed they despised me, and I associated only with a few, who were neither wiser nor better than myself, who never sought to soften my heart or remove my prejudices. Sickness and sorrow, and the death of an infidel friend led me to some serious thoughts and concern for my soul. But I only at last quiet my awakened conscience by my benevolence, which I hoped would at



last sins and negligences. My accidental acquaintance with Mr. Purvis and his daughter led me to better feelings. I could not listen to their conversation, and observe the spirit that actuated them, and not discover their vast superiority to myself. But I was too proud—yes, too proud—to ask for instruction; and I believe that they looked on me as a sharer in those sentiments and in that blessed peace that I admired so much in them. The confidence that they seemed to place in me soothed my jealous and wounded spirit; and, in their society, I doubtless appeared less gloomy and morose than I have shown myself to others. But at length I have learnt the true secret of that meekness which the Saviour declared to be blessed, and of that *'peace which passeth all understanding';* and I trust that I shall be enabled to realise those holy and happy feelings. My present illness, combined with some severe sorrows and disappointments, has led me to reflect on my own lamentable inconsistencies and low attainments, as I had never done before; and your searching questions and remarks last night, Harry, struck home the shaft that had long been rankling in my heart, and drove me to the only source of knowledge and of consolation. Therefore I feel deeply indebted to you; and therefore, I desire, even more than I did before, to promote your true welfare by every means in my power. I desire to see you happy in this world, and also to see you prepared to enter into the joys of a better world than this hereafter."

"Oliver Wyndham, I believe that you are the most generous and disinterested man on earth! I feel your kindness deeply. I know that you have long been trying to infuse some of your goodness into me, and to make a Christian of me; but tell me how you propose to make me a happier man as regards this present life, which, I fear, is still a very important point with me."

"I will tell you," replied Oliver firmly. You love Blanche Purvis; and he who obtains her for his wife must be a happy man. You have told me that she rejected my hand because of your disagreement

with her on religious subjects. From my own observations I am led to believe that she had no other motive for thus acting; and that she would now regard you favourably if she were assured that you had sincerely embraced those doctrines that are in her estimation of more importance than any other consideration. For her sake—out of gratitude for the measure of friendship with which she has honoured me—I have tried to lead your mind to serious subjects. And now, for your own sake, and because of the benefits that you have conferred on me, I feel still more anxious to see you a humble and sincere disciple of the Lord and Saviour, and consequently more entirely worthy of the affection that I believe you already possess, although, perhaps, you know it not."

Oliver had made a great effort to say all this with outward composure; and he had succeeded to a degree that astonished Harry, who was acquainted with his real feelings, and could appreciate his self-sacrifice.

"I am sure that you are not trying to mislead me, Wyndham," he said, "but I think that you may be yourself deceived. I have no reason to hope that Blanche has ever thought of me except as an old and intimate friend."

"I think differently," replied Oliver; "and I charge you to put it to the proof. Go and search out the wanderers, and let me know as soon as you have found them. Let me know of their health and circumstances—and also of your happiness. I may not live to see you all return—possibly I may not live even to hear of your success; but if I should die before we meet again, be assured that my last prayer shall be for Blanche's happiness—and yours."

Harry Morant was much moved. He did not venture to tell the invalid that he had heard his unconscious revelation of his secret feelings, and that he fully understood and valued his disinterested conduct; for he saw that he wished to hide those feelings in the depth of his own heart. But the knowledge of them checked the expressions of surprise and gratitude that filled his breast, and rose to his lips. He therefore only replied to

Oliver's remark concerning his own prospect of recovery or of death.

"Do not speak so despondingly, dear Oliver. If I thought you were now in any danger, I would not leave you for any earthly consideration. But I feel sure that the danger is past, and that you will soon be restored to health. If Elsie Crowther agrees with me in this, I will do as you desire, and go off immediately in pursuit of the Purvises; otherwise I shall remain here to share her attendance on you, at least until Dr. Graves returns to London."

"It must not be," said Oliver, "she must be thought of before all else. Oh! that I had power of body and strength of mind, to undertake the search myself! If I recover before you return, I shall also set out, and try to trace our friends from Croydon."

"What an active spirit yours is, Oliver, even now when you are so weak in body! I wish I possessed your energy; but I have lived an indolent Eastern life, and my habits are very different from yours. How much good you would have done with all the time—the days, and weeks, and months, that I have wasted!"

"I also have wasted much time in former years," said Oliver, "or rather I have misused it, which is even worse than idling it away. But both are sinful."

"How can that be, Oliver? I have certainly spent much time in what you call idleness; but I have been doing no harm: surely there is nothing wrong in that?"

"No, perhaps not absolutely sinful in the negative act: but I have learnt to look on time as a talent, a great and most important talent, for which we shall all one day be called to account. You remember our Lord's Parable of the Talents, Harry? That servant was condemned who had let his one talent lie idle. He did not spend it in sinful indulgences—he *only buried it*. And have not you—have not we all—done the same? Each day of idleness that we spend—each day in which we are not employed for the honour of God, and the good of our fellow-creatures—we have, as it were, dug a hole in the earth, and *buried our Lord's money*.

We have *wasted and hidden one* talents that He has entrusted to us in order that we should trade with it and turn them to good account. Will we say when our Lord asks us what we have done with *His money*, and how much *gained by trading*?"

Harry looked thoughtful. The very new, and very unpalatable to him; and he was disposed to defend his practice, which he knew to be that of the majority of his fellow-men.

"You do not surely mean," he said, "that every single day and hour is to be spent in the service of God, or in work of any kind!"

"No, Harry—not in the sense in which you understand *service* and *work*. I do mean that the Bible tells us that every single day and hour is the Lord's, and is only lent to us to be employed—whether in His immediate service, or in the work of our lawful business, or in needful relaxation of our mind and bodies—that we can ask His blessing on our occupation: so employed that if our Lord should call us suddenly, we might not be ashamed to meet Him!"

"And yet, you say, Oliver, that idle works are worthless!"

"Yes; I know now that they are worthless as regards any justifying them, but they are worth much as proofs of obedience to our Maker and our Redeemer. I can see that the Lord acknowledges such, when He says, 'By their works shall I know them.' Therefore I hope that God sees fit to restore me to health and strength, He will also give me the power to serve Him more zealously than I have ever yet done, and from a far nobler motive."

"And do you believe, Wyndham, that you can find happiness in this kind of life that you have been leading, so different to that which is led by almost all around you?"

"The same kind of service may be required of me. But if it be so, I hope I should be at least able to undertake it out of love towards

our who died to redeem me, as I was in I hoped by a few acts of self-denial, a little personal labour, to render myself ptable in the sight of God."

Harry Morant knew of one act of self-al—of one continued self-sacrifice—far more trying and difficult than anything to which Oliver now alluded; but he did not say so.

Again the conversation was brought to a close by the entrance of Elsie, with her oft-repeated suggestion of rest and refreshment. Harry had no need now to rebuke Harry for being unduly excited; her young master; there was a calmness and a peace on his countenance, and a repose in his whole manner, that she had never seen during his illness, or indeed for many years past, and it cheered her affectionate heart to behold it.

"You will soon be about your work again, dear Oliver," she said, "but I hope that Dr. Graves will return to London before you get out of my hands, and will lay his commands upon you to work more moderately, and not throw away your life as you have done twice already."

"If I recover, I will be reasonable, Elsie," said Oliver, with a quiet smile. "I feel quite contented either to live or die, as God may see best. I can resign myself to His hands in peace."

Elsie observed the unwonted expression on Oliver's face, and the peculiar sweetness of resignation that marked his voice and manner; and suddenly a vague fear took possession of her heart.

"You are not going to die, Oliver Wyndham," she exclaimed, coming up close to his side and fixing her inquiring eyes on his features. "You are not, surely, going to leave me now, when I believed that all was over had passed away?"

"Not if it pleases God to spare my life, Elsie, and to raise me up again to serve Him."

"I have now another friend to live for," he added, smiling at Harry; "my person on earth who loves me, I mean."

"It were strange indeed, if I did not love Oliver," said Harry, warmly. "And

it were strange also if many others did not love you."

"My master has always had odd notions in his head on that subject," said Elsie, "he has never allowed anyone to know the half of his goodness, except me, from whom he could not hide it; and then he has declared that no one else on the whole earth cared for him. But it was all a mistake, Mr. Morant."

"It was a mistake indeed, Elsie," said Oliver, looking kindly at her animated countenance and glistening eyes, "I have made many mistakes in my life. Please God, I will do so no more."

## CHAPTER XX.

There was so decided an amendment in Oliver's state during the day, that Harry agreed to make all his arrangements for commencing his proposed journey on the morrow; and he came the next morning to take leave of his friend. But he did not, this time, come alone. To Elsie's unbounded joy, and Oliver's great satisfaction, he was accompanied by Dr. Graves, who had returned to his own home on the previous night, and had met Harry Morant as he was hastening to visit Oliver and hear from him of the increased health or sickness of the district.

From Harry he learnt of the severe and dangerous illness of his young friend; and his usually quick step became quicker, and his animated countenance assumed a very anxious expression, as he said,

"That young man is killing himself. His mind and body are both overtasked, and he cannot stand it. I will either take him to my own house, where I can watch over him, or send him into the country for rest and pure air. I have found the benefit of such a change myself. I am as strong and well again as I ever was in my life, and as ready for work."

"I should be truly glad to see our poor friend Wyndham, as fit to return to his self-imposed duties as you appear to be, Dr. Graves. But he is sadly weak; and, at

times, he has seemed greatly depressed in spirit. He is more cheerful now; and I think your society will do him good."

"He shall have it then," replied the doctor, briskly. "He shall come and live with me; and you shall join us as often as you will, and help me to cheer him. He is too good a fellow to be lost, or to be allowed to fall back again into the life of retirement that he has too long been accustomed to lead."

"I am going out of London this very day," said Harry, "and therefore I am doubly glad that you have returned to take my place with Oliver. He wants some other companion besides his good old nurse."

"Assuredly he does. But where are you going, Mr. Morant?"

"To Croydon, this afternoon; and then I know not whither."

And Harry told the Doctor all that he had heard from Oliver of his visit to the Purvises, and of the strange effect that the sight of the picture at the Priory had produced on Mr. Purvis.

At the mention of that portrait, Dr. Graves started slightly; and said, as if to himself,

"It is a wonderful likeness, certainly."

Harry looked in his face, inquiringly; but the doctor made no further remark; and he proceeded to tell him of his own journey to Croydon, and of the departure of Mr. Purvis and his daughter. Also he informed him of Oliver's earnest wish that he should endeavour to trace them out, and furnish Blanche with such supplies as might be needful.

Dr. Graves listened with attentive interest to all Harry's narration, but he did not make any reply; and soon they reached Oliver Wyndham's dwelling.

The kind physician did not immediately enter on the subject of the Purvises; for he was well assured of the sentiments that Oliver entertained towards Blanche, and he feared that he might betray his feelings more than he would wish to do before a third person. But, to his surprise, Oliver would not even allow him time to enter on a medical examination of his case, before he produced Blanche's note, and said eagerly,

"Forgive me for opening it; but brought to me, and I hoped to be able to render some assistance in your ailment, but unhappily the time for doing so had passed before I was in a state to write a letter. When Morant went down to Croydon, Mr. Purvis and his daughter were there, and Harry is now going to seek them, and would be well if he could take with him the packet that Miss Purvis mentions."

"There is no need for that, Oliver," said Harry, "I am amply provided, and I am sure that Blanche will not object to borrow of me so old a friend."

"I think she might prefer not to be indebted to anyone," replied Oliver, with a sigh of his old uneasy tone, "but never mind, he continued, more cheerfully, "now you will arrange it all satisfactorily; it will not cause much delay if you were to wait for the packet. Go on your journey, and may the Lord prosper you!"

Dr. Graves was puzzled at Oliver's remark, and, after Harry's departure, he fired many inquiries respecting his bodily ailment, and then he recurred to Blanche's case, and narrowly observed his patient's countenance while he spoke of her, and his own painful and unprotected situation, and the anxiety of travelling about with her father.

Oliver did not attempt to conceal from the doctor how deeply the subject interested him; and his good friend judged that that anxiety of mind had been quite as instrumental in bringing on his late illness as fatigue of body. He saw that Oliver was troubled in spirit, although he still spoke cheerfully and hopefully, and he resolved to ascertain the true cause of his depression, and to endeavour to remove it.

"Do you expect that Mr. Morant will find the Purvises?" he asked.

"He will leave nothing undone to assist in their discovery," replied Oliver, "he has, indeed, a deep interest in the search."

"Not greater than your own," said the physician, kindly.

"Perhaps not; but he has hope for him on. He has a hope of happiness for

self: I can only hope to see the happiness of others."

"How so, my good friend? What hope of happiness has Harry Morant that is not equally open—I should say, more so—to you?"

"Would that I could believe it, Dr. Graves! But I know to what you allude—and I know that it is quite beyond my attainment. I fully believe that Blanche Purvis has long been attached to Morant, and has only concealed it from him because she knew him to be a sceptic. He is a sceptic no longer; he is an honest inquirer after truth; and, ere long, he will, I doubt not, be a full and firm believer. Why, then, should he not once more urge his suit, and tell her that no obstacle now remains to prevent their happiness?"

"What has so greatly changed Mr. Morant?" inquired the doctor.

"His sister's happy death, and all that she told him of Blanche's conversation with her, first seemed to awaken serious thoughts in his mind; and I have happily been able to deepen the good impression that had been made, by talking and reading with him during his time of imprisonment to his home. Since his liberation, he has been my devoted attendant and nurse, and has well repaid me for any efforts that I made for his good. Indeed, Blanche's happy expression when I told her at Croydon of the progress he was making in religious knowledge, ought to have been my ample recompense."

"And you have been working thus disinterestedly, to promote the happiness of your rival? Oliver Wyndham, you are an extraordinary man!"

"I have no claim to call myself his rival," replied Oliver, sadly. "If I have not been insensible to Miss Purvis's attractions, and to the rare beauty of her character, I have yet never entertained any serious hope of inspiring her with the same sentiments. What am I that I should aspire to such an honour? I have no position, no wealth, to offer her. Even if she did not love another, I could not dare to ask her to unite her fate to mine."

"I am much mistaken if she does love

another," said the doctor decidedly. "But we will not quarrel on that subject at present. I am going to call a coach and take you and Elsie to my house, that I may save myself the trouble of coming here every day to look after you, and see that you do not get into mischief. You need not remonstrate, for the thing is settled. I must have you near me for various reasons, one of which is that the trial of Martha Bounds is coming on next week, and your evidence will be required. Indeed, you are the only important witness in the case; and, in the absence of Mr. Purvis, you only can identify the stolen articles. We must do all we can to strengthen you for the exertion."

There was a something in Dr. Graves's tone and manner that always seemed to give new life to his patients, and to inspire the weakest with strength and the most desponding with hope. Oliver felt the tonic effect of his society already, and he very readily fell into his views and agreed to his proposed arrangement.

Nor did Elsie Crowther attempt to dissent from it. She had as great confidence in the doctor's cheerful spirit and kindly manner, as she had in his medical skill, and she expected that both united would soon effect a marvellous change in her master.

And Elsie was right. Oliver recovered rapidly after he became an inmate of Dr. Graves's well-conducted and hospitable home, into which it seemed that no morbid or overstrained feelings could find admission. His piety was a cheerful piety; his benevolence was the earthly expression of his heavenly affections; his liberality was the offering of a free and willing spirit; and the hope that animated his words and his actions, was the result of trust in the goodness of God, and confidence that He would overrule all events for the ultimate good of those who loved and served Him.

Therefore Dr. Graves was a *happy man*, in spite of disappointments and trials, of which he had had his share; and, therefore, his presence and his society had the effect of inspiring others with cheerful feelings, and of helping them to bear their appointed burdens with resignation and with hope.

On the evening previous to the trial of Martha Bounds, Oliver was quite able to accompany the doctor to a spare attic at the top of his house, to which he had had Mr. Purvis's chest carried when he first took charge of it, and where it had since remained carefully locked up.

It was necessary that Mrs. Bounds' shawl, containing all the articles that she had abstracted from the box, should be produced in court, and in order to effect this object, Dr. Graves took the key, and for the first time, raised the lid.

Why did he draw back with a sudden start, as his eyes fell on several articles of female ornament and female occupation, that were arranged in one compartment of the chest? These objects had not roused the cupidity of Martha Bounds, for they were of little intrinsic value, compared with the chains of gold, and silver cups, that she had so greedily seized upon. But they absorbed the whole attention of Dr. Graves; and after gazing at them for a few moments in silence, he stooped and took up a small set of ivory tablets with silver clasps, and he looked steadfastly at some letters that were engraved upon them. Then he examined with equal care, a small prayer-book that bore evident marks of having been much used, and on the fly-leaf of which there were words in his own handwriting.

"It is enough!" he exclaimed, "I need look no further. My heart was not deceived when it was so drawn towards that sweet girl; she is indeed the child of my first and only love—of her who was separated from me by false representations, and never knew my truth and my devotion! But she did not cast off all recollection of me. She preserved these two tokens of my affection; and, for her sake, her husband has also preserved them. She herself has inscribed Blanche's name in this prayer-book."

Oliver listened with amazement.

"Can you mean," he said, "that Blanche's mother was the woman to whom you were once so greatly attached? Did you know of her marriage?"

"I know that she went abroad with some relatives; and I heard a report of her mar-

riage, and then of her early death. I could never ascertain any particulars of time, or learn whether she was happy or believed me to have been false to her. No doubt she ceased to think of me with affection—and yet she kept these things! It is comfort in that, even now."

Oliver took up the book, and he looked at the name written in it.

It was now his turn to start and be amazed.

"Susanna Stratford!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! why did I not know this sooner?"

"Know what, Oliver," inquired the doctor, "what fresh discovery have you made?"

"If Susanna Stratford was the name of Blanche's mother, she and I must be nearly related."

"How so—tell me quickly," cried the doctor.

"My own mother's name was also Stratford—Mary Stratford—and I have never spoken of her sister Susan, and of her troubled life and early death.

It must be so, and I have a claim—a strong claim—to guard and watch over Blanche."

"It is all clear, perfectly clear, Oliver. I greet you as the nephew of my brother, and the cousin of Blanche. I find that one of Susanna's sisters married Wyndham, and was separated from her family in consequence of that ill-judged marriage. But I little guessed that my young nephew, Oliver, was her son. Truly we are indebted to Martha Bounds's thieving propensities, which have led to this discovery! We must, out of gratitude for her services, try to save her from the punishment which she deserves."

"I promised Blanche that I would rescue her from death," replied Oliver, "now I feel doubly bound to do all that I can for her to-morrow."

The important chest was closed and locked, and nothing was removed from it except the shawl and its valuable contents. The doctor carried down to his sitting-room, where he and Oliver held a long and interesting conversation on all that had so unexpectedly been made known to them, and on all to which the information might lead.

fact Dr. Graves communicated to which, although he felt its importance did not seem greatly to interest or draw his thoughts from his new home to Blanche, and the necessity of her and her father. The fact was, the uncle of Susanna and Mary Stratford, at his death, bequeathed a certain sum of money to their heirs, if any should die within thirty years after his decease. The money had been left to accumulate, and already nearly doubled in value; and only remained for Oliver and Blanche of their parentage, in order to receive

the particulars the doctor had derived from his friend Mr. Trehern, the owner of the Priory, near Croydon, and also a relative of the Purvises, inasmuch as he had married a daughter of his mother's, named Charlotte, and had thus become possessed of a trait that had given such a shock to the mind and feelings of Mr. Purvis.

The mystery of that picture, and Blanche's extraordinary resemblance to it, were now cleared up; for it was indeed the likeness of her mother in her youth, and Dr.

had often gazed on it with pain and regret when he had visited the Priory. Under, then, that he was struck by the resemblance to her appearance, and that he instantly felt her a peculiar and an abiding interest. He was eager for the trial—which would necessarily detain him for some days at Croydon—to be over, that he might set at rest the quest of his cousin Blanche! And Dr.

did not try to dissuade him from the attempt; he saw how strongly his mind was set upon it, and he believed that the daily exercise and the constant change of air, would be most beneficial to his health. He was also impatient for his friend again to be thrown into the world's society; for his penetrating eye and close observation had detected enough

to convince him that Oliver's affection was returned, and that nothing but his constitutional shyness and habit of self-depreciation had prevented him from discovering it also.

He gave Oliver full credit for the honourable feeling that had deterred him from attempting to win Blanche's love, when he had not even a home to offer her. But now he knew that he had a competence, to which he might easily make additions by his own talents and industry; and Mr. Purvis was evidently a wealthy man, and also had become much attached to Oliver.

The good doctor had, likewise, some other schemes for smoothing the path of his young friends; but he did not allude to them, and therefore we must wait his own time for making them known.

The issue of all his thoughts and all his plans, was a very great anxiety for the discovery of the Purvises, and a very earnest hope that Oliver might be the person to find them.

The trial of Martha Bounds came on at the time appointed—but we so fully share the impatience of Oliver Wyndham and the sympathising doctor, to learn what had befallen the Purvises, that we shall not linger to describe the proceedings of the court. Suffice it to say, that Oliver's evidence was conclusive in leading to Martha's full conviction for the attempted robbery. But Oliver remembered his promise to Blanche, and he also remembered the service that the wretched, and apparently penitent woman, had unconsciously rendered him, and he forbore to press the charge of violence towards Mr. Purvis. The capital sentence was, therefore, not pronounced against her; but she was condemned to banishment from her native land for life; and was sent, with many other similar offenders, to repent of her crimes in perpetual exile.

## MOONLIGHT IN AUTUMN.

THIS is the Harvest Moon—the yearly sign  
 Of Providence Divine.  
 Seed-time and Harvest, over hill and vale,  
 Fail not to come, nor ever shall they fail.  
 The full-orbed Moon is shining in her might,  
 And men might “harvest” in her bounteous light;  
 The air is mild and calm,  
 Breathing delicious balm,  
 The perfume of a thousand fields of corn,  
 And luscious fruitage ripe, and orchards fair,  
 Mixed with the fragrance of autumnal bloom.  
 Plenty has emptied her full horn :  
 And now man’s labor and long care  
 Ends in the joyous chorus—Harvest Home !

The Moon looks down with bright, benignant smile,  
 As though she shared the bounty man receives.  
 How vast the gain of toil !  
 How wide the range of sheaves,  
 Dotting the uplands, o’er the valleys spread,  
 And crowning the hill-tops !  
 From Heaven God sends us wheaten bread,  
 And still the manna drops  
 In plentiful supply, down from above,  
 That man may live, and know that God is love.

But see ! black clouds are gathering in the sky—  
 The moon is veiled in darkness, and the wind  
 Rises into a gale—a storm is nigh !  
 And now along the horizon a wild flash  
 Of lightning blazes, followed close behind  
 By a loud thunder-crash,  
 And then a sudden rain—  
 Sudden, but short, for soon the clouds disperse,  
 And moonlight smiles again—  
 Moonlight, more beautiful than poet’s verse.  
 The storm has cleared the air,  
 And freshened Nature, parched by lengthened drought,  
 Owns her Creator’s care.

’Tis twilight, and the eyes of morning greet  
 The opening day ;  
 The harvest-men are waking, and their feet  
 Plod on their early way ;  
 The thrush is singing to the morning star,  
 And soon his buoyant song awakes the lark.  
 Hark ! how the peasants whistle, and I hear  
 The faithful watch-dog’s bark.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.



## THE HOUSE OF OBED-EDOM.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER BAILEIGH.

ark of God remained with the family of Obed-edom in his house three months. And the house of Obed-edom, and all that he had (1 Chron. xiii. 14).

sterious powers of different kinds  
g in this ark of God! It contains  
ng and the dew. Bolts of ireful  
h out of it, and soft airs of mercy  
round the place where it rests: it  
four of life unto life, and of death  
h." Uzzah, in a moment of  
s carefulness, did but put forth  
o stay it when the oxen stumbled  
gh road, and in a moment more  
ad upon the way. It came into  
of Obed-edom the Gittite, and  
e three months of its stay, indeed  
ay ever afterwards, "The Lord  
e house of Obed-edom, and all  
d."

r was the symbol of God's pre-  
contained the tables of the law,  
e it lay a copy of the book of  
a vase of gold, containing a  
of manna, and Aaron's rod that  
During the march of the Israelites,  
rne with great reverence by the  
vered with a purple pall, in ad-  
the host. It was held on their  
in the midst of Jordan, and the  
ed back until all the people had  
er. It was carried in procession  
richo before the taking of that  
en the Temple was built, it was  
in the innermost and holiest part  
"holy of holies"—in the very  
e of the Most High, and beneath  
w and the brightness of the Al-  
It is not wonderful, therefore, that  
e and blessing, death and life,  
w from it.

resence now is not symbolised and  
as of old. Not in Jerusalem, nor  
a, but through the whole earth is  
t and found. Sacred things and  
ces have ceased to exist, at least

in the old sense, in order that *all* God's  
people may be elevated to a higher standing,  
and may have the more room to become  
*sacred persons*. Every truly Christian house-  
hold now has the blessing that so enriched  
the home of Obed-edom during the three  
months when the ark was there. We thus  
have naturally as the subject for considera-  
tion—

## RELIGION IN THE HOME.

## I.

*It is a power of fulfilment*—a power of  
fulfilment in regard to the very idea and  
purpose of home.

Home! It is a word of sacred charm.  
There is, perhaps, no other word in the lan-  
guage which awakens so many pleasant  
memories and associations. It glides into  
the heart very gently, yet when there, takes  
full possession of sympathy and affection.

But is there not, to very many, a touch of  
*sorrow* in the word, a blameful yearning  
sense of vacancy and incompleteness? Is  
there not in many a heart an unspoken,  
and, perhaps, an almost unconscious wish,  
that home were either more or less?—more  
satisfying and more safe, or less capable of  
stirring affections which it cannot command,  
and suggesting an ideal, the reality of which  
is never attained? Let any thoughtful  
loving man inquire into the reason of this,  
and he will find that there is only one regal  
thing in this world, and that wherever the  
rule of this royal thing is not acknowledged,  
there will be corresponding lack of order,  
completeness, rest. He will find that home  
does not attain its highest meaning, does  
not possess its own fulness, without religion.

*Religion is the sole power of fulfilment* in  
regard to the very purpose and idea of

A house may be full of persons who are  
very dear to each other, very kind to each

other; full of precious things—affections, hopes, living interests; but if God is not there as the Ruler and Father of the house, the original and true idea of home will not be realised; vacancy and need will still be at the heart of all. Good things will grow feebly and uncertainly, like flowers in winter, trying to peep out into the sunshine, yet shrinking from the blast. Evil things will grow with strange persistency, notwithstanding protests of the affections and efforts of the will. Mysterious gulfs will open at times where it was thought strong foundations had been laid. Little things will produce great distresses. Great things, when attained, will shrink to littleness. Flickerings of uncertainty and fear will run along the days. Joys will not satisfy: sorrows will surprise. In the very heart of that home there will be a sickness, arising from need unsatisfied and “hope deferred.” It will be as when a man of ingenuity tries in vain to put together the separated parts of a complicated piece of mechanism. He tries it this way and that, puts the pieces into every conceivable mode of arrangement, then at last stops and says, “There must be a piece wanting.”

Home without Divine presence is at best a moral structure with the central element wanting. The other elements may be arranged and rearranged; they will never exactly fit, nor be “compact together,” until it is obtained. We have heard of haunted houses—that house will be haunted with the ghost of an unrealised idea. It will seem to its most thoughtful inmates at best but “the shadow of some good thing to come,” and the longing for the substance will be the more intense, because the shadow, as a providential prophecy, is always there.

In many a house there is going on, by means of those quick spiritual signs which One above can read, what we may call a dialogue of souls, composed chiefly of unspoken questionings, which, if articulate, might be something like the following:—

“How is it, that with all our efforts and sacrifices, we do not seem to be coming any nearer the realisation of the great idea which we appear to possess in common? How is it that we cannot be to each other what we

wish, that we cannot do for each other we try, even when it seems to be within the range of possibility? Is there such a sorrow in our affection, trembling in our joys? so great a change, and so profound a sense of completeness in connexion with the very can do and be?”

And what is the answer to such an eager questionings? And who can that answer? That One above who the dialogue must take part in it; must listen while He speaks, and another Fatherhood, under which the must become little children—of brotherhood which, when attained, will the circle complete. When the members of such a household, who have been long much to each other, shall agree to an earnest look above, and say, “Our Father which art in Heaven!” “Our Father and Advocate with the Father!” they will come back, sweet as music, into the bosom of that house, these fulfilling words, from the everlasting Father, “Ye shall be many sons and daughters;” from the eternal Son, “I will hold my mother, and sister, and brethren.” Then the one thing that was lacking will be present. The missing element will be in place, and all the other elements assembled around it. It is a haunted house no more: the ghost has been chased away, the house is wholesome. Mornings are welcome: nights are restful. The yoke of toil links itself closely with the promise of recompense; and all day long amid busy “goings out and comings in” will be heard the low sweet murmur of the life and happiness which have been found.

There will not be perfection even yet. Probably, at first, owing to the elevation of the standard of true holiness, there will be a deeper sense of imperfection than there was before. Christian holiness is far from being perfect. But this is the attainment that has been made; some vast step, has been gotten of the true idea which the natural instincts and affections were only blindly striving, and some grounded hope of being able now, to

Divine help, to change the ideal into the real day by day, and ever more and more. The aching sorrow has passed away from the heart of that home; the long-sought secret is revealed. Soul whispers to soul, "Emmanuel—God with us!" Home is home at last.

## II.

### *It is a principle of Harmony.*

We have just said that Christian homes are not perfect. In fact, the inmates of such homes never know how much is amiss in each and all until religion has entered as a fulfilling power. There was before a more vast and painful sense of some unknown deficiency; but now there is a more practical and far more fruitful sense of what is really wrong; and connected therewith, there are wise and well-directed efforts to rectify and to supply. Now will begin the work of serious and high reformation. There will be the purification of motive, the elevation of aim, the exercise of deeper self-denial, the breathing of intenser loves, and a common consciousness through the house that higher elements of life are at work, and that all possible endeavours are *worthily* expended, with a view to the realisation of a common end. Now, we say that religion is the only principle of harmony in the endeavour after this highest and best home-life. Not only does it begin it by supplying the missing element which unites and quickens all the rest; but it conducts its progress as a regulative force; bending, drawing, moulding, transforming, guarding, guiding everything, with the view of advancement from the first perfection of the ideal, to the higher and satisfying perfection of the real.

Observe exactly what it is we are saying here. We say that religion is a perfect principle of harmony for the Christian home; but this is not to say that the principle bears all its proper fruits, and that every such home is a scene of unbroken harmony. That will come only when the families of the wise and good shall be gathered into one, and the house with many mansions shall be the home.

If we should draw an Elysian picture of

peacefulness, and say, "Behold the description of what you will find in every house where true religion is!" you would only smile, or sigh; and the world (not sighing) would smile its smile of dark incredulity or merry scorn; for both Church and world would know quite well that the picture was not a copy of anything the painter had often or perhaps ever seen. Some Christian homes, indeed, are very peaceful. One enters them with the same kind of soothed and comforted feeling with which a traveller, after a toilsome walk over the breezy hills, comes down on a little placid lake, hardly ruffled by the breeze, and fringed with freshest green. Others, again, are more troubled. But we must not hastily conclude that the uniformly placid house is really farther advanced in the harmonies of Christian living than some others which are less serene. It may be so; but it *may* also be quite the reverse. Sometimes the jarrings are brought out just by the endeavours after the higher harmonies. The falls are incurred in the attempts to climb. Failures are the more apparent if the efforts are high. A visible and constant serenity in a family is a beautiful thing (and no one will regard these remarks as intended to apologise for evil tempers, or to palliate any selfish wilful ways by which the peace of a household is interrupted), a very beautiful thing; but it *may* be quite as largely the result of circumstances as the fruit of grace.

A family may be placid by temperament, or from easy circumstances, or from good health, or from want of any high ambition, intellectual, or other. A simple devoutness is all that is proposed, and it is attained amid the shining of a quiet beauty from day to day. Another family (that over the way) may be hinted at as not quite so well regulated, as much behind in the graces and harmonies of religious life. And yet there is a deeper and more felt application of the regulating and harmonising powers of divine grace in this case than in the former.

"Then why," you ask, "the occasional strain? Why those shadows flitting amid the sunshine? Why the hasty word, the clouded

brow, the thoughtless demand from one, the sigh of disappointment from another?" These things may be because in *this* family there is really much more to be regulated; there is more intellect to be used, more will to be directed, more passion to be subdued, stronger conflicts with outward circumstances, greater variety in temperament, and, withal, a much higher ideal, towards which they are all, more or less, consciously working their way through these occurring and incidental imperfections. An outside judgment, in such a case, is almost sure to be wrong. *How much* the harmonising power of religion is felt and yielded to, can be ascertained only by an estimate so careful and considerate, that no one out of the house can make it.

A stranger happening to come into a certain house in Bethany, just at the moment when Martha, overburdened with her cares, grieved, and almost angry with her sister Mary, said—"Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me"—would not have had a very favourable idea of the peacefulness of that house. And yet, are we not right in thinking of it as probably, at that time, the very happiest home in the world? The members of that family were not all formed after one type. Busy Martha must be working—thoughtful Mary must be listening—Lazarus must live in his own way, not in the ways of his sisters exactly. Yet they could all live together lovingly in *His* presence, who beautified and refreshed their home by every visit He made to it, and struck chords of harmony in their homelife which their own unskilful fingers could never have touched.

So it often is still. We have no wish to deny the existence of these occasional jar-rings and discords in the pursuit of the fuller harmony. Indeed, we must see that, even when that harmony is largely obtained and enjoyed, there are still breaks in the strain, pauses in the progress, and flashes of escaping fire, it may be, at the very time when a deeper spiritual affinity is reached and realised by these struggling souls. We really can have no interest as Christians in

looking at this matter, nor in repeating it to others, in any light but one true.

"Hush! hush!" say some; "speak or write of the imperfections of families of the good; they are what they are. You cannot say they have no existence as if they had none. Draw pictures of Paradise regained, and put them forth to the people." But does any one suppose that keen-eyed and thoughtful people of the world are for a moment deluded by such seeming? No, no; good can never come out of a truthless charity. The household of Obed-edom is *not* perfect, but it is *near* perfection; its members are in *progress* towards perfection; they are *attaining* it by the blessing which adds no small power to their wonderfully helping their endeavours by preparing harvestfulness of success with which to crown them in a better life than this.

Now, in virtue of such a state of such experiences and such hopes, I do not well suppose a father—head of a Christian home—holding colloquy with an older man who is anxious to reduce all home characters to one common level, and with that view, has been looking into the good man's house with the eye of the censor and pointing at certain things with the finger of the censor? May we not suppose the father meeting him with open face, and saying, "I am free to discourse with him in such a fashion as this?"—"Come, and let us discuss together on this matter. We think, I believe that, through the coming of this thing, religion, into our house, we have a completeness in our idea which we had before. We at least *know* now what we ought to be, and to live for, as individuals, and as one of the families of Israel. We also believe that we are conscious of the power of help and harmony coming through all our endeavours to live in spiritual obedience to God. *You* have been looking at some of the little troubles on the surface; but there are depths of comfort and peace which only *we* have sounded, but ourselves *can* know how much of moral power, and love, and sweet re-

ment, 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God' has brought into our house—what thrillings of higher sympathy it has awakened, and what secret seekings of heart to heart, and what unity of purpose in regard to life's highest aims, and what tenderness and brightness in our common hope. And these imperfections of which you speak, and which we ourselves sorely lament, we believe we are getting away from them by degrees. They drop from us as we look up, and travel on together to the 'large and wealthy place.' And now about yourself. What is *your* ideal, and your endeavour? Are you doing any better? Have you got a nobler fulfilment of the natural aspirations and questionings of the heart? a better plan of life, and more success in pursuing it, than has chanced to me and mine? For the sake of all the great interests at stake, both yours and mine, I think you ought to tell me truly how these things are. To scoff or sneer can be nothing to the point. We are brethren in calamity, sinners and sufferers together; and if you and yours, without religion, are really better than I and mine with it, then you ought to pity and help us, by showing us carefully the more excellent way!"

If we do not here introduce any answer to such discourse, it is simply because we believe that no answer of any force for the unchristian cause can be given. We believe, and are sure, that when the whole case is brought out to view, or as much into view as possible, it will still be found that the truest, dearest harmonies in all the social life of man, are sounding *only* in the Christian home; and that those imperfections of which some make so much, and of which no one ought to make too little, are, after all, but like the flitting shadows of a sunny day—but like the chafing of the stream as it rushes against the rocky barrier on its passage to the peaceful plains which it will fertilise, or to the depths of ocean where it will rest.

### III.

*Religion in the house is a source of prosperity.*

"The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all *that he had*." We know not what he had when the ark came, but we

know that, whether it was much or little, it soon became much more. Josephus says that he was poor, and that in these months his estate increased, to the envy of his neighbours. It would seem more likely, however, that the blessing was such and so great, that it overcame envy, and filled his neighbours rather with admiring thoughts of divine goodness. Matthew Henry says, in his quaint way (deep truth underlying the quaintness), that "The ark paid well for its entertainment." "It is a guest that none shall lose by, that bid it welcome." "Let masters of families be encouraged to keep up religion, and to serve God and the interests of His kingdom, with their houses and estates, for that is the way to bring a blessing upon all they have."

It was peculiarly the way in Old-Testament times. The connection between religion and temporal success was then firm and close. The cause and the consequence were then visibly and near together. The godly dwelt securely in the land: bread was given them, and water was sure; their garners were full, affording all manner of store; their sheep were counted by thousands and tens of thousands in their streets; their oxen were strong to labour; there was no breaking in nor going out. To be "in such a case" was to be "happy;" but it was more, it was a proof to them that "their God was the Lord."

The connection between the natural and the spiritual is as real as ever, although in some cases not so visible. Life is more complex; it has greater interests, heavier tasks, and higher prizes. The working of the new elements strikes sometimes upon the old simple law, and prevents it from throwing out its fruits *so speedily*. But the law is strong and lasting. It is announced with the utmost firmness by our Lord, "All these things *shall be added* unto you;" and by His apostle, "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is." The Lord still blesses the "house of Obed-edom, and *all that he has*." The Obed-edom of our time "*has*" far more than this ancient worthy in whose house the ark rested. He has some stake in the highest things of modern life, and

prosperity to him in his affairs is a much wider and grander thing. He has character ventured forth in his affairs, and the Lord blesses that, for the good of those who are affected by it. He has plans of usefulness, and in-so-far as they are wise and good, the Lord blesses *them*. He has controversies with evil principles and evil men, and the Lord blesses these, by giving him strength for the battle, and by granting triumph to the truth. He has reverses, and the Lord blesses them, and shows him how his "corn of wheat, which fell into the ground and died, will soon bring forth much fruit."

A thoughtful, earnest man, now feels himself connected with politics, with law, with battles, with civilisation, with churches, with religion, with life in all its phases. He has some stake, some property in all these things, and in proportion to the earnestness and greatness of his mind, he will feel that these are the real interests of his life, for which he needs "blessing from the Lord;" that flocks and herds, or houses and lands, or ships and stores, in themselves simply, are much less, relatively, than they were, because the greater things have come far more into play. A man now, who would take up religion solely because it would probably make his business prosper—you know what you would think of him. No! that mere material interest in itself is now but one among many interests; and the promise is, that prosperity shall be over the whole—that a good man's labour shall be a gaining thing to him in many ways—his life a growing thing in the best ways—that the Lord "will make his way prosperous, and that he shall have good success"—that the Lord will "bless the house of Obed-edom, and *all that he has*."

#### IV.

*Religion in the house of a good man, is likely to be a legacy to his children.*

The ark went away from the house of Obed-edom at the end of three months; but the connection between the ark and his family was not then brought to an end. He is mentioned again, *with his sons*, in the later

history, as established about the ark keep the doors; they carry harps "excel" in the music, and spend a time in promoting the worship and k of God in the earth.

So piety and its blessings often des the same house from father to son, fi generation to another. This is accor the law and will of God. We see and in our actions only the living. He se who are to live to "the third and generation." In the piety of the and in the laws of Christian family l makes provision for what we may ( transmission of religion to those wh come after. The law of transmissioi invariable—at any rate, it admits, ir as we can see, of some sad exceptions. Saviour tells us that it is not a law of or of the will of man," apart from l character. He warns us against th of "saying within ourselves, that w Abraham to our father."

But there is a law, although ou "will does not command it" That "of God." He knows its force. H its living links. He binds the gene together. He acknowledges the p teaching as His own "nurture," t rental warnings as His own "admon and when the child is "trained up way that he should go," it is ruled counsels that "when he is old, he sh depart from it." "Instead of the there are the children, whom He princes in the earth."

What a strength of encouragement what a depth of solace there is i gracious law, for all godly parents w striving, like Abraham, to comman children and their household after. Such parents may assure themselv that endeavour is in the very line of loving will to them and theirs. In tl of their house, and in the spirit of life, they are casting the forms whic be peopled and animated with the "families of Israel." They are h down the traditions of greatness, a sacred roll of their heavenly lineage, to who will know how to value them

transmit them, with added splendours, to the future age. They are preparing in that future age, as dwellings for which they are making room for His Father. The human fatherhood is a transient and uncertain thing. Every thoughtful father must often think, and the more as life goes on, "I am going the way of all flesh; I must leave my children soon, some of them young, not clearly formed in character, all of them in a world of searching trial!" And ought is at least very solemn, if not painful, but let that father think—for it is "I can live after I am dead. I can leave the moral legacy I bequeath, in the lessons I inspire, in the blessing I transmit. The God of my fathers will be the God of my children. I see them, like the fathers of Obed-edom, to the third and fourth

generation, busy around the ark of God, and I die in peace!"

Such are some, and only some, of the blessings of religion in the home. These are some of the living powers which centre in the ark of God.

Are we giving that ark entertainment? Is the blessing on *our* house? on *mine*? Is our house thrice dear and sacred because filled with the heavenly Fatherhood and Presence? If not, let us, let me see to it without delay. Let me draw down the waiting presence. Let me fill my house with love. Let me bring myself and all I have to Him who has given me all, that He may give me all again—that the Lord may now "bless the house of Obed-edom, and all that he has."

## OUT AND ABOUT IN STOCKHOLM.

BY MARGARET HOWITT.\*

We walk into the busy market-place of Stockholm. First we come to the stout, jolly, old women. The red onions that they are are amazingly like small hyacinth-bulbs, though it is now October, we see a few peas, broad beans, and French beans for sale. Next are the stalls of meal, and the bins of knäckebröd. Everybody eats knäckebröd. It is a staff of life for all ages and all classes. I remember, when in America, felt the want sadly.

Active people seem to make some one dish, or preparation of flour or oatmeal, every bread of life. We have something in our northern portions of England, to wit, the thing of Scotland, in the oatcake and, perhaps, the remains of the Scanian diet brought over by the Danes. To the oatcake and oatcake the Yorkshire and other northern people will often lovingly cling when transported even to wealthy

London, and surrounded by the modern luxurious varieties of food.

To the Swedes the *knäckebröd* is one of the chief essentials of life. There are actually bins of it standing daily in the market of Stockholm. It is a thin kind of bread, quite brown and crisp, pricked all over, and very much like our north-country clap-bread in appearance, size, and thickness, excepting that it has a hole in the middle, by which it is strung in piles.

It is now ten o'clock, and the ladies are returning from market, some attended by their servant maids, or *jungfrus*, as they are called, others alone; and multitudes of *jungfrus* also without their mistresses, with their baskets of meat, fish, and vegetables, and eighteen or twenty *knäckebröd* hanging by a string to their finger, and very probably also, a little fan-like bunch of fir-twigs, which being the ordinary house-broom, requires very frequently to be renewed; nor are they returning late from

"Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer." London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. We expressed our high appreciation of the merits of this work in our August part. We find we were in error in attributing the *Diary* as well as the *Diary* to which we took exception) to Mrs. Howitt. The *Diary* is written by her daughter, "Margaret Howitt." We are glad to recognise the talent and intellectual power of a new author. We need not repeat our commendation; we can now judge for ourselves: but we hope they will not forget these volumes in planning their Christmas gifts. make a note at once.

market, though it may be now eleven o'clock, as the general dinner-time in Stockholm is three.

The lower-class maid servant, or *piga*, answering to our servant-of-all-work, is also met at every turn, with her cotton kerchief tied over

is *Fru*. I hardly know what would be the consequence of Mamsell Bremer's jungfru addressing this worthy individual as *Madam*: certainly Sara would be a *piga* for the rest of her days.

A young lady is *Mamsell*; one of noble family, *Fröken*; their mother, on the other hand, in-



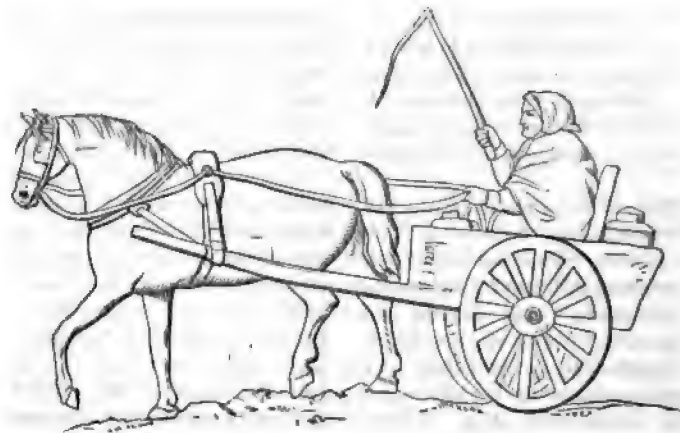
THE VEGETABLE STALL.

her head and her hands laden with all kinds of market commodities.

There is a good deal of rank and position amongst servants here. The upper-class servants, or jungfrus, frequently wear black silk kerchiefs on their heads. Sara, Miss Bremer's servant, would regard it as a mortal offence to be called a *piga*: she requires herself to be denominated by the Knutsson family, and by all others I presume, as "Mamsell Bremer's jungfru."

tending to be still more correct, addresses me as *Mees*.

There was a time when noble young ladies were Jungfrus, and kings' daughters only Frökens. But the rule of civilization seems to be that of mounting ever upwards, and this struggling after empty titles, even down to the very lowest, is a part of the same thing; thus the madams of the market will address each other as *Fru*, just as our poor folks speak of each other as "that lady" or "that gentleman."



MILKWOMAN IN HER CART.

The women of the lower class have also their rank and degree, which are punctiliously maintained: thus, the laundress or charwoman is *Madam*, but the shopkeeper and the lady who lets lodgings, as my Mrs. Knutsson for instance,

Beyond the sellers of *knäckebröd* are stalls with hot coffee, ruaks, and little loaves, very acceptable to the country people and hucksters who daily frequent the market. These stand along the middle thoroughfare, on the other



side of which are meat stalls and hundreds of milk-carts, shabby little wooden carts, containing large brown metal and tin pails of milk and cream, each drawn by a shaggy, stout, dun-coloured horse, and watched over by a buxom countrywoman, and by-the-bye, it is curious, that whilst in France white horses are universal, any of that colour are very rare here.

The quantity of rich, excellent milk and abundant cream brought daily into Stockholm, is truly astonishing. The fact is, that nobody dreams of anything else but thick cream with their coffee, and men, women, and children drink tumblers of milk during the day in a style suited to nothing but a farm house in England, and not even there. Milk also forms a great ingredient in cooking. For instance, a not uncommon soup is milk boiled with sweet almonds and white sugar, and eaten with

inside, and appearing like a fringe at the bottom.

The Dalecarlian peasants form one of the most picturesque features of Stockholm street life. These people, men and women, who throng to the capital from their beautiful, historic Dal-arne, or the Dales, as the province is called, the land of Gustavus Vasa, the father of the Vasa line, and their great Protestant Reformer, take in Stockholm the place of our Irish in London, but with a very different result! How unlike to our dirty, slip-shod orange woman is the clean, industrious Dalecarlian peasant in her Sunday attire! The white chemise with wide sleeves sewn into a band at the wrists; small bodice, perhaps of tan-coloured leather; dark blue or black woollen petticoat, short enough to reveal the queer, loose, scarlet-knitted stockings, giving the idea of ill-fitting trousers;



THE BASKET SELLER.

sweetened bread; then there is no end to the various kinds of porridge composed of, or eaten with milk, which take the place of our puddings and other milk dishes. Dairy men or women must drive a thriving trade in Stockholm.

Hulda, a Swedish *protégé* of Miss Bremer's, who is with me as my companion, has possessed from childhood a remarkable facility for cutting out in a second or two characteristic groups in paper, and gives us here a milk-woman in her cart.

The vegetable stall has been given already, and now we have a basket-seller, who has his stand amongst the minor vendors.

You must know that these baskets are not wicker, but rather wooden, being composed of bands of birch, and are mostly square or oblong. The vendor is a Dalecarlian, in his quaint, undyed, white sheepskin coat, the wool turned

handsome, well-made black boots, with a clog on the ball of the sole to correspond with the heel; and a long woollen apron, woven in handsome stripes of brilliant green, scarlet, and orange, or some other equally effective arrangement of colours. Thus seen, she furnishes a charming picture. Some of these women wear on their heads pointed stuff caps, with two side-streamers; others tight-fitting scull-caps, and others, again, caps made of bright-coloured chintz. Hedemora, Säter, and other places in the Dales, have each their distinct cap. In addition to all this, must by no means be forgotten the brilliant tassels which are hung about the costume in the queerest way imaginable, and, as it appears to me, in a perfectly arbitrary manner, and without any apparent purpose; but after all, I suspect, according to the style of the district from which they come.

Many of these women occupy themselves in

hair-work, and produce the most delicate devices. Many young Dalecarlian girls carry about little birch boxes, containing bracelets and rings of their own work in hair for sale. Some of these hardy peasant women also engage themselves as gardeners at gentlemen's houses, undertaking the entire charge of digging, planting, rolling, pruning, &c. When they have in this way, by care and industry, saved a little sum of money, they return to the Dales, and not unfrequently make their appearance in their old scenes with a husband. Such are the Dalecarlian women. As for the men, they have a most singularly soft, sheepish appearance. For instance, I last Sunday met one walking between two gaily-dressed women; he wore a long sheepskin coat, reaching to the ankles, and a round-crowned hat. The ordinary costume is a loose, grey-blue cloth coat, leather breeches, and frequently a leathern apron, often as fresh as if he were a smith about to strike



A PEASANT GIRL.

the forge for the first time. Children, whether boys or girls, are attired exactly like their parents, and look like little men and women.

These peasants will form a brilliant contrast with the glittering snow, when it comes. At present, however, the weather is still warm, with a bracing air. This surprises me, as Stockholm is in the same latitude as the northern part of dreary, desolate Labrador, the mildness of the climate being explained by the Gulf-stream. Hollyhocks, sunflowers, china-asters, coreopsis, are still in flower in the Horticultural Garden, but the beds look sodden and autumnal. Spite of this mild weather—St. Brita's summer, as it is called—Dalecarlian peasant women are putting on their short, coquettish, white sheepskin jackets, with their warm woolly insides, which form an ornamental border. I am never tired of looking at these peasants, who, when attired in their clean,

brilliant, holiday best, look like bits of cloth out for a walk.

There are no little crossing-sweeper shoeblacks in the streets of Stockholm more than in Paris; nor, with only exception, have I ever seen a beggar, mendicancy is strictly forbidden; and had an old man been seen to beg, he would have been punished, as public provision is made for the poor. You sometimes, but by a mere chance, hear a "*positiv*," as a hand called, playing airs from "*Norma*," or "*Old Hundred*," which seem strange to me, and being rare, they are by no means such *positive* nuisances as with us.

Old women are also allowed to turn peddler by selling *pepparkakor* and *brevkarameller*, or Danish bulls'-eyes, which favourites with the children here; and these old madams, being probably of the turn, reads diligently the newspaper by her stall in a little round tub with wheels to it.

It will be some time, I fear, before we properly understand the division of labour in this northern capital. For example, the first shop we come to, sells ribbons, and has nothing to do with sewing-silk buttons. This man in the Norrmalm district shows you a hair-brush, but cannot accommodate you with a comb. He very obligingly shows you, however, that there is a comb-shop in the city. Imagine this, when you are in a great street. Again, you enter a *garvmagasinet*, where worsted or yarn is sold, by the side of you behold all the various commodities behind the counter, filled with these of an infinite variety of colour and shade. When you ask for your wool or yarn, which is nicely pressed and presented to you, with a comb loop in the string for you to carry it in, when you ask for knitting-needles, the shopman looks amazed, just as if he had never seen knitting-needles had no kind of use. At the next door, photogen oil for lanterns, threads, tapes, and dried fish are sold. A pole over a shop-door exhibits a variety of coloured drapery in festoons: this is the place where thick quilted cotton coverings may be bought, coarse dresses, horse-dresses, and other incongruities. Orinolines and bedsteads, fantastic articles, are ranged with fire wipers, and china dolls' heads. One thing is certain, that all the necessaries of life are cheap, according to species and genus; but very

the resemblance be found between furniture and Cobbs's tea mixture? Such facts overturn theories. There is utter confusion in buying things. It is as impossible to find the right place, as it is to know the right name by which a shop is called. We in England make our good old homely word *shop* serve for any place where goods are sold. Here, on the contrary, you have *Butik* or *Bod*—an ancestor of our booth; *Magasin*, *Fabrik*, and *Handel*, though this last properly means trade, are all applicable to the shop; thus they say, *silkeshandel*, silk-shop, *bokhandel* or *boklada*, otherwise book-box or book-shop; but the baker's shop will be *brödmagasin*; while a butcher announces a *vent*, Gallic-Swedish being necessary for him.

Nevertheless, there are some very English reminders in the shop-windows, which, if one suffered from home sickness, might be consolatory. Thus, here is a *depôt* for "Fox's Paragon Umbrellas," the windows displaying the familiar print of gentlemen walking in very heavy rain under green or blue patent umbrellas. Another shop, this time for earthenware, shows you the homely, despised willow-pattern plates and dishes, standing in the place of honour amongst the universal white ware so general all the Continent over; to say nothing of "Crosse and Blackwell's Pickles," and "Reading Biscuits," in a *victualiehandel*, amongst lobsters and square miles of butter and dried sausages.

Still more hopeless is the mode of address here, where there is an infinitude of titles, feminine as well as masculine, which, unless you have the privilege of saying *thou*, must always be used.

Miss Bremer said to me the other day, "I grew so tired in America of people asking me perpetual questions. We Swedes are not so inquisitive."

Ah, Tante Fredrika, no Swede could possibly be so!

Think only of having to say, "Does the Commissary of the Revenue suffer from the cold of our climate?" "Does the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber admire the writing of our poet So-and-So?" "Does the Rural Dean's Lady take sugar in the Rural Dean's Lady's coffee?" In very desperation one must be silent.

In Swedish books you will always find *ni* used as the second person plural. But what is considered as allowable in literature is not so a daily parlance. I, at first, used *ni* in my ignorance, and asked Hulda why she did not

do the same. She looked astonished, and replied, "The Queen would say *ni* to her dresser, and a countess would say the same to her bailiff, but it would never do for me to use *ni* to any one."

Some years since a "*ni-society*" was established by a band of social reformers, who all signed their names to a resolution of using this pronoun *you* indiscriminately, to high or low, friend or foe. But, alas for human endeavours! their *ni* became *nihil*.

In the meantime, people help themselves out of their quandaries the best they can; that is, by the most wonderful use of passive verbs; for instance, looking inquiringly at the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, you may say, "Are the writings of our poet So-and-So admired?" or, glancing at the Rural Dean's Lady, "Will sugar be agreeable?"

In Stockholm the correct thing is to live in the Norr, or North Malm, and likewise that your windows should face the street. Most houses have an inner court, and you might expect to be treated a little patronizingly if you said you lived one story up, *på gården*, or in the court. Thus, as you walk in this May-fair of Stockholm, you see it written up that Tailor Limetwig lives *på gården*; often, too, the lower storey is occupied by some tradesman or mechanic, Joiner Villagebrook it may be; whilst to a pole projecting from the next window is hung an ornamental frame of glass, denoting that there the glassmaker or glazier, Elmleaf, is to be found, though a famous Baron lives on the floor above. *Apropos* of names, the Swedes surely carry their love of nature into their very names; such endless branches, twigs, leaves, hills, brooks, and strands occur on every side. The very Swedish nightingale herself bore the name of Jenny Limetree. But now to return to the windows of the lower storey of our Belgravia; here we see displayed a mixture of saffron-buns, rolls, rusks, gingerbread, apples, and little twists amongst the flowerpots, together with a black board, on which is depicted a pair of gloves in white paint, showing that gloves are here cleaned; also an announcement with regard to goloshes, that "they are repaired after the English method."

I think that the greater number of the lower class who have a front window turn a penny by selling bread, and many also by mending goloshes. As to the Restoration (*Restaurachöons*) they are legion; little humble eating-houses, some standing amongst

the grand dwellings of great people, others amongst the little wooden houses of humbler neighbourhoods. What an amazing amount of restoration people must require, to judge from their number! but this restoration is of a very inoffensive kind—bread in all its varieties, milk, cream, and perhaps coffee, with different preparations of cold meat. Other eating-houses there are where people can dine, or whence dinners can be sent. I see that a certain "Mamsell Sparrow sends out dinners of two excellent and well-dressed courses for sixpence." Why do not English people, with small means, come and take up their abode in Stockholm?

One of my first sources of satisfaction in this city was, that as I did not see any flaring gin-palaces, there must be a greater degree of

temperance amongst the people than with us; but this was a delusion. You need only cast your eye for a short time on one of those little doors by the side of which is fastened a long black board with its lists of temptations, *bränvin, rom, punsch, cogniac, &c.*, and you will see the number of short, sturdily-built men, in their warm, thick garments, and big leather aprons, that turn in. *Bränvin*, the white brandy distilled from corn and potatoes, is the great temptation of this country. Good Swedes grieve over the immense consumption of this spirit, and the fearful ravages which it makes in what might otherwise be happy homes. Still I must confess that though this sorrowful fact remains, I have not seen in these streets so much evidence of drunkenness as one witnesses in England or Germany.

## HOMES FOR WORKMEN AS THEY ARE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LENDING A HAND," ETC.

HOME? Of all the countries in the world we ought to know best in England what it means, what it implies. It has passed into a proverb, that "an Englishman's house is his castle."

*Family* life is one of God's most effective instruments for preserving and renovating the moral health of a nation. It is a germ in which lie folded domestic happiness, education in its truest and highest sense, social purity, loyalty, and order; the germ is encased in a protecting sheath, and that sheath is *home*. When God created the first parents of our human family, He placed them in a *home* which His own hands had not disdained to prepare and decorate.

The intimate connexion between the healthy unfolding of family life, and the home in which it is developed, must be evident to all. What should a workman's home be? What is the ideal called up to our imagination when we speak of it? It should be the place to which his heart has turned during the day, while his head or his hands have toiled faithfully to promote the interests of his employer; the place to which he returns at night, laying aside his calling as a servant, to resume the simple and natural dignity with which God has invested him, as head of his family.

It is his place of repose, of refreshment, of endearment. In the factory or workshop he

is a "hand," esteemed or despised in proportion as he is efficient or inexpert; at home he is the husband, the father, the centre round whom all revolves, the prop of his wife, the example and instructor of his children.

With an honest pride he cuts up and distributes the loaf earned by the willing labour of his own right hand; and as the helpless little ones cluster round his knees, his heart grows big with protecting love, and he calls himself a *rich* man, measuring wealth by God's estimate, and not by the standard of the capitalist.

An hour or two later in the evening these thoughtless youngsters will be in dreamland; and then home is the place where the workman and his wife take counsel together as long-trying friends over family plans and possibilities—"another half-year's schooling for the eldest," or "a place for our little maid, where folks are kind and careful, and won't let her come to harm."

The talk, it may be, is prolonged, and goes back to old days; and as the wife looks with full, trusting eyes into his face, and her tongue utters fondly the old familiar name, he smiles to remember how shyly it passed her lips for the first time, on the day from which he dates his happiness.

Life may not have been all smooth to these two; some of the children's places may be empty: there have been times, perhaps, when work was scarce and health failed, and debts were unwillingly contracted: nay, troubles and rough places may be in the road before them now, but they have not given in hitherto, and they will not now—partly because they meet troubles together, and the strongest carries the heavy end of the log; chiefly because they believe there is a God above them who is the poor man's friend, and they nourish their faith out of an old book which never grows dusty on their shelf, where they read that "He giveth food to the ravens," and that He hath "chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom."

Will any one say this is a highly-coloured ideal of a workman's home? We ask, why? Have we introduced one element of happiness beyond domestic affection in the life present, and hope for the life to come? We have confidence enough in our industrial classes to believe that this is often realized, and would be realized to a far greater extent if the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of the working classes in our large towns were not exposed to deteriorating influences, *over which they have no control.*

How, we ask, is the sanctity of the family home to be preserved?—how are children to be nurtured in self-respect, and kept free from moral pollution?—how is the father, the breadwinner (whose failing power to work reduces the whole family to pauperism), to be kept in health under such circumstances as are daily brought to light by our public journals?

Mr. Weylland, for several years employed as City Missionary to the public-houses in Marylebone, whose talents and untiring zeal have won for him a position of influence with some of our ablest statesmen, gave to the writer some curious facts which bear on this subject. His work in public-houses was night duty: about five in the morning he was accustomed to see gangs of workmen, fifteen or twenty in number, crowding to public-houses for what they called "a freshener," consisting of gin and milk.

"Why do you take this? it is a bad breakfast."

"Oh, it isn't breakfast: but we must have it the first thing—we feel so queer and tired when we wake up in the morning."

"Why, where do you live?"

The answer explained the need for "a

freshener;" they lived in a place which, by a bitter mockery, bore the name of *Paradise Street*, Conway Court. The missionary knew it well, with its overcrowded rooms and stifling atmosphere; under depressing influences like these, vital powers flag and nature craves a stimulant.

Again: he was speaking of Sabbath traffic, and the impossibility of purchasing the Sunday dinner overnight, because, in the *close foul air in which these human beings sleep, neither meat nor vegetables will keep.*

" 'It is often a very small room,' he said. 'At night the Punch-and-Judy bedstead, which stands against the wall, is let down for the father and mother, and the room seems almost filled with it: for such of the children as cannot be crowded into the bed, a bundle of rags is thrown down by the door after it has been closed for the night; and what the air soon becomes you may judge by the fact, that meat and vegetables become putrid in a few hours: yet if they were left outside, or in the yard, of course they would be stolen.' "

Speaking of the state of Devonshire Court (his acquaintance with it dates nine years back), he says, "there were 122 rooms in it, and they accommodated 129 families—nearly 700 souls." Just recently he has met with a room where, in consequence of the scarcity of accommodation from pulling down by railways, the rent has run up to 6s. 4d. for a week's lodging. This is paid by two families, who share the room between them; the women go to bed and hide themselves up, after which the men come in to undress and follow their example. Washing, of course, is not thought of; even if it were not rendered more difficult by the scarce supply of water, and its foul quality.

This missionary spoke earnestly of the importance of getting penny baths for the working classes; he spoke of twopence as a prohibitory price, and, even though space is so valuable in London that we hear its value is now estimated at so much the square *inch*, he expressed his belief that a penny bath might be made a paying concern.

The absolute neglect of any personal washing, beyond that of the hands and face, was curiously brought out in a circumstance which befell a Lancashire labourer, a particularly decent-looking fellow, whose white shirt and well-brushed coat on Sunday attracted attention by their respectable appearance. He had been engaged to clear out a pond, and consequently stood for several hours in water with bare feet and legs. When work was done, and

he was about to put on stockings and boots to walk home, he was struck with dismay at the unusual appearance of his legs—they were white, and he thought the skin had come off!

But to return to the houses. What is the condition of the rooms themselves? Dr. Druiitt\* says of them:—

"It appears absolutely necessary to utterly remove the old, dilapidated, dark, equalid, damp tenements, which cover a large area of this metropolis. Practically speaking, they are perfectly incurable; and they serve only as a nursery of an enfeebled and sensual population. There are houses from which disease is never absent; the soil is sodden with damp and riddled with drains; the walls damp, and saturated with the exhalations of years; the wood, decayed and spongy, full of vermin, never looking clean, and from its porosity refusing to dry if washed. Such houses are utterly hopeless, and it is evident that it would be a boon to humanity if the districts where they prevail could be razed to the ground, the surface excavated, and then covered with dwellings which would admit the light and air, and encourage cleanliness."

Dr. Jeaffreson gives an account which is yet more detailed, and in this respect more valuable, that he brings information down to the present date. We invite the reader's attention to extracts from a letter he addressed to the Editor of the *Times* on the 1st of January of the present year, containing the results of a house-to-house inspection he had lately made, as closely as one person could, of the worst quarters of Lambeth; St. George's, Southwark; Bermondsey; Rotherhithe; Bethnal Green; St. Luke's, Middlesex; St. Pancras; and St. Giles's. Dr. Jeaffreson was late medical officer to the London Fever Hospital, and therefore speaks with authority as to insalubrious influences.

But while inviting the reader's attention, we warn him that he will be pained, perhaps disgusted. We are sorry to have to drag him with us through such scenes. Yet if he cannot bear to hear of them from a distance, how have the pioneers, as we trust, of extensive reformation, borne to investigate them? and how—far more appalling question!—have men, women, and children, less delicately nurtured indeed than ourselves, but with human nerves, and frames, and feelings like our own, how have they borne to live in them during the weeks, months, and years of their miserable existence? There is a significant proverb which rebukes an over-sensitive shrinking from hearing of

human misery and degradation—"If bear to deliver them that are drawn in and those that are ready to be slain sayest, *Behold, we knew it not*, doth that pondereth the heart consider i that keepeth thy soul doth He not and shall He not render to every man ing to his works?"

Dr. Jeaffreson thus states his object

"It has been to acquire a correct idea state of such localities. The more the question of the sanitary condition of various metropolis is inquired into, and the subject considered, the more supreme do the difficulties but at the same time the importance of ones assumes imperious proportions, and calls for consideration of all classes of the community.

"Although varying somewhat in particular the general characteristics of low house pr its surroundings, where fever is continual of such painful and offensive monotony matters mentioned in my communication less applicable to all; and each person, fa but one district, will believe the sketch t from it."

He enters first into details as to supply of these fever-nests as follows

"This is extremely deficient. Those best supplied have each a butt holding all gallons, into which water flows from a st from ten minutes to half an hour each day

This is supposed to supply the twenty persons, for cooking, wash persons, house, and linen, and eve of domestic use.

Dr. Jeaffreson next remarks on tl the water-butts themselves:—

"More than nine-tenths of these water no cover, and fully half are so placed as drippings from the foul eaves of the hou lined internally with scum and slimy veget than a few are so rotten that one's finger ca through them, and they allow the water to off—an evil for which there is some cons is better than that the water should be after it has imbibed the soppy sewage, s the foulest description, in which the wat unfrequently stand."

Even this is not the lowest degree in the matter of water-supply. Dr. further tells us:—

"In some courts and alleys not even ances are to be found. Several such, con eight two-roomed houses and sixty-four i are thus supplied. A half-inch pipe proj

\* In a paper read February 20, 1860, at the General Meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

iches through the wall of the court, so that any small tin or tub may be placed under it, on the sippy round, by such of the inhabitants as possess them, for the purpose of catching the water, which flows for twenty minutes only, in the course of the day. Those who have no vessels, or are out, or not up as early as the water flows, must go entirely without."

Want of water means dirt—dirt on the person, dirt in the cooking, dirty clothes, a dirty house. A very little reflection will show that a family compelled to live in dirt will soon lose self-respect and become brutalized and degraded. There are instances which now and then refresh the eyes of City Missionaries in the worst localities, where poor struggling women will be clean—where the visitor turns from the filthy common stair, to a room whose bright window-panes, well-rubbed furniture, and general neatness and order, bespeak the character of the inmates; but the instances are as rare as the circumstances are difficult, and many who have come up from the country with ideas and habits of cleanliness, and have driven hard—and perhaps for months successfully—to maintain them, at last succumb, and come to acquiesce in that for which they see no hope of remedy.

Dr. Jeaffreson divides the houses themselves into three classes:—

"First, such as cover acres of the ground of London—small four-roomed tenements, with wet walls, sodden floors, and loose ceilings, and roofs permitting the rain to come through. Two of the rooms are upon the ground-floor, and two above; and, with few exceptions, they give covering to four families, and to from twelve to twenty persons, rarely more. The rent of each room is from 2s. to 4s. a week. The largest room of the house will barely give 250 cubic feet to each of five inmates; while sometimes ten persons crowd into the same space, which is often used as workshop as well as dwelling-room. In many such, where typhus had been, or was raging, I saw smart, warm children's clothing, and good cloth garments, being made for children and men."

The second class of houses is still worse; he describes them as follows:—

"Miserable two or three-roomed buildings, which replaced back to back, without any back-yards, any staircase window, or any means of through ventilation; so that the upper one or two rooms are the receptacle of part of the air from the lower. The inhabitants of those upper rooms often imbibe typhus from atmosphere which was a little too pure to give disease to those on the ground-floor room. In such cases it was generally the 'party upstairs' who first had the fever, and from whom the poison spread over the house."

The third and last class includes old rambling houses, which were originally built for those in better circumstances, and were formerly occupied by single families. They are now let to as many families as there are rooms in the house; ordinarily eight or ten. Till within the last few years the cellars were inhabited.

Dr. Jeaffreson's letter next treats of the invariable connexion between filthy over-crowded dwellings and the outbreak of typhus. Speaking of the last-named class of houses, he says:—

"In some houses of this kind, known to me from the prevalence of typhus in them, I found the cellars communicating with the main living-rooms on the ground-floor by an open staircase, through which and the cellars there used to be traffic to a small yard behind; but which are now impassable, because of the cellar and stairs being filled up level with the floor of the room and the yard by the dust, garbage, and sweepings of the house, which have literally not been removed for years, and which, if disturbed, are found alive with maggots, and those other forms of animal life which swarm in decaying matters."

But it will be said, "The tenants, and not the houses or the landlords, are accountable for abominations like these;" and it is true that in too many instances dirt and disorder are the preference of the families who inhabit these houses.\* They would not thank you to whitewash their walls; it would make them feel uncomfortable to see anything so clean around them. Many of their windows do not open from the top, but where they do the inmates will not be persuaded, however many may have to crowd into one sleeping-room, to open the veriest crack for the admission of fresh air: they prefer the warmth of the stifling fetid atmosphere, many times breathed, though they feel and complain of its depressing consequences. Could the horror of the work-house, so universal in our poorest classes, be analysed, one element would be found to be dislike of the cleanliness, the order, the regularity which reign there. The Marylebone Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor, at a heavy cost, fitted their apartments with plate-rack, shelves, cupboards, and other appliances for comfort and cleanliness; very shortly all was broken up and burnt for firewood. Some contrive to evade rent alto-

\* The saddest index of the degradation to which the landlords have reduced the poor by the abominable system they have nursed and encouraged for the sake of "filthy lucre," filthy indeed in the way of its derivation.—ED. O. O. F.

gether by constant migration, and of course have no interest whatever in the dwellings where their abiding is so short; they are not troubled by dirt, nor would they be at any pains to be clean in houses, however decent and well-appointed. Taking, however, all this into consideration, and allowing that the character makes the home, and not the home the character, the question still remains—How did they sink so low? We believe the answer is chiefly contained in one word—*Over-crowding*. Give them *space*—they cannot abuse that—and we shall begin to see improvement.

Meanwhile, whatever may be the cause which lies most at the root of all this squalor, whether bad houses or bad habits, and whatever may be the proportion in which these causes act and re-act on each other, there can be no doubt as to the effect. Dr. Jeaffreson says:—

“In one such room that I more particularly examined, the whole of a large family had had typhus. Numerous instances came to my knowledge of family succeeding family in typhus-infected houses, each succumbing in succession, till at last the house was for a time shut up and lime-whited. Then fever ceased, and has not returned, though the house has since been inhabited by the same class of poor. In one street there were, within a short time, more than one hundred cases of typhus. Three fathers of families lay dead at the same time, leaving orphans to raise the rates and swell the ranks of pauperism. After a time fever died out; but nothing effective has been done to yards or houses which belong to a landlord who, in other parts of London, owns nearly similar typhus-nests. It is hard to say to what extent the now too prevalent typhus may not extend.”

On selfish grounds only no time is to be lost; but we can hardly believe that a generous English public will need that so much stress should be laid on the personal risk the wealthy and educated would incur if these “nests of typhus” remain undisturbed. One-eighth, they are told, of the 2,000 cut off annually from typhus fever in London would be drawn from their own ranks. The disease generated in the slum might be propagated to the adjacent square. The gentleman’s dress-coat, stitched in the upper room Dr. Jeaffreson has described, has perhaps very lately been heaped, with other infected garments, on the shivering patient in the first stage of his complaint. “The smart, warm children’s clothing,” made up in rooms where fever is or has been raging, may strike a death-chill to the heir of a noble house.

All this is said and reiterated, and it is very

important as an additional reason why no time must be lost in applying a remedy to an evil of long standing; but we should not like to think that the wealthy and educated are open to conviction on no higher ground. We should be reminded of a captain who was called out with his men to quell a town riot; he restrained them with admirable coolness from avenging the insults of the mob, till a missile caught him in the face: then the affair became personal. “Up lads, and have at them!” said he; the signal for action had come at last.

It was not thus that the royal penitent of Israel argued, when having a terrible selection to make between war, famine, and pestilence, his choice fell upon the ill to which the prince was exposed equally with the peasant. Death is a great leveller; and viewing the poor man’s home in the metropolis in its sanitary aspect only as a “fever-nest,” we think the sevenfold proportion of poor, who die year by year, cut off by remediable causes which their wealthy neighbours might have prevented, is a still more serious consideration than the small remainder of victims from other classes of society.

But fever is not the worst evil bred in such homes as Dr. Jeaffreson has described. The higher the organization the more sensitive is it to surrounding influences; over-crowded, filthy dwellings, mean something more than bad air, which enervates the frame and undermines the constitution: they mean moral deterioration, the loss of self-respect and decency—a degrading process, by which men become drunkards and women slatterns, and young maidenhood loses the power to blush. How is a man to bring up his young family decently who, at a ruinous rent, can command nothing better for himself, his wife, his boys and girls of all ages, than one room in a crowded court? The next room to his, perhaps, is occupied by a nest of thieves; above or below him, with such ruinous floors and ceilings that sound is scarcely deadened, a drunken virago is filling the air with foul language; in the opposite room, but a step across a narrow passage from his own door, lodgers are smuggled in without a license; the appointments of the house are such that cleanliness and decency are next to impossible, and the landlord will not remedy them. For a time self-respect may hold out; for a time he may keep his head above the infecting stream of moral pollution; but unless he is partaker of a hidden life, which draws its sustenance from a higher source than his own



good resolutions, the chances are serious that, sooner or later, he will give in: he will choose the bright, cheery gin-palace, with its pleasant up of forgetfulness, for his evening resort; domestic affections will become deadened, and at last extinct; brutalized by drunkenness, he will be ripe for crime, and his former place in society as the honest, industrious workman, will know him no more.

It is an affecting proof of the stupefying effect which over-crowding and its attendant vices exercise upon the workman, that he has so little heart or courage to use even the remedies which the law has put within his reach; probably many are never even at the pains to inquire with whom complaints may be lodged. In conversation with one who had had twenty-six years' experience of going in and out constantly among the lowest classes, the writer learned that *fear of their neighbours* generally deters a poor man from making any complaint of those living in the same house with himself. For instance, in the matter of taking in lodgers without a license the law offers a remedy; a man who knows that his neighbour is thus over-crowding his room, and rendering its atmosphere pestilential to all inhabiting the same house, has only to go to the clerk of the vestry and state his complaint, giving the name of the street and the number of the house; the clerk will send an inspector, who will at once redress the grievance, or, in case of opposition, report to the vestry; the vestry will then empower the inspector to summon the offending party before a magistrate; but this remedial power is little used in the lowest neighbourhoods, because a man values neither his person nor his goods would be safe if he made enemies of his neighbours.

It may be well to mention here, for the benefit of the working classes themselves, and of philanthropic persons who visit and advise them, the steps which should be taken where a grievance lies against the landlord who will not incur the expense of remedying or removing a nuisance. The sufferer from the landlord's carelessness or indifference must apply to the local board of health at the vestry; the board will send an inspector, who, after verifying the complaint, will serve a notice upon the landlord for the removal of the nuisance: should he prove refractory, the board can send workmen in to remedy the evil at the landlord's expense. It is a pity that information is not more generally disseminated as to the proper parties with whom complaints should be lodged,

and to whom application may be made. Why should not every holder of a tenement or head of a family be furnished with a list, telling him where to find the vestry-room, the fire-engine room, and the relieving officer of the district? Every facility should be put in a poor man's way for obtaining the protection allowed to him by the law.

It is a disgrace to human nature that dens of filth like those visited by Dr. Jeaffreson, where no prudent man would kennel his dogs or stable his horses, are yet *valuable property* to the landlord. Dr. Whitmore, Medical Officer of Health in Marylebone, after describing to the representative council a narrow court running from tenements "which," he says, "it is almost a fiction to say give shelter to between sixty and seventy human beings," makes a general statement that property of this description, let out in separate rooms to weekly tenants, constitutes a *most profitable investment*; the amount of profit varying, of course, with the degree of firmness and flinty determination in collecting the rents. There are various ways known to second-class agents of "putting on the screw," but one adopted in this court strikes us as rather a novel expedient for ejecting an unprofitable tenant, who would *stay*, and would or could not *pay*. Not a stick of furniture remained to seize for rent, and, except the bundle of dirty rags on which she slept, and which (as not likely to command any market value) had been left, the room was bare; but a strong hint to "move on" had been given by *taking the grate out of the fireplace*, that she might be starved out by cold and hunger. Her wits befriended her in this case, and she contrived a fire without the grate!

Of another poor emaciated woman in the same court, Dr. Whitmore says: "I found her engaged in slop-work; her sad tale, not obtrusively, but hesitatingly told, was this. Her husband, by trade a plasterer, was sick in the hospital. She had four young children to maintain, and by sitting up four nights out of seven she could earn about seven shillings; of these, *three* went to her landlord for rent!"

Truly the time is come to act; "the wonder is," as the editor of the *Telegraph* well observes, "that we have still time to sweep away the national disgrace, without being terrified into the performance of this duty by pestilence, or coerced into it by revolt."

[The preceding paper is from the admirable work reviewed in our July part, entitled

"LENDING A HAND." London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. We then quoted an extract (see page 373): but the importance of the subject of "HOMES FOR WORKMEN," especially in connexion with the dreaded advent of cholera in the land, induces us to insert the author's chapter on this "vexed question of the day."

What is true of London is, we fear, equally true of almost every town and city in Great Britain. We have been sojourning in "Scotia's darling seat," the "modern Athens," and assuredly the condition of the houses of the poor in Edinburgh is beyond description bad. Dr. Hunter, the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, in the Eighth Report on the Public Health, thus refers to the house accommodation for the poor:—

"So far as a miserable, ruinous condition of a large house, cut up into numerous box-like rooms of all shapes and positions, and accessible by long dark passages and staircases, all affording difficulties of cleaning to a population singularly tolerant of dirt, can make a place unfit for human habitation, such unfit places may be found in great numbers in Edinburgh."

To remain supinely subject to removable evils is one of the characteristics of the lowest forms of savage life. It seems, in matters affecting the public health, a characteristic even of the civilized community. It may be, the voice of the cholera may serve to arouse landlords and others, who have long resisted the appeals of reason, humanity, and Christianity, to a sense of their responsibility. To own such houses (?) is not, in our judgment, a whit less sinful than to own slaves.

We know it is said that the poor *like* dirt, or at any rate do not raise an outcry against the hovels they inhabit. This is too true:

and it is a most painful index of the degradation of a portion of the working classes. It reminds us of the resignation of slaves to a state of slavery—itself the most conclusive proof of the fearful character of that cursed system of human oppression, though we have known it to be pleaded as a justification.

We would have every effort made to diffuse information, and to stimulate the better feelings of the poor. We should like to see a good tract well circulated amongst our "workmen," taking for its text the following extract from Dr. Hunter's account of Glasgow habitations:—

"The tenants, as was universally stated, and may be believed with confidence, are nearly all of them well-paid but extravagant persons, who care nothing for good lodging, but who can well spare a little rent out of their drink money. Men with £2 a week customarily paid but 1s. 6d. a week in rent; and the instance may be recorded from Dr. Dunlop's experience of a bachelor who earned 30s. a week as a lumper, yet only paid 6d. a week for his lodging. 'What do you do with the rest, Patrick?' 'Sir, I drinks it.' Indeed from one point of view, crowding in Glasgow means the diversion of income from rent to supply whisky."

It will be a happy day for our land, when the British workman resolves to have a "HOME." But, meanwhile, let men of property beware of conniving at or participating in the evils of the present system of overcrowding, a system which involves conditions of existence in this so-called Christian land, at which the meanest savage would revolt.

The author of "Lending a Hand," in a succeeding chapter, deals with the question, "The Workman's Home as it should be." We recommend every philanthropist to study this work thoroughly.—ED. O. O. F.]

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

### A LIFE-LONG SICKNESS.

"A LIFE-LONG sickness!" what a dreary thought! It seems as if it were said to be unending: yet, "What is your life? It is even as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Medical men may speak of its lasting "an indefinite

time," for its length is undefined to them; but "with God are the issues of life and of death." He will daily and hourly, you moment by moment, apportion to you your lot of suffering, and the strength to carry you through it.

Do not, then, increase your present sor-

y adding to it the future burden. Fear how best to deal with you. Fear all these things are in His hand; lays them on, not all at once, but a little, to prepare us for greater. We never have more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to bear. As our day, so is our strength. Trials of many years were gathered up, they would break us down; there-fore, to our little strength, He sends one, then another, then removes both, and on a third, heavier, perhaps, than the first, but all is so wisely measured to our strength, that the bruised reed is never

broken. These means He is preparing you for the place which He has already prepared for you. He knows exactly what is before you. In a dark night, and in a dark place, you must trust yourself to a Guide. Put yourself into His hands; they seem very dark, and dreary, and dark; but He knows it; He has trodden the path, and will surely lead you safely to the right way to the city of habitation." All the relations of this lower life dissolved, the bonds of their heavenly life shall be revealed. Mourners and sinners shall meet at last in the holy city. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more sorrow, neither crying, neither pain; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

VENN.

#### HOPE.

Of the most needful graces for a sick soul to cultivate is hope. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but it afterwards brings forth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." The bright and joyful things are before him—the dark and dreary things are behind him. He looks around and asks, "What is the bright blessing of health? A joyful answer arises, 'It is gone for ever.' No, it is not gone for ever; it is before you there where 'there shall be no more pain;' where you shall 'put on a new body, not having spot or wrinkle, or such thing;' but you must wait for it; you must hope for it.

"Yet a little, and He shall change your vile body, and fashion it like unto His glorious body." This blessing is not come—it is yet future. "Hope which is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" A sick person, shut out for the remainder of this present life from the bright things of this world, too ill to enjoy life, surely is not called upon to hope for recovery, nor to hope for brighter days here upon earth. No such lesson is proposed to them, but rather to learn to say, "Thy will be done." Yet they will find it a blessed and a purifying exercise to try to hope, and to exercise themselves constantly in it. They seem to themselves now to be in prison, shut up from all the joys of life. It is future blessing that they look for, and, therefore, hope calls for patience; and St. Paul speaks of the "patience of hope," and "that we through patience might have hope; and patience worketh experience, and experience hope." "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." ANON.

#### RESTORING GRACE.

"I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."—Isaiah xlii. 3.

As when in sultry summer hours

A gentle rain descends,  
Reviving with refreshing showers  
Each plant that drooping bends;  
So does my soul, O God, receive  
In each distressing hour,  
The heavenly aid Thou dost impart  
By Thine almighty power.

The dying flower upon the stem  
Already bowed its head:  
The fading leaves which fell around  
No longer fragrance shed;  
The Lord beheld—at His command,  
The clouds their treasures gave;  
The drooping plant again revived,  
And showed His power to save.

E'en thus, O Lord, my fainting soul,  
In hours of deepest grief,  
Has owned Thy kind and watchful care,  
Which brought me swift relief;  
Thy Spirit has consoled my heart,  
In sorrow's deepest night;  
Has chased its doubts and fears away,  
And made its darkness light.

*From the French of Dr. Malan, by*  
MISS ARNOLD.

# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

## HEERA AND MOTEE; OR, ELLINOR GRANTLEY'S FRIENDS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS;" "MABEL AND CORA," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.



EM! it's very singular!" muttered Mr. Cowley, in a disconcerted under-tone.

"What is the matter, uncle?" asked Mrs. Grantley gently, laying down her work.

"Nothing, my dear—nothing, but that I expected an answer to my letter to Lord Morbury. I felt almost secure of one by return of post."

"I think this is the earliest post by which you could have heard—the one that has just come in, I mean. I daresay he has some engagement that has prevented his writing."

"The earliest! no, you are mistaken. Yesterday morning I could have received an answer, or by any post since then."

"He may be away from home, and that would of course cause a delay."

"No, he is at home, and not thinking of leaving it at present. I heard that yesterday morning from another source."

"Perhaps he is unwell."

"He was in very good health three days ago, as I am aware through the same letter."

Nellie was standing by the table, drawing on her gloves—a graceful figure, in her grey silk skirt, close-fitting jacket, and feathered hat—and she remarked, with something like a flash of contempt in her dark eyes—

"After all, it seems that Lord Morbury is no more to be depended on than the rest of the world!"

"Who said he was not?" sharply demanded Mr. Cowley. "Don't be foolish and suspicious, child."

Nellie coloured, and retorted quickly, "I thought *you* did not seem quite satisfied, uncle."

"I'm not particularly pleased at the delay, but I have no doubt there is a good reason—a very good reason. Lord Morbury is probably

very much occupied, and is retarding his answer until he has taken some steps on behalf of young Beverley. I have not a doubt about it."

"I am very glad you are satisfied, uncle," returned Nellie, hardly able to suppress a smile at the tone of confidence which resulted so instantaneously from her suggestion. "I can't say I am, but then I don't know Lord Morbury personally, or what his mode is of granting a favour. Some people like keeping others in suspense."

"How can he put us out of it until he has a definite answer to give?" asked Mr. Cowley, not a little irritated at the insinuation.

"He can at least give us an assurance that he will do his best for Randolph," said Nellie. "At the present moment we can have no idea whether he will pay any attention at all to your request."

"No idea! Pshaw!" said Mr. Cowley, "I could not be more convinced that he will do all he can for Beverley, if I had his promise to that effect in black and white now before my eyes. Don't talk any more nonsense."

Nellie wisely dropped the subject, and moved towards the door. Mrs. Grantley followed her out into the hall, and said gently—

"Nellie, dear, you really should not irritate him so."

"Mamma, I thought you would be quite grateful," said Nellie, laughing. "By suggesting doubts of Lord Morbury, I completely overthrew those that were rising in his own mind. Mamma, why does uncle feel so secure that Lord Morbury will do anything for Randolph, because he is aunt Anna's son? I should think from that story that he would feel rather the contrary."

"No; Lord Morbury is not that sort of person. I believe that for many years, uncle Francis"—Mrs. Grantley lowered her voice—"was, I might almost say, vindictive in his

pleasure towards her—if that is not an expression. And Lord Morim, towards which he used all his was to bring him to look with more, more gentleness, and in a more spirit, upon your aunt Anna's own appreciation of it was most at the same time merciful. He would underrate it, nor allow uncle Francis to lead him into harsh condemnation of her. He loved her very much, and would have been a good opportunity to bring about a happier feeling between her and uncle Francis; when uncle had, I believe, really in a forgiving her, he could never bring to speak calmly of her, or bear the thought of meeting her. I have not yet told you I expect both her and your uncle here a few days on their return. I think, that *now* he will take it quietly. It is he who has succeeded unconsciously in getting rid of the last remnants of bitterness on his mind.

But I feel sure that Lord Morbury will have the greatest pleasure in doing anything for Anna, at his request, in promoting a reconciliation between them. "I understand now. I hope he will," said "Here come Heera and Motee, ready to walk. Reginald is waiting in the

are going on the shore, are you not?" Mrs. Grantley. "I think the rain is over for to-day, but you had better keep out, and come back if you see any signs

is a lovely afternoon," said Reginald, his head in at the front door, "no talk of *rain*, with a sun shining like that an unconscionable time you young people, making your preparations."

are completed now, so don't begin to hurry," said Heera, as they sallied forth. "I like all blame to myself for hindering you, and, I have no doubt, keeping Nellie waiting."

"very long," answered Nellie. "How delicious the air feels after the rain! It is like a walk directly after a shower. Reginald, I wanted to ask you one thing—did you go yesterday morning, when it was so mysterious, and would not let me

only made a mystery of it for the purpose of avoiding an argument, for which I had no spare."

argument about what?"

"Why, the fact is, I went to Owen Russel's," said Reginald, stepping back with an affectation of alarm. "Now, pray have a little pity, and don't decapitate me for my misdemeanours."

"Again!" was all Nellie could say.

"Literally, again!" said Reginald meekly.

"And what did Russel say?—I mean, did you see him?"

"I did not see him, therefore he said nothing"—in the same tone.

"What! you were sent away *again*!"

"Not exactly. I might have obtained admittance to an empty drawing-room, I daresay, if I had wished it. They have not come home yet, or rather, had not, but were expected yesterday evening."

Nellie was silent for a minute, and then said, with deliberate energy—

"*I don't believe it!*"

"Don't!" said Reginald, with a comical glance at Motee, "pray don't!"

"Do you mean to say that you have confidence in him *still*, Reginald?"

"Why not? For all I can see, we're at just the same point that we were before."

"You heard that they were coming home some days ago."

"People often change their plans."

"And never even to have written a line of explanation all this time!"

"Explanation about what?" asked Reginald, with imperturbable composure.

"His extraordinary conduct, of course."

"I see nothing in it so very remarkable," said Reginald obtusely.

"What! when he never came to see you after months of absence!—when he passed me in the street without speaking!—when you have called *five* times, and he has never returned it!"

"My dear Nellie, we have gone over all that ground about two dozen times, till I know it by heart, and am quite tired of it. As to writing, Russel and I are not a couple of young ladies, to keep up a close correspondence about every-day nothings. I never write a letter, except to you and my mother, unless it is on business."

"This is as important as any business."

"To set your mind at rest!—I grant that; but as it happens, Russel is not aware of the necessity. I daresay we shall find he has called this afternoon. If not, I don't doubt he will come when he can."

"I wonder you can be so credulous," said

Nellie, with her scornful look, "it is really quite weak, Reginald."

"Which is weakest, Miss Nellie, to trust or distrust a long-tried friend, under somewhat perplexing appearances?" asked Reginald, good-temperedly.

"I am glad you allow they are perplexing."

"That's no answer," said Reginald.

"Credulity—blind, unfounded credulity—is weak," said Nellie slowly.

"I haven't come to that yet," said Reginald coolly. "Motee, will you give us your opinion on the subject?"

Motee glanced rather anxiously at Nellie, as she said quietly—

"I don't think there is any weakness in being slow to believe evil of any one. I think it is only right."

"Yes, but there are certain limits to what is right in such cases," observed Nellie. "I don't think we are required to compromise our self-respect."

"Self-respect, *alias* pride," said Reginald.

"I don't see that at all," said Nellie, rather offended. "Independently of pride, I could never run after a friend who had cast me off."

"The question is whether self-respect ever is quite independent of pride," remarked Reginald.

"And don't you think, Nellie," asked Motee, "that one ought to be perfectly *certain* that a friend has cast us off before we will believe it? Ought we not to hope the best as long as possible?"

"In theory—yes, I daresay. But in practice it comes to this, that after one rebuff, I could never put myself in the way of the second."

"I know it is difficult," said Motee gently, "but I cannot help believing it is the right way—indeed, Nellie dear, we *know* it is."

"And suppose I were to go on believing and trusting a friend through all, and be mistaken after all! It would be much more painful than if I had given it all up at once."

"Perhaps it might be," returned Motee quietly, "still I would rather be mistaken in that way, a dozen times, Nellie, than once suspect unjustly."

Nellie's brow clouded slightly, and she said rather moodily, "Then you would have me believe my friends incapable of change, and their affection incapable of growing cold, unless they come and tell me the contrary in so many words?"

"O Nellie, no! I should think not! Even the best and dearest friends may change and

grow cold: but what I mean is, that we should never be looking out for it, and expecting them to alter. Until it really happens, and there isn't the possibility of our making a mistake about it, we should hope the best."

"You seem to think that it's really happening is a very rare occurrence!" said Nellie, rather sarcastically.

"I hope it is among *true* friends," said Motee gravely, "but I don't mean, Nellie, that it is a rare thing for them to do things, perhaps, without thinking, that may really be neglectful or even unkind. Of course, we can't expect them to be perfect, any more than we are ourselves. And I think the more we know of ourselves, the more ready we shall be to make allowance for our friends. Very often they may do things that look bad on the surface, and we may find after all that it is only a mistake on our part or theirs. But even if they really are in the wrong, and have given us pain, I think we ought to be able to forgive them, and pass over it, unless we have very strong reasons for believing that their love is changed. And even *then*," Motee added, "the only thing we can do is still to forgive."

"You have explained my views a great deal better than I could have done myself," remarked Reginald, "Nellie ought to be convinced between us."

"I am quite convinced that it is a very good theory, but impracticable as far as I am concerned," said Nellie, with a half-smile. "I hope you are content with your success so far."

"I think I am," said Motee, with an affectionate smile, "If you are convinced of a thing being *right*, I should not doubt that you would try to put it into practice."

Nellie shook her head.

"I don't know about that, Motee, To *sp*rove and perform are very different things with me."

Motee's answer was checked by Heera's tripping up to them, exclaiming—

"Do stop discussing suspicions and disagreeables! You have been at it half an hour, at least. I believe you all three are infatuated upon the subject. I have had a regular ramble while you have been lost in your argument; but I don't mean you to go on any longer. See how rough the water is to-day."

They were descending the path that led down to the shore, and in a few minutes more were walking in a row along the beach, with the sea on their right hand, lofty white chalk

cliffs on their left, and shingles grinding and cranching under their feet at every step.

"There comes a splendid wave!" exclaimed Reginald. "Take care, Heera—it will be over you! You had a narrow escape."

"Salt water never hurts anyone," retorted Heera, throwing back her curls, and advancing nearer to the sea. Up rolled a wave, gathering higher and higher, till it curled over and broke with a crash, sending a mass of white foam around her feet and ankles, as, with a merry shriek, she sprang backwards.

"You have done it now!" said Reginald.

"O Heera, are your feet wet?" exclaimed Motee.

"Only a little salt foam—who cares for that?" asked Heera, laughing. "Don't put on such a grave, solicitous look. I never take cold at the sea-side. Come on round that craggy corner."

She was off, almost at a running pace, springing from one to another of the low rocks embedded in the shingle, or tripping lightly over the pebbles. The others followed, but did not overtake her until she chose to wait for them. Nellie and Motee then fell gradually a little behind, in earnest conversation, and Reginald found himself by Heera's side, listening to what he considered only a great deal of nonsense, though spoken in an extremely pretty voice and manner. However, he heard her very good-temperedly, while she dashed into a description of the failings, peculiarities, and idiosyncrasies of each individual among their friends and acquaintances at home, only amusing himself by occasionally picking up and examining a pebble as he walked along, or sometimes detecting and bringing to light a slight inconsistency in Heera's assertions.

"So we went to the picnic, Reginald, because mamma thought it would do us good—especially Motee. She is just the girl to mope if she is shut up too much at home."

"Indeed!" said Reginald.

"Yes—can't you see that? You don't really know her yet then, though you must notice how much quieter she is than I am."

"Rather, certainly."

"And quiet people are always disposed to grow dull."

"Are they? I was not aware of it," returned Reginald drily.

"I should think you knew it by this time. But I was going to tell you about this picnic. Lord Morbury's grand-daughters—the

daughters of his *eldest* son—were to be there, so of course I was very anxious to go."

"I don't quite see why."

"An Earl's grand-daughters! An Earl's daughters they will be some day! O, Reginald, don't pretend to be so simple. Besides, with such a delightful man as Lord Morbury, one would expect the grand-daughters to be something very pleasant."

"Perhaps—but *is* he so delightful?"

"To be sure he is. So kind and affable! Why, don't you know he is a friend of ours?"

"Why, yes," said Reginald, "only I imagined it was in the *past* tense. I remember your speaking of him, the first evening after you came, with anything but warmth."

Heera coloured, but as usual, laughed.

"I declare that is quite spiteful of you, Reginald! Am I never to change my opinions?"

"Certainly, if there is a reason for it."

"I never think of reasons. You are as bad as Mr. Cowley, who gave me a point-blank lecture, a day or two ago, for what he termed my want of truthfulness. I was much obliged to him, and I told him so. But we are leaving Nellie and Motee quite behind."

They waited a minute, and went on all together. The beach under the cliffs was a succession of coves, divided by rough, rocky projecting headlands, against which at high tide the water, even in comparatively calm weather, was fretted into roughness, while with anything like a strong wind, the waves were terrific. Many a ship had been hopelessly lost on those rocks. At low-tide the beach was left bare far beyond the entrances to the coves, but when the water was high they were all partially, and some of the smaller ones completely, filled with water. More than one unwary rambler had forgotten to note the rising sea until it was too late to escape, and had perished unaided and unseen.

They had passed several of these coves, when Heera at length declared she was so tired with walking upon shingles, that she really must rest, and threw herself down close under the cliffs, her example being willingly followed by the rest of the party. Reginald pulled out of his pocket a handful of curious stones and fossils, collected by the way, to while away the time by discussing their worth and beauty. Two or three among them were undeniably pretty or curious, and deserving of a place in Mrs. Grantley's "curiosity-box," but others were doubtful, and a brisk argument ensued upon each in succession. Time passed more

quickly than any of them were aware of, and for a long while they did not observe that the water was advancing towards their cove with the steady rapidity of a spring-tide upon a rather level shore. Nellie's attention was at last attracted by the rising gusts of wind, and the increasing noise of the breakers, and looking round, she exclaimed—

"Reginald, surely the tide is not coming in! I thought it was going out."

"We forgot to think about it at all," Reginald began, as he glanced in the same direction, and sprang instantly to his feet, with a stern, sharp exclamation that startled them all—"There's not a moment to lose! In five minutes we shall not be able to get out! Leave the stones, Heera! Never mind anything, only make haste—don't lose an instant!"

"His gestures, and Nellie's face of alarm, even more than the words, impressed upon Heera and Motee the sense of the danger they were in. Down the beach they went, crushing the shingles under their feet, slipping over unsteady rocks, till they reached the point round which they had come. A wave swept fiercely up, curling over, and sending a shower of spray upon them all; but it was no time for hesitation, and as the water was sucked back, leaving the glistening foamy pebbles free for a moment, they rushed round the steep, jagged rock, regardless of torn dresses and wet feet, though the next wave overtook them in their retreat, wetting their boots completely, and splashing them from head to foot.

Not yet were they in safety. Other headlands lay beyond, and the question now was whether they could pass the next two, which jutted out farther into the water than even the one they had just left. Beyond these they would be in safety, for the cliffs were there so much less steep, that one or two rude flights of steps had been cut in the rock, by which they could without very much difficulty ascend to the top. But could they reach them? Strain every nerve as they might, the coves were wide, and it seemed hardly possible that they could cross them in time.

On they hastened through the first of the two—breathless, gasping, Heera clinging to Reginald's arm, almost incapacitated from exertion by her terror, Motee speeding lightly along, grasping one of Nellie's hands, with courage and resolution that had risen with the emergency.

The headland was reached, but wave after wave, in rapid succession, broke around it,

seething and curling over opposing blocks, and sending showers of blinding spray up towards the summit of the huge frowning wall of rock. Reginald gave one glance and saw that exit by that way was utterly hopeless, and he turned his eager gaze to the jutting ridge in quest of some spot where it might not be impossible to climb over. But he looked in vain. As well might he have attempted to scale the walls of a house as to ascend the face of those smooth, steep cliffs. Motee broke the first minute's bewildered silence.

"Reginald, we can do nothing here. We are wasting time."

"If I could swim round I might get help," began Reginald, setting his teeth together.

"You can't—you must not think of it, Reginald," said Motee in clear, calm tones, that carried conviction with them. "Look at those waves! You would only be dashed against the rocks long before you could get round. And even if you could manage to pass this headland, the water would be so high before you could reach the next that you could never pass that."

"The cliffs!" said Nellie rapidly, "If we could climb them—not here, but in the cove we have come from; they are much less steep there, and even if we could not, it is a better place to be in than this—it reaches back so much farther into the rock."

Even as she spoke, she was leading the way back, and they retraced their steps with the utmost speed. But for Reginald's strong arm, Heera could not have kept pace with the other two, she was so overpowered with their situation and her exertions; and when they arrived at the promontory only in time to see their retreat cut off by the rising tide, a sobbing, breathless shriek broke from the terrified girl. Reginald, in desperation, rushed into the water to try its depth, but the force of the next wave nearly swept him off his feet, and convinced him of the hopelessness of an attempt to escape by swimming. Even alone and unencumbered he would have barely a hope of reaching the other side; and how could he leave the girls? To get them round was simply an impossibility.

"It is too late," he said, "I would give anything not to have left that cove."

"We cannot help it now," said Motee, as Nellie hid her face in her hands, overcome for the moment at the imminence of the danger; "Is there no place where we could climb up here?"



"None," said Reginald, with mournful decision; but he yielded to her suggestion that they should examine the cove with care, before giving up hope. Heera was sobbing helplessly, and he placed her on the shingle at the upper end, directing his sister to sit by her. Nellie obeyed, untying her hat and taking it off, with a feeling almost of suffocation, though she did not shed a tear. Was *this* to be the end—*this* the conclusion of her young bright life? Was there no hope? Too well she knew the rapidity with which those terrible waters would fill the cove, and the certainty that those resistless waves must in time sweep them from the highest point of shingle on which they might take shelter. And as the terrible conviction forced itself upon her, she grew cold and faint. Heera's sobs and the breaking of the watersounded far off, and she was only roused again to full consciousness by the return of the other two.

Reginald threw himself on the ground with a deep desponding sigh. Their only discovery had been of a small ledge, two or three feet from the ground, on which they might take refuge as a last resort; but he could not think much of the possibility of their retaining foothold there for any length of time, as he marked the increasing force of the waves. However, it was a gleam of hope, and Heera's face brightened a little when it was pointed out to her.

Strange it seemed to wait quietly there—to wait while those dark foam-tipped billows swept successively up, nearer and nearer every minute. And nothing could be done—no possibility of a rescue remained, unless by the accidental passing of a boat, or the bare possibility that anyone walking along the summit of the cliff might look over at that particular spot, and discover their dangerous situation. But there were not many passers-by in that lonely place, and if there were, the noise of the wind and waves was such that the loudest shout or scream would probably fail to reach them, though Reginald exerted his voice to the utmost in the hope that he might be heard.

Heera's blue eyes were dilated with wild terror; her hair disordered; her breath quick and sobbing; and Nellie's lips were compressed and pale, and the choking hysterical sensation

in her throat was such, that she could have screamed aloud with the horror of their position. Motee's cheeks were blanched with natural fear, but she was the most collected of them all—calm and composed as she ever appeared. The

promise was being fulfilled to her, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." She knew "in whom she had believed;" and while her whole heart and mind were concentrated in one intense and fervent prayer for help; she had, nevertheless, a strange feeling of quiet, confident trust—a feeling as of over-shadowing and protecting wings, of an arm stretched out to save and shield. The very conversation of an hour or more ago, only afforded her fresh food for support and comfort. If she had counselled so strongly trust in an earthly friend—weak and fallible at the best—what of her Heavenly Friend, her Saviour God, who had laid down His life for those whom He condescended to call His "friends?" Oh! truly she might feel the most implicit confidence in Him—in His deep and far-sighted love—and be assured that *all* was well for her, even in this hour of danger and alarm. "Though He *slay* me, yet will I trust in Him," was the language of her heart. What wonder that her look was peaceful?

Reginald's attention was still directed towards the possibilities of escape. Again he examined every foot of the bare smooth walls of rock behind and on each side of them, and again the conviction was forced upon him, that they could do absolutely nothing. Their only hope of escape appeared to be the possibility that the cove might not be completely filled with water, and Reginald's hope of that was very faint. He strained his eyes in vain for the sight of a passing boat. Except one or two ships hull-down on the horizon, not a vessel of any description was visible. The danger was not, indeed, immediate, but every minute the waters rose steadily nearer, and a larger wave than usual, breaking with a heavy roar, sent a shower of foam over the trembling girls, forcing them to retreat farther back, and drawing a piercing shriek from Heera's lips.

"Reginald! look!" cried Motee in a tone of joyful relief, "some one sees us! up there!"

A face was visible over the summit of the cliff, though the roar of the waters prevented the sound of a voice from reaching them. Heera stretched out her hands with an imploring cry for help, and then there was a momentary lull, which allowed them to catch the words, "I'm coming!" and the face was withdrawn.

"If it is possible," said Motee, clasping her hands, "if there is time!"

"He cannot be here yet," said Reginald. "I doubt what he will do. He would come in

a boat, but the only one near is Jem Roberts', and you are never sure of finding him in. He will hardly waste time by going there on the mere chance of success."

"It would take a long while to fetch a boat

from the bay," said Motee, but what else can he do?"

Reginald was silent a minute, and then his only words were, "He will do his best! Motee—that is Owen Russel!"

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### THE VOICE OF THE TREE.

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown :  
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

"No ; leave them alone

Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung :

"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.

"No ; leave them alone

Till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the Midsummer glow :

Said the girl, "May I gather the berries or no?"

"Yes ; all thou canst see ;

Take them ; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNESTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

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### RULES OF LIFE.

1. Never lose any time : I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day ; but always be in the habit of being employed.

2. Never err the least in truth.

3. Never say an ill thing of any person when thou canst say a good thing of them ; not only speak charitably, but feel so.

4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.

5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.

6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.

ELIZABETH FYL

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# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### IX.—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

**I**NTELLECTUALLY the character of the Hindoos has greatly deteriorated. As we stated in our last paper, the praise of intellectual cultivation belongs chiefly to the Hindoos of for-

The mass of the people now in India ignorant. There is but a very small elite among any class of the community—the priests—or, as we commonly call them, the Brahmins—who may be considered the whole the most advanced class in the country, are, as a body, very ignorant. They can neither read nor write. Their knowledge is confined to their immediate repetition of a few texts, or the performance of certain rites.

Most of the people generally are filled with childish superstitions. If a bird or an insect appears in sight, or a pariah crosses the path at an inauspicious moment, it excites the greatest alarm. When the sun or of the moon strikes terror throughout the community. They hasten to their ablutions, to break their earthen pots, to throw away their shells and horns, and to perform som-toms, as if by these means they could avert the impending disaster.

Bad omens alternately excite their fears. The ticking of a lizard, the sneezing, the appearance of a jackal at a particular time or place, are of great grave interest. They are looked upon as warnings, which it would be to disregard. If a lizard ticks over a bad sign; if a vulture or an owl flies over the roof of a house, it is considered a bad omen and some misfortune to the inmates is looked for. A Sanscrit school is closed when the sun or the moon is eclipsed. A wise man, says the Vishnucodhika, will not study the Veds “when it is dark or at eclipses.” In certain cases

something depends upon the situation or direction of the object. It is considered fortunate to see a cow or a Brahmin on your right hand, or a jackal on your left. If a lizard drops on you, it is a good or a bad omen according to the part of the body on which it falls.

The belief in astrology is universal. In fact astrology rises in India to the rank of a practical science. Learned pundits are called in to cast the child's nativity. The position of the stars at the moment of his birth is carefully noted down, and preserved in the horoscope for future use. Instances sometimes occur in which the exact date of birth is not precisely known. The astrologer has an ingenious expedient to meet this emergency. It is assumed that the name of the child is given by direct inspiration, and indicates, in a miraculous way, the exact position of the stars when the child was born. The problem, *given the name of a child, to find the planet under which he was born*, presents no difficulties to a Hindoo mathematician.

In all the great events of life the guidance of the stars must be sought. In the case of marriage, for example, an auspicious day must be chosen for performing the rite. In addition to this, there must be a certain coincidence or correspondence between the horoscopes of the bride and the bridegroom, in order that the union may prove propitious. If a house is to be built, or any important business to be undertaken, the astrologer is consulted, and his conjectures are listened to with the respect due to a revelation from Heaven. Ingenious astrological tables are printed in Hindoo almanacs, by which any person, knowing the date of his own nativity, may find out whether the year will be, on the whole, fortunate or unfortunate. Rules are also given for determining, from tables, the duration of any disease, calculating from the point of time when it commenced.

In like manner the sister art of alchemy has in the present day its dupes here, as in former times it had its dupes in Europe. The Hindoo Dousterswivel is at no loss for tricks to amuse the credulous. Some chemical substance is used to give the requisite golden tinge, and encourage the belief in a gradual transmutation; or some few grains of the precious metal are slipped into the crucible, to keep alive the hopes of the poor dupe who "never is, but always to be blessed."

It is the same with magic. Those who are best acquainted with what is passing in the depths and darker regions of Hindoo society, have frequent occasion to observe the influence which a belief in magic exercises over the minds of the people. Those who are skilled in this black art pretend to have the power, by means of spells and incantations, of casting out devils, of curing the bites of serpents, and of healing malignant diseases. The lower ranks of the people have a firm belief in these fanciful notions. They relate to one another wonderful cures effected by such means, with the same undoubting faith with which stories of ghosts and goblins were once believed among ourselves.\*

It is not unusual for a Hindoo who is suffering from any misfortune, to suppose that it has been brought upon him by the ill-will of an enemy. This belief takes a form very analogous to the notions regarding witchcraft which formerly prevailed in Europe. It is commonly believed there are persons in human shape, who are possessed of a supernatural and malignant power of injuring their neighbours. The belief prevails that when a witch sees a fine child she has the power, and not unfrequently the will, to deprive it of reason, or undermine its health so that it pines away and dies. Nor is this malignant influence confined in its effects to little children alone. It takes a wider range, and may sometimes afflict the whole household.

Sir Thomas Munro states, that in the district of Canara, where he was residing, the belief in witchcraft was universal. He says, "The cattle of the farmer seldom die a natural death. If any accident happens in any of their families when they begin to plough a field, if a snake runs across the path, or if they see a land crab, they abandon it, and say that it is in possession of the devil. It lies waste for several years." He adds that he once "had a complaint from one of the farmers that a witch had killed his

wife and mother, and about twenty cows and bullocks."\*

Ignorance and superstition so widely prevalent necessarily conduce to the *moral degradation* of the people. We shall treat of Hindooism as a religious system in succeeding papers: but, apart from what may be regarded, strictly speaking, as religious considerations, the moral aspect of Hindoo character is a very painful one.

We believe, indeed, that the character of the people has often been too darkly painted. A judgment has been formed of one section of the community with which the observer is most familiar, and this has come to be regarded as a true representation of the national character in all ranks and classes. It has been forgotten that all Hindoos cannot be comprehended in one category. Not only are there individual differences among those that inhabit the same province, but there are also what may be called great national differences, which distinguish the inhabitants of one province from those of another. But at the same time, whilst bearing all this in mind, the combined testimony of the most reliable authorities affords unequivocal evidence of a wide-spread

\* In various ways a harvest is made out of the superstitious fears of the people. The following anecdote lately appeared in one of the native newspapers. A poor cooly, on his way to Calcutta, was accosted by two strangers who were travelling together. One of them hinted that his companion was a great saint, who possessed the power of working miracles. Among other miracles, it was said, he could turn sand into sugar, and silver into gold. Upon this the cooly presented himself before the saint, and craved to be permitted to see these wonders with his own eyes. The saint, nothing loth, proceeded to gratify his curiosity. The experiment was first tried of turning sand into sugar. A handful of sand was placed before the saint, who after certain manipulations succeeded in effecting the miracle. The cooly was invited to taste, and to his surprise he found it was really and truly sugar of very good quality. The saint then proceeded to perform the more important miracle of turning silver into gold. But here a difficulty arose. Neither he nor his companion happened at the moment to have any silver in their possession. What was to be done? The miracle must be put off for the present. "No," said the cooly, "I have three rupees in silver." He forthwith produced them, and placed them at the disposal of the saint. The latter took them in his hand, went through certain forms, muttered mysterious words, and finally did them up in the cooly's *kumartband* or waistband, advising him at the same time on no account to look at the bundle till next morning, when he would undoubtedly find that each rupee had become a gold mohur. They then parted, and the cooly pursued his journey alone. After walking some distance meditating upon what had passed, he thought within himself, "It is probable the change has already taken place." The idea kept working in his mind, till at last his curiosity got the better of him, and he untied the *kumartband*. To what was his surprise! A change had indeed taken place. The silver was gone, and, instead of it, there remained a small quantity of dust. The gold mohurs were not there, and neither was the saint anywhere to be seen.

\* See Buchanan's Indian Statistics.

noral degradation—a degradation which we hold to be a necessary consequence of the prevalent ignorance and superstitions of the people.

We have not space to enable us to adduce testimony at any length, but we may refer to the evidence of one who will certainly be regarded as an unexceptionable witness—the late Principal of the Hindoo College, Calcutta, James Kerr, Esq., who has contributed several papers to this series. In his valuable work on ‘The Domestic Life, Character, and Customs of the Natives of India,’\* Mr. Kerr takes the most favourable view of Hindoo character, and protests strongly against what he considers an excess of severity of judgment on the part of some writers. And yet his own admissions are only too conclusive. For example, he writes:—

“One of the most flagrant proofs adduced of the truthfulness of the natives, is the perjury practised in the courts of law. I have heard a judge returning from his ‘cutcherry’ declare that he had no satisfaction in his work, on account of the depraved character of the witnesses. There are scoundrels, it is generally believed, hanging about every court of justice in India, who live by false swearing; who are ready to hire themselves to the highest bidder, and to swear that black is white, for a few annas. There is a story told of a European judge, who complained to a native subordinate of the perjury practised in his court. Yes,” replied the native, ‘it is very bad. I have ever known it anywhere so bad. Here you can hire any number of witnesses to swear that black is white for four annas a head; but in my native district you cannot hire them for less than eight annas.’”

We admit the justice of Mr. Kerr’s comment, that “the perjury which is thus habitually practised in the courts of law does not apply to the whole body of the people: does not permeate every vein of native society.” We can be thankful for his assurance that “there are classes of Hindoos remarkable for their truthfulness”—the Hindoo banker’s word being as a general rule as good as his bond. But allowing every qualification, the statement we are quoted, as it stands, does nevertheless, in Mr. Kerr’s own words, “show a dreadful state of things.”

Mr. Kerr continues:—

“How do the natives stand in regard to that practical truthfulness to which we give the name of honesty? The verdict is not generally favourable. In those Europeans who are least disposed to find fault with native ways, or to pick holes in the native character, cannot shut their eyes to what comes di-

rectly under their observation. Sir T. Munro, when superintending the revenue affairs of Canara, observed that the farmers systematically concealed from him their real condition, and tried to make themselves appear worse off than they were. They would put on the garb of poverty, and represent themselves as without a farthing in the world. Nor are these by any means solitary examples. Particular instances of fraud, on a smaller scale, force themselves upon the notice of most European residents in India.”

But the most decisive indications of Hindoo moral degradation are those which are connected with the treatment of woman. Whatever may be said in mitigation of the custom of female seclusion—however true it may be that women thus shut up do not pine for a liberty they have never known, even as slaves become satisfied with slavery—the custom is a mark of degradation which must be most injurious in its results. Mr. Kerr thinks that “in practice the case seems never to have been so bad” as one might expect: but he gives the following summary of the Hindoo law respecting the relation subsisting between the husband and the wife: and we confess, with such a law and with our knowledge of human nature, even in Christian countries, we can indulge little hope of anything short of absolute cruelty towards “the weaker vessel.”

“The Hindoo wife must not eat with her husband; she must sit at a respectful distance while her lord and master enjoys his repast. If the husband and wife are walking along the road, they must not walk side by side, but the wife at a little distance behind. In a word, according to the strict letter of the Hindoo law, the woman occupies altogether an inferior position to the man. Her evidence cannot be received in a court of justice, except against another female. Passages might be quoted from the Shasters, which fully bear out these remarks. Take the following as an example: ‘Is it not the practice of women of immaculate chastity, to eat after their husbands have eaten, to sleep only after they have slept, and to rise from sleep before them?’ And again, ‘Let a wife who wishes to perform sacred ablution, wash the feet of her lord and drink the water.’”

Add to these regulations affecting woman the atrocious rite of Suttee, or widow burning, the existence of which, under the sanction of the Hindoo religion, Mr. Kerr says, “must be ranked among the strangest aberrations from right recorded in the book of time:” and however disposed we may be to admit that the Hindoo character possesses traits of natural amiability, we certainly can only arrive at one conclusion as to the moral degradation of the people.

\* London: W. H. Allen and Co.

The influence of caste, intimately connected as it is with our subject, we can now only briefly glance at. As a religious institution, we shall speak of it again; but as a civil institution its effects upon all social relations are most demoralising and degrading. In closing our present paper, we shall simply present to the reader several facts and occurrences recorded by Mr. Ward in his work on India, from which we may judge of the strong hold caste has upon the Hindoos, and the inhuman results with which it is often attended.

I. "I once happened to be present when a sepoy of high caste, falling down in a faint, the military surgeon ordered one of the Pariah attendants of the hospital to throw some water upon him: in consequence of which, none of his class would associate with him, because he had forfeited the privileges of his clanship. The result was that, soon after, he put the muzzle to his head, and blew out his brains.

II. "I once saw a high caste Hindoo dash an earthen jar of milk upon the ground, and break it to atoms, merely because the shadow of a Pariah had fallen upon it as he passed.

III. "As I entered the dwelling, I saw, lying upon the centre of the floor, a man of middle age, apparently near his end, while at a little distance was his wife, much in the same state. A little girl was kneeling at their side, asking, in an earnest, bitter tone, for rice. I called to a servant, who had accompanied me, to bring a basket of provisions, which I opened before the child, when the unhappy father, turning his eye upon me with a look of horror, threw out his arms like a maniac, seized the famishing creature, dragged it from the polluted food, and fell back dead.

IV. "Shortly after our arrival at Bangalore, the roof of our house was under repair, and one of the bricklayers fell from a great height, and was much injured. To relieve the sufferer, we called upon the workmen, standing near, to run to the well and bring some water. Not one of them would stir; 'for,' said they, 'that man is not of our caste, and we are not allowed to give him water.'

V. "A Kahratiya, whose son had rejected caste, sought an asylum at that son's house just before death; yet so strong were the prejudices of caste, that the old man would not eat from the hands of his own son, but crawled, on his hands and knees, to the house of a neighbour, and received food from entire strangers, rather than from his own child, though then on the brink of eternity.

VI. "Several buildings were on fire in Madras, and which threatened a general conflagration of the city. There were several wells near at hand, but the Brahmins forbade the use of the water, lest a person of lower caste than themselves should approach, and thus pollute them.

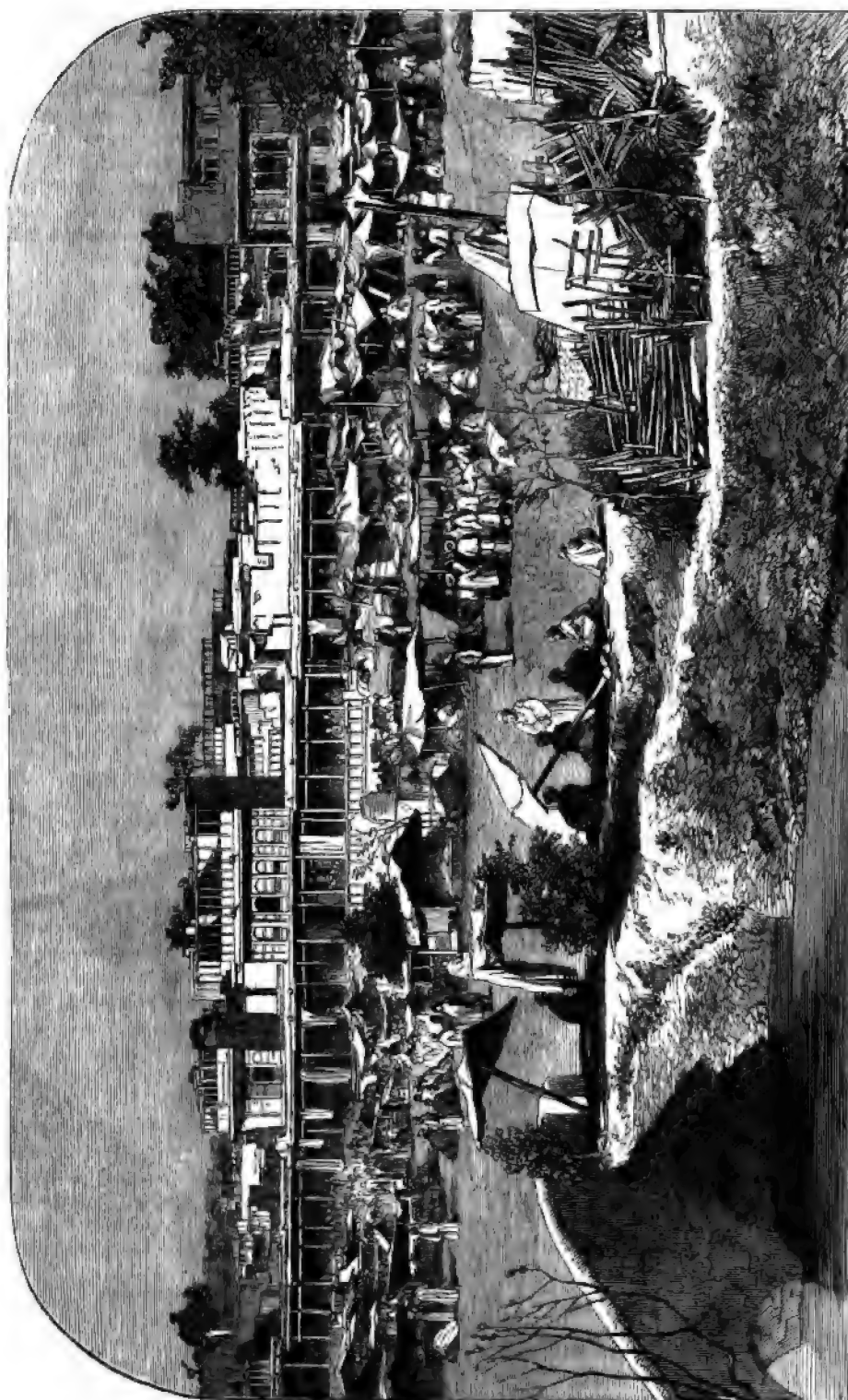
"These instances might be greatly multiplied, but they are sufficient for the purpose now in hand. They

illustrate the dis-social, selfish, and unmerciful character of this institution. Some have supposed that the system is productive of benefit, as it respects mechanical operation; because an employment descends from father to son, through successive generations; but experience disproves this theory. The fabrics and ornaments of India are, many of them, very beautiful, and justly admired; but there have been no improvements for centuries past. There is no invention, no discovery, no progress in workmanship throughout that country, as in lands where no such system exists. Caste is a foe to all generous and noble feeling. It binds, in chains of adamant, a large portion of every community, saying to them, 'You proceeded from the feet of Brahma; you are created for servitude.' It limits the social circle to a comparatively few persons, to the careful exclusion of all the rest, however worthy in character and commendable in deportment. A Brahmin would sooner see a Soodra die than give him food, if, in so doing, he must touch the body or clothes of the debased one. It is said that a company of the professed teachers of right and duty will stand upon the river's bank, and see a boat load of Pariahs go to the bottom, rather than use any personal effort to save them from death. And how ungodlike, unchristian, too! The Bible directs that we 'do to others as we would have them do to us;' and commends the Samaritan, who bound up the bleeding sufferer, while it condemns the Levite, who (Brahmin-like) would let him die of his wounds. Caste has done more than taught else to make India what it is, a land of limited attainments, selfish propensities, and grovelling aims."

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HURDWAR (page 521), i.e., the Gate of Hurri, or Vishnu, in the province of Delhi, is situated on the west bank of the Ganges, at the point where the river emerges from the mountains. The town itself is small and scattered; and, in fact, chiefly consists of ghauts or stairs for the greater facility of bathing, and of houses for the wealthy pilgrims. Many of the temples are beautiful objects, on account of their picturesque form and position, and all are fine specimens of ancient Hindoo sculpture. The river runs close to the town, and with a rapid current.

Hurdwar is one of the celebrated places of Hindoo purification. The month of April is the general time of assembly; on which occasion a number of merchants from all parts of India, China, Persia, Tartary, and Bokhara also attend, and form one of the largest fairs held in Hindostan. Every sixth year the fair, which is held in the bed of the river, confined at this season within narrow limits, has a larger assemblage; and every twelfth year the con-



MARKET-PLACE, PESHAWAR.

[From a Photograph.]

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rise to the *Kum*, as it is termed, is still very prodigious. The usual estimate of the fairs, one year with another, is 2,000,000, this is believed to be rather below than above the true average. The country round about is then formed into one vast camp of tents, where the Cingalese, Persians, Tartars, Sikhs, Russians, and Europeans. The cattle and animal department at this fair is the best in Asia: horses, elephants, monkeys, the yak, nyghau, bears, leopards, and cheetas, are brought hither for sale.

HERAT is a walled city of Afghanistan, included in the Punjab, forty miles from Peshawar. The houses, more than 7,000 in number, form narrow and irregular streets, and are generally miserable in appearance. The walls are slightly built of brick or mud, held

together by wooden framework, and are generally provided with *sard-khānas*, a description of cellar or underground room, where the inhabitants spend the day, to avoid the intense and scorching heat of their summer.

The market-place, our Illustration of which is taken from a photograph, is one of the best parts of the town. The lower apartments of these houses are inhabited by fruitsellers, confectioners, bakers, and cooks. The population has been variously estimated from 43,000 to 100,000. There are many mosques; but none of them, or of the public buildings, are worthy of notice, except a fine caravanserai and the citadel. The trades and arts of the town are almost limited to the mere necessities of life; but the Cashmerians carry on the manufacture of *lungas* or light blue cotton scarfs.

### THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

In our former paper we gave a brief account of the origin and progress of submarine telegraphs, and of the submerging of the great Atlantic cable, on which half a million of money had been expended, in the year 1858.

Temporary success was speedily followed by most trying disappointment. On the 25th of August it was announced, "The cable works admirably." On the 3rd of September the public were informed, "Intelligible signals have been received from Newfoundland." The Scientific Committee appointed to report as to the causes of failure, assigned the following: first, that the cable had been manufactured too hastily; secondly, that a great and unequal strain was put on it by the machinery; and thirdly, the repeated coiling and uncoiling it underwent, served to injure it.

The promoters had now good reason to recall the cautionary words of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (the Earl of Carlisle), in his address to the Legislature, before the departure of the expedition—"that the pathway to great achievements has frequently been hewn out amidst trials and difficulties, and that preliminary success is ever the law and condition of ultimate success."

Apparently they were prepared to accept these conditions. They held in derision the attempts which were made by the fearful and doubting, to prejudice the public mind against further trial. They remembered that eight years had

scarcely past, since one of the leading newspapers of the day spoke of the proposal to lay a cable, not across the Atlantic, but across the Channel to France, as "a gigantic swindle." They had no doubt of final success. When a bridge or a viaduct falls, who ever doubted that it would reappear on a firmer base, and with a nobler elevation? If the Atlantic wire had lost its insulation, who could doubt that its virtues would be restored, or that it would be replaced by another more perfectly insulated? If the cable had been grazed by the rude friction of its bed, or had snapped on the sharp edge of a submarine rock, might not a new and a stronger cable be submerged?

The question was simply one of means; and although the heavy expenditure required rendered delay inevitable, Mr. Field, who has been well described as "the active life and the iron-bound guardian of the cable," aided by others, compassed land and sea, incessantly stimulating capitalists on both sides of the Atlantic to renew the attempt.

In April, 1860, steps were taken to endeavour to recover some portion of the lost cable. Five miles were secured, and two facts ascertained: namely, that the gutta serena was in no degree deteriorated, and that the electrical condition of the core had even been improved by the lengthened period of submersion. Violent storms prevented the recovery of more of the cable.

In December, 1862, the Atlantic Company obtained tenders from the firm of Glass, Elliot, and Co., to provide a cable at a cost of £700,000, and public subscriptions were invited. It was represented in the prospectus that, "estimating the power of the cable at a minimum of twelve, and a maximum of eighteen words per minute, if it were to be worked for sixteen hours per day for three hundred days in each year, at a charge of 2s. 6d. per word, the income would amount to £413,000 a-year, which would be a return of 40 per cent. upon a single cable." During the year 1863, meetings were held, and arrangements made to secure the *Great Eastern* for the undertaking; and early in 1864, the contract for the cable was ratified.

The form of the cable selected was similar in its component parts to that of 1858; but it differed as to its size, as to the weight and method of application of the materials of which it was composed, as to its specific gravity, and as to the mode adopted for its external protection.

The weight of the new copper conductor—not a solid rod, but a strand composed of seven wires—was nearly three times that of the former one; being 300 pounds to the nautical mile, against 107 pounds per mile to the conductor of 1858. The purity of the copper employed, a very important item, affecting the rate of transmission, had been carefully provided for by a searching test. The covering of the conductor, with its dielectric, or insulating sheath, consisted of alternate coatings—four of gutta percha, reduced to a viscid state with Stockholm tar, a preparation known as "Chat-terton's Compound," and four of pure gutta percha, forming continuous tubes. The total weight of insulating material thus applied was 400 pounds to the nautical mile, against 261 pounds in the cable of 1857-8.

The greatly-increased weight and size of the cable would have made the question of stowage a very embarrassing one, had it not been for the existence of the *Great Eastern* steamship, there being no two ordinary ships afloat capable of containing, in a form convenient for paying-out, the great bulk presented by 2,490 miles of a cable of such dimensions. The now acknowledged necessity for keeping cables continuously in water, added materially to the expenses of the undertaking. The *Great Eastern* had to be fitted up for this purpose with three enormous tanks. Two of these tanks were about 60 feet wide and 20 feet deep each; and the fore tank was 51 feet 6 inches in diameter, by 20 feet

deep. The new machinery on the deck for paying-out the cable was most carefully constructed in accordance with the practical knowledge gained on the former expedition.

On the 24th of May, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, visited the *Great Eastern*, and witnessed the transmission of a message sent through the coils, which then represented in length, 1,395 nautical miles. The words, "I wish success to the Atlantic cable," were received at the other end of the coils in the course of a few seconds. By the 14th of June the whole of the cable was on board, and on the 24th, the monster vessel, carrying 7,000 tons of cable, 2,000 tons of iron tanks, and 7,000 tons of coal, left the Medway for the Nore, under the command of Captain Anderson. At the Nore she took in 1,500 additional tons of coal, which brought the total dead weight to 21,000 tons. The whole of the arrangements for paying-out and landing the cable were in charge of Mr. Canning. Mr. Clifford had charge of the machinery, and Mr. de Santy was chief of the electrical staff.

After some rough weather, on July 19th, the *Great Eastern* anchored in Bantry Bay, whilst the screw steamer *Caroline* was landing the shore-end of the cable in Foilhummerum Bay, in Valentia. Visitors, high and low, flocked to the scene of action. All that related to the cable, and the laying of it, possessed the utmost interest for the country people, simply because the cable went westwards across the ocean to the home of their hopes. About noon, on July 22nd, amid great cheering and in the presence of a large assemblage, the shore-end of the cable was hauled up the cliff to the station. The Knight of Kerry addressed the people, invoking on the undertaking the blessing of the Giver of all Good, and after a further address from Sir Robert Peel, the singing of the Doxology closed this part of the proceedings.

Next day, the *Great Eastern* came round from Bantry Bay, and the end of the shore-cable was spliced to the end on board the great ship. At 7.15 p.m. the brake was eased, and as the *Great Eastern* moved ahead the machinery of the paying-out apparatus began to work—drums rolled, wheels whirled, and out spun the black line of the cable, dropping in a graceful curve into the sea over the stern wheel. H.M.S.S. *Terrible* and *Sphinx* were in company.

The voyage commenced most favourably; but seldom has patient endurance and persevering energy experienced severer tests than those which speedily befell the noble men es-

this enterprise. It has been justly said that the sole interest of the official the successful expedition in the present consists in its utter eventlessness. Every-  
 went just as it was tried to make it, and would go; and for this reason nobody much to read the level record of the al cruise. But it was far otherwise in d we venture to say that the interest eaders will not flag, though it may be of them a twice-told tale, if they follow r attempt to chronicle a few of the s of the expedition which failed a year o any who are contemplating a difficult king, and require the impulse of ex- o invigorate them for the effort, we r chronicle may prove "the word in

rst interruption to progress occurred 24th, at 3.15 a.m., when 84 miles of d been paid out. The mirror of the meter suddenly indicated that a fault irred. The distance was variously calas from 22 to 42 miles from the ship. ing-up machinery was at once set to it the process was very slow—a mile being considered a fair rate of speed, ile and-a-quarter, something to be very l for. "The prospect of returning to and getting back to the shore-end, the highest of these retrogressive s, was very far from attractive!" The n of picking up proceeded all day and out, to the joy of all, at 9 a.m. on , July 25th, when somewhat more than s had been hauled in, the "fault" was ed. A piece of wire had been forced the outer covering of the cable into a percha, so as to injure the insulation; ne could tell how it got into the tank. v splice and point were made, and after ion of some twelve hours, the paying- hinery was again put in action, and e glided out rapidly astern. All seemed ell. About half-a-mile had been paid en suddenly communication between e and ship ceased altogether.

n great contentment there was sudden eapair! The operators were in con- on. The news spread from end to end ip, which again lay in restless quiet on ers. The faces of the most cheerful overcast—gloomy forebodings filled

we endeavoured to condense the voluminous but tails of the voyage, given in the diary, kept on Dr. Russell, the Times correspondent.

every mind. Away worked the electricians in their room; but not a sign! Not a shadow of a sign! Again the wearisome energy of the picking-up apparatus was called into play. Such a Penelope's web in twenty-four hours, all out of this single thread, was surely disheartening. Even the gentle equanimity and confidence of Mr. Field were shaken in that supreme hour, and in his heart he may for a moment have sheltered, though he did not nurture, the thought that the dream of his life was indeed but a chimera. Who could bear up against a life of picking up?"

But most unexpectedly there was a change. The index-light suddenly reappeared on its path in the testing-room, and the wearied watchers were gladdened by the lighting of the beacon of hope once more. After a few moments of breathless solicitude, it was announced that the signals between the ship and the shore had been restored, and that every instant developed their strength. It was not easy to determine how the signalling had been interrupted: it was generally supposed that the order of the tests had become deranged whilst the splices were being made on board.

The 26th, 27th, and 28th were days of progress. In rather a heavy sea the *Great Eastern* was as steady as a Thames steamer. The *Terrible* thumped and buried her bows in foam with dogged determination; and the *Sphinx* gave very unmistakable indications of having a harder enigma than she bargained for, as she engaged in her task of taking soundings. The vessels had now come to the slope in the bed of the ocean, beginning with 700 fathoms, and running in one degree to 1,750 fathoms, and still deepening to 2,100 fathoms. At noon on the 27th, the *Great Eastern* was 320 miles from Valentia. "The conviction grew that the work was nearly accomplished. The date of arrival was already determined upon. The sound of the piano, a tribute to our own contentment, rose from the saloon, and now and then the notes of a violin became entwined in the melodious labyrinth through which the amateur professors wandered with uncertain fingers."

On Saturday, July 29th, the morning report was, "Everything has gone on most admirably during the night." "Heart's Content on August 5th was certain. The fault which had occurred was caused by an accident, most unlikely to happen again. So we pored over our maps, and marked out the soundings in the little bay in Newfoundland."

At noon the *Great Eastern* was distant from

Valentia 634 miles, from Heart's Content 1,028 miles. She had passed over the valley in the plateau where the Atlantic deepens to 2,400 fathoms.

"Happy," writes Dr. Russell, after recording this progress—"happy is the cable-laying that has no history. Here might the day's record have well been closed. But it was not so to be. At 1.10 p.m., an ill-omened activity about the testing-room, which had been visible for some time, reached its climax. The engines were slowed; in five minutes the great ship was motionless. In an instant afterwards every one was on deck, and the evil tidings flew from lip to lip. 'Another fault' was the word. The electricians had found 'dead earth'—in other words, a complete destruction of insulation, and an uninterrupted escape of the current into the sea."

This was one of the most harassing days yet encountered. All their calculations were falsified. Newfoundland was seen at its true distance, the piano ceased; but faith in ultimate success was not diminished.

For hour after hour the work of "picking up" went on. Most doggedly at times did the cable yield. As if it knew its home was deep in the bed of the Atlantic, and that its insulation and all the objects of its existence would be gained and bettered by remaining there, it strained against the power which sought to pull it forth; and the dynamometer showed that the resistance of the rigid cord was equivalent to 2½ tons. Six hours and ten minutes had elapsed before the defective portion of the cable was found. It was at once cut out, and reserved to be examined by Mr. Canning.

Sunday intervening, the recovered cable was still unexamined; but in the forenoon of Monday, Mr. Canning brought to trial the coils in which the peccant part that had wrought such mischief existed. The criminal was at length detected: the coil was laid bare by untwisting the strands of Manilla covered with iron; and before a foot of it was uncovered, an exclamation literally of horror escaped the lips of the spectators. Drawn right through the centre of the coil, so as to touch the inner wires, was a piece of iron wire, bright as if cut with nippers at one end, and broken off short at the other! Here at once seemed demonstration of a villanous design. No man who saw it could doubt that the wire had been driven in by a skilful hand. It was known there were enemies to the manufacturers of the cable: whippers went about that one of the cablemen had

expressed gratification when the first fault occurred. Very prudently, Mr. Canning at once accepted an offer made by the gentlemen on board the ship to take turns about in superintending the men engaged in paying out the cable. The men were then summoned to look at the coil and the wire. Without hesitation, they agreed that it must have been done on purpose; and admitted it was not only justifiable, but necessary for their own satisfaction, that the proposed surveillance should be carried out.

At noon on Tuesday, August 1st, 1,081 miles of the cable had been paid out. Expectation was again most sanguine. But the fatal crisis of the expedition was now near at hand. At eight o'clock a.m. on Wednesday, Dr. Russell was aroused by the slowing of the engines. "In a moment afterwards I stood in the testing-room, where Mr. de Santy, the centre of a small group of electricians, among whom was Professor Thomson, was bending over the instruments. In reply to my question as to what was wrong, Professor Thomson whispered, 'Another bad fault.'"

Nothing was left but to pick up the cable. As they were making a test, in preparation for this retrogressive work, one of the foremen perceived a piece of wire projecting from the cable, and when he took it in his fingers to prevent it catching in the passing coil, the wire broke short off. It was a piece of the wire of the cable itself, not quite three inches long, one end rather sharp, the other with a clean bright fracture, and bent very much in the same way as the piece of wire which caused the first fault. This discovery gave a new turn to men's thoughts at once. After all, the cable might carry the source of deadly mischief within itself. What had been taken for assassination, might have been suicide. The piece of wire in this case was evidently bad and brittle, and had started through the Manilla in the tank. The marks of design in the second fault were very striking; but the freaks of machinery in motion are extraordinary, and the belief was now general that what had looked so like purposed malice, was, after all, the effect of accidental mechanical agency.

At 9.58 a.m. the cable was again cut and slipped overboard astern, fastened to its iron guardians. The depth of water was estimated at 2,000 fathoms. As it went over, and down in its fatal dive, one of the men said, "Away goes our talk with Valentia." The necessary turning round of the great ship, in order to see

he picking-up machinery, involved such straining of the cable that the peril of its parting was very great.

The tedious picking-up process commenced. Shortly after noon, the cable caught against a large hawse pipe in the bow of the *Great Eastern*, the iron rim of which projected beyond the line of the stern. The cable chafed so much that there was evident danger of its parting. Every effort was made to avoid the catastrophe; but at this critical moment the wind shifted, rendering it still more difficult to keep the head of the ship up to the cable. At length the cable parted, flew through the stoppers, and with one bound leaped over the intervening space, and flashed into the sea.

"The shock of the instant was as sharp as the snapping of the cable itself. No words could describe the bitterness of the disappointment. The cable gone! gone for ever down in that fearful depth! It was enough to move one to tears; and when a man came with the piece of the end lashed still to the chain, and showed the tortured strands, the torn wires, the lacerated core, it is no exaggeration to say that a feeling of pity, as if it were some sentient creature which had been thus mutilated and dragged asunder by brutal force, moved the spectators. Captain Moriarty was just coming to the foot of the companion to put up his daily statement of the ship's position, having had excellent observations, when the news came. 'I fear,' he said, 'we will not feel much interested now in knowing how far we are from Heart's Content!' However, it was something to know, though it was little comfort, that we had, at noon, run precisely 116·4 miles since yesterday; that we were 1,062·4 miles from Valentia, 606·6 miles from Heart's Content."

After brief consideration, Mr. Canning resolved to make an attempt to recover the cable. "Never, we thought, had alchemist less chance of finding a gold button in the dross from which he was seeking *aurum potabile*, or philosophers' stone. But, then, what would they say in England, if not even an attempt, however desperate, were made?" The grapnel, two five-armed anchors, with flukes sharply curved and tapering to an oblique tooth-like end—the hooks with which the Giant Despair was going to fish from the *Great Eastern*, for a take worth, with all its belongings, more than a million—were brought to the bows. One of these, weighing 3 cwt., shackled and secured to wire buoy rope, of which there were five miles on board, was thrown over at 3.20, ship's time.

"Away slipped the wire strands, shackle after shackle; ocean was indeed insatiable: 'More,' and 'more,' cried the daughter of horse-leech from the black night of waters, and still the rope descended. One thousand fathoms—fifteen hundred fathoms—two thousand fathoms—hundreds again mounting up—till at last, at 5.6 p.m., the strain was diminished, and at 2,500 fathoms, or 15,000 feet, the grapnel reached the bed of the Atlantic, and set to its task of finding and holding the cable. Where *that* lay was, of course, beyond human knowledge; but as the ship drifted down across its course, there was just a sort of head-shaking surmise, that the grapnel might catch it, that the ship might feel it, that the iron rope might be brought up again, and that the cable across it, might—here was the most hazardous hitch of all—might come up without breaking."

All through the night's darkness the *Great Eastern* groped along the bottom with the grapnel as the wind drifted her. Various were the speculations of those on board. But at six o'clock a.m. the long steady pull on the vessel made it evident the curved prongs had laid their grip on a solid body, and presently the cry of joyous excitement, "We have caught it! we have caught it!" was heard from every lip.

The machinery was set to work at 6.40 a.m. to pull up the 2,500 fathoms of rope. At noon nearly half-a-mile of rope was gathered in. "With every length of cable drawn up from the sea, the spirits of all on board became lighter, and whilst we all talked of the uncertainty of such an accomplishment, there was a sentiment stronger than any one would care to avow, inspiring the secret confidence that, having caught the cable in this extraordinary manner, we should get it up at last, and end our strange eventful history by a triumphant entry into Heart's Content. Already there were divers theories started as to the best way of getting the cable on board, for if Mr. Canning ever saw the bight, the obvious question arose, 'What will he do with it?' The whole of our speculations were abruptly terminated at 2.50 o'clock p.m. As the shackle and swivel of the eleventh length of rope, which would have made a mile on board, were passing the machinery, the head of the swivel-pin was wrung off by the strain, and the 1,400 fathoms of wire, with grapnel attached, rushed down again to the bottom of the Atlantic, carrying with it the bight of the cable!"

The hopes of the noble band of workers were damped by this unforeseen mishap; for no one had thought of the stout iron shackles and swivels yielding: but another attempt was at once resolved upon. A dense fog hindered immediate operations; but a solid strong raft of timber barks, eight feet square, was at once prepared, to serve as a base to a buoy to be anchored as near as possible to the course of the cable. The buoy, painted red, and surmounted by a black ball, above which rose a staff bearing a red flag, was lashed to the raft and hove overboard at ten p.m., on Friday, August 4th. The fog hindered any fresh effort till August 7th, when another grapnel, with 2,500 fathoms of wire rope, was thrown over. At 12.5 the grapnel touched the bottom in 2,500 fathoms water, and in six hours afterwards it became apparent that it was holding on at the bottom. The hauling in commenced, and was continued through the night. At 7.30 a.m., one mile—one thousand fathoms—had been recovered, and was coiled on deck. Hope was again buoyant; but disappointment speedily ensued. Shortly before eight o'clock, the head of the swivel bolt "drew," exactly as the swivel before it had done, and the rope, parting at once, flew round the capstan, over the drums, through the stops, with irresistible force. It was wonderful no one was hurt. "The end of the rope flourished its iron fist in the air, and passed through the line of cablemen with an impatient sweep, dashed at one man's head, was only balked by his sudden stoop, and menacing from side to side the men at the bow, splashed overboard."

A second buoy and raft were lowered over the bows to mark the spot.

There were still nearly 1,900 fathoms of wire rope on board, and some 500 fathoms of Manilla hawser, and notwithstanding it seemed hopeless in the extreme, Mr. Canning resolved on a third and last attempt. This was made on August 10th; but on that day the ship passed the course of the cable without hooking it. The wire rope, when taken in, came over the bows in very bad condition. It was immediately repaired and renewed, and although it was now only a thing of shreds and patches, Mr. Canning resolved again to let go the grapnel on the morrow. This was done; and once more those who had "hoped against hope," tried to rally expectation. Presently hope grew stronger, and success seemed about to crown the final effort. At 3.30 p.m. the strain on the vessel indicated that it was beyond peradventure

that the Atlantic cable had been hooked and struck, and was coming up from its cozy bed!

Dr. Russell's description of what proved to be the closing scene in the narrative of the expedition is most graphic:—

"What alternations of hope and fear—what doubts, what sanguine dreams, dispelled by a moment's thought, only to revive again! What need to say how men were agitated on board the ship! Some remained below in the saloons—fastened their eyes on unread pages of books, or gave expression to their feelings in fitful notes from piano or violin. Others went aft to the great Sahara of deck where all was lifeless now, and whence the iron oasis had vanished. None liked to go forward, where every jar of the machinery, every shackle that passed the drum, every clank, made their hearts leap into their mouths. At dinner-time 500 fathoms had been taken in. The boldest ventured to utter the words 'Heart's Content' and 'Newfoundland' once more.

"All through the unquiet meal we could hear the shrill whistle through the acoustic tube from the bow to the bridge, which warned the quartermasters to stop, reverse, or turn ahead the screw engines to meet the exigencies of the strain on the grapnel rope. The evening was darkling and raw. At 6.30 I left the saloon, and walked up and down the deck, under the shelter of the paddle-box, glancing forward now and then to the bow, to look at the busy crowd of engineers, sailors, and cablemen, gathered round the rope coming in over the drum, which just rose clear of one of the foremasts, and listening to the warning shouts as the shackles came on board, and hurtled through the machinery, till they floundered on the hurricane deck.

"About twenty minutes had elapsed when I heard the whistle sound on the bridge, and at the same time saw one of the men running aft anxiously, 'There's a heavy strain on now, sir,' he said. I was going forward when I heard cries of 'Stop it!' or 'Stop her!' in the bows, and shouts of 'Look out!' and agitated exclamations. Then there was silence. I knew at once all was over. The machinery stood still in the bows, and for a moment every man was fixed as if turned to stone. There, standing blank and mute, were the hardy constant toilers, whose toil was ended at last. Our last bolt was sped. Just at the moment the fracture took place, Staff-Commander Moriarty had come up from his cabin to announce that he was quite certain, from his calculations, that the vessel had dragged over the cable in a most favourable spot. It was 9.40 p.m. Greenwich time, and 765 fathoms had been got in, leaving little more of the hempen tackle to be recovered, when a shackle came in and passed through the machinery, and at the instant the hawser snapped as it was drawn to the capstan, and, whistling through the air like a round shot, would have carried death in its course through the crowded groups in the bows, but for the determination with which the men at the stoppers held in to them, and kept the tremendous end straight in its career, as it sped back to the

It was scarcely to be hoped that it had urmlessly away. Mr. Canning and others rward, exclaiming, 'Is any one hurt?' ere 'It is gone!' had subsided. The battle was hen the first thought was for the wounded ead, and God be thanked for it, there were add to the grief of defeat. Nigh two miles ron coils, and wire, and rope, were added to glement of the great labyrinth made by the stern in the bed of the ocean. r seconds every man knew the worst. The bow ted, and all came aft, and set about their duties fford, with the end of a hempen hawser in his a in twain as though it were a roll of brown r. Canning, already recovered from the shock,

(To be continued.)

and giving orders to stow away what had come up from the sea—Captain Anderson, directing the chief engineer to get up steam for an immediate start.

"The *Terrible* prepared to proceed to St. John's to take in coals to enable her to return to England; and the head of the *Great Eastern* was turned. There was a profound silence on board the Big Ship. She struggled against the helm for a moment as though she still yearned to pursue her course to the west, then bowed her head to the angry sea in admission of defeat, and moved slowly to meet the rising sun. The signal lanterns flashed from the *Terrible*, 'Farewell.' The lights from our paddle-box pierced the night, 'Good-bye! thank you!' in sad acknowledgment. Then each sped on her way in solitude and darkness!"

### WISDOM LEARNT FROM FAILURE.

n wisdom from failure much more than cess. We often discover what *will* do, ng out what will not do; and probably never made a mistake, never made a y. It was the failure in the attempt to sucking-pump act, when the working was more than thirty-three feet above ace of the water to be raised, that led at men to study the law of atmospheric e, and opened a new field of research to us of Galileo, Torrecelli, and Boyle. unter used to remark that the art of would not advance until professional d the courage to publish their failures

as well as their successes. Watt the engineer said, of all things most wanted in mechanical engineering was a history of failures: "We want," he said, "a book of blots." When Sir Humphry Davy was once shown a dexterous manipulated experiment, he said, "I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator, for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures." Another distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that, whenever in the course of his researches he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some discovery.

"*Self Help*," by S. Smiles.

### THE SUNBEAM'S GRAVE.

sg in this vast creation is ever lost. nals may be losers through carelessness, he world at large no created substance lost. *Never did a sunbeam shine in vain, before no sunbeam that ever streaked this rth light could be finally lost.* Yet the n, lovely as it is, has had its grave, and ometimes for unnumbered ages, it has undisturbed repose. What is coal but unbeams, which need only to be ignited again into active life? The sun, when ousand years younger than he is now, th his radiant beams on the surface of ld, and noble trees of ferns and other s started at his bidding into vigorous ey lived, died, and underwent changes

which made them coal—yes, coal!—and the old sun, he did it all. These sunbeams have long burned in the form of coal; and though by ignition their resurrection life is but a dim shadow of their early brightness, they are yet sunbeams. We have nothing but sunlight in summer or in winter, think or talk as we may. The fire on our hearths, the gas in our tubes, the oil in our lamps, the candles on our table, are all products of the sunbeam. We kindle them, and in the very act raise the sunbeam from its grave, and send it forth to run perchance a long cycle of changes, ere again it rests in such peace as that we have dragged it from.

ANON.

# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narratives

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUN BURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS  
THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY  
PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE BULLFINCH.

LII.

I was much amused at an occurrence which took place a few days ago, showing the affectionate attachment of these pretty and cheerful birds to their offspring, and illustrating the gross ignorance which is so frequently met with in the country, of the cause of events which, upon a little reflection, may be traced to a simple and reasonable origin.

A lad, who is the son of my gamekeeper, having discovered in the keeper's garden a bullfinch's nest, with three young ones in it, and but a few yards from the house door, watched the nest till the birds were full fledged, and then took them and put them in a cage which he hung in a tree close to the bush where the nest had been built. On the outside of the cage he placed a perch for the old birds to rest on while feeding their young ones through the bars of the cage; this they continued to do most sedulously for a considerable time. Previous to the old birds' arrival with food, which took place at intervals of but a few minutes, the young birds seemed to have a foreknowledge of their parents' coming, and fluttered about in the cage, and roused themselves up from their before quiet and half-sleepy state, chirping and showing every demonstration of anxiety and pleasure at the expected arrival; and no sooner had that event taken place, and the young ones received what the old ones had brought for them, than all was quiet again until just previous to the next arrival. These proceedings continued for many days. On one occasion, I saw this process carried on while a friend and myself sat within a few yards only of the cage, resting ourselves in the heat of the day after fly-fishing. The old birds made their appearance several times, and after suspiciously eyeing us

from a neighbouring tree, fled to the cage, and then delivered their beak to their young ones.

About three or four days after the keeper's son told me the old birds had to come any more to feed their young which he had then to do himself, he said he often saw the old birds about the cage, and thought they must have made a nest somewhere near. This proved to be true, and he found the old hen bird sitting on five eggs, in a laurel bush, close to the cage, which the cage hung, and if not quite within hearing of her former brood, about whom she and the other parent seemed to have given up all further consideration, considering they were old enough to be left to the fostering care of the keeper. However, it so happened, about a week afterwards, there were extremely cold even mornings, and several successive days fell. Of course the few boughs put up for the little bullfinches cage to keep off the powerful sun failed to have the same effect with regard to the heavy rains. One day an old hen bird was seen, after a while hovering about the cage, endeavouring to get at the young ones to soothe and console them by every means in her power. On examination the three young ones were found at the bottom of the cage, cold, shivering, chirping and wailing with that peculiar melancholy and plaintive call young birds so often use when seeking the aid of their lost parents. The keeper took the cage into the house, and put it near the fire, two of the young birds recovered, but the other nestling died. The lad was very sorry for the loss of his bird, and was afraid he should lose them all, his neighbour had told him he would find that the old birds would be sure to peck



ones when they found they could not them from their imprisonment," and boy fully believed. The old bird was afterwards seen again in her nest, performing her allotted task of incubation. singular the instinct which taught her exactly how long it was necessary to the first brood, ere she dared to leave to feed themselves with the provisions left by their young master, in order that self might the more sedulously attend eggs on which she was then sitting, and were probably laid with a view to that chance, and which she knew would no permit of her absence from them endangering the future expectations of her family! And yet when she heard of sorrow and lament from her first-ones instantly flew to their relief, and with them as long as she dared remain from her eggs!

le warm and timely cherishing soon the two little bullfinches to their merriment, and removed all the evil which had been wrongfully imputed to atural and murderous attempt of their e parents, but really arose from their wetting, and then having been exposed old night air.

#### THE DOG.

##### LIII.

Christmas eve, in the year 1856, the the parish where I resided (Eastbourne, was taken suddenly ill, and as he was xious that his church should not be n the next day, which was Sunday as Christmas day, I offered to go to a an living at a village six miles across ns, to ask him to come over to do the him. It was just getting dusk when d. I took my little dog, and also my me. On my return home I was over- y a violent snow storm. In a few the downs were covered with snow; of a path could be seen, and I soon way. It was now very dark: I had all hope of being able to reach home ht, and was trying to find one of the ade by the shepherds on the side of to screen them from storms), where I sit for daylight. While standing on of one of the hills, considering which urn, I fancied I heard some one's voice. d for some time, but not hearing it concluded the sound must have come

from some of the wild animals, such as the weasel and the pole cat, which roam about at night in search of food. On getting to the bottom of the hill, however, I came close to two men standing in the dell, who, on seeing the gun in my hand immediately drew back. They had probably heard me talking to my dog, or might have seen my shadow on the top of the hill. I will repeat to you faithfully the conversation I had with them:—

"Well, my friends," I said, "this is a miserable night, and what is worse, I have lost my way; if you will go with me and show me the village of Jevington, I will give you half-a-crown."

The tallest of the two replied, "Follow your nose along the dell, and keep the wind to your left ear. You may keep your half-crown, we have something better to mind," and off they walked.

I had left them nearly half an hour, and was proceeding along the dell, when my little dog, who had been constantly on the watch, became very uneasy and fretful, looking up in my face and whining sadly. I took him up to carry him (he was a very little dog), but he would not stay in my arms. Shortly after this, on my coming to a narrow and darker part of the dell, he became still more anxious and fretful. I turned and listened several times but could neither see nor hear anything save the large flakes of snow that fell thick and heavy on us, and the whistling, or rather screaming of the wind. Concluding therefore that my little companion was afraid of the storm, I began to scold him; when in a moment, with a fierce sharp bark, he dashed behind me. I turned in an instant, and found that the two men alluded to were within three yards of me; and as their faces were full towards me, I could see they belonged to the gipsy tribe, and also that they had in their hands large clubs, or what the Sussex people call bats. They had, of course unperceived and unsuspected by myself, been following me all the time, and I have no doubt whatever, that the dog knew it well, although it was impossible for him to see them.

I immediately presented my gun at them; on perceiving which, they said, before I could speak,

"We have come to show you the way to the village."

"Walk on, then," I replied, "before me, and the first man that stops short, or turns upon me, I will shoot."

After walking in this way for at least three

miles, that is with the men about eight yards before me, and my gun pointed towards them, on reaching the top of one of the hills, a number of lights became visible some distance off. The tall man called out,

"That's Jevington; so now you have done with us, where's the money you promised?"

"Oh!" I replied, "you refused it once, and as I feel certain your intention was to come suddenly upon me, knock me down, rob, and perhaps murder me, I will give you nothing; and if you are not off I will alarm the village and have you taken up."

You must not forget I had my gun with me, or I should not have had so much courage. So they left me, uttering fearful oaths, and as they went, one of them said,

"You may thank your brute of a dog for your life."

And I think the reader will agree with me that this was truly the case. I cannot describe the distress and anxiety of the poor little fellow during the time the men were walking before us; he never ceased barking and whining, and with the courage of a lion (although not much bigger than a kitten), kept constantly dashing forward and biting at the men's legs, returning again close to my side, looking up in my face, and howling so piteously, that I am not ashamed to say I could scarcely keep from crying.

But I may as well finish my story. I had not proceeded far in the direction of the lights which we saw on the hill, when all at once some misgiving came over my mind. I stood still and considered for a moment. "It must be near midnight, I thought: all the lights from the cottages must have been out long since. What, then, can these lights be?" Remembering that my late companions were gipsies, it forcibly occurred to me that they must proceed from some gipsy camps. And this there can be no doubt was the case, for on turning in another direction, I in a short time found myself in a lane which I knew led to Halisham wood, on the hill-side of which hordes of gipsies constantly pass the night. I was truly thankful I had got off the downs, and was once more in the main road. I reached my home one hour past midnight, by which time my poor little dog and I had been wandering on the downs for nearly six hours in one of the bitterest nights and heaviest snow storms known for many years. I had to carry him for the last three miles, as every step he took he was buried in the snow.

## LIV.

"I wonder whether I shall have the dog performing the same feat this summer as the last! Perhaps you have forgotten my telling you the circumstance, the same night after my arriving in Oxford. It was the latter end of August. I was very much struck with a dog in Oxford Street jumping up to the nose of the grey mare that pulled so hard, if you remember. Well, after running by the side of her, and occasionally springing up to her head, I pulled up at the sixth mile, and inquired if the dog belonged to any of the passengers. They all said no: the consequence was that he continued his course with the different horses attached to the coach the whole way to Oxford. He had certainly a little food at Wycombe, which is, as nearly as possible, midway. He took also a little water occasionally by the road-side. But I was very much vexed when I arrived at the Mitre, having forgotten, as I did, to tell the horsekeeper to get him something to eat and take good care of him, after having had a run of nearly sixty miles. After sitting down to my tea, it occurred to me about the poor dog, and I started at once to the Lamb and Flag. I found him lying under the coach, having been driven away from the stable. I immediately told the man to lay hold of him and tie him up in the stable. In his attempt to do this the dog ran away, and after a search for him of half-an-hour we concluded that he had started back to London. However, such was not the case; for on my getting back home, I was surprised to find him sitting on the door-step. I was very much pleased to see him, and took him back to the stable, where he slept with the horses, and returned the next day to London, in the same way as he came down, for he could not, in any way, be prevailed upon to ride. The gentleman riding on the box seat with me, tried to hold him for a quarter of a mile, when he sprang on to the road, giving the preference to running, no doubt, rather than riding. The most extraordinary part of the matter in my opinion is, that he should find his way to St. John Street (Oxford), because the only knowledge he could have of the house was when the man stopped to leave my portmanteau, on his way to the Lamb and Flag. It was very evident he was none the worse when he got back to London, for on the following morning I was compelled, before I got to the Marble Arch, to get a man to take him back to the Gloster office, for he had started to take the same journey again."

## The Poetry of Home.

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### Sister's Love.

**T**HIS world hath not a feeling given,  
So lovely and so fair,  
So like the intercourse of heaven  
Which blessed spirits share,

As those sweet friendships which  
entwine  
Young kindred hearts around,  
And make an earthly Eden shine  
In home's delightful bound.

Bright seraphs, pausing on the wing,  
Might gaze on and approve  
That beautiful and precious thing,  
An elder sister's love.

To those who never knew that tie,  
Oh! how shall I express  
The charms that in its compass lie—  
Their worth and loveliness?

To lean upon a sister's breast,  
And court her ready kiss,  
Then sink, confidingly, to rest  
So pillowed—this is bliss.

In all your hopes and cares to know,  
Her sympathy you'll meet;  
Her smiles in joy, her tears in woe:  
Oh! surely this is sweet.

And when for faults of wayward will,  
E'en parents kind reprove,  
How soothing in that home of ill  
Appears a sister's love!

How wisely will her lips impart  
The words of peace and truth,  
And counsel thy unpractised heart  
To shun the snares of youth!

And when the troublous storms of life  
On thy frail bark descend,  
More precious, midst its toils and strife,  
Thou'lt find so true a friend.

Oh! prize her well!—the world's caress  
Is but for sunny hours,  
Withdrawn in seasons of distress,  
When winter sternly lours.

But when thy darkest moments come,  
And fickle friends remove,

Thou'lt find affection's rest and home  
Is in a sister's love.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

### Sunset with Clouds.

**T**HE earth grows dark about me,  
But Heaven shines clear above,  
As daylight slowly melts away  
With the crimson light I love;  
And clouds, like floating shadows,  
Of every form and hue,  
Hover around its dying couch,  
And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels  
They throng around the sun;  
Courtiers that on their monarch wait  
Until his course is run;  
From him they take their glory,  
His honour they uphold;  
And trail their flowing garments forth,  
Of purple, green, and gold.

Oh! bliss to gaze upon them  
From this commanding hill,  
And drink the spirit of the hour  
While all around is still;  
While distant skies are opening,  
And stretching far away,  
A shadowy landscape dipped in gold,  
Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,  
As in yon robe of light,  
The glorious hills and vales of Heaven  
Are dawning on the sight:  
I seem to hear the murmur  
Of some celestial stream,  
And catch the glimmer of its course  
Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks, with rapture,  
Is my eternal home—  
More lovely than this passing glimpse—  
To which my footsteps roam:  
There's something yet more glorious  
Succeeds this day of pain;  
And, strengthened with a mightier hope,  
I face the world again.

GERRARD LEWIS, B.A.

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## The Home Library.

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*The Parables of Our Lord.* By the Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT. London: Nelson and Sons.

It is rather late in the day to recommend this volume. We suppose the majority of our readers are already familiar with its worth; nevertheless, the minority, if they are now induced to obtain it, will thank us for at least calling their attention to its excellencies, and therefore we do so *con amore*. No theological library ought to be considered complete without "Trench" and "Arnot" on "The Parables." There are some points on which they differ—perhaps the reader may be disposed to differ from them both in their diverse attempts to extract ecclesiastical capital from the Parables of the Tares, the Leaven, and the Draw-net—but as expounders of our Lord's parabolic teaching, we regard them equally as unapproachable by any other writers on the subject. Mr. Arnot is himself eminently a teacher "by parables." Those who have had the privilege of hearing him in "the modern Athens," will remember how nails are fastened in a sure place by this master of assemblies. Nature is made eloquent of truth. At the same time imagination is never suffered to run wild: logic always holds the reins. This combination of qualities, so rarely found, eminently fitted the writer to deal with "The Parables of our Lord," and as the result of his labours he has produced a standard work.

*Essays for the Times on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects.* By JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS is a book for Christian thinkers. Many of the papers have been published in the *London Quarterly Review*, a sufficient pledge for their literary merit. We are very glad to welcome them in the form of a distinct volume. Dr. Rigg handles subjects of primary and pressing moment at the present time; and although on some topics we should take exception to his conclusions, as a whole we regard the essays as masterly expositions, embodying a vast mass of information and suggestive thought. "The Bible and Human Progress" is a magnificent lecture.

*Quiet Resting Places, and other Sermons.* By ALEXANDER RALEIGH. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THE third edition of this volume indicates that a portion of the public, at least, have rightly estimated its value; but we confess a "third" edition is far from satisfactory. Religious books, weak and vapid in character, are too

often widely circulated, whilst such as this, for example, only reach the few. It will not be our fault if we do not enrich their libraries, if they have already done so, with "Quiet Places." We have inserted one of the chapters sent part—"The House of Obed"—specimen of twenty other chapters treating of topics of absorbing interest. One page of this volume bears the stamp of a sound mind, judicious amidst its fervour, and truly reverential, notwithstanding its independence; and we should regard it as for good if the "third" edition were the "thirtieth."

*"Mystery: Babylon the Great." Part I. Semi-Papal.* By C. COWAN, M.A. 2nd edition. London: Hamilton, W. and Co.; Reading: T. Barham.

AN outspoken lay-protest against Rome in all its forms and shades of development. Many particulars Dr. Cowan shows, as it is now manifested, is a transcript of the old Chaldean empire—inspired by the same spirit; the same end; in fact, "the religion of Babylon, tinted and varnished with the Christianity of Rome." Dr. Cowan reads that Rome "ever had, and still has outward pale, many protesting and consciences, who have, through centuries, rejected the evil, and laid firm hands on the saving truth;" but he refuses to separate error entirely condemned by the teaching of God's Book. He refers for his authorities to several standards, such as Faber's "Gentile Idolatry," Wordsworth's "Treatise on Babylon," and hope his comprehensive summary of the important argument will be widely read. We quote a few very valuable words from the closing pages of the pamphlet:—

"Protestants should never forget, that Rome is a system to be encountered by other weapons than ridicule and contempt. It is in the heart of every religiously disturbed and converted man."

*The Lord's Prayer: its Spirit and its Power.* By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

A TELLING sentence from Thomas à Kempis, witty yet pious prebend of Salisbury in the reign of Charles II., stands on the title-page of this new work from the gifted pen

"In this age we begin to think of the Lord's Prayer; oh! how basely Lord think of our prayers!" Dr. states that he "is indebted to an clergyman for the idea of a treatise *rit* of the Lord's Prayer." We could vy the feelings of the clergyman re- when he sees in this volume how powerfully the suggested idea has ked out. We have, in successive the Filial, the Catholic, the Celestial, ential, the Prophetical, the Submis- Dependent, the Penitential, the For- Watchful, the Devotional, and the Spirit of the Lord's Prayer, presented onal Studies, in Dr. Winslow's earnest y experimental style of composition. d like to quote many passages, but ontent ourselves with one, which calls to a thoroughly practical point. The reating of the petition—"Hallowed me!"

re not sometimes be traced, in our ordinary r religious phraseology, a degree of on- tional and unsuspected by ourselves, yet chargeable with the sin of taking God's a? What exclamations of surprise more many individuals than these:—"God bless God!"—"Good God!"—"Good gracious!" id!"—"God knows!"—"Good heavens!"— gy irreverent and undevout, infringing the third commandment of the Divine And will not this remark apply with priateness and force to the heedless and ner in which the National Anthem of requently quoted and sung? Do we not ly forget that this patriotic and spirit- ution, unsurpassed for its sublimity s a solemn *Prayer* addressed to Heaven? ation's invocation to the Most High God, its earthly sovereign, blended with that which breathes in trembling awe from the him and cherubim? When referring to ry conversation, would it not be more o quote it as the 'National Anthem,' be betrayed into a flippant and irreverent hat Divine Being with whose great name associated? That subject's heart is the and loyal to an earthly sovereign which profoundest sentiment of affection and the Divine. From his heart of hearts e Christian in the realm send up to heaven d fervent prayer, in its widest compass of *d save the Queen!*" Examples of the solemn which God's name has been held by in- nations are not wanting. It is recorded e great logician, that he never used the without uncovering his head. And it is to those who have travelled in Turkey, ilman will never tread upon a piece of rchance the Divine name should be im- it. A diviner philosophy than Locke's, ith than the Mohammedan's, teaches us to fear, and devoutly to use the Name of gh."

in the Preface to the utility of l forms of prayer," Dr. Winslow exemplifying the catholic spirit of prayer—writes thus:—

"The service of *song* in non-episcopal assemblies is as much a prescribed form as, in the Church of England, is the service of *prayer*; and yet who will deny that both may be a '*spiritual* sacrifice, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ'? The argument against a form of prayer, will thus apply with equal force to a form of praise. I can myself see no serious objection to the occasional use of forms of prayer as *aids* to a yet more unfettered outpouring of the heart."

Dr. Winslow states, "as an interesting and significant fact," that, "at the present moment, a competent committee, composed of clergymen of the Church of England and non-episcopal divines, are engaged upon a *revision* of the 'Book of Common Prayer,' with a view to a more general assimilation of Christian worship among the different bodies of the Church of God." He adds, "Such an idea, if practically carried out, will be an immense gain to the cause of Christian union."

We hope we have said enough of this volume to induce our readers to purchase it.

*Peace unto the Heathen.* By the REV. JOHN HARDING, late Missionary at Travancore. London: William Macintosh.

A SERIES of practical and energetic appeals, designed to quicken and intensify the missionary zeal of the Church. What will anthropologists say to the following testimony of the late lamented Captain Speke, quoted by Mr. Harding?

"Captain Speke mentions that not a day passes among the Uganda (Africa), without at least one human sacrifice, and he represents that tribe as the most civilized among those he visited. He also states that on each succession to the throne, all the male relations of the new sovereign are put to death!"

Mr. Harding gives an encouraging summary of missionary progress, which ought to stimulate increasing effort.

"The oracles of God have been given to the people of 169 languages. The cannibal shores of New Zealand have been visited and won to the British empire by our missionaries. With few exceptions, all her once dreaded inhabitants are now Christians, and ten of her sons are ordained ministers of peace in connection with our own branch of Christ's Church in those islands. Natives of Tahiti have first seen the idols worshipped by their fathers in the London Missionary Society's Museum! It is computed that not fewer than 1,250,000 souls have been converted from heathenism during the present century. Seven copies of God's Word are being circulated every minute, day and night throughout the year, by different societies. The British and Foreign Bible Society has circulated 47,989,579 copies, and the Christian Knowledge and other societies probably 30,000,000 more, and 2,450,127 were issued by the Bible Society alone during the past year. At least £1,500,000 are now expended annually by all the different Protestant communions in Europe and America on Missionary work. There are upwards of 200,000 communicants, 232,353 children under Christian instruction, 2,367 missionaries (679 ordained natives), and 16,000 native assistants of different kinds, connected with the various Protestant missionary societies throughout the world, and the Bible has now been translated into every important

language. All this is the result of the Christian efforts made during the last sixty-five years. Truly may we say, 'What has God wrought!'

But work done only serves to point to work still undone.

"There is not," writes Mr. Harding, "one missionary in India, connected with all our Protestant societies, for every 300,000 people, while there are districts nearly as populous as England without any missionary at all! And then China is ten times more destitute, with twice the number of inhabitants!"

When will the Church *really* give heed—self-denying heed—to the Saviour's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature"? If God has so blessed the little that has been attempted, what success might not be expected if the Church increased her missionary efforts tenfold? We hope Mr. Harding's work will be widely read.

*The Gospel Magazine.* London: W. H. Col-  
lingridge.

WE have, as our readers may suppose, a cordial sympathy with editorial labours. If in this field, without any pandering to vitiated tastes, success is achieved, we may safely allege the success is deserved. The editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, the Rev. D. A. Doudney, of Bristol, has achieved success, and a generous recognition of his labours has just been made, which does honour both to himself and the donors. The testimonial presented bears the following inscription:—

"Tempus edax rerum.

"This clock, with a purse of four hundred pounds, was presented to the Rev. David Alfred Doudney, on the 14th August, 1866, by readers of his works and personal friends, in commemoration of the centenary of the *Gospel Magazine*, and his own labours in connection therewith, as editor during a period of twenty-six years.

"The Master saith, My time is at hand."

"Matt. xxvi. 18."

The treasurer of the fund, Mr. W. H. Collingridge, stated that the subscribers numbered 653, and added that, "if ever there was a testimonial which might be said to flow from the generous feelings and sympathies of the subscribers to it, this was one." We gladly take this opportunity of expressing our high appreciation of the merits of the *Gospel Magazine*. It is spiritual, evangelical, and distinctively Protestant. Scarcely less valuable, although only a penny broadsheet, we would add a word of commendation for *Old Jonathan*. As a pictorial tract for parish use the clergy would find it of great service. Mr. Doudney is also well-known as the author of "Try, Try Again;" "Bible Lives," &c. We hope he may live to receive another testimonial. His readers will not easily discharge their obligations to him.

*What is a Boy?* By T. M. BLACKIE, Master of Chipping Hill School, Witham, Essex. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

If Mr. Blackie practises what he preaches, and we have good reason to believe he does so, he is certainly, in the educational depart-

ment, a workman not needing to be ashamed. We pick a sentence or two from his excellent tractate. All who have "boys" should read it.

"No man essentially suspicious ought to rank as a teacher. Nothing is so demoralising to the young as distrust. The master should let each pupil know that the compact between them is, The most entire confidence, only to be shaken by the most manifest breach of faith."

"At Laleham, Dr. Arnold once got out of patience, and spoke sharply to a pupil, who was a plodding boy, and took great pains; the pupil looked up in his face and said, 'Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can.' The Doctor never rehearsed the story without adding, 'I never felt so much ashamed in my life: that look and speech I have never forgotten.'"

"The master should aim, not so much to crowd the minds of his pupils with facts, as to set them thinking.

"O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,  
Love, Hope, and Patience—these must be thy graces:  
And in thine own heart let them first keep school."  
COLERIDGE."

*Sacred Hours by Living Streams.* By the Rev.

ROBERT KERR. London: Elliot Stock.

VERY able sermons. We have noted several eloquent passages. There is a closing paper on "The Attractions of the Bible," which ought to be widely circulated in a separate form.

*Old Andrew the Peacemaker.* Edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. London: William Macintosh.

WE are surprised this little book has passed muster with its editor. Its spirit is as bad as it well could be. Such books can scarcely fail to make Dissenters. The catholicity of the Church of England is her best recommendation; but the writer of "Old Andrew" does not seem to understand what catholicity is. It will be well for him in future to remember that caricature and misrepresentation are poor allies.

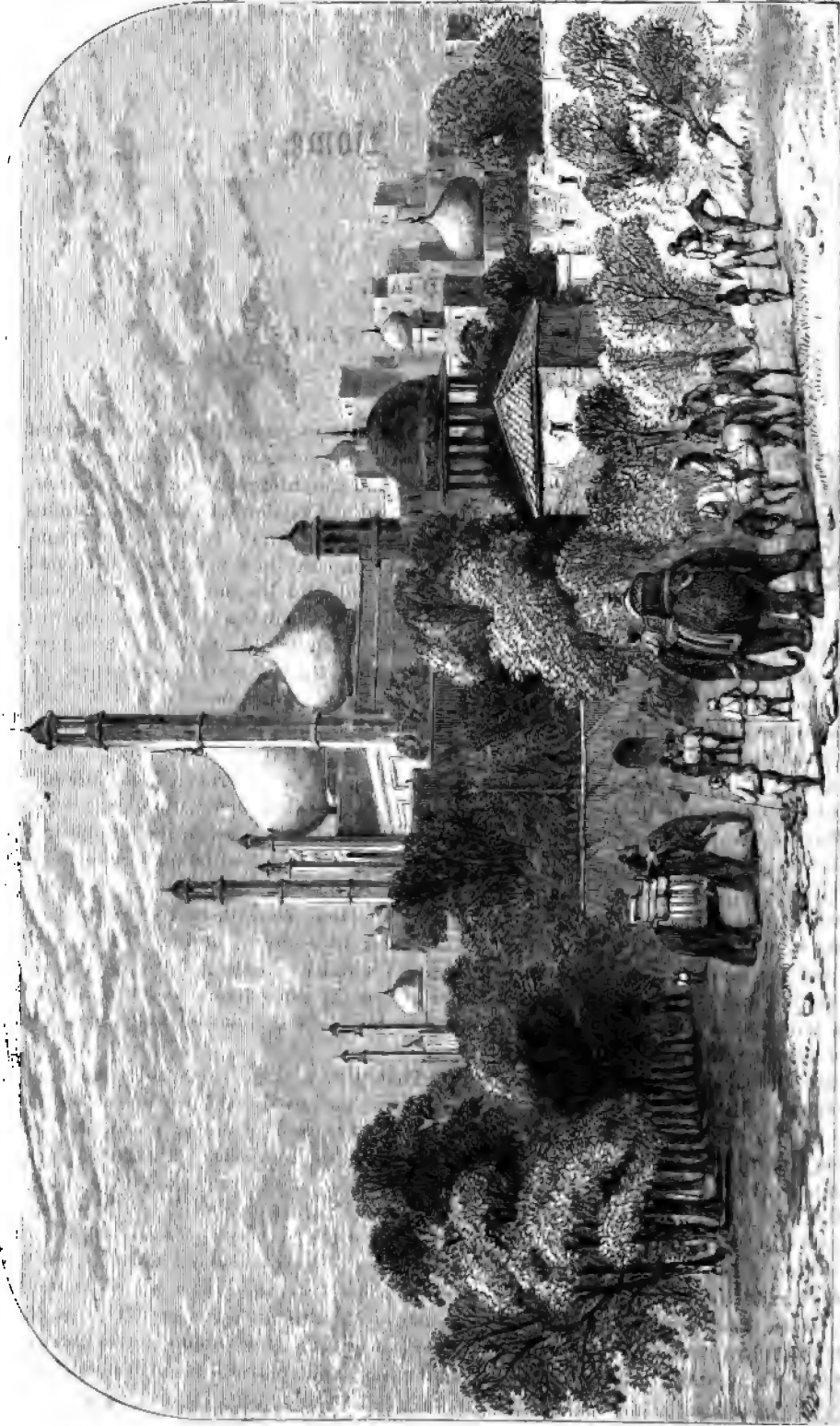
*Missions to the Women of China.* By A. F. S. Edited by MISS WHATELY. London: James Nisbet and Co.

A TRULY interesting sketch of the work of "The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East." A good deal of information is given respecting the Chinese. The writer tells us that the nomenclature of streets in Pekin is very peculiar and amusing. "There is 'Barbarian Street,' 'Immeasurably Great Street,' 'Handkerchief Street,' 'Newly-opened Street,' 'Sugar-plum Street,' and 'Obedience Street.'" The Society is doing a most important work, and claims generous support.

*The Epistle to the Galatians.* With an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, Practical Thoughts, and Prayers. For Private and Family Use. By E. HEADLAND, M.A., and H. B. SWETE, M.A. London: Hatchard and Co.

AN invaluable commentary, the combined result of piety and scholarship. Christians would "grow in grace" if they would eschew sensational theology, and study the Scriptures with such helps as this.





THE JAMIA MOSQUE: OR, PRINCIPAL MOSQUE, DELHI.



# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER XXI.



AND what had become of the Purvises?

We must go back to the day when Oliver Wyndham left Croydon, in order to answer this inquiry.

Blanche, as we have seen, had not on that occasion invited Oliver to repeat his visit. His strange look and manner had checked the expression of her friendly sentiments, and had caused her likewise to appear cold and reserved; so they had parted less happily than they had met, and sad and disappointed feelings had lingered in the breast of each. Had Blanche rightly understood her husband's parting remark to Oliver, and his evasive reply, which, unknown to them, had reached her ears as she stood by the open window, she would have had a lighter heart that day, and for many a long and weary year afterwards; and she would not have shed such bitter tears as flowed from her eyes when she found herself alone. She had become so accustomed to Oliver's daily visits in London; she had learnt so entirely to trust to him for comfort and advice in all that related to her father; she had gradually begun to treat him with a sister's confidence, and to feel for him what she thought was a sister's affection; and now, suddenly, a cloud seemed to have passed between them, and dimmed the brightness of their intimacy. More than once before Blanche had been painfully struck by a sudden change in Oliver's manner; but the impres-

sion had always passed quickly away, and had been forgotten in the pleasure of his society, and the interest of his conversation. His arrival at Croydon had caused her more joy than she would have cared to show; and his kind sympathy in her father's disturbed state of mind, and his thoughtful attentions to herself, had rendered the last evening of his visit—which would otherwise have been most painful and distressing—a time of happiness and satisfaction.

Why did all this pleasant state of things change so sadly the next morning? Why did Oliver appear so grave and altered? and why did he leave her without one word to intimate that he wished to see her again? Poor Blanche could find no answer to these oft-repeated queries, except the very unsatisfactory one that he no longer cared to continue their intercourse; and that he desired again to withdraw himself from all society, and to live the same lonely and retired life that he had told her had so long been his wont.

"That were a pity!" she said to herself; and then she tried to turn her mind to other subjects, and to devise plans for her father's future comfort. Her reflections with regard to him were far from cheering. She could not conceal from herself that his mind—already seriously weakened—had received a fresh and severe shock, and that there was now less hope than there had been previously of his ultimate recovery. This was a dreary prospect. How should she be able to soothe him, and control him, in his wander-

ing fancies and fits of restlessness? Who had she now to look to as a friend and counsellor? No one, except herself, had ever acquired so much influence over her father as Oliver Wyndham appeared to have done; and no one had ever gained his confidence and his approbation in the same degree. The time had seemed very long after their arrival at Croydon, before Oliver made his appearance; but then she had been in daily expectation of seeing him, and she had laid up in her mind a store of incidents to communicate to him, and of questions to put to him, and of counsels to ask of him. Now he was gone—gone back to his own home, and his own absorbing occupations—and she might see him no more.

It was a sad and a dreary prospect; and as days passed on, it did not become more cheerful. Mr. Purvis grew more and more weak and wandering in mind; and he became possessed with a settled feeling that he should soon rejoin his wife. But whether this reunion would take place on earth, or in a happier world, he knew not. Only he became resolved to leave Croydon, and to wander about until he found her.

Gladly would Blanche have taken him back to London, and again have placed him under the care of Dr. Graves; but the doctor himself had warned her of the danger of Mr. Purvis's returning to the contaminated air of the city before his health and strength were completely restored, and she did not dare to propose it.

For some days she succeeded in turning his mind from his project of moving from his present abode, by taking him excursions through the surrounding country in an open carriage; but by-and-by he returned to the same point, and so decidedly insisted on preparations being made for a change, that Blanche could no longer resist. But where to go she knew not, and also the means of travelling began to run short. She had hoped to have returned to London direct from Croydon, and to have kept up an intercourse with Dr. Graves and Oliver Wyndham during her sojourn there; and she had therefore deemed it more prudent to leave the greater

portion of the ready money, of which she

had the entire management, in the chest which was committed to Dr. Graves's safe keeping.

For some time Blanche entertained a lingering hope that she should again see Oliver ride up to the door, or that at least a letter would reach her, inquiring after her father's health, and proposing another visit. But day after day the sun rose and set, and no news arrived.

At length she determined to write to Dr. Graves, and she prepared the letter which we have already become acquainted with. The greatest difficulty was how to get it conveyed to London and delivered into the doctor's hands. Many persons were now leaving the city, and seeking fresh country air in the suburbs; but very few were willing to return thither, either to reside or to accomplish errands for themselves and others. It was not, therefore, without much trouble, and the promise of a large reward, that Blanche secured a messenger to take her letter, and bring her back the desired reply in safety. We have seen that her errand failed in consequence of the absence of Dr. Graves. The messenger returned with that intelligence, but he knew nothing of Oliver Wyndham's illness, or of the letter having been forwarded to his residence.

Blanche was therefore left to speculate, as before, on the cause of his non-appearance, and to make such arrangements as she could devise to satisfy her father's wishes. In order to procure the supplies that she thought she should need, she disposed of a valuable diamond ring to a jeweller in the town; and she then engaged a carriage, and a steady driver, to convey her and her father wherever his roving fancy should lead him.

We will not follow them from place to place, as they moved onward to the south, until they reached the sea-coast, and tarried for awhile at one of those fishing villages that have since become much-frequented watering-places. It was a source of happiness and gratitude to Blanche that her father seemed much revived by the sea breezes, and was again able to enjoy his favourite exercise of walking. His mind also became at times more clear, and him

sation more rational. Still she had cause for anxiety, and her life was a ying one. Well was it for her that trust and confidence had long been fixed in God, and not on man, or her spirit—how buoyant—would have been crushed by every burden that she had to bear alone, and the gloomy forebodings that would be unbidden on her mind. And well that her father's soul had for years been so deeply imbued with pious thoughts and holy feelings—which had become, as it were, a vital part of himself—that now, when his intellectual powers had failed, and reason and memory often utterly at fault, he could still find joy and peace in the well-known truths of the Gospel, and could still feel within his heart a perfect peace that nothing could dis-

it been otherwise—had his views regarding his spiritual state, and his reliance in the sight of God, been as dim and confused as they were on all other subjects. Blanche felt that her trial would have unfolded more severe, and her heart indeed have been sorely oppressed. However restless Mr. Purvis might be—ever much he might suffer from fatigue, physical irritation, and a sense of his helplessness of mind and body, there was ever one spot of rest to which his child pointed—one Rock, so firm, so clear, so strong in strength, on which his tottering soul could repose, and find peace. And this which sustained both the father and daughter, and kept them from re-

for a little while, Mr. Purvis grew tired of the monotony of a flat sea-coast, and he did on again turning his face towards the land; and Blanche felt a relief in taking her step, which she hoped would place her within reach of Dr. Graves's medical aid, if it should be required. This, she feared, would be the case; for although the invalid was decidedly stronger, there were yet many signs of the ill-effects of dire pestilence on his constitution, and he could not always repress or conceal her distress on his account.

By slow degrees, Mr. Purvis and his daughter returned to the neighbourhood of London, and established themselves in the best lodging that they could procure near Greenwich. This place pleased Mr. Purvis, for he found great interest in observing the various vessels that moved up and down the river, or were moored at a certain distance from the shore. Many of the latter contained merchants and their families, who had taken refuge from the plague in these floating, isolated dwellings when the disease was at its commencement, and who had not yet ventured to return to land.

The only communication which these individuals held with those on shore was by means of a few watermen, who conveyed their letters and messages, bringing back food and other necessaries to the ships.

Blanche and her father especially remarked one man who never failed to make a daily voyage to the shore, and back again to two or three vessels that lay together within sight from their windows. The man always landed near to their lodging, and sometimes they passed very near him when they were walking on the river bank; and there was a sadness and a seriousness in his countenance that interested them greatly. Except to perform the errands committed to him, he never remained on shore. In a short time after his landing, he might be seen returning to his little boat laden with baskets and parcels, and then he rowed away to the vessels, to deliver his goods, and did not return again until the following morning. He attached his boat to those of the ships which lay in the water around them; and there he passed the night, with no other covering than the sky, and no other lights than the moon and the stars.

One day, while Mr. Purvis was sitting on the shore, and silently watching the quiet rippling of the water, this man drew his boat to shore very near them, and Blanche accosted him kindly. At first he seemed to shrink from her approach; but when he had looked in her face for a moment, his fears vanished, for in her fresh complexion and clear eyes he read the indications of health.

Blanche saw the movement, and she smiled.

"You need not fear us," she said; "we have long been at a distance from London, and are free from all infection. We have seen and experienced the horrors of the plague when it was at its height; but that, thank God, is past!"

"Yes, lady, the worst is over, we may hope. But the disease still lingers in many parts of the city; and those who have hitherto been preserved from it, fear to go back to their homes and their occupations."

"Is that your case, then?" inquired Blanche. "Are you not a waterman by profession?"

"No, madam; I was a porter in a large establishment on Ludgate Hill, and was making a very good livelihood for myself and my wife and children. But soon after the plague broke out, my master was carried off, and several of his family followed him very quickly to the dead-pit, and the whole establishment was broken up. I tried several modes of getting a living, but in vain, for all work was stopped, and half the inhabitants of London had left the city, and the other half were either dead or dying. I could not move my family, so I took to the dangerous business of a watcher at the doors of infected houses, and I helped to carry many a corpse to the dead-cart. Through God's mercy, however, I never took the disease, and I earned enough to keep myself and my poor wife and children from actual want."

"And were they also preserved from the pestilence?"

"No," replied the waterman with much emotion; "our youngest child—our darling—was taken from us, and I feared that his mother would leave me also. But the Lord spared me that sorest of all trials, and she yet lives with our three surviving children in a cottage not far from this place—there, to the left, at the foot of those poplar trees." And he pointed towards a small, low dwelling that stood alone at no great distance.

"Why did you give up your calling, and come hither?" asked Blanche. "I fear,

from what you tell me, that watchers and porters are still required in the city."

"They are; but not in such numbers as during the autumn and winter, when men could not be found to fill the office. But I grew weary of it. My heart sickened at the sights I saw, and at the cruelty and the pillage that I witnessed. I watched at the door of one Master Wyndham when he was attacked by the plague. I had known him before, and had seen many of his acts of charity and of courage; and I asked to be appointed as porter to his house. After he recovered, he showed me much kindness; and both he and his housekeeper, Mrs. Crowther, came often to my poor dwelling to see my sick wife, and to comfort her for the loss of our sweet boy. Mr. Wyndham saw that I was spirit-broken, and not fit for the work of a watcher; and he advised me to remove my family to some spot by the river-side, and take to the business of a waterman, at which I had worked as a boy."

"And your boat—did Mr. Wyndham give you that?" asked Blanche eagerly—and she guessed the answer.

"Surely he did, madam, or I could never have got it. He gave me money to purchase it, and also to enable me to move my family to this place. I hope and pray that the Lord will preserve him in health and safety, for many would mourn his loss if he were to be taken."

Blanche's heart was beating rather fast while she listened to the waterman's story. She felt an increased interest in him, and in his family; and she said,

"Has your wife recovered her health entirely?"

"She has long been free from the pestilence, and I hope from all infection. But I do not dare to go to the house, lest by any chance I should catch the pestilence."

"And are you more afraid of catching yourself than of those so near and dear to you being infected?" said Blanche, with some surprise. "Can you have deserted them in this time of trouble to secure your own safety?"

"Oh no, lady! God forbid that I should

I work for them as much as I can; blessed be the Lord, I have hitherto been from want."

the poor man raised his eyes to with such an expression of pious and thankfulness as convinced Blanche sincerity and good feeling.

"But if you never go to the house, how can you know of the welfare of your family, or how do you help towards their maintenance?"

"I work as a waterman, and my boat is my home, by day and by night. I earn I lay upon that stone;" and pointed to a broad flat stone lying on the grass between the spot where he stood and the cottage which contained his wife and children. "If I were to go to my home, the disease has been, I could not truly say that I was free from infection, and I should not be permitted to approach the house."

"I should thus lose my employment, my poor wife and children must then live on my earnings, and anything that is left to me from the ships, upon it. Then until my wife hears me, and comes to fetch it, when I come back to my boat and push off to the vessels. I was on my knees, madam, when you spoke to me."

"I will not detain you any longer, then," said Blanche, kindly. "Go and call your husband," she added, as she placed a shilling of silver in his hand, "add this trifle to your own earnings. It may procure some comforts for your family."

"The Lord reward you, lady!" said the man; and he touched his hat respectfully and hurried towards the cottage. At the door he stopped; and Blanche saw him bring out some bread and meat which he brought with him in his boat, and also money. Then he called loudly, "Rachel, here!"

The door was opened, and a pale, sickly woman came out, followed by a little

girl. "Is it you, Rupert?" she said; "and you brought all those things for us? My husband, I fear you keep but little for yourself."

As she slowly drew near to the stone, Rupert retired, looking back at her sadly and kindly. Then again he paused; and he told her, in a loud voice, who had sent her the various articles.

"Captain Drummond sent the bread," he said; "and Captain Edwards sent the meat; and this young lady gave me the crown-piece for you. But, Rachel, remember that God sent it all, and give thanks to Him!"

He stood watching her as she took up the things; but she was so feeble that she could not carry all at once, and her voice was so weak that Blanche could not well distinguish what she said in reply. But she saw her grateful look, and the faint smile that lighted up her wan features. She moved off to the cottage with what she could carry, leaving the little boy to guard the rest; and her husband returned to the spot where Blanche still stood, with tears glistening in his honest kindly eyes.

"It is a great blessing," said Blanche, "that you are able to trust your wife and children to the care of the Lord, and to feel resigned to His will. He has indeed visited this place with His sore judgments, but He still remembers mercy."

"Yes, madam," replied Rupert reverently, "it is of God's infinite mercy that any of us are spared; and who am I, that I should repine at His chastisement?"

So saying, he bowed respectfully to Blanche, and also to her father, who had listened attentively to the conversation, although he had taken no part in it; and then he returned to his boat, and took from it the baskets that were to contain his purchases for the vessels, and went on his way.

"Blanche," said Mr. Purvis, as he rose from his seat on the ground, "what did that man say about Wyndham? Do we not know some one of that name? Was it he who promised to take care of you, my child, when I am gone?"

"Dear father, do not talk of that," said Blanche, hurriedly. "We do know a Mr. Wyndham—the kind young man who attended you when you were ill, and who visited us at Croydon. We have not seen

him since." And Blanche sighed unconsciously as she uttered that truism.

"Ah, yes—that was he—I remember now—he was very good and kind, and I asked him to come again; but he has never done so. I knew that name long ago. It was the name of a cold-hearted villain, a very different man from our young friend. I wonder where he is now, and why he does not come to see us?"

## CHAPTER XXII.

BLANCHE PURVIS did not venture to go to poor Rachel's cottage, for she feared that infection might still linger there. But sometimes she purchased articles of food or clothing, and followed Rupert's example by placing them on the flat stone, and then calling for the woman to come out and take them.

Rachel soon knew her voice, and she loved to hear it—not only because it was a signal that relief was at hand, but because of the kindly words that Blanche addressed to her while she was within hearing, and the sympathy that she showed in her distress and suffering.

Frequently, also, she met Rupert on the river's side, and gave him money for his family. She liked to hear his sensible and pious remarks; and she also liked to draw him into some mention of Oliver Wyndham, whose praises he was never weary of uttering.

While Mr. Purvis and Blanche were thus quietly residing at Greenwich, an active search was being carried on to discover their place of retreat. Harry Morant had traced them from Croydon to the seaside; but there he again lost them, and could obtain no information as to the direction in which they had gone when they left the fishing village. So he had returned to London, to report to his friend, Oliver Wyndham, his ill-success, and to prepare for a fresh expedition on the same errand.

But Oliver was no longer in London; and from Dr. Graves Harry heard of the rapid progress he had made towards health, and

of his departure on the same quest in which he was himself engaged.

Oliver had also repaired, in the first instance, to Croydon, and from thence had followed the objects of his search to the south. But he had taken a precaution that Harry had omitted; and had obtained at Croydon a full description of the vehicle in which they had travelled, and of the driver who had conducted them. When, therefore, as he journeyed onwards, he met a carriage and a coachman that answered to the description, he immediately drew up his horse, and questioned the man with regard to his passengers.

From him he learnt that Mr. and Miss Purvis had discharged him when they had arrived at the sea-coast; and he described to him the situation of the lodging that they had engaged. But he added that the old gentleman seemed very restless, and had only remained one night at any place where they had stopped. He did not, therefore, think it likely that Oliver would find him at the village where he had left him several days previously; since which time he had taken another engagement, which had prevented his earlier return to Croydon.

Armed with this information, Oliver hurried forward with as little rest or delay as he and his horse could manage to proceed with. He was, however, doomed to disappointment. When he had found the lodging that the driver had indicated, he was informed that the gentleman and lady had left the place on the previous day; and all that the landlady could tell him was that Miss Purvis had informed her they were going towards London.

This was a very much more serious journey in those days than it has ever been in the memory of the present generation. The roads were deep and heavy; the carriages cumbersome and ill-made; and the horses very different to those which we have been accustomed to see brought out from our well-conducted posting-houses. A horseman might hope to overtake travellers in any kind of vehicle on wheels; and Oliver Wyndham entertained such an expectation when he set out in pursuit of the Purvises.

But again his hopes were frustrated. His horse fell lame on the evening of his departure, and detained him two whole days at a roadside inn, where, to his mortification, he heard that two travellers, answering to the description he gave of Mr. Purvis and his daughter, had slept on the previous night.

He had, therefore, only missed them by a few hours; and with a good horse and a little hard riding, he might have come up with them on the following day. But no good horse was to be procured at the little inn; and he was compelled to wait—with as much patience as he could command—until his own steed was able to proceed on the journey.

Even then, he was obliged to moderate his speed; and it was well for himself that it was so, for his strength had by no means returned, and he was quite unequal to a hurried and continued journey on horseback.

As he proceeded, he occasionally heard some tidings of the travellers; but when he approached nearer to the metropolis, where roads intersected one another, and inns were numerous, he lost all trace of them again. He felt sure, however, that they would stop in the suburbs of the city, and not return to its still pestilential streets; so he put up himself and his horse at an inn in Woolwich, which was then regarded as a tolerably healthy place; and he set himself to consider what step he should next take.

While he was ruminating on this matter, it occurred to him that his humble friend, Rupert the porter, had taken up his abode at Greenwich, and that possibly he might derive some information from him. If Mr. Purvis and Blanche had crossed the river to Blackwall, or if they had indeed taken boat to the city, Rupert might have heard of it, for there were but few passengers now going up the river, and such persons as Mr. Purvis and Blanche could not be unnoticed.

The next morning Oliver walked to Greenwich; but he did not see Rupert, who had already executed his commissions, and returned to his station alongside one of the ships. He heard, however, from some of the shopkeepers, that such a man came

frequently to their houses for supplies; but no one could tell him where he made his home, or what was his occupation during the rest of the day.

For several mornings Oliver walked to Greenwich; and at length he perceived Rupert standing by the flat stone already mentioned, and calling, as usual, to his wife. He immediately went up to him, and great was the poor waterman's joy at seeing him. His pleasure was, however, somewhat checked when he saw how pale and emaciated his young benefactor looked, and what lines of suffering and anxiety were visible in his countenance.

"Thank God, you have not fallen a victim to the pestilence, Master Wyndham!" he exclaimed, as Oliver frankly offered him his hand. "I have often feared that I should never see you again, for I knew you would go on perilling your life among the sick and the dying. But you look ill, sir—have you been attacked a second time?"

"No, Rupert, not by plague. I have been ill and troubled; and I have left London to travel about in search of some friends."

"I hope you will not return to the city until you are quite well and strong, sir. The disease still seizes on the weak and the suffering, and soon lays them low. Are you going to remain any time in Greenwich? I believe there is no disease here now: only a few cases have occurred of late, and they have not been fatal."

"Then I trust that your wife has quite recovered, Rupert, and that your other children have escaped?" inquired Oliver, kindly.

"They are all living, thank God!" said Rupert. "My poor wife is better, but she is still weak and sickly. We have found some good friends here, Mr. Wyndham, or I fear she would hardly have recovered. The captains of the vessels where I carry provisions give me many things for my family. See, sir, I have just laid all I got to-day on this stone, and Rachel will come for it when we are gone. But our best friend has been a young lady—a blessed angel, I would rather call her. She has

supplied my wife and children with wine, and many comforts that have helped to restore them to health; and, more than that, she has shown such kindly feelings towards us all, and spoken such words of comfort and of piety, as have cheered our hearts even more than her gifts."

Oliver was not pale when he replied to Rupert's account of his fair benefactor.

"Surely," he exclaimed, hurriedly, "she is the very friend whom I am seeking! Is she tall, and graceful, and lovely?—has she clear brown eyes that seem to look down into your very soul?—and is her voice like music?"

Rupert looked up astonished at this enthusiastic burst of feeling, so different from Mr. Wyndham's usually calm and reserved manner. A slight smile curled his lip; but he repressed it, and answered gravely,

"To my fancy, sir, the young lady I tell you of is all that you describe. I never saw her like; and I should think there are but few such to be met with in this world."

"Ah, it is she, no doubt!" said Oliver, more calmly, and almost with a sigh; for he remembered that the intense joy he felt at even a prospect of seeing her again, would not be shared by her.

"Had she an elderly man with her, Rupert?" he asked—"a fine, dignified looking man, with a flowing white beard?"

"Just such an old gentleman was always her companion, sir; and it grieved me to see how very weak he was at times, and how heavily he leaned on that slight young lady's arm. His mind, too, seemed to be as weak as his body, and he would ask the most childish and rambling questions. But there was a heavenly look on his face all the while, sir—a look like his daughter's, only more dreamy and vacant. He never seemed unhappy."

"You speak, Rupert, as if you had not seen them lately. Have they then left this place? and if so, have you any clue to their further destination?"

Oliver spoke hastily and anxiously again, and Rupert saw that he was deeply interested in the strangers. He answered, therefore, rather sorrowfully,

"It is three days since I have seen them, Master Wyndham; and I fear they have gone away."

"Did you learn their name?—and where did they reside? I must go instantly to the house, and make inquiries!"

"I know neither their name nor their residence," replied Rupert. "I always met them walking or sitting by the river-side yonder, and I never knew from whence they came."

Oliver looked grievously disappointed.

"I will meet you here again to-morrow," he said, "and in the meantime we will both make inquiries."

Then he placed a piece of money on the stone, beside Rupert's scanty earnings, and took his leave.

All that day Oliver wandered about Greenwich, questioning every coach-driver whom he saw whether he had conveyed such persons as he described out of the place; and also calling at several lodging-houses, and many shops, in the hope that some of the inmates might furnish him with the information he sought. But it was all in vain; and he returned weary and dispirited to his temporary home at Woolwich, after the night had quite closed in.

On the following morning, he again met Rupert by the river-side; but the waterman could give him no information; and he expressed his fears that those he so anxiously sought had certainly left the place, and that he must again resume his search without any clue to guide him.

"It is a pity, sir," said Rupert. "I think that young lady sadly wants a friend—just now, for her father's state seemed very distressing. And I think she would be as glad to see you as you would be to find her; for she seemed so pleased when I chanced to mention your name; and she often spoke of you afterwards, and of the great kindness that you had shown to her and her father when he was sick of the plague."

"Did she?" exclaimed Oliver; and he would gladly have heard Rupert repeat every word that Blanche had uttered, especially every word that related to himself. But he repressed the desire, and concealed



the satisfaction that Rupert's remark had given him. He only replied,

"The pleasure and the profit that I derived from visiting at Mr. Purvis's house could have repaid me for far more of danger or of fatigue than I encountered there. Gladly would I again run the same risk to enjoy the same happiness!"

Again Oliver and the waterman parted; and again the former resumed his very unpromising search.

At a chemist's he was told that some medicine had been purchased for an elderly gentleman—a stranger—who had been taken and detained in the place. But no address had been given; and the chance of its individual proving to be Mr. Purvis was very slight.

So Oliver wandered to and fro, forgetful of hunger and fatigue, until he was nearly exhausted. At length he made up his mind to go back to Woolwich, and to return the next day to London, and consult with Dr. Graves as to his future proceedings. "Perhaps," he thought, "the Purvises are already there, and Harry Morant has joined them; and he and Blanche are happy, and quite independent of me."

He was walking slowly along a road that was bordered by small detached villas while he indulged in the above uncomfortable reflections. From the open window of one of these houses the sound of singing reached his ears, and he paused suddenly. A blind was drawn across the window, to prevent the observation of the passers-by, and Oliver could not therefore discern the form of the singer—but could he ever forget or mistake that voice? His very heart stood still as he listened, and heard one of those wild, sweet songs from a distant land, that had often delighted him in Mr. Purvis's sick-chamber, and had soothed the restlessness of the sufferer.

Here, then, his search was ended—here were the beings whom he had so earnestly desired to find! But now that he had found them, were his feelings all pleasurable? By no means; for Oliver remembered the last time that he had parted with them, and he painfully felt that the happy terms which

had subsisted between them in the days that that song recalled to his mind, could never be again established. But he had a self-imposed duty to perform; and he was resolved to go through with it, regardless of his own inward feelings.

He approached the door, through the little garden that divided the house from the public road; and he knocked with rather an unsteady hand. The servant who opened the door replied in the affirmative to his inquiry whether Mr. Purvis resided in that house; and without further parley ushered him into the room from whence the sounds had issued that had been his guide.

There sat Blanche Purvis, in all her beauty, and all her unaffected sweetness; and by her side lay her father upon a sofa, looking as pale and emaciated as Oliver had ever seen him, even on his first recovery from the pestilence.

Blanche rose to meet the visitor, and she greeted him with her most cordial smile.

"You are welcome, indeed!" she said. "I have greatly wanted a friend of late, and I knew not whom to apply to."

"You knew—and your father knew—how gladly I would have rendered any assistance in my power. Oh why, Miss Purvis, did you not send to me?"

Blanche coloured deeply. "I wrote to Dr. Graves, and I heard that he was absent. I thought you would have come again to Croydon to inquire after my dear father. But as you did not do so, I concluded that you were too busy to leave London."

"I was ill—very ill and unconscious," replied Oliver in a low and almost reproachful voice. "Did you not guess that nothing else would have detained me?"

"Who is that, Blanche?" inquired Mr. Purvis. "Is he the young man whom we were talking of the other day, and wishing so much to see? Is his name Wyndham?"

It was evening, and a dim twilight had followed the setting of the sun; so that the room was in shadow, and Oliver's countenance was not visible to the invalid. But he immediately approached him—thus saving Blanche from the awkwardness of replying to his last question.

"I fear that you are ill, Mr. Purvis," he said. "The change of air, from which we hoped so much, has failed to strengthen you."

"I shall never be strong again," replied Mr. Purvis, looking around him to see whether Blanche was near. Then, as she had turned away towards the window, he continued in a whisper, "I shall not stay here long: I am going to join my child's mother. I will tell you by-and-by what I wish you to do. Blanche does not like to hear me speak of it."

The young girl's quick ear caught these sentences; and, to hide her confusion, she left the room to give orders for refreshment to be prepared for their visitor. When she returned, she saw an expression of mingled pleasure and anxiety on Oliver's countenance that she could not quite understand. But the conversation became more easy and general; and when, after supper, Oliver took his leave, she ventured to say,

"We shall see you again to-morrow, Mr. Wyndham?"

"Of course you will, my love," inter-

rupted her father, before Oliver could reply.

"Our good young friend has consented to come and stay here for some time, and help you to nurse me, as he used to do in London. He wanted me to send for Harry Morant; but I much prefer his company to Harry's, and I am sure it will be better for him to spend some days here, and not to go back to the city."

"Do you sanction this arrangement, Miss Purvis?" said Oliver, in a very earnest voice.

"I shall be glad and thankful for your help, if you can spare the time," replied Blanche. "My father wants some one to converse with him and cheer him."

The mention of Harry Morant had grated on Blanche's ears. Why should Oliver Wyndham desire to throw her into his society? and why had he spoken of him so approvingly on several former occasions? It was a mystery, and an unsatisfactory one; and she inwardly resolved to disabuse Oliver's mind of the idea that Harry had any claim or any pretension to special favour, either with her father or herself.

## NOVEMBER.

No sun—no moon!

No morn—no noon—

No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—

No sky—no earthly view—

No distance looking blue—

No road—no street—no "other side the way"—

No end to any row—

No indications where the crescents go—

No top to any steeple—

No recognitions of familiar people—

No travelling at all—no locomotion—

No inkling of the way—no notion—

"No go" by land or ocean—

No mail—no post—

No news from any foreign coast—

No park—no afternoon gentility—

No company—no nobility—

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—

No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,

No fruit, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—

NO-VE-MBER!

ANON.

## A L O N E.

ly be lonely, but not alone; we may be, yet not lonely.

ly—never more so, never with a sinking of heart, never with a approach to a sense of desolation—in d, and even amid swarming multi-strangers in a foreign land, amid the d streets of its cities, from every a strange language in our ears— scenes and sights and modes of life us.

even in our own land—in London, if strangers there—amid the din of its , noisiest thoroughfares, as the mighty living men sweeps on, and we are at every turn—our loneliness and terness may oppress us.

very side men are greeting their fel-out we pass on unknowing and un-

We traverse miles amid the Babel, ver know the pleasant hindrance of stretched hand—are never cheered by d's smile. No man says, "Good -!"

boy, as he enters his first school, may : future playmates at their sports— earts light and their laughter loud; at night he lays his head upon his pillow with a homesick sense of lone- which not a hundred schoolfellows can

The young man goes forth from his childhood's home—a home darling, loving and beloved—to enter for himself on life's battles— full, haply, of manly energy, of self-reliant vigour, of buoyant hope; but among strangers, and despite the charms of novelty, his heart steals homeward to the old familiar faces a hundred miles away. His father's voice is in his ear, his mother's smile in his eye, his sister's kiss upon his cheek; and as the spell breaks, though not alone, the deep sense of loneliness comes over him, for new ties of interest and sympathy and love are as yet unformed. *Lonely*, though not *alone*.

And so, too, we may be *alone*, but not *lonely*.

In study—the study of book lore, or of God's works, in garden or in forest, on mountain-top or on the sea-shore—in meditation, in prayer, in the realization of those ties which bind him, as a child of God and an heir of heaven, to the whole family of grace, to its Elder Brother and its Divine Father—the solitary man may live in other and busy worlds, luxuriating in loftiest or sweetest sympathies, surrounding himself with fellowships which, for all his solitude, knit him with the great and good and dear, and even with the Heavenly, the Infinite, and the Eternal.

JOHN C. MILLER, D.D.

## S E L F - W I L L.

## ONE OF THE "LITTLE FOXES" WHICH MAR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.\*

another little fox in my eye, who is tive and most mischievous in despoiling s of domestic happiness—in fact, who a guilty of destroying more grapes than r knows of. His name I find it difficult with exactness. I have called him ll; another name for him—perhaps a ne—might be *Persistence*.

Like many another, this fault is the over-action of a most necessary and praiseworthy quality. The power of firmness is given to man as the very granite foundation of life. Without it, there would be nothing accomplished; all human plans would be as unstable as water on an inclined plane. In every well-constituted nature there must be a power of tenacity, a

rs. Bell and Daldy have just published a reprint of Mrs. Stowe's "Little Foxes; or, The Little Fallings which stic Happiness." We hope our readers will make the acquaintance of the various members of this charming

gift of perseverance of will; and that man might not be without a foundation for so needful a property, the Creator has laid it in an animal faculty, which he possesses in common with the brutes.

The animal power of firmness is a brute force, a matter of brain and spinal cord, differing in different animals. The force by which a bulldog holds on to an antagonist, the persistence with which a mule will plant his four feet, and set himself against blows and menaces, are good examples of the purely animal phase of a property which exists in human beings, and forms the foundation for that heroic endurance, for that perseverance, which carries on all the great and noble enterprises of life.

The domestic fault we speak of is the wild, uncultured growth of this faculty, the instinctive action of firmness uncontrolled by reason or conscience—in common parlance, the being "*set in one's way*." It is the animal instinct of being "*set in one's way*" which we mean by self-will or persistence; and in domestic life it does the more mischief from its working as an instinct, unwatched by reason and unchallenged by conscience.

In that pretty new cottage which you see on yonder knoll are a pair of young people just in the midst of that happy bustle which attends the formation of a first home in prosperous circumstances, and with all the means of making it charming and agreeable. Carpenters, upholsterers, and artificers await their will; and there remains for them only the pleasant task of arranging and determining where all their pretty and agreeable things shall be placed. Our Hero and Leander are decidedly nice people, who have been through all the proper stages of being in love with each other for the requisite and suitable time. They have written each other a letter every day for two years, beginning with "*My dearest*," and ending with "*Your own*," &c.; they have sent each other flowers and rings and locks of hair; they have worn each other's pictures on their hearts; they have spent hours and hours talking over all subjects under the sun, and are convinced that never was there such sympathy of souls, such unanimity of opinion, such a just, reasonable, perfect foundation for mutual esteem.

Now it is quite true that people may have a perfect agreement and sympathy in their higher intellectual nature—may like the same books, quote the same poetry, agree in the same prin-

ciples, be united in the same religion—and nevertheless, when they come together in the simplest affair of every-day business, may find themselves jarring and impinging upon each other at every step, simply because there are to each person, in respect of daily personal habits and personal likes and dislikes, a thousand little individualities with which reason has nothing to do, which are not subjects for the use of logic, and to which they never think of applying the power of religion—which can only be set down as the positive ultimate facts of existence with two people.

Suppose a blue jay courts and wins and weds a Baltimore oriole. During courtship there may have been delightfully sympathetic conversation on the charm of being free birds—the felicity of soaring in the blue summer air. Mr. Jay may have been all humility and all ecstasy in comparing the discordant screech of his own note with the warbling tenderness of Miss Oriole. But, once united, the two commence business relations. He is firmly convinced that a hole in a hollow tree is the only reasonable nest for a bird; she is positive that she should die there in a month of damp and rheumatism. She never heard of going to housekeeping in anything but a nice little pendulous bag, swinging down from under the branches of a breezy elm; he is sure he should have water on the brain before summer was over, from constant vertigo, in such swaying, unsteady quarters—he would be a sea-sick blue jay on land, and he cannot think of it. She knows now he doesn't love her, or he never would think of shutting her up in an old mouldy hole picked out of rotten wood; and he knows she doesn't love him, or she never would want to make him uncomfortable all his days by tilting and swinging him about as no decent bird ought to be swung. Both are dead-set in their own way and opinion; and how is either to be convinced that the way which seems right to the other is not best? Nature knows this, and therefore, in her feathered tribes, blue jays do not mate with orioles; and so bird-housekeeping goes on in peace.

But men and women as diverse in their physical tastes and habits as blue jays and orioles are wooing and wedding every day, and coming to the business of nest-building, *alias* housekeeping, with predilections as violent, and as incapable of any logical defence, as the oriole's partiality for a swing-nest and the jay's preference of rotten wood.

Hero and Leander, then, who are architects of their cottage to-day, are examples just to be followed. They have both of them been only men—both the idols of circles where they have been universally deferred to. Each in his own circle has been looked up to as a man of good taste, and of course each has a bit of exercising and indulging very personal tastes. They truly, deeply respect, and love each other, and for the best of reasons—because there are ties of the very highest kind between them. Both are generous and affectionate—both are highly cultured in intellect and taste and are earnestly religious; and yet, with all that, let me tell you that the first year of married life will be worthy to be recorded in the annals of battles. Yes, these friends so true, so pure, so ardent, these individuals in whose lives so admirable, cannot come into the relations of life without an effervescence as great as that of an acid and alkali: it will be impossible to decide which is in fault, the acid or the alkali, both being of the way of the very best quality. The reason of it all is, that both are intensely of *their way*, and the ways of no two beings are altogether coincident. Both have the most sharply defined, exact and preferences. In the simplest matter we have a way—an exact way—which seems dear to them as life's blood. In the matter of appetite or taste, they know exactly what they want, and cannot, by any argument, reason, or coaxing be made to want any else. For example, this morning dawns bright and warm, as she, in her tidy morning wrap and trimly-laced boots, comes stepping over the bales and boxes which are discharged on the verandah; while he, for joy of his new position, can hardly let her walk on her own feet, and is making every fond excuse to overcome obstacles and carry her into her room, telling in triumph. The carpets are put down, the floors glow under the hands of obedient workmen, and now the piano is being wheeled in. "Put the piano in the bow-window," says the lady. "Not in the bow-window," says the gentleman. "Why, my dear, of course it must go in the bow-window. How awkward it would look anywhere else! I have always seen pianos in bow-windows."

"My love, certainly you would not think of dashing that beautiful prospect from the bow-window by blocking it up with the piano. The proper place is just here, in the corner of the room. Now try it."

"My dear, I think it looks dreadfully there; it spoils the appearance of the room."

"Well, for my part, my love, I think the appearance of the room would be spoiled if you filled up the bow-window. Think what a lovely place that would be to sit in!"

"Just as if we couldn't sit there behind the piano, if we wanted to!" says the lady.

"But then, how much more ample and airy the room looks as you open the door, and see through the bow-window down that little glen, and that distant peep of the village spire!"

"But I never could be reconciled to the piano standing in the corner in that way," says the lady. "*I insist* upon it, it ought to stand in the bow-window; it's the way mamma's stands, and Aunt Jane's, and Mrs. Wilcox's; everybody has their piano so."

"If it comes to *insisting*," says the gentleman, "it strikes me that is a game two can play at."

"Why, my dear, you know a lady's parlour is her own ground."

"Not a married lady's parlour, I imagine. I believe it is at least equally her husband's, as he expects to pass a good portion of his time there."

"But I don't think you ought to insist on an arrangement that is really disagreeable to me," says the lady.

"And I don't think you ought to insist on an arrangement that is really disagreeable to me," says the gentleman.

And now Hero's cheeks flush, and the spirit burns within, as she says—

"Well, if you insist upon it, I suppose it must be as you say; but I shall never take any pleasure in playing on it." And Hero sweeps from the apartment, leaving the victor very unhappy in his conquest.

He rushes after her, and finds her upstairs, sitting disconsolate and weeping on a packing box.

"Now, Hero, how silly! Do have it your own way. I'll give it up."

"No; let it be as you say. I forgot that it was a wife's duty to submit."

"Nonsense, Hero! Do talk like a rational woman. Don't let us quarrel like children."

"But it's so evident that I was in the right."

"My dear, I cannot concede that you were in the right; but I am willing it should be as you say."

"Now I perfectly wonder, Leander, that you don't see how awkward your way is. It would make me nervous every time I came into the room, and it would be so dark in that corner, that I never could see the notes."

"And I wonder, Hero, that a woman of your taste doesn't see how shutting up that bow-window spoils the parlour. It's the very prettiest feature of the room."

And so round and round they go, stating and restating their arguments, both getting more and more nervous and combative, both declaring themselves perfectly ready to yield the point as an oppressive exaction, but to do battle for their own opinion as right and reason—the animal instinct of self-will meanwhile rising and rising and growing stronger and stronger on both sides. But meanwhile in the heat of argument some side-issues and personal reflections fly out like splinters in the shivering of lances. He tells her, in his heat, that her notions are formed from deference to models in fashionable life, and that she has no idea of adaptation; and she tells him that he is domineering and dictatorial, and wanting to have everything his own way; and in fine, this battle is fought off and on through the day, with occasional armistices of kisses and makings-up—treacherous truces, which are all broken up by the fatal words, "My dear, after all, you must admit I was in the right," which, of course, is the signal to fight the whole battle over again.

One such prolonged struggle is the parent of many lesser ones—the aforementioned splinters of injurious remark and accusation, which flew out in the heat of argument, remaining and festering and giving rise to nervous soreness; yet, where there is at the foundation real, genuine love, and a good deal of it, the pleasure of making-up so balances the pain of the controversy, that the two do not perceive exactly what they are doing, nor suspect that so deep and wide a love as theirs can be seriously affected by causes so insignificant.

But the cause of difficulty in both, the silent, unwatched, intense power of self-will in trifles, is all the while precipitating them into new encounters. For example, in a bright hour between the showers, Hero arranges for her Leander a repast of peace and goodwill, and compounds for him a salad which is a *chef-*

*d'œuvre* among salads. Leander is also bright and propitious; but after tasting the salad, he pushes it silently away.

"My dear, you don't like your salad."

"No, my dear; I never eat anything with salad oil in it."

"Not eat salad oil? How absurd! I never heard of a salad without oil." And the lady looks disturbed.

"But, my dear, as I tell you, I never take it. I prefer simple sugar and vinegar."

"Sugar and vinegar! Why, Leander, I'm astonished! How very *bourgeois*! You must really try to like my salad" (spoken in a coaxing tone).

"My dear, I never try to like anything new. I am satisfied with my old tastes."

"Well, Leander, I must say that is very ungracious and disobliging of you."

"Why any more than for you to annoy me by forcing on me what I don't like?"

"But you would like it, if you would only try. People never like olives till they have eaten three or four, and then they become passionately fond of them."

"Then I think they are very silly to go through all that trouble, when there are enough things that they do like."

"Now, Leander, I don't think that seems amiable or pleasant at all. I think we ought to try and accommodate ourselves to the tastes of our friends."

"Then, my dear, suppose you try to like your salad with sugar and vinegar."

"But it's so *gauche* and unfashionable! Did you ever hear of a salad made with sugar and vinegar on a table in good society?"

"My mother's table, I believe, was in good society, and I learned to like it there. The truth is, Hero, for a sensible woman, you are too fond of mere fashionable and society notions."

"Yes, you told me that last week, and I think it was very unjust—*very unjust, indeed*" (uttered with emphasis).

"No more unjust than your telling me that I was dictatorial and obstinate."

"Well, now, Leander, dear, you must confess that you are rather obstinate."

"I don't see the proof."

"You insist on your own ways so: nothing can turn you."

"Do I insist on mine more than you on yours?"

"Certainly you do."

"I don't think so."

Hero casts up her eyes, and repeats with expression,—

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel as others see us!”

“Precisely,” says Leander. “I would that my answer were answered in your case, my dear.”

“I think you take pleasure in provoking me,” says the lady.

“My dear, how silly and childish all this is!” says the gentleman. “Why can’t we let each other alone?”

“You began it.”

“No, my dear, begging your pardon, I did not.”

“Certainly, Leander, you did.”

Now a conversation of this kind may go on for an hour, as long as the respective parties have breath and strength, both becoming sorely more and more “set in their way.” On both sides is the consciousness that they might end it at once by a very simple concession.

She might say, “Well, dear, you shall always have your salad as you like;” and he might say, “My dear, I will try to like your salad, if you care much about it;” and if either of them would utter one of these sentences, the other would soon follow. Either would give up if the other would set the example; but as this, they remind us of nothing so much as two cows that we have seen standing, with hooked horns, in a meadow, which can neither advance nor recede an inch. It is a mere deadlock of the animal instinct of firmness; reason, conscience, religion have nothing to do with it.

The questions debated in this style by our young couple were surprisingly numerous: as, for example, whether their favourite copy of Turner should hang in the parlour or in the library—whether their pet little landscape should hang against the wall, or be placed on a easel—whether the bust of Psyche should stand on the marble table in the hall, or on a bracket in the library; all of which points were debated with a breadth of survey, a richness of imagery, a vigour of discussion, that would be perfectly astonishing to any one who did not know how much two self-willed, argumentative people might find to say on any point under heaven. Everything in classical antiquity—everything in Kugler’s “Hand-book of Painting”—every opinion of living artists—besides questions social, moral, and religious—all mingled in the grand *mêlée*: because there is nothing in creation that is not somehow connected with everything else.

Dr. Johnson has said: “There are a thou-

sand familiar disputes which reason never can decide; questions that elude investigation, and make logic ridiculous; cases where something must be done, and where little can be said.”

With all deference to the great moralist, we must say that this statement argues a very limited knowledge of the resources of talk possessed by two very cultivated and very self-willed persons, fairly pitted against each other in practical questions; the logic may indeed be ridiculous, but such people as our Hero and Leander find no cases under the sun where something is to be done, yet where little can be said. And these wretched wranglings, this interminable labyrinth of petty disputes, waste and crumble away that high ideal of truth and tenderness, which the real, deep sympathies and actual worth of their characters entitled them to form. Their married life is not what they expected; at times they are startled by the reflection that they have somehow grown unlovely to each other; and yet, if Leander goes away to pass a week, and thinks of his Hero in the distance, he can compare no other woman to her; and the days seem long and the house empty to Hero while he is gone; both wonder at themselves when they look over their petty bickerings, but neither knows exactly how to catch the little fox that spoils their vines.

It is astonishing how much we think about ourselves, yet to how little purpose—how very clever people will talk and wonder about themselves and each other, and yet go on year after year, not knowing how to use either themselves or each other,—not having as much practical philosophy in the matter of their own characters, and that of their friends, as they have in respect of the screws of their gas-fixtures or the management of the water-pipes.

“But I won’t have any such scones with *my* wife,” says Don Positivo. “I won’t marry one of your clever women; they are always positive and disagreeable. I look for a wife of a gentle and yielding nature, that shall take her opinions from me, and accommodate her tastes to mine.” And so Don Positivo goes and marries a pretty little pink-and-white concern, so lisping and soft and delicate, that he is quite sure she cannot have a will of her own. She is the moon of his heavens, to shine only by his reflected light.

We would advise our gentlemen friends who wish to enjoy the felicity of having their own way not to try this experiment; for the obstinacy of cleverness and reason is nothing to the obstinacy of folly and inanity.

Let our friend once get in the seat opposite to him at table a pretty creature who cries for the moon, and insists that he doesn't love her because he doesn't get it for her; and in vain may he display his superior knowledge of astronomy, and prove to her that the moon is not to be got. She listens with her head on one side, and after he has talked himself quite out of breath, repeats the very same sentence she began the discussion with, without variation or addition.

If she wants darling Johnny taken away from school, because cruel teachers will not give up the rules of the institution for his pleasure, in vain does Don Positivo, in the most select and superior English, enlighten her on the necessity of habits of self-control and order for a boy—the impossibility that a teacher should make exceptions for their particular darling—the absolute, perishing need that the boy should begin to do something. She hears him all through, and then says, "I don't know anything about that. I know what I want: I want Johnny taken away." And so she weeps, sulks, storms, entreats, lies awake nights, has long fits of sick-headache—in short, shows that, without reason or cultivation, she can be in her way quite as formidable an antagonist as the most clever of her sex.

Leander can sometimes vanquish his Hero in fair fight by the weapons of good logic, because she is a woman capable of appreciating reason, and able to feel the force of the considerations he adduces; and when he does vanquish and carry her captive by his bow and spear, he feels that he has gained a victory over no ignoble antagonist, and he becomes a hero in his own eyes. Though a woman of much will, still she is a woman of much reason; and if he has many vexations with her pertinacity, he is never without hope in her good sense; but alas for him whose wife has only the animal instinct of firmness, without any development of the judgment or reasoning faculties! The conflicts with a woman whom a man respects and admires are often extremely trying; but the conflicts with one whom he cannot help despising, become in the end simply disgusting.

But the inquiry now arises, What shall be done with all the questions Dr. Johnson speaks of, which reason cannot decide, which elude investigation, and make logic ridiculous—cases where something must be done, and where little can be said?

We altogether dissent from the solution of

the domestic problem which forbids to the wife all discussion, and enjoins upon her unlimited submission.

The position in which the Bible and the Marriage Service place the husband in the family amounts to this. He is the head of the family in all that relates to its material interests, its legal relations, its honour and standing in society; and no true woman who respects herself would hesitate to promise to yield to him this position and the deference it implies. But it does not follow that there can be nothing between them but absolute command on the one part, and prostrate submission on the other; neither does it follow that the superior claims in all respects to regulate the affairs and conduct of the inferior. There are still wide spheres of individual freedom, and no sensible man but would feel himself ridiculous in entering another's proper sphere with the voice of authority.

The inspired declaration, that "the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the Head of the Church," is certainly to be qualified by the evident points of difference in the subjects spoken of. It certainly does not mean that any man shall be invested with the rights of omnipotence and omniscience, but simply that in the family state he is the head and protector, even as the Saviour is in the Church. It is merely the announcement of a great natural law of society which obtains through all the tribes and races of men—a great and obvious fact of human existence.

The silly and senseless reaction against this idea in some otherwise sensible women is, I think, owing to the kind of extravagances and overstatements to which we have alluded. It is as absurd to cavil at the word *obey* in the marriage ceremony, as for a military officer to set himself against the etiquette of the army, or a man to refuse the freeman's oath.

Two young men every way on a footing of equality and friendship may be one of them a battalion-commander and the other a staff-officer. It would be alike absurd for the one to take airs about not obeying a man every way his equal, and for the other to assume airs of lordly dictation out of the sphere of his military duties. The mooted question of marital authority between two well-bred, well-educated Christian people of the nineteenth century is no less absurd.

While the husband has a certain power confided to him for the support and maintenance of the family, and for the preservation of those



ons which involve its good name and being before the world, he has no claim to authoritative exertion of will in reference to title personal tastes and habits of the or. He has no Divine right to require everything shall be arranged to please at the expense of his wife's preferences feelings, any more than if he were not the of the household. In a thousand instant matters, which do not touch the credit respectability of the family, he is just as bound sometimes to give up his own will for the comfort of his wife, as she is in other matters to submit to his decisions. A large number of cases the husband and stand as equal human beings before God, the indulgence of unchecked and inconsistent self-will on either side is a sin.

It is my serious belief that some of our writers have done much harm, both to men and women, by insensibly inspiring in the idea of a licensed prerogative of selfishness and self-will, and in the other an irrational indiscreet servility.

Is there any benefit to a man to find in the wife's bosom the flatterer of his egotism, the silent victim of his little selfish exactions, cursed and petted and cajoled in all his faults and fault-findings, and to see everybody prostrate before his will in the domestic? Is this the true way to make him a good and Christ-like man? It is my belief that many so-called good wives have been sorry to making their husbands very bad men.

However, then, the little questions of difference in every-day life are to be disposed of between two individuals, it is in the worst taste and policy to undertake to settle by mere authority. All romance, all beauty are over for ever with a woman between whom the struggle of mere civility has begun. No, there is no way out of difficulties of this description but by the action, on both sides, of good sense and attention to the little differences of life.

Little reflection will enable any person to find in himself that setness in trifles which is the result of the unwatched instinct of self-interest and to establish over himself a jealous mastery.

Every man and every woman, in their self-culture and self-culture, should study the art of living up with a good grace. The charm of society is formed by that sort of freedom and civility in all the members of a circle

which makes each one pliable to the influences of the others, and sympathetic to slide into the moods and tastes of others without a jar.

In courteous and polished circles there are no stiff railroad-tracks cutting straight through everything, and grating harsh thunders all along their course, but smooth, meandering streams, tranquilly bending hither and thither to every undulation of the flowery banks. What makes the charm of polite society would make no less the charm of domestic life: but it can come only by watchfulness and self-discipline in each individual.

Some people have much more to struggle with in this way than others. Nature has made them precise and exact. They are punctilious in their hours, rigid in their habits, pained by any deviation from regular rule.

Now Nature is always perversely ordering that men and women of just this disposition should become desperately enamoured of their exact opposites. The man of rules and formulas and hours has his heart carried off by a gay, careless little woman who never knows the day of the month, tears up the newspaper, loses the door-key, and makes curl-papers out of the last bill; or, *per contra*, our exact and precise little woman, whose belongings are like the waxen cells of a bee, gives her heart to some careless fellow, who enters her sanctum in muddy boots, and can see no manner of sense in the discomposure she feels in the case.

What can such couples do, if they do not adopt the compromises of reason and sense—if each arms his or her own peculiarities with the back force of persistent self-will, and runs them over the territories of the other?

A sensible man and woman, finding themselves thus placed, can govern themselves by a just philosophy, and, instead of carrying on a life-battle, can modify their own tastes and requirements, turn their eyes from traits which do not suit them to those which do, resolving, at all events, however reasonable be the taste or propensity which they sacrifice, to give up all rather than have domestic strife.

There is one form which persistency takes that is peculiarly trying: I mean that persistency of opinion which deems it necessary to stop and raise an argument in self-defence, on the slightest personal criticism.

John tells his wife that she is half an hour late with her breakfast this morning, and she indignantly denies it.

"But look at my watch!"

"Your watch isn't right."

"I set it by railroad time."

"Well, that was a week ago; that watch of yours always gains."

"No, my dear, you're mistaken."

"Indeed I'm not. Did I not hear you telling Mr. B—— about it?"

"My dear, that was a year ago—before I had it cleaned."

"How can you say so, John? It was only a month ago."

"My dear, you are mistaken."

And so the contest goes on, each striving for the last word.

This love of the last word has made more bitterness in families, and spoiled more Christians, than it is worth. A thousand little differences of this kind would drop to the ground if either party would let them drop. Suppose John is mistaken in saying breakfast is late—suppose that fifty of the little criticisms which we make on one another are well or ill-founded, are they worth a discussion? Are they worth ill-tempered words, such as are almost sure to grow out of a discussion? Are they worth throwing away peace and love for? Are they worth the destruction of the only fair ideal left on earth—a quiet, happy home? Better let the most unjust statements pass in silence than risk one's temper in a discussion upon them.

Discussions assuming the form of warm arguments are never pleasant ingredients of domestic life—never safe recreations between near friends. They are, generally speaking, mere unsuspected vents for self-will; and the cases are few where they do anything more than to make both parties more positive in their own way than they were before.

A calm comparison of opposing views, a fair statement of reasons on either side, may be valuable; but when warmth and heat and love of victory and pride of opinion come in, good temper and good manners are too apt to step out.

And now, having come to the end of our subject, we pause for a sentence to close with. There are a few lines of a poet that sum up so beautifully all we have been saying, that we may be pardoned for closing with them:—

"Alas! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love;  
Hearts that the world has vainly tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied:  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity!  
A something light as air, a look,  
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—  
Oh, love that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken!  
For ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin,  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day,  
And voices lose the tone which shed  
A tenderness round all they said,—  
Till, fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetneses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds, or like the stream  
That, smiling, left the mountain-brow  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods that part for ever."

## ON THE CHRISTIAN CULTURE OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY W. H. GROSER, B.SC., F.G.S.

THE title of this paper may, I fear, produce an impression the reverse of favourable upon at least some few reverent and earnest minds. To them the word *imagination* is associated with two evil things—unbridled fancies and novel reading. And they are so accustomed to dwell on these particular developments of an ill-regulated imagination, as almost to lose sight of the true scope and purpose of the faculty itself.

They view its potency with alarm, and deem its brilliance false and delusive.

Nor are these misgivings entirely unfounded. The imagination seems peculiarly liable to perversion, and has been—would that we could confine the statement to past days!—an engine of fearful destructiveness in the moral world. In the hands of the vicious and profane, it proves—like those weapons which modern warfare

has called into being—a refined instrument of cruelty; in those of the heedless and self-willed, a sword that wounds the unskilful wearer. Who can estimate the amount of moral injury inflicted upon society by the countless novels poured forth by the English and French press during a single year? or measure the deadly influence exerted upon the character of our youth by those unrestrained roving of excited fancy which the popular amusements of the day so largely stimulate?

But let us look at the subject a little more closely.

"A sound mind" is justly regarded as among the greatest of earthly blessings, and it is included by the Apostle among the chief gifts of God to those who submit themselves to the influences of His Spirit. This soundness must consist, to a great extent, in the harmonious working and development of the mental powers, so that they shall all be, not merely operative, but, as we say, "well-balanced." The Psalmist seems to have had this in view when he prayed, "UNITE *my heart* to fear Thy name;" for just as the health of the body is disturbed if any one set of functions is disproportionately active or unduly feeble, so health of mind cannot be maintained when one faculty is developed at the expense of the rest, or remains neglected during their cultivation.

Now the imagination, as one of the most powerful and early-developed of the intellectual faculties, needs to be regulated with especial care, lest it should become the main principle of action. As a rule, it needs the rein rather than the spur; but with equal confidence we may assert that it demands wise culture, not forcible repression. The evils already adverted of, with many others, spring from the abuse, not the use, of the imaginative faculty; and this generally in one of two ways: either the imagination is unduly developed, or it is diverted into improper channels.

A benign Providence has ordained that the putting forth of the physical or mental powers should be in itself a source of pleasure apart from the particular object to be attained by the effort. And this is strikingly exemplified in the imagination. Developed in early childhood, its exercise yields an amount of happiness to the opening mind which outward circumstances may modify, but cannot destroy. No one," remarks an American writer, "can we studied the amusements of the young without having been impressed with their ideality." is the very life of their souls, and is manifested

in all their doings. They make the happiness they enjoy. But as the child grows older, there is no doubt a danger—varying greatly according to individual character—that the exercise of this important faculty may become the leading habit of the mind. Then the lad becomes a dreamer, and the maiden romantic. Both yield to the seductive influence of castle-building, the habitual indulgence of which was denounced by Plato as wholly destructive of intellectual firmness and vigour, and grow absorbed in a world of unrealities at a period when the increasing claims and responsibilities of actual life demand the harmonious exercise of all the faculties.

In early childhood imagination may predominate; but in youth imperial reason must hold the sceptre, and the fancy, however lively and exuberant, must yield to its wise control: otherwise, life becomes dreamy and unpractical—the sport of wild theories and utopian projects, commercial, social, or religious. There may still exist high moral excellence, and perhaps genuine piety, but the man will be unstable and unreliable. "A powerful and unbridled imagination," says one who wove the spells of fancy with matchless skill, "is the author and architect of its own disappointment." And how it may mar the fairest promise of usefulness in the Church of Christ is but too evident as we trace the career of such men as Edward Irving.

But the evil is immeasurably greater when, as is too often the case, a lively imagination is unaccompanied by religious and moral principle. When fancy is permitted to roam uncontrolled over scenes which excite the lower passions, it becomes the instrument of ruin and degradation to both body and soul. This is one of the crying evils of our own day—an evil fostered by a large proportion of our fictitious and dramatic literature, and one whose extent and influence no Christian educator or philanthropist can contemplate without alarm.

But let us glance for a moment at the other side of the picture—for it has another and a brighter aspect.

From its early development and remarkable power, we might safely infer that the imagination was designed by the Creator to play an important part in the intellectual life of every human being, augmenting his capacity for receiving and imparting happiness. Such it undoubtedly is in childhood; and such it may become by Christian culture in after-years.

The tendency of modern life and modern thought is in the main unfavourable to the

cultivation of this faculty. It leans rather to the sensuous and material, busying itself exclusively with the facts of outward experience, until it comes first to ignore, and then to deny, the existence of anything not cognizable by the senses.

Now Christianity, so far from being effete, is especially precious as an antidote to this low materialism. It comes to remind us that there is a world as real as, and infinitely more permanent than, the world of things seen and temporal. It awakens, not the senses, for they are sufficiently stimulated by the claims of everyday duty; but imagination and faith, as if it would afford a perpetual reminder that we are linked not only to the material creation, but to the far higher and nobler world of spiritual existence—that though “lower than the angels,” it is but “a little”—that though bearing the likeness of fallen humanity, we still are made in the image of God.

How large a portion of the Inspired Volume appeals directly to the imagination! and how conspicuously is this the case in the matchless discourses of the Great Teacher! And why? Because the spiritual truths which faith receives must be vivified by the imagination—imagination not impeded or enervated, but chastened and purified by Divine teaching.

And the ability to apprehend the force and enter into the spirit of much that is written in the Book of God for our edification must depend on the culture of which we speak. How few can rise to the true height of sacred poesy, or

vividly realize the splendour of such scenes as those depicted by Isaiah and St. John! Yet are we not responsible for this inability, and are we not grievous sufferers thereby?

The due cultivation of the imaginative faculty would intensify all our conceptions of spiritual truth. We should more truly apprehend the constant presence of Him who is ever at our side, though our eyes behold Him not—the ministry of angelic beings who speed from heart to heart on messages of love—the innumerable throng of redeemed ones gazing upon us from beyond the flood, as if to animate us in our conflict with all the power of evil—the “inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” How would our hopes thus be brightened, and our affections quickened: how would the commonest duty and the holiest task grow full of interest, as imagination opened out their unseen relations, and depicted their possible results; how much stronger should we be, like one of old, to “endure, as seeing Him who is invisible!”

Let us then, instead of looking upon this Divine gift with suspicion and distrust, endeavour to foster and develop its vast capabilities, striving to make it what an all-wise Creator designed it to become—an instrument to “unsensualize the mind,” to emancipate it from the exclusive dominion of present and material things, to minister to the wants of our spiritual life, and enable us more fully to realize our destinies as heirs of immortality.

## W O M A N.

As if to intimate that man should not take occasion from her part in the sad history of the Fall, to hold in light esteem the appointed companion of his life's journey, deeming her to be merely a

“Fair defect of nature,”

God has chosen to confer singular honours upon woman throughout the sacred Scriptures. They who disparage her capacities, and pour contempt upon her understanding; they who condemn her faithfulness, and distrust her truth; they who make her man's household drudge, or the mere instrument of his pleasures or convenience—have no war-

rant in Scripture for so doing. Although we may not overlook the sad part which woman took in the fall of our race, yet the terrible damage—which was not, after all, wholly her work—may be held to have been fairly and fully counterbalanced by the part she had in bringing salvation. It was no without some such significance that the illustrious “Seed of the woman” who too upon Him “to bruise the serpent's head,” was “born of a woman,” and nourished from her breast.

But let us look at the women mentioned in Scripture, and observe how few of them are undistinguished by some useful quality

or holy grace. Some are seen to have been endowed before men with supernatural knowledge, being favoured by the Spirit of God with the high gifts of prophecy; such were Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, and Anna. Others are noted for their sagacity and understanding, for which indeed they were proverbial: such was the wise woman of Tekoah, and she of Abel-Bethmaachah. Sarah lacked not strong capacities of faith; and strong was the faith of Rahab, of Samson's mother, and of that alien woman whose faith won from Christ a blessing which then reckoned only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Some have shown greater courage for the Church, and manifested firmer resolution, than men have done. Did not Deborah encourage Barak to fight the innumerable hosts and iron chariots of Jabin, and adventure her presence with him to the war, when without her, he—the selected champion—was afraid to go? And who could be more ready to jeopardize her life for God's people than the beautiful Esther, when she uttered and acted upon the memorable words, "If I perish, I perish"?

Others are famous or memorable for various things: for attention to God's Word—as the Virgin Mary, and as Lydia; for going far to seek knowledge—as the Queen of the South to hear the wisdom of Solomon; for works of charity—as Dorcas; for works of pious zeal—as the women whose busy hands in spinning and needlework helped forward the labours of the tabernacle; for fervency in prayer—as Hannah; for patient waiting on God in daily fasting and prayer—as Anna; for the cordial entertainment of God's messengers for His sake—as the Shunamite woman, as Lydia, and as one of the Gospel Marys; for the fear of God—as the midwives in Egypt; for courtesy to a mere stranger—as Rebekah; for humility and patience—as the aged Naomi; and for truthful and devoted affection—as the beloved Ruth. In Thessalonica, not only "devout Greeks," not only humble persons, but "chief women not a few," were among the first to receive the Gospel at the preaching of Paul and Silas; and among the learned of Athens,

an Areopagite could not become a believer without a woman, Damaris, being joined with him.

What is there, in fine, in which men have been renowned, wherein some women have not been remarkable? In wisdom, in faith, in charity, in love to the world, in regard for God's servants, in fervent affections, and in the desire of heavenly things—in all these there have been women who excelled. If men have suffered imprisonments, cruel persecutions, and bonds for Christ, women have done no less. When persecuting Saul made havoc of the Church, not only men but women were torn from their homes and committed to prison; and his commission had equally injurious respect to the believers, "whether they were men or women" (Acts viii. 3; ix. 2).

And although we confine our illustrations chiefly to the Scripture itself, it is impossible in mentioning this, not to call to mind the numerous illustrious women who, in a later age, were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection, and who might say with Anne Askew in the prison-house—

"I am not she that lyst  
My anker to let fall  
For every drysalynge myst;  
My shippe's substancyal."

Nay, more than this, have not the female worthies of the Scripture often, in many respects, surpassed the men of their own day and generation? Who entertained Christ so much, so devotedly, and so often as Martha and Mary? Who are in any instance said to have contributed to our Lord's necessities, but women? Who, of all the ordinary followers of Christ, took note of the place where He was buried, but women? Who went first to the sepulchre to anoint His body with sweet spices, but women? In Acts xvi. 13, we read of a congregation of women to whom Paul preached being gathered together at the accustomed place of prayer. They put a value on social devotion, while the men were strangers to the feeling.

Some might count it tedious, were we to

mention all the notable things reported concerning women in the Holy Scriptures, and the excellent graces that were bestowed upon them. Yet we may not pass without a thought the knowledge which Priscilla shared with her husband in the ministry of the Gospel, which qualified her no less than him to instruct even the eloquent Apollos; nor Lois and Eunice, by whom the well-beloved Timothy was trained up in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; nor Persis, "who laboured much in the Lord," as many other women did (Phil. iv. 3).

But not to dwell further on particular instances, it may be well worth our while to note one great matter that deserves to be mentioned to their praise, and to be kept in everlasting remembrance. We have read of men once held in high esteem who became apostates—Demas, Alexander, Philetus, and others; but never by name, in all the New Testament, of a woman who had once been

reckoned among the saints. This is great honour. But not only have women been thus honoured with extraordinary gifts; they have been otherwise favoured with special marks of attention from the Lord. To whom but unto women did Christ first appear after His resurrection? Of what act did He ever speak so as to render it everlastingly memorable, save that woman's who poured upon His feet an alabaster box of precious ointment, and to whom He promised that, wherever in the whole world His Gospel should be preached, there should her work of faith be held in remembrance?

Nor do the honours rendered to women in the Sacred Scriptures end here. One of the precious epistles of the beloved disciple is addressed to "the elect lady;" and in the Old Testament, two of the six unprophetic books that bear the names of individuals, present to us those of women—those of Ruth and Esther.

## SAVINGS BANKS.

BY THE REV. T. HUTTON, M.A., RECTOR OF STILTON.

SAVINGS BANKS were established by Act of Parliament in 1817. Before this period, the industrious poor had no places where they could safely and profitably deposit the small sums which a prudent economy might enable them to save from their earnings. These excellent institutions have now been in operation nearly fifty years, and there can be no question that they have done a vast amount of good, and also prevented a vast amount of evil. By promoting habits of providence, frugality, and forethought, they have prevented large sums from being spent in improvidence and vice.

The old Savings Banks are now exposed to a formidable rival in the Post Office Savings Banks which have been recently established. These have commenced operations under great advantages. They offer Government security for all moneys entrusted to their care, and in addition to this they have great conveniences in point of locality. In a short period there will be Post Office Savings Banks in all the

most populous villages of the country, as well as in all the towns.

As a set-off against this, however, the old banks have possession of a large amount of preoccupied ground, and they also allow more interest to their depositors. The Post Office Banks only allow 2½ per cent., whereas the average amount allowed by the other banks is £2 19s. 5d. We are not, therefore, surprised that the result of some six years' competition for public favour has not affected to any great extent the funds of the older institutions. The transfers from the one bank to the other have by no means been all on one side, but have been regulated very much by local and exceptional circumstances.

It is quite evident, therefore, that the old Savings Banks still retain the confidence of the people. The experience of half a century has not shaken this, except perhaps in some few instances where the depositors have sustained losses through the defalcations and dishonesty

cials. And now that additional safes have been provided against these risks, hardly possible that they can occur again for any amount without the most shameful fault on the part of the managers.

Some of the smaller Savings Banks have closed their accounts, not because the depositors were withdrawing their moneys from them, but because the trustees and managers did not think it any longer necessary to continue their responsibilities towards them, since the Post Office Savings Banks have been established with Government security. Only four Savings Banks have been thus closed in England. Birmingham Savings Bank is the only institution that has adopted this course; as a result, we believe, was brought about by a majority of only two votes of the managers. We are afraid that this step must have operated as great hardship to many of the depositors; the subsequent failure of two very important influential local banks have, too, involved many of them in serious losses. The total deposits in the old Savings Banks for the last four years of which reports have been published stand as follows: 1862, £37,752,190; 1863, £38,073,982; 1864, £39,521,112; and for 1865, £38,746,136. And the number of depositors was in 1862, 1,528,736; in 1863, 1,555; in 1864, 1,501,423; and in 1865, 1,495. It appears, therefore, from these figures that whilst the deposits have gone on increasing every year except in 1865, the number of depositors has annually decreased, and that to any great extent. This decrease, doubtless, is to be traced to localities where the Post Office Savings Banks have most affected the old Savings Banks. They gather in the numbers of persons living in scattered villages, hamlets, and out-of-the-way places that situated at an inconvenient distance from the towns.

We believe there is a wide field of usefulness for both institutions, and that the four or five millions that have been already gathered in the Post Office Banks are to a very large extent, an additional gain to the country in providing for the future contingencies of life. This is the only advantage arising from them. Few institutions have provoked a feeling of jealousy on the part of the old Savings Banks, but the fact that they have caused them to extend their advantages by multiplying their hours of business, and the opportunities for receiving and repaying deposits, which have proved an immense conveyance to the working classes in many localities.

The publicans tell us that the intemperance of a district is in proportion to the facilities for its encouragement. If the provident habits of the people are amenable to the same law, we cannot but augur well for their future frugality and forethought from the additional stimulus now imparted to them by this twofold machinery.

We fully anticipate a large annual increase to the funds of the Post Office Savings Banks. There is still much unoccupied ground for their operation. There are many large towns and extensive districts in England that have never yet enjoyed the advantage of a Savings Bank. The county of Rutland appears not to have had an institution of this kind. Westmoreland and Huntingdonshire have only had one each, and the latter has been closed during the present year. And there are many counties both in Scotland and Ireland that are still without advantages of this kind. In a very few years the Post Office Banks will reach all these towns and counties, and even the central villages in the remotest districts. Indeed we can scarcely see any limit to their future usefulness. Instead of some forty-five millions in the two institutions combined, we fully expect to see this sum doubled in another half-century.

Nor would there be anything wonderful in this when we consider that we spend nearly this amount in intoxicating drinks every year. If we only had half as many provident institutions as we have improvident ones, it is difficult to say what might be accomplished in course of time.

It is a deep reproach to us that, notwithstanding the unprecedented prosperity which this country has enjoyed since the repeal of the Corn Laws, we have nearly two million persons who are either actual paupers or who are on the very verge of pauperism!

There are about 470 Savings Banks in England, 54 in Scotland, 52 in Ireland, 1 in Guernsey, and 1 in Jersey. In four of these banks the deposits exceed a million each. St. Martin's Place Bank, London, has nearly £1,800,000. Manchester comes next with more than a million and a quarter. And then Glasgow and Exeter with over a million each. The deposits for each person in England are 32s., in Scotland 18s. 3d., and in Ireland only 6s. 6d.

So far as Savings Banks are a correct criterion of the habits of the people, it would appear that the agricultural classes are more

provident and careful than either the manufacturing or mining classes; and this last class, which earns the most, saves the least. In Dorsetshire, for instance, where the labourers are said to be worse paid than in any other county in England, the proportion of depositors in the Savings Bank is 1 in 11 of the entire population. In Staffordshire the proportion is only 1 in 34, and in Lancashire 1 in 17½; in Bradford 1 in 24, and in Wolverhampton 1 in 35. Dorsetshire has £2 14s. per head of its population in the Savings Bank; whereas in Staffordshire, where the working classes receive higher wages perhaps than in any other county, the deposits only amount to 17s. 8d. for each of its inhabitants.

There are, however, remarkable exceptions to this rule which we must briefly notice. Cornwall, the most mining county in England, places £1 19s. 3d. a head in the Savings Bank, whereas Monmouthshire, an agricultural county, only deposits 17s. 6d.—not even as much as Staffordshire. The explanation of this seems to be that temperance principles prevail to a large extent in Cornwall, whereas Monmouthshire has more than twice as many public-houses in proportion to its inhabitants. In this respect, indeed, it appears to be even in a worse condition than Staffordshire.

Again, Westmoreland and Huntingdonshire, both agricultural counties, rank very low in point of Savings Bank deposits; but this also seems capable of easy explanation. The Westmoreland people are known to be thrifty and industrious, but the great majority of them are quite out of the reach of Savings Banks, for there is only one bank at Kirby Lonsdale for the whole county. The same explanation will apply, though in a lesser degree, to the county of Huntingdon; but we must also mention the important fact that this county is unhappily afflicted with a larger number of public-houses for its population than any other county in England.

Indiscriminate charity creates and perpetuates the very evil which it is intended to relieve, by neutralizing and destroying the exertions of self-respect and self-reliance. One of the great advantages of Savings Banks is that they have a directly contrary effect, by teaching and encouraging the people to help themselves. In spite of all our provident and philanthropic efforts, however, we have a vast number of thoughtless, thriftless, hand-to-mouth people in the community. Our public-house system is doubtless largely responsible for this state of things, and the same cause will probably explain the reason why the influence of Savings Banks has never yet reached to any very important extent the great body of the labouring classes. It is well known that small tradespeople and maid-servants form a large proportion of the depositors in these banks. In Manchester, a few years ago, it was found that out of £14,937 deposited, only £1,181 were the deposits of working people.

There are now, however, other important institutions in vigorous operation which are calculated to encourage and promote provident habits to a large extent. Post Office Savings Banks, combined with Post Office Insurance and Annuities, will, we hope, help to supersede the village club, which holds its monthly meetings at the public-house, to the great benefit of the publican, and to the great injury of its members. There are also at work in England about 2,000 Benefit Building Societies, which are doing a world of good. The increased facilities for purchasing land and houses, as well as bank and other shares, are all exercising a most powerful influence upon the frugality of the people. And if the present experience of co-operative societies in some of the manufacturing districts affords sufficient data on which to calculate their effect on the future habits and social economics of the labouring classes, we may confidently anticipate the most encouraging results.

### A NATION'S PROSPERITY.

WHERE spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;  
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;  
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn,  
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people, and well-governed state.



## THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

### HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

#### LAMA SABACHTANI.

As darkness and doubt  
Are the gateways of heaven,  
So in sorrow and pain  
All insight is given :  
The Pillar of Cloud

In prosperity's light,  
Is the Pillar of Flame

In adversity's night.

So oft must we inly cry,  
*Lama Sabacthani,*

If we would crucify,  
Trample down sense :

Oft we must inly know

Seasons of bitter woe,

Hear Spirit voices, low,  
Calling us hence.

We shrink from the pain,  
But the pain brings the good ;

'Tis the torturing fever  
That purges the blood.

The children of God

Are the broken, despised ;

The forsaken are those

Who live unchastised.

So oft must we inly cry,

*Lama Sabacthani,*

If we would crucify,

Trample down sense :

Oft we must inly know

Seasons of bitter woe,

Hear Spirit voices, low,

Calling us hence.

In dreariest wastes

Sweet flowers have their birth ;

To bring in the stars,

The night curtains the earth :

And all exquisite tones

That ear ever heard,

Are but the deep groans

That the Spirit has stirred.

So oft must we inly cry,

*Lama Sabacthani,*

If we would crucify,

Trample down sense :

Oft we must inly know

Seasons of bitter woe,

Hear Spirit voices, low,

Calling us hence.

#### "WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT."

Do not wonder and lament if you cannot see that your present afflicted state is the best one for you. Many good people make the mistake of insisting on sufferers acknowledging that their miseries are in *all* respects blessings, which they should thank God for as such. God, who knoweth our frames, has not asked this at our hands. It is arrogating to ourselves the Lord's prerogative of omniscience to pretend to affirm that we *see* that what has happened to us is the best thing that could have happened. An affliction would be no trial of our faith if we saw this.

Now, it is an essential condition of our probation here that we should walk by faith, *not by sight* ; that we should *not see* that what happens is best, but should believe *without* seeing, or having proof offered us, that it is best simply because God *has* ordained it. I do not pretend to have perceived that my illnesses were the best things that could have occurred to me. I am content to rejoice in the conviction that *all* things work together for good to God's people. Assuredly I *see good* ; but I do not venture to say that I *see best* : it is enough to see the former. Shall we not thank our blessed Lord and Master, through all eternity, that He sent us illness, when He blessed that to effect what health had not brought about, namely, our recognition of His love and mercy even to us ?

Here is abounding cause of unceasing thankfulness. It is enough to have this to praise God for. He may show us in another world that it was not only good, but best for us to bear the yoke He laid on us. Meanwhile, He tries our faith, by giving us no proof of what we may well believe, that all was very good ; and He stills our murmurs by saying, as He did to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for you ; my strength is made perfect in weakness."

*Counsels of an Invalid, by*

GEORGE WILSON, M.D.

# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

## HEERA AND MOTEE; OR, ELLINOR GRANTLEY'S FRIENDS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS;" "MABEL AND CORA," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.



SOONER than Reginald had deemed it possible, a boat appeared, rowed with desperate energy by a strong sailor and a slight youth of about Reginald's age. Reginald stood forward in front of the girls, shouting eager encouragement or warning, as the boat passed critically near the points of many an almost submerged rock, on which the waves dashed and foamed with angry violence.

It was a work of difficulty and danger to rescue them from their perilous position. Already showers of spray were flung over and around them. Heera, with blue cold lips and cheeks, was the first to be taken into the boat; then Nellie, for Motee held resolutely back, and there was no time to spare in parleying. At length, though in a dripping state, they were all safely seated—hardly, however, in safety, till they had passed beyond the rocky, rugged headlands into the open water.

No one spoke for some minutes. One grateful grasp of the hand Reginald gave Russel, at the moment of springing into the boat; and then taking an oar, he steadily and silently performed his share of the rowing. The three girls, from different reasons, were at first no less disinclined to talk. Nellie was lost in her own thoughts. Heera was still awestruck at the danger they had been in. Motee's heart was glowing with silent thankfulness and praise for their wonderful escape. If Russel had *not* seen them in time!—she looked back shudderingly at the spot they had left.

"Motee, I think you look paler now than you did at the time," said Reginald, glancing at her; "are you frightened still?"

"No," said Motee gently, with rather quivering lips; "not *frightened*, Reginald. I can't forget our danger so soon."

"I don't think we ought," said Reginald

gravely. "Russel, how did you manage to be walking over the cliff just at this time?"

"I went to your house, and Mrs. Grantley told me you had gone to the shore, so I came after you; but when I saw the tide was so high, I took it for granted that you could not be below, and had most likely gone for a walk along the cliffs, as I had not met you coming back. So I went after you, as I thought; and the waves were so grand on the rocks at the bottom that I kept looking over at them every few minutes, and that was how I discovered you."

"Happily for us!" said Reginald. "But how you got the boat in such a short time is what surprises me most. I hardly thought you would run the risk of trying for Ben's; he and it are so seldom to be found"—with a glance round at the sailor, and a mental resolve that he should be well rewarded for the service he had performed.

"I don't think I should; but I had seen him, as I passed near his boat, preparing to start, and I knew that if he had done so already I should have been pretty sure to see him from the cliff. But, as it turned out, I should most likely have been back after all too late to stop him, only he had been delayed by the small Ben toddling down to the beach after him, and having a tumble off a low rock, so that he had to be carried back. While I was rushing back, Ben would have had plenty of time to put off and row far enough to be out of hearing, I expect, but for the child."

What a strange chain of circumstances! and how much depending on apparently trivial occurrences! Had the Russels returned home even a day earlier, Owen would not in all probability have been passing along the cliffs; or had Ben not been hindered from setting off by the slight accident of the little boy, and Russel had failed to procure his help, there was scarcely a possibility that any means of rescue

been obtained in time. Motee in it all the watchful eye and loving heavenly Father. Did any of the it in the same manner? Reginald ight, for through all his usual gay, red, careless spirits, there was a er-current of true Christian principle ; though his reserve on the subject ved it to appear in words. Heera e called the coincidence "lucky"; oublet would have felt it to be "pro- and, indeed, an answer to prayer ; appreciation of the far-seeing and re of God was much less vivid and ad child-like than Motee's.

one thing, Owen," was Reginald's k, "you have saved all our lives." else could I have done?" asked h a quiet smile; "would you have alk on and leave you to your-

s some would have done so in your d Nellie, rousing herself from her . "I have not said a word of ven, but it is not because I don't what you have done."

want thanks," said Russel sincerely ; y glad I happened to be in the way t time."

is quite amazed at your caring were drowned or not," said Regi- ly. "I can't tell you what her you has been lately, Owen. It has from blood-heat to below zero. she never can be only *temperate*."

ry sorry," said Russel in surprise, ally I don't know what can be the

ld talks nonsense," said Nellie rather

nevertheless," persisted Reginald. ve offended, you must at least give ortunity of defending myself," re- issel good-temperedly. "What is d?"

considers it a heinous act of dia- at you have never been to see me e home. She ascribes it to—to—" ld!" sharply interrupted Nellie, in u.

won't conclude. Now for the den- n."

not able to come," said Russel th a rather hurt expression. "I ellie knew me well enough to be ou would see me as soon as possible.

Did you not know we were away from home? We only returned last night, though once or twice we have fixed the day, and then changed it again."

"I know that, but you see you did not leave home until a week after I came home. There's the rub!"

"A week! We left on a Friday, and I thought you were to be at home on the Wednesday before."

"That was the first arrangement. I was paying a visit on my way, but I shortened it, and returned nearly a week earlier—on Thursday. Mrs. Russel was told, but I suppose it slipped her memory. I went to your house that evening, and Monday morning, but found you all out both times."

"I never heard a word of your coming!" cried Russel, nearly "catching a crab" in his indignation. "No wonder you thought me unkind! Those stupid servants! But the real reason I did not visit you before we left was that on Wednesday I was away the whole day, and on Thursday one of our servants was ill with symptoms so like scarlet fever that I was afraid to venture near your house. Indeed, I remember meeting Nellie, and after the caution my mother had given me I would not even stop and speak to her, though I fancied she would think me rather rude. We went away on Friday, and I thought it best to keep out of your way, though as it turned out afterwards the illness was nothing serious."

"There, Nellie!" said Reginald, rather too exultingly; "I hope you are satisfied."

"Of course I am," she answered somewhat coldly, and then coloured as she saw Motee's look of surprise at her ungracious return for what Russel had done.

"I don't wonder you thought my behaviour rather strange," said Russel pleasantly. "I see now that it must have appeared so. Nevertheless, I am glad I did *not* come home till yesterday evening."

"I am sure Nellie is too," said Motee quietly, as they approached the shore. "Oh, Heera, how wet your clothes are!"

"Not more than yours. We are all in the condition of half-drowned rats. Here we are at last, I am glad to see. Oh, pray let me get out first. I quite long to be out of sight of the water. I shall always have a horror of it in future."

They were soon walking quickly through the fields towards home, Reginald insisting that Russel should accompany them, and urging

## OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

the girls to hasten as much as possible, to prevent taking cold from their wet dresses.

Mrs. Grantley received them with a cry of alarm. "Where have you been? What is the matter, Reginald?"

"No one is hurt, mother, so don't be uneasy. We have only had an adventure which might have been very serious but for Russel's quickness and presence of mind."

"Owen found you then! And he is nearly as wet as the rest of you! What has happened?"

"We were caught by the tide under the cliffs," said Reginald. "The time passed faster than we had any idea of, and the first thing we saw was that our retreat was nearly cut off—quite, indeed, for we could get no farther than the next cove. Your sending Russel after us was the means of saving us. He saw us from the cliff above, went after Ben Roberts, and brought us off safely in his boat."

Mrs. Grantley burst into tears—tears of mingled horror and thankfulness—and held Russel's hands between her own for a moment.

"Owen, I shall never forget it—I shall never forget what a debt we owe you. Oh, Reginald, how could you be so careless? I thought you knew better."

"So did I, mother," he answered quietly. "I suppose I was too confident, and you may well blame my folly and rashness. But ought not the girls to change their dresses—they are so very wet?"

Mrs. Grantley hurried them all three upstairs at once, into her own dressing-room, where she had a fire lighted immediately, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, and insisted on every precaution being used to prevent their taking colds. Motee was very quiet, and paler than usual. Nellie was rather irritable: perhaps, in spite of the pleasure she naturally felt at finding Russel the same as ever, she may have been a little provoked at her own persistency in mistaking him, and the discovery that she had been unjust. Heera was in wild spirits—so wild that her aunt found it difficult to control her.

"Now, Heera! my dear Heera! Do come near the fire and warm your feet. And pray take off those wet boots. You will certainly take cold!"

"Oh, no fear, aunt; I hardly ever have colds, and I am as warm as possible. Oh, Nellie, just fancy that after all Reginald should be right about his friend."

"I don't see that he was—exactly," returned Nellie. "I mean that I think I had some reason to doubt him. Owen says so himself."

"I don't think that goes for anything," said Heera.

"Then I think so," said Nellie quickly. "He certainly might have let us know in some way what was the reason he would not come to see us. And I think it was rather a poor reason after all."

Heera eagerly related to Mrs. Grantley what had passed, and the latter could by no means agree with Nellie in her last observation. She was very glad, she said, that Russel had been wise and kind enough to stay away. Nellie closed her lips resolutely, and said no more. In truth, she was only arguing against her own convictions, and in her heart knew that Reginald and Motee were in the right. It was a great pity that she did not gain wisdom from the lesson she had been taught, and determine to be more careful in the future to avoid such errors.

"I like the look of Reginald's friend very much," remarked Heera. "But, Nellie, I declare you never introduced us to him."

"It was no time to think of formal introductions, when we were all in danger of drowning," said Nellie gravely.

"But since then! I am sure it was very unkind to leave your friend in ignorance of what interesting young ladies he had the honour of rescuing from a position of such imminent peril," pursued Heera, in a flippant tone that jarred painfully on Motee's subdued, serious frame of mind. Nellie felt it hardly less than Motee, and said impatiently.

"Really, Heera, you were not so very brave at the time, that you need profess now to think little of it."

"I think little of it! Didn't I call it a position of imminent peril?" cried Heera.

"Not as if you meant or cared about it," said Nellie concisely.

"My dear Nellie, I don't see any reason or necessity for breaking my heart, because I have not been drowned—or, in other words, for looking as melancholy as Motee is doing, or if you will excuse my saying so—as cross as you."

Nellie turned haughtily away. Mrs. Grantley interposed.

"Heera, dear, you should not speak in that way. And indeed I greatly disapprove of any trifling conversation about the great danger you have been in. I should expect you to be

verently, and to show thankfulness to  
r having mercifully saved you."

2, with all her flippancy, could never  
to combat or laugh at her aunt's  
faith and piety; and she turned the  
ation by remarking in a tone of as-  
lightness,  
m sure I hope I *am* thankful, aunt.  
ght to think my being happy a proof  
I only made the remark about Russel  
I thought he would be wondering who  
Reginald is sure to forget to make  
statements; and as to Mr. Cowley, if he  
of us at all, it will only be to grumble at  
rbarously ugly names; of Mahomedan  
on," as he calls them—a—I mean—he

start and confusion with which she  
off would have arrested the attention  
her sister and her cousin, even if the  
had not been enough of themselves to  
Mrs. Grantley was at the moment en-  
in opening the wardrobe, and did not  
what was going on.

fixed her dark eyes searchingly on  
face, which was crimson with embar-  
it, though she assumed an indifferent  
faced meeting her cousin's glance, and,  
up, began putting on the fresh clean  
dress that lay on the bed in readiness.  
gaze was then directed to Motee. She  
king at her sister with a perplexed,  
distressed expression. Presently she  
as if involuntarily to Nellie; but when  
ght sight of her face of cold yet eager  
her own flushed instantly all over, and  
ned away to hide it.

drew back without a word, finished  
ssing in silence, and left the room.  
rattled away all the time, with her usual  
confidence, to Mrs. Grantley. Motee  
grave, thoughtful, and rather depressed,  
careful not to utter a word in allusion  
had passed.

was, as she would have said, "fully  
ed," by what had passed, that Motee  
oken her word, revealed to Heera the  
of Mr. Cowley's exertions on behalf of  
rother, and even detailed to Heera,  
r word, the contents of the letter which  
en shown her in confidence. How else  
Heera have quoted [*that sentence re-*  
*the names* with such exactness? Of  
there was the possibility that Mr.  
might in some conversation have used  
as words in Heera's hearing. "But,

ne," thought Nellie, "it is impossible. If *that*  
were all, why should they both look so con-  
scious and confused? There is no doubt how  
it has happened. Heera has teased and been  
inquisitive, and Motee has let it out. But it is  
*not* honourable of Motee—not truthful! It is  
a great disappointment! I did think I could  
feel sure of her—that *she* at least was steady  
and trustworthy; but it only shows that all are  
alike—everyone; none are worthy to be *com-*  
*pletely* trusted. Everyone fails at one time or  
another." And Nellie, accustomed as she con-  
sidered herself to the duplicity of the world in  
general, and versed in the instability of all  
human friendship, was so weak as to lay her  
face in her hands, and shed a few hot, sor-  
rowful tears of real distress.

"I will wait, however, and see," was her  
resolution on farther reflection. "I will not  
be unjust this time: I am quite sure of one  
thing, that if it is a mistake on my part, and  
Motee has kept her word—though I don't see  
how that can be—she is certain to speak of it  
to me. She is so open and truthful—I mean  
if she is still what I have always thought her  
—it will all be cleared up before many hours  
are over."

Nellie was again disappointed. She gave  
more than one opportunity—contrived to be  
alone with her cousin two or three times in the  
course of that evening and the next day, and  
waited anxiously, though with outward cold  
indifference, for a word of explanation. But  
none came. Motee's only observations were  
on indifferent subjects, and once when Nellie  
even made a pointed allusion to the very letter  
itself, it was allowed to pass unheeded.

"I am sure of it now," thought Nellie. "I  
see it is as I fancied. Oh, Motee! I did think  
better of you, at least!"

## CHAPTER VI.

"MOTEE, what *are* you moping here for?"  
exclaimed Heera one day about a week later,  
as she came up to the window where her sister  
sat with some work. Reginald was reading at  
the other end of the room. "How dismal you  
look! What has come over you and Nellie the  
last few days?"

"I came here to work," said Motee quietly.  
"What do you want, Heera?"

"To know what you are miserable about—  
or at least worrying yourself."

"I am not miserable," said Motee gravely.  
"Has the post come in yet?"

"Which—the morning post?" asked Heera, laughing. "My dear Motee, your wits are wool-gathering, I think! Have you forgotten that the second post never comes in till after dinner?"

"I was thinking of something else," said Motee, blushing at her absence of mind. "I forgot it was the afternoon."

"Who are you in such a hurry to have a letter from?" asked Heera. "We heard from mamma only yesterday, so it can't be from her; and the account of papa was so good that it is impossible that you can be working yourself into a fever about that."

"No, I am not," returned Motee. "I am not looking out for any letter in particular—for myself."

Heera was silent a moment, and then said,

"At any rate you can tell me the reason why you and Nellie have been going on in this whimsical way the last week. Oh, I didn't see Reginald!"

"Did you not?" said Reginald, advancing. "I have not left you long in ignorance of my presence. But I am ready to leave you in private at a moment's notice."

"I would rather you should stay and help me to find out what is the matter with Motee."

"I am afraid Motee would think me very interfering. But I heard you complaining of Nellie too."

"And you think you have a right to hear about her?" said Heera, laughing. "Haven't you seen how they have gone on the last week? Whenever they are together, Nellie speaks and looks and moves as if she were encased in a double suit of plated armour; while Motee looks afraid of meeting her eyes, colours when she has to speak to her, and behaves just like a transgressing dog crouching down at his master's feet in dread of a beating."

Motee glanced up with a rather indignant light in her eyes, and flush on her cheeks; but before she could speak, Reginald was exclaiming, with considerable warmth,

"Really, Heera, I wonder Motee allows you to speak in such a way. I am sure her manner when I have been in the room has been very different from that."

"Dogs are great favourites of mine—dear little creatures!" returned Heera, quite unabashed. "However, I beg your pardon, Motee, if I have offended you by my comparison. I see you don't want me, so I'll go and amuse myself with Mr. Cowley and his wig. How cross he is this evening, and in consequence

how crooked it is, passes my powers of description."

Heera disappeared from the room, but Reginald kept his station, looking gravely, and for a minute in silence, at his cousin's downcast face, as she resumed her work.

"You can hardly see to do that in this dark room, I should think," he observed at length. "So Nellie has taken up one of her fancies again?"

"Has she?" said Motee, rather faintly.

"Has she not? I fancied that, as Heera says, you have not been quite the same to one another during the last week. Never mind, Motee," continued Reginald kindly; "she is a terrible girl for taking crooked notions into her head, but she always comes straight again in time. I asked her once if anything was the matter, and she gave me to understand that it was none of my business, so I said no more. But I'll make another attempt, if you like. I can bring her round sometimes when she's in these moods." Rather a mistaken idea of Reginald's by-the-bye!

"Oh no, thank you," said Motee, hastily. "Please don't say any more about it. I am very sorry if—if I have done anything she does not like; but I would rather nothing should be said."

"Ah, yes! you know best, certainly," said Reginald, slightly disappointed. "Only mind you don't think too much of a chilling glass from Nellie. I have had a pretty good number, and I'm none the worse for them. It is only her way. See the fuss she made about Russel, and how mistaken she was."

"I know," said Motee, rather abruptly.

"By-the-bye," said Reginald, "it seems strange that uncle Francis has no answer yet from Lord Morbury. I cannot understand it."

"Perhaps he can do nothing," said Motee after a short pause.

"Perhaps not; but still it is very unlike a man of his character—or what I imagine to be his character—to pass by without any notice such an application from an old and intimate friend. I believe the letter has miscarried, and I have said so all along, only my uncle poohed the idea at first, and now——"

"Does he think it likely now?"

"Why, no; I am afraid that his confidence in Lord Morbury is considerably shaken, though he still fires up if Nellie suggests that there is any cause for it. But, if you notice, he does it in a pettish, irritable, almost undecided manner. I believe he doubts Lord

y, and therefore his self-respect, or whatever you like to call it, won't let me descend to write again. I know my wishes him to make another trial."

"I am very sorry for it," said Motee, with a deeper sigh than the occasion seemed to warrant. "I am very sorry he should be so on our account. But there is the first bell, and I must go and dress."

Cowley was in a particularly ungracious hat evening, and Mrs. Grantley looked ionately out of spirits. Nellie spoke a word throughout the meal; and after when they returned to the drawing-room he ensconced herself in an easy-chair, farther end, with a book, leaving the manage for themselves. Mr. Cowley sat in his chair, pushed his spectacles down, rustled the newspaper loudly patiently, and at length threw it on the floor. Mrs. Grantley thought a little music have a soothing effect, and begged to play something. Motee hesitated a moment and tried to excuse herself, upon which she started up, offering to take her place, but knew Motee so disliked playing before her. "A series of rattling polkas and waltzes, then, to Mr. Cowley's extreme discomfiture, at length he fairly growled out, although the words did not reach Heera's ears, that one plays anything but jigs now-a-days."

"I thought you were fond of music, uncle," said Mrs. Grantley, disappointed at the failure of her plan.

"Music! you don't call that music!" replied Mr. Cowley. "I would as soon hear a set of kettles and pans rattled together." "Heera has a very good touch, I think," Mrs. Grantley ventured to say, but she only ended in still further exciting him.

"Very likely! very likely! In my days music was a very different thing; but an old man's ears are worth nothing, of course—nothing at all. Nellie, has the post come in yet?"

"I don't know," said Nellie, in a dreamy voice, without comprehension, from the other end of the room.

"One knows anything in this house," said Mr. Cowley hastily. "Ellinor, what time does the post come in?"

"I think most likely in a few minutes," said Mrs. Grantley quietly. "Do you think it is likely to have an answer this evening from Lord Morbury? I thought we should have heard from him in the morning."

"Who said I wanted to hear from Lord Morbury?" exclaimed Mr. Cowley. "Not I, I am sure. Of course I shan't hear from him—either evening or morning. That girl makes noise enough to deafen one," he muttered *sotto voce*. Motee did not hear the words, but she saw the impatient glance and gesture, and went to the piano with the intention of inducing Heera to leave off—rather a difficult matter, as it was not easy to upset her serene confidence in her own good playing and powers of pleasing. Motee was obliged to be content with the promise, "In a minute or two. I must just finish this lovely piece. I know aunt Ellinor likes it."

"Have you given up all hope, then, of an answer?" Reginald inquired of Mr. Cowley. "I thought you were so confident of hearing. Perhaps he finds he cannot comply with your request."

Mr. Cowley merely made an impatient movement, and kicked aside a stool in front of him.

"Letters *sometimes* fail to reach their destination," suggested Reginald.

"When they are misdirected, of course they do," returned Mr. Cowley.

"Very often from no apparent reason except bad management at the post-office. I have known instances."

"Young people think a great deal of their own experience, I am quite aware," said Mr. Cowley oracularly.

"After all, my experience in the penny postage line is not so *very* much shorter than yours, uncle," said Reginald laughing. "However, you should ask Nellie if you want particulars about the matter. I never saw such a correspondent as she is."

Mr. Cowley made no answer for a minute, and then raised his voice with a peremptory, "Nellie, go and inquire if it has come yet."

"I particularly wish to know."

Nellie either did not or would not hear, and Motee rose, drawing a nod of approval from Mr. Cowley as she left the room. There were no lights yet in the hall, through some negligence of the servants, and it was so dark that Motee had to feel her way to the passage that led to the kitchen stairs, deciding not to return to the drawing-room for a light, as it might vex Mr. Cowley to see her again without an answer. Half-way down the passage there was a descent of three steep steps; and in the darkness, not advancing quite cautiously enough, Motee arrived at them before she was aware. One moment she was walking steadily along,

—the next, her sensation was of a helpless plunge forward, and an acute pain in the right arm, on which she fell.

Lights and faces were round in an instant, before she could even regain her feet, and Mrs. Grantley, with a pale face of alarm, was trying to support her, asking eagerly,

"My dear, are you hurt? How did it happen?"

"I was in the dark," Motee tried to say, but a hysterical gasp came instead, and the nervous trembling was so great that she could hardly stand. Mr. Cowley and Reginald assisted her into the drawing-room, where she was made to lie down and drink a little wine and water, all in a dreamy state of half-unconsciousness. Nellie's action of lifting and rubbing the right hand roused her instantly, with a cry of pain.

"Is it hurt?" asked Nellie, pausing instantly.

"A little," said Motee faintly. "Oh, please don't touch it, Mr. Cowley!"

"You must let me feel it, my dear. Yes,—that's a brave girl! No bones are broken—it is only a sprain. Are you hurt nowhere else?"

Motee answered collectedly in the negative, and her aunt, with a relieved face, hastened to apply cold water—her sovereign specific—and bandages to the injured arm. She banished from the room Mr. Cowley, Reginald, and Heera—who was very much excited, and quite useless as a nurse—insisting that quiet was essential, and that Motee must not be moved until she was better. Nellie remained, and assisted almost in silence. Motee looked anxiously in her cousin's face more than once, seeking for the old sisterly manner; but though her cousin was very kind and helpful, and solicitous for her comfort, she was no more; and a shade of disappointment came over Motee's face.

"Is it worse, dear?" asked Mrs. Grantley instantly. "I hoped it was easier."

"Thank you—*much* better for your kind care," said Motee gratefully.

"Then I think the best thing will be for you to go to bed at once, dear. You won't get over the shock until you have had a good night's rest. I will call the others in to say good-night, and then you must come up with me."

Mr. Cowley was restlessly pacing the hall, and came in directly, saying, "Better, is she? that's right! So you got hurt, Motee, on my errand. What can I do to make it up?"

"Nothing," said Motee, smiling. "I mean nothing is needed. It was only an accident."

"I will do one thing, nevertheless. I'll assume Reginald's supposition to be true—though it is a foolish idea, very foolish!—and I'll write again to Lord Morbury—you know what about. Will that do? We shall see then if anything really can be done for Ran—"

Heera entered, and Mr. Cowley broke off. Good-nights were said, and then Mrs. Grantley took Motee up to her room, and stayed with her to assist her in undressing. She was very grateful to Mr. Cowley for his kind offer, but she did not seem inclined to talk upon the subject when her aunt introduced it, and Mrs. Grantley—a little perplexed—allowed it to drop.

She was still more perplexed when, an hour later, she glided softly into the room, and found Motee lying, asleep indeed, but with her pale cheeks and long eyelashes still wet with tears that had evidently been recently shed. Her face was sad, though quiet; and the breath still broken by something very like sobs. Was it disappointment about Randolph? or because the suspense was trying? Mrs. Grantley began to wish she had never been told anything about it till all was settled.

(To be concluded next month.)

## EXERTION.

LET thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,  
And when, and how, the business may be done.  
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,  
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.  
Active and stirring spirits live alone;  
Write on the others, Here lieth such a one.

HERBERT.



## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

VL—SARAH TRIMMER.

BY THE REV. ERSKINE NEALE, M.A.

At this present moment there exist in certain fetid and dense localities in London some six or eight schools, eagerly attended by keen-eyed pupils, readily fed by unprincipled parents, and productive of a very comfortable subsistence to the presiding genius.

Some style them "Nurseries of Crime," others "Preparatory Schools for the Hulks;" others "Hotbeds of Vice;" but the flashman calls them "Happy-go-lucky, finishing Schools for Light Fingers."

They form the youthful pickpocket. The system is deliberately carried out. Each school has a lay figure dressed in male or female costume, and so nicely poised upon a pedestal that a slight jar rings a bell, and a sudden jerk prostrates the figure. To avoid either of these results is the aim of the embryo convict: he alone is considered a proficient in his art who can extract the purse or secure the handkerchief without ringing the bell or dislodging the figure.

For years these seed-plots of crime have existed in different localities of the metropolis. Who can enumerate the thousands they have trained for Sydney and Norfolk Island?

Now, if vice be so active and so unwearied, surely they merit a place in the grateful memory of their fellows who struggle to train up the young for future usefulness; who seek to pre-occupy the heart with that seed which is to blossom and bear fruit throughout eternity; and labour at this with no selfish aim, no desire of personal aggrandisement, but simply from a benevolent impulse, and a quenchless sympathy with the ignorant and the tempted, seeking *practically*, to be followers of HIM "who went about doing good."

Sarah, the daughter of Joshua and Sarah Kirby, was born on the 6th of January, 1741, at Ipswich. Her father was a man of excellent understanding and undoubted piety. From him she imbibed the purest sentiments of religion and virtue, and learned betimes the fundamental principles of Christianity.

When old enough to acquire accomplishments, she was sent daily, for some hours, to a boarding school in Ipswich, kept by a Mrs.

Justinier. This lady had, in early life, moved in fashionable circles; but an imprudent marriage had severed her from her family connections, and obliged her for a maintenance to undertake the education of young ladies. Whether it was from Mrs. Justinier, or from her father, that she learned her graceful manner of reading English is not known; but in this she excelled: and even to the close of life retained the power of reading aloud for a length of time, which even to young people of our day would appear unendurable.

At the age of fourteen her home was transferred from Ipswich to London. There her father made rapid strides in his profession; had the honour of teaching perspective to George III., then Prince of Wales, and subsequently to Queen Charlotte.

The daughter being thus removed from the companions of her childhood, associated in London with individuals considerably older than herself. Some of these were persons of eminence in literature and art. Among them may be numbered Dr. Johnson, Dr. Gregory Sharp, Mr. Gainsborough, and Mr. Hogarth. By Dr. Johnson she was specially noticed. The circumstance which attracted his attention was a literary dispute at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, respecting some passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which could not be decided. Mrs. Kirby, who, as well as his daughter, was present, inquired if she had not the book in her pocket, it being a great favourite with her, and he probably knowing that it then made part of her daily studies. The book was accordingly produced, and opened at the disputed part. Dr. Johnson was so struck with a girl of that age making this work her pocket-companion, and likewise with the modesty of her behaviour upon the occasion, that he invited her the next day to his house, presented her with a copy of his "Rambler," and afterwards treated her with great consideration.

On Mr. Kirby's removal to London, his son became a scholar at Westminster School, and being younger than his sister, and without her talent for composition, would frequently apply to her when he had a difficult theme to write,

and engage her to compose it in English for him, to be subsequently by himself rendered into Latin: the former effort was one of the earliest exercises of her pen.

About the year 1759, Mr. Kirby removed to Kew, upon being appointed clerk of the works at that palace. It was there that his daughter became acquainted with Mr. Trimmer; and, at the age of twenty-one, was united to him, with the approbation of both families.

From the time of her marriage till she became an author, she was almost constantly occupied with domestic duties; devoting herself to the nursing and educating of her children. She would say that as soon as she became a mother, her thoughts were turned so entirely to the subject of education, that she scarcely read a book upon any other topic, and believed she almost wearied her friends by making it so frequently the subject of conversation.

Happily, Mr. Trimmer was of the same domestic turn, and seconded all her lessons both by precept and example. Though business estranged him from home during the day, the evening he devoted to his family. In winter it was his custom to assemble a little group of hearers, while one of his children read aloud from some favourite author. During these well-spent hours he was unwearied in inculcating the most reverential attention to their mother, and affectionate union among themselves. The fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks was again and again referred to, explained, illustrated, and its moral bound upon their hearts and memories. He appears to have been a man of great singleness of heart and simplicity of character, merciful, very forgiving, and in an eminent and successful degree a *peacemaker*. The very last evening of his life was marked by his performance of this virtue. He was engaged till he retired to rest in writing letters to compose some difference between parties who were at variance.

This exemplary husband, Mrs. Trimmer, with brief warning, had the calamity to lose. She thus alludes to the event in her private correspondence:—

"The blow was as sudden as it was fatal. I was roused from sleep by hearing a gurgling noise in my dear husband's throat, as if he was choking. I raised him up as quickly as possible, and then perceived that he was in a fit. Not being able to support him unassisted, I called one of his sons, who came to me instantly; but his dear father was insensible of our attentions, and discovered no other signs of life than

fetching his breath a few times at distant intervals. In a quarter of an hour he breathed his last."

Her private journal bears ample testimony to his worth, and the sorrow which wrung her heart at losing him. But throughout life, whether in adversity or prosperity, she was an earnest and active philanthropist: and she thus sensibly winds up a touching tribute to his memory:—

"I will in the meantime endeavour to supply to the best of my power, his place to the dear children whom he has left behind. They are dearer to me than ever since he was taken away. Let me in all things conduct myself as *his widow*."

Her attention to her servants deserves special notice. She was a truly kind and considerate mistress, keeping their interest, both temporal and spiritual, constantly in view; was careful so to adjust her domestic arrangements, that each servant might have an opportunity of frequenting the house of God at least once on every Sabbath; and frequently contrived that an attendance on both morning and evening service should be attainable by them.

A portion of the Sunday evening she made it the rule of her life to devote to their individual and personal instruction. There was, indeed, nothing that she considered of greater importance to the happiness and comfort of man than the proper observance of the Sabbath. She regarded the fulfilment of this duty as bringing with it a peculiar blessing, as the *sign* which was to distinguish the servants of the Lord, and mark them as His people; and often would she recur to those passages in the Scriptures which speak of it as such.

Not that the Sunday was rendered by Mrs. Trimmer a day of gloom and severity; on the contrary, it was a day of rest and peace, of calm and innocent cheerfulness, not only to herself, but to all around her; but then it was a cheerfulness which harmonised with the sanctity of the season.

The Sunday was passed in frequenting the house of God, in teaching the children of the poor, in giving religious instruction to her own children or grandchildren, to her servants, and in all the pleasures of domestic happiness and quiet enjoyment.

Mrs. Trimmer's zeal for the observance of the Sabbath did not terminate with her own performance of her duty, or with taking due care that her household, and the children belonging to the Brentford Schools, should also

beserve it. She spared no mental effort and no personal exertion to induce the adult poor of her neighbourhood to keep it holy unto the Lord. To this end she wrote to them a *Friendly Remonstrance*—earnest, plain, simple, and divested of all hard words. It was not in vain. Some short time after, this entry occurs in her private journal:—

“Let me not forget to note down the pleasure I have this day received in seeing such numbers of my poor neighbours at church. May they continue to frequent the house of God! And oh, may they there receive edification!”

The sick poor, the aged poor, as well as the young and the ignorant, found in her a kind visitor and most accessible benefactress. Nor were her benevolent aims confined wholly to the poorer classes. From time to time she exerted herself to assist clergymen who were oppressed by, or were struggling under, adversity and privation.

The following letter tells its own tale:—

“Madam,—The poor lecturer of M——, who for any years has been struggling with a small precarious income and a rising family, begs leave to make his humble and most grateful acknowledgments to you for our great kindness in procuring for him a most unexpected and very liberal supply.

“Last week I received from Mr. — of — twenty-five pounds, with an intimation that a *particular friend* of his had informed him that this sum would be acceptable to me. I was fixed in astonishment, and overwhelmed with gratitude. For some time I could think of nothing but the largeness of the donation, and the singular beneficence of the donor. But I soon began earnestly to cast about in my mind in order to discover this *particular friend*, to whose active benevolence I had been so much indebted. I was lost in a variety of conjectures. At last I received a letter from Dr. K——, informing me that the sum I received was from ‘a truly benevolent character, who annually expends a considerable part of an ample fortune in charitable donations to distressed clergymen of good character.’ A truly benevolent character indeed! I bless God that such are to be found in the world.

“The doctor proceeds: ‘A particular friend of mine recommended you to him.’ In conclusion, he informs me that this friend is Mrs. Trimmer, well known by her useful publications.

“I know not, madam, how to express my thanks for your successful exertions in behalf of an obscure stranger in a distant part of the kingdom, who never as a candidate for distinction in the republic of letters, and who never figured in the pulpits of the metropolis in its vicinity. It is evident, in this case, that you could be actuated by nothing but the purest benevolence. May God, who is love, reward you a hun-

dred-fold! I cannot express sufficiently the sense I have of your goodness: I will only represent its effects.

“You have rendered my poor wife and me quite easy in our minds, who often for these last five years have been very anxious, devising methods of economy, and deliberating on the retrenchments that might be made with least difficulty.

“You have enabled us to obtain a great number of comforts; and particularly you have put it in my power to keep a servant to assist us in rearing our tender babes, which for more than a year we have not been able to do.

“I am, madam,

“With the highest respect, esteem, and gratitude,  
“Your obliged servant,

“R. R.

“To Mrs. Trimmer.”

In this pious work of coming quietly but effectually to the aid of the struggling and impoverished pastor, she frequently met with assistance from others more powerful than herself. At one time, a gentleman who had the disposal of a legacy, designed for the indigent clergy, or their families, applied to her to recommend proper objects; by which means she had the satisfaction of being of use to several worthy and respectable persons. At another time, a benevolent friend, who appropriated a very considerable sum of money annually to the same charitable purpose, requested her advice and assistance in the disposal of it, and thus contributed largely to her happiness.

Another channel through which this valuable woman became signally useful, was by recommending deserving parties to situations as governesses. By her active and availing intervention, many a friendless young woman secured a comfortable home. The applications made to Mrs. Trimmer on this subject were most numerous.

A habit, sedulously cultivated, of early rising was particularly useful to her when she became an author, since it gave her some hours of quiet and retirement, which, in so numerous a family, could not have been otherwise attained. While writing the “*Annotations on the Scriptures*,” she used frequently to rise at five, and even at four o’clock, and that during a severe winter, and would pursue her labours when the rest of the family were in bed. The fire in her study was prepared over-night, and lit by herself in the morning; neither liking to disturb a servant at so early an hour, nor to be dependent upon one for her hour of rising.

Her manner of recurring to Scripture his-

tory was very remarkable and very pleasing. She would occasionally, when walking or sitting with one of her children, or any particular friend, talk of events recorded in the Sacred Volume, till you might almost fancy them recent. For example, when she was speaking of the death of Abel, the affliction of his parents upon seeing the first-fruit of their sin, in the destruction of a darling son, would be present to her imagination; and she would depict the bitterness of their sufferings, till you felt for them a sentiment of pity that you had never before conceived: from this she would recur to the folly of sin, and the dangers attending it, till the prayer would rise involuntarily on one's lip, "Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins."

She would also expatiate on the history of Joseph, till you entered into all the joys and sorrows of him and his family; of David or of Daniel, till she brought them in review before you, and you wondered that you had not given greater attention to what you had read concerning them.

She was particularly careful not to speak of the failings of her fellow-mortals, and always

endeavoured to put the most favourable construction upon their words and actions. It was a favourite maxim with her, that "*a Christian should carefully avoid saying anything to the prejudice of others, unless when it was necessary for the honour of God, or the good of men.*" And to this rule she steadily adhered.

Accustomed to think more of facts than of persons, she was not curious to pry into the concerns and actions of others. Her literary pursuits, and the round of benevolence in which she was engaged, occupied her mind and left no room for scandal.

Tenderness, likewise, for her fellow-creatures, and love of her Creator and Redeemer, made her unwilling to listen to details of the vices and follies of the world. To hear of ~~those who~~ <sup>those who</sup> violated the laws of God, and ran headlong on to their own destruction, was a real grief of heart to her. That His name might be praised from the rising to the setting sun, and His kingdom come quickly, was her ardent desire and most fervent prayer, and to promote both the one and the other, was the occupation and joy of her life.

(To be continued.)

### "WRITE SOON."

LONG parting from the hearts we love  
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;  
And happy they who part and prove  
Affection changes not with place.  
A sad farewell is warmly dear,  
But something dearer may be found  
To dwell on lips that are sincere,  
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.  
The pressing hand, the steadfast eye,  
Are both less earnest than the boon  
Which, fervently, the last fond sigh  
Begs in the hopeful words, "Write soon!"  
"Write soon!" oh, sweet request of Truth!  
How tenderly its accents come!  
We heard it first in early youth,  
When mothers watched us leaving home;  
And still, amid the trumpet-joys  
That weary us with pomp and show,  
We turn from all this brassy noise  
To hear this minor cadence flow.  
We part, but carry on our way  
Some loved one's plaintive spirit tune,  
That, as we wander, seems to say—  
Affection lives on Faith—"Write soon!"

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### X.—RELIGION OF THE PEOPLE.



THE ideas entertained in England of the moral condition and the religious belief of the Hindoos are usually gathered more or less directly from their sacred books: hence mistakes have been made. It is true sacred books are the basis of the religion of the people, but they are largely departed from, very frequently contradicted, and always modified to suit the convenience of the believers; so that Hindooism in practice is far more degrading in its character than Hindooism in theory.

There is good reason to conclude that, at a remote period, India must have been supplied with a much better class of religious writings than she now possesses. The writings of Valmiki and others supply passages which indicate comparatively pure doctrines respecting the Unity and the Providence of God; doctrines which doubtless had a heavenly origin in the Divine Revelation to the Hebrews. But upon these doctrines of ancient sages a system of idolatry has been grafted, full of absurdities and abominations.

Hough, in his "History of Christianity in India," when speaking of the Hindoo mythology, says:—

The notion now entertained in India of the Supreme Being is that of a pure Spirit without attributes; dwelling alone in His own eternal solitude, in a state of infinite blessedness, or inhabiting every creature that hath life, whether animal or vegetable; so that they are to believe that they see God in everything, and therefore, that everything is God. . . . For the soul of man is contemplated as a portion of the Divine Spirit; and as it is thought to be degraded, and defiled by its connexion with the body, they deem it the great business of life to emanate from the dominion of the senses, until they become absorbed in the contemplation of the one God.

The persons who aspire to this state of purity are called Jogees, Sanniasces, Voiragees, and other names, all intended to intimate that they are alike insensible to pain or pleasure, being lost in meditation upon the universal Spirit."

The most astonishing austerities are practised by these devotees in order to attain to perfection. Thus, some have been known to make a vow to swing over a fire, with their heads downwards, four hours a day for a given number of years; others, to hold an arm erect, or cross both arms over the head, until the blood ceased to circulate. They lose all muscular power, and the limbs become so dead and stiff that they cannot be taken down. Some have been known to sit in one posture, with their legs tucked under them, until they had entirely lost the use of the limbs, and had to be carried about from place to place; others have vowed never to lie down to rest, and to prevent them from doing so, have worn an iron collar about the neck like a large gridiron. Such as these always sleep leaning against a wall. Some have been known to stand for a long time in the midst of fires kindled on the ground close around them; and some have even been known to wear an iron frame round their loins, with small iron cups fixed upon it, in which oil is kept constantly burning. Some have been seen with a padlock upon their lips, to keep them in perpetual silence; others who have vowed to go on pilgrimage to a distance, will either walk with sandals filled with spikes, or measure the way with the length of their bodies, lying down and rising alternately. Such a case was actually witnessed by a missionary at Barsec, in the year 1862. The same gentleman met one of these devotees, who had performed a journey of four hundred and fifty miles by rolling himself upon the ground. He had spent fifteen months in performing the task.

By such acts of self-torture as these, the

spirit is supposed to be cleansed from the impurity of the flesh with which it is connected. When the soul has attained to this state of perfection, it is supposed to be prepared to return to the universal Spirit whence it emanated.

The Jogees, and, indeed, most of the Hindoos of the present day, believe in the transmigration of the soul. It is supposed that, after death, the soul of man passes into the body of some other creature. These transmigrations are believed to go on until the soul becomes sufficiently purified for absorption into the Supreme Being. Speaking of the effect of this on the character of the people, Mr. Hough says:—

"Believing that fate has doomed them to pass through a certain number of bodies before they can attain the required degree of perfection, they often feel very indifferent about quitting their present tabernacle. Of this we have too many instances in the vast numbers who annually drown themselves in their different rivers and wells, throw themselves under the wheels of their idols' cars, and burn alive on their husband's funeral pyre. Suicide is a crime of so frequent occurrence that it excites little or no attention among the Hindoos."

It would seem that the authors of the Hindoo mythology found a difficulty in conceiving how pure spirit could exert any energy, and especially an energy sufficient to form a world. When, therefore, the supreme Brahma willed to create the world, he is said to have drawn forth from himself three hypostases, to which were given the names of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. These constitute the celebrated Hindoo Triad.

Brahma is usually represented as a man with four faces, riding on a swan. He holds in one of his four hands a portion of the Vedas; in the second, a pot of water; while the third is raised upward to indicate protection; and the fourth declined downward, as bestowing a gift. He is variously styled the "self-existent" (falsely though, for he sprang from Brahm), the "great father," the "lord of creatures," and, more appropriately, the "creator." He is reputed to have had originally five heads, having lost one for a reason upon which his biographers are divided in opinion. That given in the Skanda Purana is as follows: "The linga (or sacred symbol) of Siva fell by the curse of a Rishi from heaven, and increased in such height that it filled heaven and hell. In order to see it, Brahma, Vishnu, and the other gods assembled, and in the midst of their wonder they called out, 'Who can reach to its

extremity?' Vishnu descended to hell, and Brahma went upwards; but neither search proved successful. Brahma, under the influence of shame, hired the cow kama and the tree ketaku as false witnesses, and asserted three times that he had seen the end. The gods, knowing the falsehood of his declaration, deprived him by their curse of all worship, and Siva cut off one of his heads." Be the cause what it may, there is but one temple to his honour erected in the land, and he receives less direct reverence than almost any of the celestials.

Vishnu, the second of the Trimurti, or Triad, appears as a blue man, riding on a skete, and holding in his four hands a war-club, conch-shell, a weapon called chakra, and a water-lily. He is often represented as reclining on the coiled body of the cobra-capella, or hooded snake, with seven heads, whose hoods, expanded over the head of the god, form a canopy to shield him from the beams of the sun. In consequence of this the cobra-capella is deemed sacred to Vishnu, and treated with religious reverence by his votaries. He is worshipped as the Pervader, or the personification of the preserving principle. The Puranas mention ten Avatars, descents, or incarnations of this god, of which nine are these, a fish, a tortoise, a boar, a man-monster, a dwarf, a giant, Rama (hero of Ramayanam), Krishna, Budha, and the tenth, which is still expected, a white horse.

The favourite form in which Vishnu is worshipped is his incarnation as Krishna. Hindoos will join in any irony levelled at other gods; they will laugh at or confess the vileness of others; but when Krishna is brought forward, they turn grave, and always defend him; they account for his immoralities by saying "his acts were freaks of the god;" "he was God, and, consequently, whatever he did was right, however wicked it would be for man to do the like;" "he was a child, and knew no better;" or, "he was a child, and it was necessary for him to thieve and lie like other children, or his divine character would have been too soon discovered."

The manhood of Krishna was in keeping with his boyhood: most truly does it bear out the frequent Hindoo argument, "He must be a god, for none but a superhuman being could have been so unbounded in his licentiousness."

Siva, the destroyer of mankind, is seen as a silver-coloured man, with five heads and eight hands, in six of which are severally a skull, a

deer, fire, an axe, a rosary, and an elephant rod, while the seventh is open in the attitude of blessing, and the last of protecting. He has a third eye in his forehead, with perpendicular corners, ear-rings of snakes, and a collar of skulls. At the end of each series of the four *yoogas*, Siva drowns and then remodels the earth—his name being more properly the new-modeller, or reproducer. One form in which this deity is worshipped is as the *lingum*, which the classical reader will understand when we say that it resembles the phallus of the Greeks. It is exposed to public view the country over. Siva has a vast number of worshippers, some of whom deem him superior to Brahma himself. One of his consorts is the sanguinary Kalée, another is the more pacific Doorga. The former—Kalée—is the Moloch of the land. Her appearance indicates her character. She is represented as standing with one foot upon the chest of her husband, Siva, whom she has thrown down in a fit of anger; her tongue, dyed with blood, is protruding from her mouth; she is adorned with skulls, and the hands of her slain enemies are suspended from her girdle. The blood of a tiger delights her for ten years; of a human being for one thousand years. If any of her worshippers draw the blood from his own person, and offer it her, she will be in raptures of joy; but if he cut out a piece of flesh for a burnt-offering, her delight is beyond bounds. But rough thus sanguinary and malevolent, Kalée is one of the favourite deities among the Hindus. The Swinging Festival and other observances are in her honour, being designed to avert her wrath, or secure her blessing. She is the especial friend of thieves and murderers, who invoke her blessing before entering upon their deeds of violence and death.

Besides these three principal deities, the Hindoos have numerous other gods and goddesses. We can only mention a few. They are Indru, the king of heaven; Ganesha, the god of wisdom; Vreekuspaty, the god of learning; Darma-deva, the god of virtue; Kumæra, the god of love; Kartikeya, the god of war; Agnee, the god of fire. Every god is supposed to have one or more wives. Some are objects of terror to the deluded worshippers; and many impure and abominable rites are practised to propitiate them.

"As to morality," writes Mr. Ward, "there is not the first element of truth, modesty, or goodness in one of them. The gods of India (their own writers being judges) are false to their word, thievish, licentious,

ambitious, murderous—all indeed that is repellant, malignant, and vile. Is it then surprising that there is perjury, and injustice, and wickedness the land over? Ah no! The people are bad, many of them very bad; but they do not and cannot equal their own gods in wickedness. Their deities must be changed ere their moral condition can be materially and generally improved. The Bible must supplant the narratives of their false divinities; their temples, covered now with sculptures and paintings which crimson the face of modesty even to glance at, must be demolished; the festivals, in which are re-enacted shameless events in the lives of Krishna, and others like him, must be abolished; the scenes now passing before the eyes of the nation, sanctioned by what is esteemed Divine example, must cease. Then will India rise from her deep moral depression."

From what has been stated, it will be seen that Hindooism as a religious system is indeed an "evil tree." Sad testimony is forthcoming to show that the tree has produced "evil fruit."

The researches of Dr. Buchanan, at the beginning of the present century, placed on record facts which, whatever change for the better may have since taken place, through missionary labours and the general influence of European civilization, exhibit the general practical influence of Hindooism. As such, we quote a few brief extracts from his diary. They form a painful commentary on the truth of Revelation: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

"*Buddruck in Orissa, May 30, 1806.*

"We know that we are approaching Juggernaut—and yet we are more than fifty miles from it—by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewn by the way. . . . Numbers of pilgrims die on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied. The dogs, jackals, and vultures seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking tameness. They will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck."

"*In sight of Juggernaut, June 12, 1806.*

"I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut by the length of his body, as a penance of merit to please the god."

"*Juggernaut, June 14, 1806.*

"I have seen Juggernaut. The scene at Buddruck is but the vestibule to Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death. As other temples are usually adorned with figures emblematical of their religion, so Juggernaut has representations (numerous and varied) of that vice which constitutes the essence of his worship. . . . The senses are assailed by the

squalid and ghastly appearance of the famished pilgrims, many of whom die in the streets of want or of disease; while the devotees, with clotted hair and painted flesh, are seen practising their various austerities and modes of self-torture."

*"Juggernaut, June 18, 1806.*

(After describing at length the ceremonies on the great day of the feast, Dr. Buchanan proceeds)—

..... "I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing this disgusting exhibition. I was also somewhat appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle. I felt like a guilty person on whom all eyes were fixed, and I was about to withdraw. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood. We had seen the former—now comes the blood.

"After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile when the libation of the blood is made."

*"Juggernaut, June 20, 1806.*

"The horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday a woman devoted herself to the idol. This morning, as I passed the Place of Skulls, nothing remained of her but her bones."

*"Juggernaut, June 21, 1806.*

"The idolatrous processions continue for some days longer, but my spirits are so exhausted by the constant view of these enormities, that I mean to hasten away. I beheld another distressing scene this morning at the Place of Skulls—a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead, and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures, which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said 'they had no home but where their mother was.' Oh, there is no pity in Juggernaut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom!"

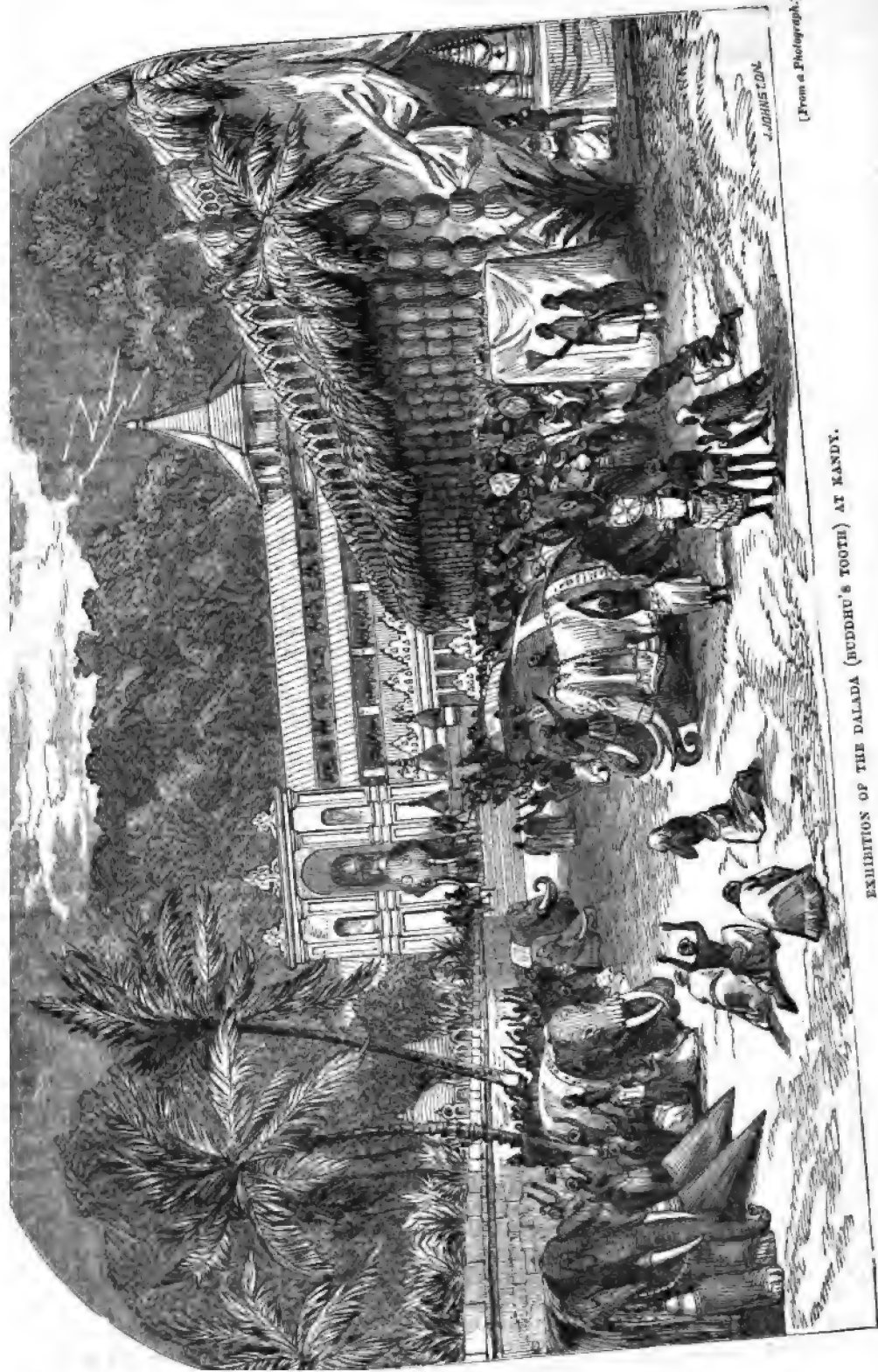
Doubts have frequently been thrown upon the prevalence in India of the sanguinary rite of the Hindoo superstition, the *female sacrifice*, in its twofold form—the sacrifice of women who are burned alive on the funeral pile of their husbands, and the murder of female children. Beyond question, this terrible evil has become greatly restricted of late years, but the evidence of its former prevalence is conclusive; and we fear that beyond the circle of European influence it still prevails. How widespread and generally practised the murderous custom formerly was, we may judge from the fact that Dr. Buchanan, in the volume from

which we have quoted, furnished a report, made by persons of the Hindoo caste, of one hundred and fifteen women burned within the period of six months, from April 15th to October 15th, 1804, within thirty miles round Calcutta. By an account taken in 1803, the number during that year was 275. It was also calculated that the number of female children sacrificed in Outch and Guzerat alone in 1807 amounted, by the very lowest computation, to 3,000.

Although these statements, as we have said, refer to the early part of the present century, they are not the less illustrative of the practical workings of Hindooism as a religious system. At a later period, the lamented Heber, whose amiability of character disposed him to form the most favourable judgment of the people, thus expressed the convictions to which his experience had led him. A more distressing picture of moral degradation could hardly have been presented:—

"Of all idolatries which I have ever read or heard of, the religion of the Hindoos, in which I had taken some pains to inform myself, really appears to me the worst, both in the degrading notions which it gives of the Deity; in the endless round of its burdensome ceremonies, which occupy the time and distract the thoughts, without either instructing or interesting its votaries; in the filthy acts of uncleanness and cruelty, not only permitted but enjoined, and inseparably interwoven with those ceremonies; in the system of castes, a system which tends, more than anything else the devil has yet invented, to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and to make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder; and in the total absence of any popular system of morals, or any single lesson which the people at large ever hear, to live virtuously and do good to each other. I do not say, indeed, that there are not some scattered lessons of this kind to be found in their ancient books; but those books are neither accessible to the people at large, nor are these last permitted to read them; and, in general, all the sins that a Soodra is taught to fear, are, killing a cow, offending a Brahmin, or neglecting one of the many frivolous rites by which their deities are supposed to be conciliated. Accordingly, though the general sobriety of the Hindoos (a virtue which they possess in common with most inhabitants of warm climates) affords a very great facility to the maintenance of public order and decorum, I really never have met with a race of men whose standard of morality is so low, who feel so little apparent shame on being detected in a falsehood, or so little interest in the sufferings of a neighbour, not being of their own caste or family; whose ordinary and familiar conversation is so licentious, or, in the wilder and more lawless districts, who shed blood with so little repugnance. The good qualities which there are among them are in no





[From a Photograph.]

EXHIBITION OF THE DALADA (BUDDHU'S TOOTH) AT KANDY.

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stance that I am aware of connected with, or arising out of, their religion; since it is in no instance to good ends or virtuous habits in life that the future rewards which they believe are promised. Their bravery, their fidelity to their employers, their temperance, and, wherever they are found, their humanity and gentleness of disposition, appear to arise exclusively from a natural happy temperament, from an honourable pride in their own renown and the renown of their ancestors, and from the goodness of God, who seems unwilling that His image should be entirely effaced, even in the midst of the grossest error."

Mr. Ward, a more recent labourer in this field of missionary effort, confirms in every particular the judgment expressed by the devoted Heber, and gives, from his own personal observation, details of superstitious cruelties ill enacted, which ought indeed to stimulate Christian zeal and self-denial, in order to the wider evangelization of this mighty empire. Our readers also will remember the testimony borne by Dr. Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta,\* to the effect that, "instead of our missionaries, as some think, having taken a prejudiced view of the character and institutions of the Hindoos, and exaggerated the evils connected with their social system, he was fully persuaded that the reverse was the case: that Europeans in general see only the smooth, decorous surface of Hindooism, and have very little conception of the evil that is going on beneath." Dr. Kay also quoted from a pamphlet written a few years ago by one of the most respectable pundits in Calcutta, in which, referring to the treatment of women, this fearful sentence occurs: "Where *men* are void of pity and compassion, of a perception of right and wrong, of good and evil; and where *men* consider the observance of mere forms as the highest of duties and the greatest of virtues, in such a country, would that *women* were never born! Woman! in India thy lot is cast in misery."

In a concluding paper next month, we propose to resume our subject, and to take a rapid view of Protestant missions, as they have been carried on in India.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**THE JUMNA MUSJID**, in the city of Delhi, (page 576), is the largest mosque in India. It was built in six years by Shah Jehan, and cost

\* See OUR OWN FIRESIDE, Vol. III., page 25—"The Influence of Christianity on the Position and Character of *Osman*." By the Rev. W. Kay, D.D.

ten lacs of rupees. The ascent to the rocky eminence on which it stands is by thirty-five stone steps, and through a handsome gateway of red stone. The mosque itself is approached by another flight of steps, and entered by three Gothic arches, each surmounted by a dome. At the flanks are two minarets, 130 feet high, of black marble and red stone alternately; their summits crowned with light pavilions of white marble.

Delhi was the ancient capital of Hindostan. It is situated on the banks of the river Jumna, 266 miles from Cawnpore. During the era of its splendour, it is said to have covered a space of twenty miles in length; but it is now reduced to a circumference of about seven or eight miles. Its appearance in 1857 is thus described by a visitor:—"The inhabited part of it—for the ruins extend over a surface as large as London, Westminster, and Southwark—is about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded by an embattled wall, which the English Government have put into a state of repair, and are now engaged in strengthening with bastions, a moat, and a regular glacis. The houses within are many of them large and high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes; and above all are seen the palace, a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, and the Jumna Musjid, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India. The chief material of all these fine buildings is red granite, of a very agreeable though solemn colour, inlaid, in some of the ornamental parts, with white marble; and the general style of building is of a simple and impressive character."

Such is the appearance of this far-famed city, which in the rebellion of 1857 cost Great Britain so much of her best blood to recapture from the Sepoys. The official name is Shah-jehanpore, "City of the king of the world." The population is about 160,000.

Our second engraving (page 617) illustrates the Exhibition of the Daladarelic—the reputed tooth of Buddha, at Kandy. This relic is the object of religious embassies from Siam, and even Thibet. South Ceylon, especially Kandy, is the sacred centre of Buddhism. Strenuous missionary efforts are directed to this quarter, and they have been attended with considerable success. Should Buddhism fall in Ceylon, the bearing of its evangelization on the progress of the Gospel in the East, through Asia beyond the Ganges, can hardly be overrated.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(Concluded from page 569.)

OUR readers will remember that when the last fault of the cable of 1865 occurred, the electricians at Valentia were left without any precise indications of the nature of the obstruction, or of the proceedings of those on board. They actually calculated, however, within a few fathoms, the exact locality of the injury. When all communication ceased with the *Great Eastern*, uneasiness was not at first excited, since a similar cessation had occurred before. But when hour after hour passed away on leaden wings, and day followed day, and the needle was still, and the light moved not in the darkened chamber at Foilhummerum, it may be conceived with what solicitude the men, in whose watchfulness all the sleeping and waking world were interested, looked out for some sign of the revival of the current in the dull veins of the subtle mechanism.

The solicitude soon became national. Prophets of evil were not lacking to express distrust of the magnificent ship then calmly breasting the billows of the Atlantic. Ready listeners were found among the class whose normal condition is despair of every scheme, good, useful, novel, or great. Newspaper correspondence augmented in volume, and, it must be said, in wildness of conjecture and unsoundness of premises and conclusions. Those who were inclined to believe that the *Great Eastern* had gone to the bottom, were comforted by the reflection that the two men-of-war would save those who were on board. Had they known that the *Sphinx* had disappeared, and that the *Great Eastern* was much better able to help the *Terrible* in a time of watery trouble, than the *Terrible* would be to aid her, they would have despaired indeed.

It would have surprised and amused those on board engaged in their work, if they could have known that the vessel which they were never tired of praising and admiring, was pronounced by eminent engineers to need strengthening; that she had sunk in the middle; that she was unsafe and radically faulty. Undoubtedly there were grounds of anxiety, but none for anticipations and predictions of the worst. Some strove to stem the current of alarm, and in several instances the most correct conjectures were made concerning the position of the ship, and the causes

of the long-continued silence. But it cannot be denied that the news agent who hailed the *Great Eastern* at Crookhaven, on the 17th of August, with the words, "We did not know what to make of you: many think you went down," expressed the conviction of a great number of persons all over the kingdom.

Ere noon of that day the news of the safety of the ship relieved many an anxious thought, silenced many a tongue and pen, and dissipated many a gloomy apprehension. The rejoicing was indeed national. The avidity with which the public received the narrative of the voyage was intense—a contrast indeed to the comparative, although we must admit natural lack of interest which the uneventful diary of the successful enterprise of the present year has excited. Without exception of any note, when the facts connected with the proceedings were known, all the principal journals in their leading articles drew fresh hopes of success from the record of the causes which led to the failure.

Steps were speedily taken preparatory to a renewal of the undertaking. The capital of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was increased by the issue of new shares, and another cable was at once ordered. It was confidently asserted that the series of accidents which had been the sole cause of the frustration of the enterprise might easily be guarded against in future. The *Great Eastern* was again secured, and Captain Anderson engaged to continue in charge of her. The rapid appropriation of the new shares issued indicated how heartily the general feeling of the country was in sympathy with the hopeful words with which the *Times* correspondent concluded his most graphic record of the unsuccessful enterprise:—

"The *Great Eastern* is now undergoing the alterations which will render her absolutely perfect for the purpose of laying the new cable and picking up the old, and next year will see the renewal of the enterprise of connecting the Old World with the New by an enduring link which, under God's blessing, may confer unnumbered blessings on the nations which the ocean has so long divided, and add to the greatness and the power which this empire has achieved by the energy, enterprise, and perseverance of our countrymen, directed by Providence, to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of mankind.

"Remembering all that has occurred—how well-grounded hopes were deceived, just expectations fru-

trated—there are still grounds for confidence, absolute as far as the nature of human affairs permits them in any calculation of future events to be, that the year 1866 will witness the consummation of the greatest work of civilized man, and the grandest exposition of the development of the faculties bestowed on him to overcome material difficulties.

"The last word transmitted through the old telegraph from Europe to America, was 'FORWARD,' and 'FORWARD' is the motto of the enterprise still."

A right noble motto—and a fitting augury of a corresponding word, "SUCCESS."

The *Great Eastern* again left Bantry Bay on Thursday, July 13th, 1866. So uneventful did this successful voyage prove, that, as we have before stated, the official diary, when published in the newspapers, scarcely found readers. There was nothing, or next to nothing, to relate, beyond the details of uncoiling, passing astern, paying out, testing, and so forth. The diarist was even constrained to make capital of the catalogue of the live stock and dead meat taken on board for the supply of the expeditionary force. He tells us the live stock comprised: "10 head of cattle, 1 milch cow, 114 sheep, 20 pigs, 29 geese, 14 turkeys, and 500 fowls;" whilst the dead stock consisted of "28 cattle, 4 calves, 22 sheep, 4 pigs, and 300 fowls"—a goodly supply for the sustenance of the inhabitants of the floating town. But if the diarist did not find his labour hailed with enthusiasm, he might console himself with the reflection that the interest of his narrative had only been eclipsed by the great and gratifying fact that better story—or worse—there was none to tell. With one exception, the diary, apart from the mere running-out of the cable, might have been summed up, as we read under the head of July 24th, thus:—

"Breakfast at 8; lunch at 1; dinner at 6; tea at 8; 502 souls who live on board this huge ship following the prescribed occupations"—a poor diarist rather languidly, *his* occupation being gone or never having come—"cable going out merrily."

There was, however, one little interruption—one windfall for the diarist. On the afternoon of the 18th of July, the accidental touching of an alarm-bell proved the perfection of the signalling arrangements on board; the engineers were at once ordered to stop, and the great ship, steaming about six knots an hour, was brought up in her own length. This, however, was a false alarm; the real one was given shortly after midnight. The cable got entangled in the tank, several coils being

caught up and twisted in what seemed an inextricable manner in the rapid running out. The signal to stop the ship was so promptly given, that the foul never reached the paying-out wheel; the stoppers being at once put on the cable at the stern, and the ship reversed and kept over the pendant cable so as to hold it "up and down." This was not an easy matter, for there was a good deal of wind, and in the rain and darkness it was difficult to make out the strain on the cable; but it was done for nearly two hours, during which the men on deck were unravelling the coils, than which "no fishing-line was ever entangled worse." All this time, men stood handy with the great ocean buoy, ready at the least sign of excessive strain to cut the cable and throw the end overboard. Patience and painstaking among the electricians and the tankmen, and the skill of the captain, conquered the danger; and at two on the morning of the 19th the cable was once more running out steadily and safely over the stern, its electrical condition having suffered not the slightest deterioration in spite of all the twist and tangle. Thus, uneventful as the voyage was, the fate of the cable of 1865 was very narrowly escaped by its successor; and the keen interest aroused by the sudden and mysterious silence that last year kept us all in suspense for so many days would no doubt have been felt in scarcely diminished force.

The only other incident of the voyage that could be called an accident was the falling overboard of a sailor, who was speedily picked up. The arrival twice a day of news from Europe, which was posted-up outside the telegraph room and there eagerly read by groups of the crew, was the excitement of the voyage; and the receipt of news in the middle of the ocean must have sometimes struck the readers with a piquant sense of novelty and bewilderment not unenviable.

On the morning of the 27th July, the expedition reached the entrance of Heart's Content. It could be plainly seen that a welcome was prepared. The British and American flags floated from the church and telegraph station, and other buildings. The *Great Eastern* dressed ship, fired a salute, and three cheers were given. At nine o'clock, ship's time, the cable was cut, and arrangements were made for the *Medway* to lay the shore end. Shortly afterwards the *Great Eastern* steamed into the harbour.

At 2.30 a.m., July 28th, the following tele-

gram was received at Valentia from Newfoundland :—

"Our shore end has just been laid, and a most perfect cable, under God's blessing, completes telegraphic communication between England and the continent of America.

"At last," then, the great work is "accomplished"—the persistent efforts of twelve years rewarded with complete success. A throbbing chain, alive in every link, binds the living heart of England to the living heart of America. We can feel each others' pulses beat, and within a brief hour or two can understand what is passing in the far-distant New World. Nor will the issue end here. An impetus has been given to telegraphic enterprise which will not easily be restrained. Already we hear of wires spanning the Atlantic in various latitudes. As a half-way telegraph post, the island of Bermuda, "placed far amid the melancholy main," may yet be found of more service than it has ever been to Great Britain as a military station. The tropical Azores or the hyperborean Faroes may also become resting-places for the electric chains that tie the two worlds together. The long telegraph line by which it has been proposed to unite Russia and the United States by way of Siberia and Rupert's Land, spanning with a submarine line the icy Straits of Bhering, may yet illustrate, in a double sense, the proverb that "extremes meet." What the future may do it is vain to calculate, but the word "impossible" seems to have been erased from the dictionary of the submarine electrician, and ere long "forty minutes" may be deemed intolerably tardy in communicating by the electric girdle with the ends of the earth.

"Seems it not a feat sublime?  
Intellect hath conquered time."

Scarcely would our narrative be complete—rather, it would lack a feature of chief interest—if we did not, before we conclude, refer to the circumstances attending the extraordinary and unexpected recovery of the cable of 1865. This achievement, although following in the wake of success sufficiently astonishing, seems to have taken the world completely by surprise; and it is not too much to say that no class of the community has felt more astonishment than those who are best acquainted with the difficulties of the task—the electricians. Few believed with them that a good cable could be laid across the Atlantic at all, while still fewer believed in the possibility of a broken

cable being picked up from three miles' depth of water. The few who returned from last year's expedition knew that they had grappled the broken cable, and could have brought it to the surface but for the weakness of their apparatus; but it is not too much to say that many even of the directors of the Atlantic Company were incredulous on the subject, and looked on the wire of 1865 as hopelessly lost. That this opinion was almost universal may be judged from the fact that the underwritten who had insured it at once paid on it as on a total loss; and a curious question will now arise as to the amount of salvage to which the *Great Eastern* is entitled for bringing the cable to light again and restoring it to speech.

Hopeless as the effort seemed to the many, the anticipations of those who believed in the possibility and the probability of securing the cable have been so fully realised, that even they appear to have been startled by their own success.

"If any of our readers can imagine what the difficulty would be of picking up a little rope in Chesapeake from the top of St. Paul's, they will be able to form a faint notion of the difficulty of lifting the wire lost last year in three miles' depth of water and in the middle of the Atlantic. Apparently, however, the ships, fitted with proper apparatus, found no more difficulty in grappling the cable than one might experience in raising night-lines for oars. They all caught it, and caught it almost when and where they wanted."—*Times*.

The weather was very rough, but, nevertheless, the *Medway*, which was the first on the ground, succeeded in catching it, raising it partly, and buoying it. In the night, however, while a heavy sea was running, the buoy ropes gave way, and the cable went to the bottom again. It must be remembered that, from repeated soundings taken for the purposes of the telegraph, no ocean bed is so well known to us as the bottom of the Atlantic. Where the cable was grappled for, it is covered with a soil composed literally of minute shells of the *Diatomaceæ* tribe, so minute, in fact, as to be only visible under a microscope, and so fine in their organization as to prove that not the slightest motion can exist at those depths, for otherwise their delicate formation would be destroyed. On these the cable has lain harmlessly, as on a bed of sand, and the grapnels, as we have said, at once caught it. The *Great Eastern* and the *Medway* did not arrive on the searching-ground till the 12th of August, and after preliminary arrangements had been

made for working in concert, the *Great Eastern*, in the evening of the 15th, caught and raised the cable more than 500 fathoms. In the act of buoying it, the buoy rope slipped, and it was again lost. On the second day she caught it again, and this time brought it to the surface. In the act of bringing it over the bows, the grapnel surged, and the wire again plunged down to its resting-place, three miles beneath the ships. Once more, within two days, it was raised by the *Great Eastern*, while the *Albany*, to the west, caught and broke it, and all the work had to be begun again. On the 26th the *Fedouy* caught it and brought it up a thousand fathoms, when, the sea being rough, and the strain on the grapnel sudden and violent from the pitching of the vessel, the rope broke. On the evening of the same day, however, the *Albany* caught it again, and brought it to the surface, and the *Great Eastern*, to "make assurance doubly sure," got two miles of it on board and securely buoyed what was outside the vessel. The work of making the splice at once commenced, and, this completed, the paying-out again begun, and Heart's Content was reached on September 8th.

It would be difficult to overstate the anxious interest of the watchers who, at Valentia, waited the first intimation of the recovery of the cable. Some of our readers may not be aware that, from the moment when the cable started last year, the reflecting marine galvanometer connected with the shore end at Valentia has been incessantly watched. Night and day for a whole year an electrician has always been on duty, watching the tiny ray of light through which signals are given, and twice every day the whole length of wire—240 miles—has been tested for "conductivity" and insulation. The results of these tests were most marvellous in their uniformity, and they showed conclusively that up to the point of fracture the cable was as perfect as on the day on which it left the works—apart, of course, from the improvement which always takes place in a wire submerged in the cool and uniform temperature of great ocean depths. The object of observing the ray of light was, of course, not any expectation of a message, but simply to keep an accurate record of the condition of the wire. Sometimes, indeed, wild and coherent messages from the deep did come, but these were merely the results of magnetic storms and earth currents which deflected the galvanometer rapidly and spelt the most extraordinary words, and sometimes even sen-

tences of nonsense, upon the graduated scale before the mirror. Suddenly, on Sunday morning, September 9th, at a quarter to six, while the light was being watched by Mr. May, he observed a peculiar indication about the light, which showed at once to his experienced eye, that a message was near at hand. In a few minutes afterwards the unsteady flickering was changed to coherency, if we may use such a term, and at once the cable began to speak. The messages came with a distinctness and precision even greater than those of the cable laid this year. No repetition of a word or letter was necessary, and a few sentences of warm congratulation were at once sent back, and as quickly responded to from the *Great Eastern* by Mr. Canning.

The shareholders in the enterprise so nobly consummated are thus in possession of two perfect lines of telegraphic communication. How much they may be congratulated on this may be guessed from the fact that the first line is reported to have been earning money at the rate of £900,000 a year. No one will grudge them their profits, for no one can deny them the credit which is due to their unflinching determination in the face of years of loss and failure.

But we need scarcely say the real importance of this successful issue of persevering energy is not to be calculated from a money point of view.

"The work itself"—we quote from the *Record*—"may be considered the crowning triumph of scientific ingenuity. Of all modern inventions none impresses the imagination so vividly as the electric telegraph. Its instantaneous operation, so swift in the flight of the electric current that human arithmetic is inadequate to express it, appears like an actual contact of mind with mind, as if the human intelligence itself flashed its influence along the mysterious wires. The wildest fables of Eastern imagination are far outdone by the sober realities of the fact. But the wonderfulness is increased when the very sea itself is found to interpose no barrier to the interchange of human communication. All the preliminary processes are worthy of admiration. The daring research which has actually mapped out the ocean bed, and chronicled its plains and hills, its slopes and precipitous depths, wellnigh as accurately as it has measured the visible sides of the solid earth, is itself no small triumph of human skill. The undaunted resolution which has persevered in

the work unshaken by disappointment, and only gathering out of failure new life and energy, commands the liveliest sympathy of every active mind. The pliancy and abundance of mechanical resource, the forethought, the patient prescience of danger, the inexhaustible ingenuity brought to bear upon all its details, and the confidence in the result which has given to all these activity and life, will render the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph a tale to be told for many a long year to our own and future generations."

The ultimate success is a testimony, not only to the power of perseverance, but also to the force of character and indomitable pluck of Englishmen, who would not give up what they believed to be possible, and accordingly made war against wind and wave, however strong, against ocean depth, however deep, and ocean bed, however irregular and uneven. This is but the real inner history of all successes. To such brave and resolute hearts failure is but the precursor of success, each failure a step of the progress towards ultimate accomplishment. "Try, try again" is a grand old maxim, and the Atlantic Cable is the newest and most recent proof of the fulness of promise contained in it.

From another point of view the completion of the enterprise may unquestionably be regarded as affording an additional security for peace between Britain and America. We know there have been Utopian expectations expressed by some, with which we are unable to sympathise. We cannot share in the belief that "the effect of bringing the Three Kingdoms and the United States into instantaneous communication with each other, will be to render hostilities between the two nations almost impossible for the future." We certainly cannot discover in the submarine cable so magical a virtue. While the human tiger retains his ferocity, we cannot indulge the hope that even "an instantaneous communication" with our Anglo-Saxon brethren will extinguish national feelings and prejudices, and reconcile conflicting interests. We can, however, rejoice in the conviction that in the increase of facilities for the interchange of ideas, in the opening out of commercial relations, and in the identity of interests which must arise between nations that boast of the same freedom and speak the same tongue, the feelings of the past may be forgotten, and friendly sympathy and co-operation encouraged. And undoubtedly the rapidity of communication can scarcely fail to guard us

against misunderstandings which so often add fuel to the flame of popular feeling. The history of the past four or five years would suffice to show us how many misunderstandings and misconceptions have arisen on both sides of the Atlantic because of the length of time required in the transmission of certain intelligence and of speedy information. Many a supposed wrong has rankled like an open wound for weeks and weeks, while the public mind on either side waited in suspense for the message to reach its destination, and the answer to return. The delay not only was the cause of suspense, but it gave room and opportunity for men who might be so inclined, to "improve the occasion" according to their own inclinations and tendencies, by holding public meetings, expressing angry words, passing unfriendly resolutions, and, at all events, keeping the public mind on a painful *qui vive* as to the results of the agitation. Now all can be settled in a day. A mistake can be corrected in a night. The wire becomes the peacemaker, more rapid than steam, or the postal service, or the dignity of diplomacy, formality, and etiquette.

We see, then, in the Atlantic Telegraph "not alone an instrument for commerce, nor a means of human intercourse, nor a mere purveyor of news from all ends of the world to satisfy the greedy ears of a curious age, but we see in it the probable promoter, in its degree, of peace and good-will among men." America on the one side and Europe on the other, have been deluged with the blood of sanguinary wars: and now, God in His providence, making use of the skill and perseverance of man, has bound them together in a bond of amity, as if saying to the panting belligerents, "This is the use to which you are to put the metals of the earth—not a murderous, but a peaceful use. Learn war no more."

In closing our narrative we must express the satisfaction with which we have noted, from the earliest period of the enterprise till its successful issue, the repeated and cordial recognition, on the part of those engaged in it, of an overruling Providence. Expressions of religious thankfulness in the mutual congratulations of the managers of this great enterprise indicates a becoming gratitude to the "Father of light, from whom every good and perfect gift descends." "No doubt," in the words of a contemporary, "the character of the expedition, and the hopes and fears called into play by alternately finding and losing the cable that



on the oozy depths of the Atlantic, the highest degree calculated to turn thoughts towards a higher Power. The great effort and apparent futility of strength, could scarcely fail to quicken the mind's conception of a Divine strength, visible in its resources and infinite in its power." "Joyce that this has been the result

produced; and actuated, we trust, by a like feeling, we desire to "blend with our hearty admiration of the triumphs of modern science and enterprise, of which the Atlantic Telegraph is, for the present at all events, the climax, the acknowledgment of that directing and controlling government of God, which is not really less present in the progress of science than in the operations of nature."

THE EDITOR.

### LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

cession of the Lord Mayor from Guild-Westminster, on November 9, is the latest exhibition in the metropolis that of the splendid City pageants. It is exclusively a procession by land, the pageant having been discontinued since the reversion of the Thames was taken out of administration. Shakspeare has left a picture of its olden glories:—

"Suppose that you have seen  
An appointed Mayor at Queenstair  
His royalty; his own company  
Like streamers, the young gazers pleasing,  
With different fancies;—have beheld  
The golden galleries music playing,  
Horns echo, which do take the lead  
Of sounds: now view the city barge  
That huge bottom through the furrowed Thames,  
Against the adverse surge. O do but think  
And in Temple Gardens, and behold  
Herself, on her proud stream afloat;  
Appears this fleet of magistracy,  
In due course to Westminster."—*Henry V.*

The inauguration banquet in the Guildhall is a splendid spectacle, with a trace of its character in its magnificence. The Lord Mayor and his distinguished guests to the feast by sound of trumpet; and the rich dresses and official costumes of the guests, about 1,200 in number, with the display of costly plate, is very striking. The baron brought in procession from the kitchen hall in the morning, and being placed on a pedestal, at night is cut up by "the City

carver." The kitchen, wherein the dinner is dressed, is a vast apartment; the principal range is 16 feet long, and 7 feet high, and a baron of beef (3 cwt.) upon the gigantic spit is turned by hand. There are 20 cooks, besides helpers; 14 tons of coals are consumed; some 40 turtles are slaughtered for 250 tureens of soup; and the serving of the dinner requires about 200 persons and 8,000 plate-changes. Next morning the fragments of the great feast are doled out at the kitchen-gate to the City poor.

In this noble hall have been held the inauguration dinners of the Lord Mayors since 1501. Here Whittington entertained Henry V. and his Queen, when he threw the king's bonds for £60,000 into a fire of spice wood. Charles II. was *nine times* entertained here; and from 1660, with only three exceptions, our Sovereign has dined at Guildhall on the Lord Mayor's Day, after his or her accession or coronation. George IV. (when Regent) was entertained here June 18, 1814, with Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and Frederick William III., King of Prussia, when the banquet cost £25,000, and the value of the plate used was £200,000. On July 9 following, the Duke of Wellington was entertained in Guildhall. The banquet to George III. cost £6,898, when 1,200 guests dined in the hall; that to Queen Victoria, November 9, 1837, cost £6,870; and an evening entertainment to Her Majesty, July 9, 1851, to celebrate the Great Exhibition, cost £5,120 14s. 9d., being £129 5s. 3d. less than the sum voted; invitations, 1452.

# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE DOG.

LV.

Marshal Vaillant has a wonderful dog, called Brusca. *Le Nord* tells us that Brusca was found on the field of battle at Solferino. His master, an Austrian officer, had been killed that day, and the poor dog was found howling by the side of his dead body. Some French soldiers, touched by the sight of his evident grief, carried him away in their arms, and brought him to Marshal Vaillant. The Marshal accepted the gift, and brought him with him to Paris. At first, Brusca, having been educated in Germany, had great difficulty in understanding French; indeed, unless he was spoken to in German, he walked off and turned his tail to the speaker with an air of utter disgust. However, he has now acquired the language, and were ten Austrian regiments between him and his present master, all their Teutonic sounds would not prevent his reaching the Marshal. Whenever he goes to Court, Brusca goes likewise; whether the Emperor himself be in his way or not is nothing to him: Brusca would quietly walk over the imperial boots to secure a snug seat near the Marshal. He attends Cabinet Councils with the utmost regularity. Last winter Brusca was immensely bored by the length of the discussions, and sneezed and coughed as usual when he considered that the Council had sat long enough; but on this special occasion his impatience rose to a low whine, which producing no effect on the Ministers, he walked straight up to the Emperor and scratched his trousers. His Majesty, annoyed at being interrupted, pushed the dog away, and said, "Est il bête, ce chien!" "Bête?" said the Marshal, indignantly; "no, Sire, he is not stupid—you shall see." The Minister rose, took a newspaper off the table, and going to the far end of the

Council Chamber, said, "Brusca, take that to the Emperor." Each of the Ministers, as he passed them with the paper in his mouth, tried to get it from him. Brusca would not let it go, and carried it safely to His Majesty. From that time to this, Brusca has his *entrées* at all Cabinet Councils. He keeps himself beautifully clean, and when his paws are muddy, he carries a brush, left for his special use in one spot, to one of the Marshal's servants, and barks at him till he brushes off every particle of dust.

LVI.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery, was possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wish to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no! he would not go within their reach; but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning: "Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an

turned round, and made straight for me; where, a few moments afterwards, I drew; thanks to the intelligence of our-footed friend, were placed safe and good. Was there no reasoning here? or was it nothing but ordinary in-

Nay, a man who had acted with such light and presence of mind, would have thought worthy of high commendation intellectual superiority so manifested out of need. And will it not savour of unfairness if we deny similar to the sagacious and intelligent dog?

## LVII.

Two or three since, a fine dog, which was by the name of "Bracco," and belonged to Mr. Home, of Frindsbury, near Rochester, committed a deliberate act of suicide by drowning himself in the Medway, at Upnor, Chatham. The poor animal, had, from some cause, been afflicted with having given symptoms of hydrophobia, and was accordingly shunned and kept as far as possible from the house. This did not appear to cause him much annoyance for some days he was observed to be shy and morose, but still without any appearance of becoming rabid. On Thursday, 3<sup>d</sup>, he was seen to leave his house and to go to an intimate acquaintance of his who lived at Upnor, on reaching the residence, he set up a piteous cry on finding he could not obtain admittance. After waiting at the house some little time, he was seen to go towards the river close by, when he suddenly walked down the bank, and after a short round and giving a kind of farewell bark, he walked into the stream, where he kept himself under water, and in a minute or two was seen to rise and swim over dead. This extraordinary act of suicide was witnessed by several persons. The cause of the death proved pretty clearly that the animal was not suffering from hydrophobia.

## LVIII.

A recent alarming occurrence in Charles Drury Lane, one of the sufferers, a woman named Willey, contrived to get on the roof of the chapel, and was making her way into an adjoining roof, when she fell through the floor into the factory of Mr. Hallmarke, a tanner, where was kept a furious dog of the St. Terrier variety. Guided by her groans, the men went to her rescue, but fearing the dog they hesitated. At length fourteen in a

body rushed in, when, to their astonishment, they found the usually savage animal licking the woman, as if to console her, and instead of rushing upon them, the dog evinced the most lively joy that they had come to succour her.

## LIX.

## THE GOLDCREST.

I myself can record a remarkable instance of the courage and intrepidity displayed by this charming little creature, during the process of incubation. I one day perceived a nest on a fir tree, in our orchard plantation, upon which I ascended, and after a considerable deal of trouble, succeeded in removing her from her nest. To my great surprise, she defended it with the utmost firmness and resolution, sitting on a twig over against it, picking and flying at my hand till I withdrew it, when she resumed the seat with apparent tranquility.

An instance of the docility of this little bird perhaps would not be out of place. In April, 1851, a pair built their nest between the wood-work of our drawing-room window and the brickwork of the house, which only allowed them an aperture to enter not large enough to admit the first finger; and in spite of the piano, which was constantly played on, and close to the window, they hatched, but, to our great regret, when the hall was being repaired, the workmen pillaged the nest of its inhabitants.

## LX.

## THE CAT.

Passengers up and down the Strand need not be informed that the streets leading out of that great thoroughfare are the constant resort of sundry itinerant exhibitors—street jugglers, Punch and Judy, performing monkeys, the "happy family," agile acrobats, bounding brothers, &c. Among the most interesting of these performances is that of the "wonderful performing birds, mice, and cats," which, according to the announcement on Mr. Gwillim's address card, "had the honour of performing at Windsor Castle on April 14, 1864," and now are to be witnessed gratuitously (owing to kind permission of the autocrat of the *pavé*, Sir R. Mayne) by even the very humblest of Her Majesty's subjects. Mr. Gwillim's establishment, like that of the Thespians of old, is conveyed about on wheels, and at such times as it is not in actual use, is concealed from vulgar eyes by an investiture of drapery. When the proprietor deigns to delight the wondering crowd with an exhibition of his power over the

animal creation, the whole establishment is unveiled, and there is visible a small platform, on which are reposing a couple of cats, and at one end of which is a large oblong cage, containing canaries, greenfinches, goldfinches, and a number of white and piebald mice.

On the door of the cage being opened, the larger cat (a savage-looking white beast, with a tortoiseshell head and tail) rushes into the interior, and coils herself up in the bottom, taking no more notice of the numerous birds and mice than if they had never been designed by nature for food for the *felide*. On the earnest expostulations of Mr. Gwillim, the cat emerges from the cage, and the performance begins.

A long tight cord is stretched from end to end of the platform, and along this a mouse runs, carrying in its mouth a small pole bearing a flag at each end. This feat is done with a degree of precision that Blondin himself might envy; but perhaps the most singular climbing feat is performed by another mouse, which runs up a perpendicular rod some three or four feet in height, and brings down a small flag from the apex. In order to demonstrate the fact that this is done voluntarily, the mouse is given into the hands of any small boy who may be present, and when again placed to the pole, repeats the performance.

The behaviour of the cats towards the mice is very singular; they seize them between their teeth, holding them securely without injury; and when the tail of one is held to the larger cat's mouth, she apparently bites it, but it is pulled from between her teeth without injury. The white and tortoiseshell cat is evidently an animal of very savage disposition, and she fights with her proprietor in a manner which proves that her training has required something much stronger than moral suasion. When a mouse is held to her mouth, she looks as if she would willingly employ her powerful and well-developed teeth to some more useful purpose than merely holding it; and when Mr. Gwillim, the *directeur en chef* of the whole performance, irritates her, she attacks him in return with a savage ferocity that is far more

real than simulated. She refuses to snap at his arm where it is protected by the sleeve of his coat, but shows no unwillingness to bite at and scratch his naked hand, drawing blood freely from the back, which is covered with the scars of former wounds.

The birds that are employed are canaries, goldfinches, and greenfinches. They harness themselves at command, putting their heads through the open collars, and draw little wooden carriages of some weight, then disengage themselves at the end of their short journey, and fly back into the cage.—*The Field*, 1865.

#### LXI.

I may mention a cat which adopted an extraordinary method of feeding with its paw, and continued it as long as he lived. He was first observed to employ it in partaking of liquids; but very soon solids came to be treated after the same fashion. We had no doubt as to how the habit had been acquired in this case. The housemaid, on removing the tray from table, had not been over-particular in stowing away the china—among other things, the cream jug with its contents. The discovery was soon made by the cat, and the cream was an object sufficiently inviting; but the narrowness of the mouth of the vessel which contained it, effectually prevented the entrance of the head, and of course the application of the tongue, after the usual method of cats. The natural alternative was the introduction of the paw; and finding he could gratify his palate by that expedient, it was ever after employed under similar difficulties, and very frequently in partaking of his regular allowance from his accustomed platter. A shrewd friend assures me that rats can overcome far greater impracticabilities in the way of feeding than is implied in the above. He affirms that he has frequently known them empty a bottle of oil, kept for the use of barn machinery, by introducing their tails into the vessel through a comparatively narrow opening, withdrawing the oil as it adhered, licking it off, and thus repeating the process as long as any oil remained.



# The Poetry of Home.

## Now and Then.

H, dreary hour! when I no more shall  
 feel  
 The sweet delights of earth and sky  
 and sea;  
 When the soft airs that through the  
 woodlands steal  
 Will waft no whispering harmonies  
 to me!

rise shimmering o'er the distant hills,—  
 sunset with a thousand hues a-glow,—  
 k's keen song that in mid-heaven  
 fills,—  
 sliding brook with silver-voiced flow,—

riarchal groves, whose leafy glades  
 haunted by the fairy dreams of yore,—  
 a recesses of the forest shades,—  
 waters breaking on the lonely shore;—

sights, these sounds shall lose their  
 gic power,  
 wake the heart with ecstasy of bliss,  
 comes that dark and melancholy hour—  
 range a contrast to the joy of this!

unt, O Saviour, in its deep distress,  
 soul may rise on Faith's supernal wing  
 the things of Earth, and haply press  
 aring flight to realms of radiant Spring;


ounting higher and higher may fling its  
 ze  
 ard upon a scene of light divine,  
 in a cloudless sun's eternal rays—  
 home, O Saviour, and, O Father, Thine!

hall I see such glories as excel  
 h's brightest pictures, and such music  
 ar  
 th has never known; tongue may not  
 l  
 marvels that await the Spirit there!

urvels of a clime where all is blest!  
 re death can come not, nor corroding  
 re,  
 ariness, nor toil, nor sad unrest,—  
 everlasting Love smiles everywhere!

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

## The Wife's Song—"Linger not Long!"

 LINGER not long!—Home is not home  
 without thee,  
 Its dearest tokens only make me  
 mourn;—  
 Oh, let its memory, like a chain about  
 thee,  
 Gently compel and hasten thy re-  
 turn.

Linger not long!

Linger not long!—though crowds should woo  
 thy staying:  
 Bethink thee—can the mirth of friends,  
 though dear,  
 Compensate for the grief thy long delaying  
 Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee  
 here?

Linger not long!

Linger not long!—how shall I watch thy  
 coming,  
 As evening's shadows stretch o'er moor and  
 fell;  
 When the wild bee hath ceased her weary hum-  
 ming,  
 And silence hangs on all things like a spell!  
 Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow  
 stronger  
 As night grows dark and darker on the hill!  
 How shall I weep when I can watch no longer!  
 Oh, art thou absent, art thou absent still?  
 Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that  
 seeth me  
 Gazeth through tears that make its splen-  
 dour dull;  
 For oh, I sometimes fear, when thou art with  
 me,  
 My cup of happiness is all too full!—  
 Linger not long!

Haste—haste thee home unto thy mountain  
 dwelling,  
 Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!  
 Haste as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,  
 Flies to its haven of securest rest!  
 Linger not long!

## The Home Library.

*The Anatomy of Scepticism.* By R. B. GIRDLESTONE, M.A. London: William Hunt and Co.

THE author, in this work, prosecutes an Examination into the Causes of the Progress which Scepticism is making in England. He deals with the Doubter in the spirit of one who has himself experienced "the probation of mental struggle." He considers, in successive chapters, Doubts suggested by the Study of Natural Science—by Historical Studies—by Philosophical Studies—by Moral Considerations—by the Present Condition of Society—by the Teaching and Practice of Professing Christians. We have also a chapter on "The Spirit of Doubt;" and another on "Rules to be Observed in Arguing with Sceptics." Where all is alike good, it is difficult to select; but we give a quotation from the chapter on "Doubts originated by the Teaching and Practice of Professing Christians." The author, it will be seen, knows how to speak a "word in season" to believers as well as sceptics.

*"The things which are said and written about the blessedness of the believer, and the misery of the unbeliever, are often calculated to throw ridicule on the Gospel, and to confirm men in their scepticism."*

"Many poor people, and some who are not poor, have only one idea of heaven—namely, that it is a place where people are always riding upon rainbows and singing the praises of God. Clergymen wind up their sermons constantly with commonplaces which confirm their hearers in such ideas. Are men of business, or even men of pleasure, to be attracted by such things? No, let us rather set forth heaven as the home of our Father, as the abiding-place of the family of God, as the place where goodness shall reign supreme, and where the cry of misery shall be unheard, as the land whose atmosphere shall be peace and joy, where sin shall not enter, where brotherly love shall continue, and where each shall serve God willingly and perfectly, occupying exactly that position for which the grace of God has fitted him during his sojourn on earth.

"Similarly we should be careful never to draw upon our imaginations in describing the torments of the wicked; when we must speak on this awful subject, which every minister is bound to do, let us do it shortly, simply, solemnly, and with the deepest feeling; not that we may make our hearers writhe, or open their eyes with astonishment, but that we may make them *think*. The distinction between Hades and Gehenna is not preserved in our translation of the Bible, and therefore the teachers of the churches should be doubly careful not to apply to the one what Scripture has only spoken in reference to the other.

"To pass over similar points, let us turn to another far more important subject—namely, that there is a

tendency amongst many Christians to class all who are not quite of their way of thinking, as unbelievers; and to set before all that they are on the straight road to perdition, without making such distinctions as are due. It is certainly better, sometimes, to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man. And we cannot doubt that when the Judge of all the earth comes to reckon with men, the line of separation between good and bad will be very different to what we should make it; and the condition of the individuals classed together, on either side, will be found to differ most materially, according to the use each has made of the opportunities, and faculties, and talents committed to him. We are very poor judges either of good or of evil; God's thoughts are not as our thoughts; and when we make no allowance for education, or rather want of education, and for peculiarities of temperament, because we are thoughtless or ignorant, God may set very differently when the secrets of every human life shall be revealed.

*"The character of many so-called 'religious people' is not such as to encourage belief in the truth of the Christian religion."*

"We are here alluding not so much to the great frauds or open crimes which now and then are brought to light, and cause the enemies of God to blaspheme; nor do we refer to the fact that so many people who profess to be religious have no religion at all; but rather to another painful but obvious fact, that the words and ways of many who really believe the Gospel, and are in earnest, are not such as to enlist an outsider in favour of their religion. Little petty meannesses, such as giving a tract where goodness and justice calls for a sixpence, worshipping of clergymen, foolish talking at religious tea-parties, a rigorous and unpleasant way of doing good things, and a benign way of doing little things which had better be left undone—hints and innuendoes against other people whom they dare not openly reprove, little hypocrisies and deceptions, little quarrels, exclusiveness, domestic bitterness—these, and such like, are the things which an unbeliever seizes upon, totally disregarding usually the sterling qualities which may be below, and the changes already effected in character, and the secret struggle which may even now be going on against the very things complained of.

"It is well for these critics to bear in mind that Christianity does not make us perfect, but that it makes us aim at perfection—it gives us a perfect example, and it promises us perfection in a future life. If they can show us any means of getting a higher spiritual perfection than that which Christians in thousands attain in this world, we will leave all and follow them. But they cannot. And they appear ignorant, willingly ignorant, of the facts which might be presented to them in every-day life. We could take them into the houses of nobles, where they would find men and women in the highest rank, whose goodness and benevolence is entirely due, by their own confession, to the influence of Christianity. We could bring them into shops and offices, where they might see honesty and good will stamped on every transaction,

masters and men work together, and brotherly kindness; and if they ask the source of this miracle, they will be answered, 'Christianity.' I'd take them into the homes of the poor, and I'd show them the same delicacy, tenderness, and sweet character, the same patience, fidelity, and diligence which they may have almost worshipped in men men of their own rank; and they shall learn again is wrought by the living power of the of Christ.

is one of the peculiarities of our nature that a on makes much more impression on us than a e, and this is one reason which makes it doubly ive on us Christians to walk honestly, godly, erly in this present world, avoiding every kind

however small and trifling it may appear. n people are apt to forget that they should . God in the *beauty of holiness*, and that their ould be not only dedicated to God, but animated rit of goodness and lovingkindness, which should ough the whole, down to the lowest and most detail of daily duty and intercourse."

is needless after this quotation to com- "The Anatomy of Scepticism" as a very ly work on the Christian Evidences. It ove most valuable to thoughtful young

n *Life in the Islands of the Pacific*. ed by the Rev. J. P. SUNDERLAND and Rev. A. BUZACOTT, B.A. London: John n and Co.

BUZACOTT is described by his brethren ew him best as "the model missionary." n Sir Edward Belcher said of him, "He attern for missionaries." One of the nions and coadjutors of John Williams's, uzacott, witnessed and took part in many remarkable triumphs of Christianity in uth Sea Islands, which in their marvel- ss surpass the imagination of romance; quite agree with the opinion expressed

Allon in the preface to the biography: a narrative of what he did, and of what , does not produce the almost wild but tural excitement of the 'Missionary En- es,' it will be only because there can be e first."

attach very great importance to our ary literature. In the recorded "acts" ern "apostles," we read a vindication of vine credentials of Christianity which to carry conviction to the minds of the eptical. As a point of secondary inte- is well to note the fact that missionaries een leading contributors to our know- f new countries and races of men, and ous departments of science. Grateful is due to the missionary explorer and rer on this account; although modern pologists — mainly indebted for the dge they possess to these devoted la- s—appear insensible to their just claim. e results of missionary enterprise in the rmation of a people from barbarism to tion, from heathenism to Christianity, ute a branch of the evidences of our faith is attention cannot be too closely drawn.

Of these results in Raratonga, a valuable summary is given in the seventeenth chapter of "Mission Life." We should like to quote the entire chapter, but we must content ourselves with a few extracts. Raratonga is thus depicted, by way of contrast, in 1828 and in 1857:—

#### "APPEARANCE AND DRESS.

"In 1828, the natives appeared as naked savages; the men wearing only a narrow belt of cloth; the women girded with a short petticoat of tapa: but all children, from infancy up to ten or twelve years of age, were without even this. The exposed part of the person was besmeared with oil and turmeric, which they were most unwilling to wash off. Hence cutaneous and other diseases were very prevalent, and it was no infrequent thing to see a native whose diseased limbs were black with the flies that had settled upon them. These swarms were an awful pest, so numerous as to defy all efforts to brush or fan them away.

"In 1857, the fly pest had long since disappeared with the indisposition to thorough cleansing, while soap had come into constant use. One of the first articles they learned to manufacture was combs, which they made of wood until better could be purchased from whalers. Moreover, they have a goodly supply of garments, made mostly by themselves (for they have learnt the use of needles and cotton) out of English cotton goods obtained on the island. Captain Belcher, commander of H.M.S. *Sulphur*, found the chief in the market-house, 'tidily dressed in European costume—cotton shirt, white trousers, and white frock coat—superintending the purchases of the captains of whalers.' The women generally gird themselves with a wrapper of tapa as an inner garment, a long flowing robe is then thrown over the whole person, and a bonnet of finely wrought plait, and trimmed with gay ribbons according to fancy, completes 'my lady's' toilet.

"In 1854, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was graciously pleased to accept a bonnet of this native material, made up in England; and deigned at the same time to express her deep feelings of gratification at the result of the teachings of the doctrines of Christianity to the islanders; and in order to encourage the industry of the natives, Her Majesty ordered a considerable quantity of the plait, intending to have it made up in England.

"The men wear coats, waistcoats, shirts, and trousers; most have coarse rush hats for daily use, and better ones for Sundays. A few may be seen wearing shoes and stockings; while all the children are decently clothed. In short, the change is almost as complete as the climate and circumstances will admit.

#### "DWELLINGS.

"In 1828, their dwellings were mere wigwams, or sheds: the tall posts, the ridge pole, and rafters, constituted the entire framework. The roof and sides were covered in with a thatch made of the palm-leaf. The whole clan lived and slept under one roof—old and young, men and women, herding together on mats, without even a screen to separate them. The door, about four feet square, served also for a window.

"In 1857, every family had a good cottage to itself, with plenty of garden ground. The houses of the poor were made of wattle, and contained at least two rooms, and were infinitely superior to the dwellings of the chiefs in 1828. The industrious and upper classes dwelt in beautiful cool stone cottages, built of block coral, each containing three or more rooms, with wooden floors, and Venetian windows to each room. *Chairs,*

tables, sofas, and beds, and mats instead of carpets, constitute their furniture.

#### "DIET.

"In 1828, the natives lived upon cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, bananas, and taro (wild arum), with what fish they could catch. The original breed of pigs was very small, and pork was rarely tasted by the middle class, never by the poor.

"In 1857, cattle, a better and more prolific breed of pigs, turkeys, fowls, Muscovy ducks, sweet potatoes, beans, oranges, limes, citrons, tomatoes, turnips, loquat, custard-apples, pine-apples, coffee, Indian corn, carrots, cabbages, arrowroot, rice, and tapioca, had been introduced into the island. It is worthy of note that the diet of 1828 was such as a hurricane could and would utterly destroy, while many of the new articles of consumption are capable of being prepared and kept with care for almost any length of time.

#### "EMPLOYMENTS.

"The list given under the previous heading will indicate the changes in the occupation of the people. It is only necessary to add that cotton and indigo are now cultivated, and that horses have been introduced, and prosper. Mr. Buzacott made several attempts to introduce and breed sheep, but with very indifferent success. About one hundred vessels call at Raratonga every year for provisions, and keep up a certain briskness of cultivation and barter.

#### "EDUCATION.

"In 1828 none could read, though many could repeat the Tahitian alphabet, &c. There was not one book in their language, although Mr. Williams was translating the Gospel of John, and composing a few hymns. Mr. Buzacott could muster only twelve slates for one thousand adult scholars, and fifteen hundred children.

"In 1857, school-books and slates could be bought by the poorest without difficulty, the whole population could read, the majority could write and do a little cyphering. Not a few knew the elements of geography, astronomy, and sacred history. Works had been published in Raratongan sufficient to make a very respectable little library, including the complete Bible, a few commentaries on books of Scripture, and the immortal allegory of John Bunyan.

"Education has produced its usual effects among the Raratongans. The vacant stare in some, and the ferocious countenance in others, have given way to a mild and engaging demeanour, which of course is most marked in the present generation, since they have all been trained in the mission-schools. In courtesy of spirit and dignity of manners, and delicate consideration for the feelings of others, some of the Raratongans excel the majority of Englishmen.

#### "LAWS.

"In 1828, the only law was the arbitrary will of Makea, influenced by any motive which might sway his heart, full of the violent passions which despotism and heathenism usually foster in savage natures.

"In 1857, two codes of laws had long been in existence—one for the natives, and another for foreigners. Makea, the most valiant and dreaded chief on the island, bowed to the majesty of law, and thus gave the people an unmistakable pledge that laws would be administered without respect of persons.

"Judges and police are to be found in every settlement, and are not wanting in the quick detection and punishment of crime.

#### "RELIGION.

"In 1828, idolatry was abolished, and the religious

services and schools were well attended, but not one conversion had taken place, nor did any person appear to have gained any clear conception of the nature and character of the living God, of salvation by Christ, of the sin of man, and of Divine worship. The Sabbath was strictly observed, but only through a superstitious dread of the new God, and by the express orders of Makea.

"In 1857, the Lord's-day was cheerfully devoted to the worship of God, without any fears of sudden death, and without any penalty for breaking the Sabbath. All who were not detained at home by sickness, or by attendance upon the sick, regularly filled their seats in the house of God, and displayed an intelligent and cordial interest in all parts of the service.

"The conduct of the people during Divine worship excited the admiration of Captain Belcher, for its quietness and marked attention. Family prayers were conducted also in most cottages twice every day. But the greatest element in the contrast has yet to be named—namely, the change in the religious life of the people.

"In 1828, the Raratongans were notorious, *inter alia*, for their revengefulness. 'On receiving an injury, if they could not at the moment be revenged, it would be recorded by a certain mark tattooed on the throat; and if the father died unavenged, the son would receive the mark on his throat, and thus it would go on from generation to generation, and nothing would obliterate the injury but the death of some one of the family by whom it had been inflicted. Some had two marks, others three, and some so many that their throats were covered.'

"In contrast to this spirit and practice, let the reader recall the feelings awakened at Avarua by the tidings that their beloved friend, John Williams, had been murdered at Erromanga. Amid their tears and wailings of grief, a native student arose, and uttered these sentiments, 'Oh, do not delay to send the Gospel to Erromanga. The word of God must prosper where the blood of his servant has been shed. The seed is already sown.' And immediately scores of 'amens' endorsed this appeal.

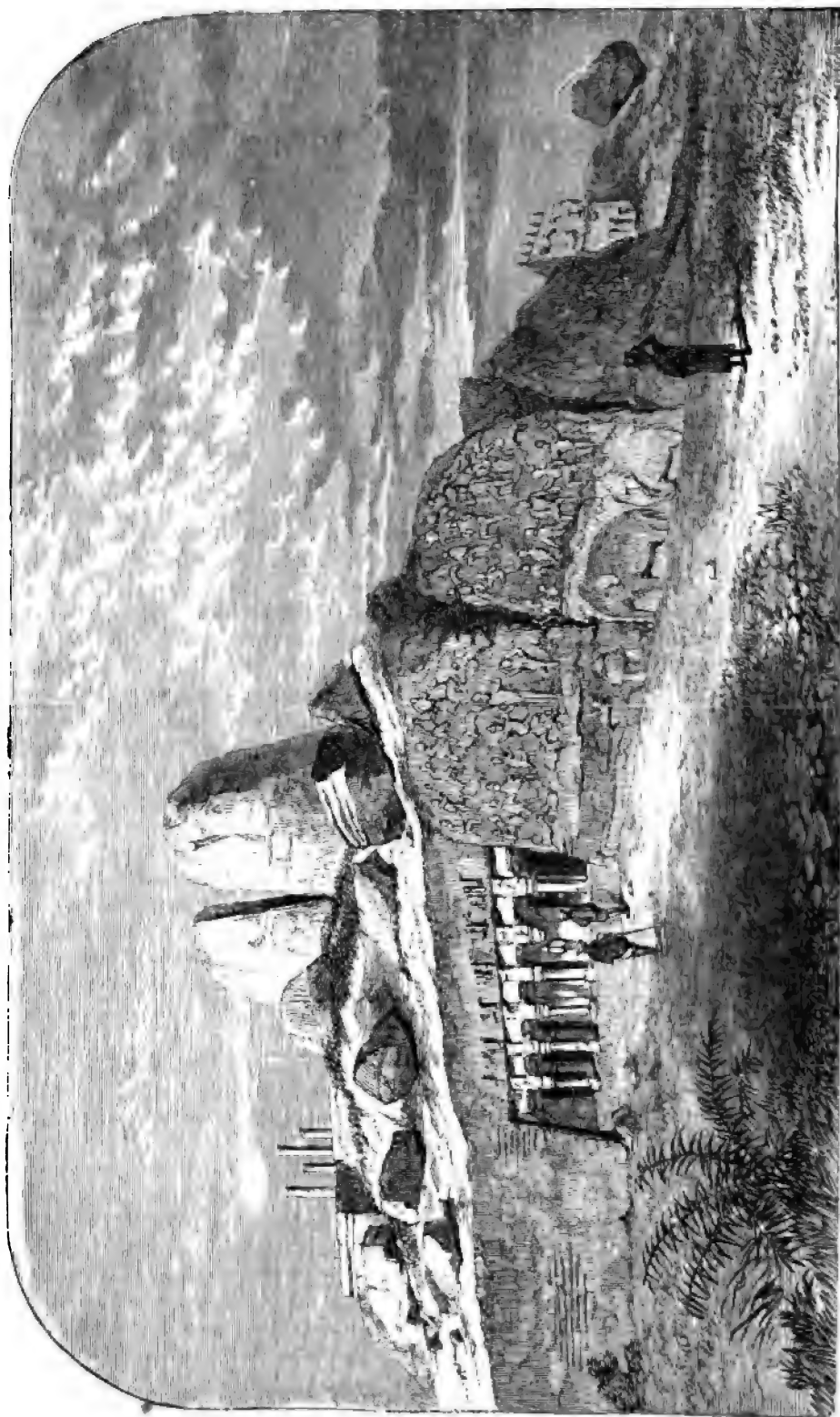
"It would be easy to give further details, but we shall give only one more contrast, which indeed crowns the whole: that in 1828, not one conversion had taken place—in 1857, nearly half the entire population of Mr. Buzacott's station, and, indeed, of the whole island, furnished clear evidences that they were new creatures in Christ Jesus. On one occasion, at a conference of church members, no less than 700 communicants assembled around the table of the Lord. Let the reader estimate the changes involved in all these contrasts, and he will not hesitate to acknowledge that, by the grace of God, Aaron Buzacott left behind him a memorial of work and worth not often surpassed, and memories which excite only joy and grateful praise to Him by whom all good is done in man and by man.

"'Servant of God, well done! They serve God well Who serve His creatures; when the funeral bell Tolls for the dead, there's nothing left of all That decks the 'scutcheon and the velvet pall, Save this. The coronet is empty show; The strength and loveliness are hid below. The shifting wealth to others hath accrued; The learning cheers not the grave's solitude. What's done is what remains. Ah! blessed they Who have completed tasks of love to stay And answer mutely for them, being dead, Life was not purposeless, though life be dead.'

Mrs. MORRIS."







THE ROCK TEMPLE AT MARSABITI HILL, NEAR NAIROBI.

From a drawing made on the spot.


# The Christian Home.

OLIVER WYNDHAM.

A TALE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

BY MRS. WEBB, AUTHOR OF "NAOMI."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

 R. PURVIS had during the last few days shown signs of increasing weakness; and Blanche's fears were again aroused. He had been unable to quit the house, even to go down to his favourite spot by the river; and his daughter had never left him, therefore it was that Rupert had lost heart, and believed that they had no chance. But had Mr. Purvis desired change ever so eagerly, he was at present unfit to attempt it; and Blanche was thankful that he did not press it. The arrival of Oliver Wyndham, however, seemed immediately to revive, and his condition became more calm and rational. As a visible change for the better, Mr. Wyndham came on the following day to his temporary abode in the same house, which he and his daughter had occupied in apartments; and his presence to his young friend and favourite was a blessing to him, and not less so to

that you have some one to take care of you, Blanche," he said, soon after his appearance, "you must go out and walk by the river-side. Your father, the waterman—he who spoke of Wyndham's kindness—will think you have forgotten him. You must be good food for his wife and children, and sit again on that stone. Ah, this is a dire calamity, Wyndham! It

separates even husbands from their wives. But it did not separate my child from me—nor did it terrify your brave heart. You both of you did your duty—and more than your duty—towards me."

And Mr. Purvis fixed his deep penetrating eyes first on one and then on the other of the young people, with a peculiar and a pleased expression.

"Go out now, Blanche," he continued. "Your cheeks have grown pale of late—no, they are not pale now, I see. But you must want exercise and change; and I will rest here by the window until you return."

Blanche could say nothing against this assertion; and she and Oliver soon sallied forth, first to make their purchases, and then to seek for Rupert. The warm morning sun was shining, and a soft breeze was blowing, when they reached Rupert's usual landing-place; and as he did not immediately appear, they sat down on the side of a small boat that lay empty on the shore, to wait for him.

They were silent for some time; and both seemed buried in deep thought.

Presently Oliver observed, rather abruptly,

"Mr. Morant has been seeking you and your father, Miss Purvis, very anxiously."

"Why should he take the trouble to do so?" replied Blanche.

"Your letter to Dr. Graves—which you know I opened—made us very uneasy on your account. We feared that you might be in some difficulties, and that your father

was hardly able to extricate you from them. Mr. Morant was very desirous to go down to Croydon; and I was then quite unable to move. Indeed, had it been otherwise, he, as your oldest friend, had the first claim to the privilege of offering his assistance."

Blanche coloured; and she looked away from Oliver while she replied,

"I am not aware that Mr. Morant has any claim to offer his society or his assistance. His feelings and opinions have always been so opposed to those of my father, that for some years past, he has not desired his intimacy."

"But those feelings and opinions are changed, Miss Purvis. I am thankful to be able to assure you that the good impressions on his mind, of which I informed you at Croydon, have deepened into serious convictions. Harry Morant is now no longer a sceptic, but a willing receiver of the truth."

"For his own sake, and for his mother's sake, I rejoice to hear it."

"And will not this change produce a corresponding change in your feelings towards him?" urged Oliver in a sort of desperation, as if resolved to know the worst. "Harry Morant is now a noble character—true and generous. I know no one so worthy of the happiness to which he has long aspired."

"Oh, Mr. Wyndham!" exclaimed Blanche—and tears of shame and vexation rose to her eyes. "Why do you speak thus to me?"

"Pardon me, Miss Purvis. I know I have no right to allude to such subjects. But I feel a deep interest in your welfare and in that of my kind friend, Morant: and I have promised to do all I can to further it. Therefore it is that I am so anxious to convince you of the great change that has taken place in him. He is now all that his best friends can desire to see him."

"I am glad to hear of that change in him, as I should be to hear of the same happy change in any other of my fellow-creatures—specially glad, because of the associations of friendship which bound me so closely to his dear sister. But it can never affect me in any other way. I do not wish to see Mr. Morant."

There were truth and decision in Blanche's whole look and manner. Oliver could no longer doubt that he had utterly mistaken her feelings, and a strange revolution took place in his own mind. Many past circumstances now recurred to his memory, and appeared in a new and more flattering light; and a vague sense of hope and joy took possession of his soul. Could Elsie be right—could Dr. Graves be right, in the hints which they had thrown out? Could it be possible that he was indeed preferred to Harry Morant; and that Blanche would gladly recognize his relationship to her, and his claim to offer her all the comfort and assistance that such a relationship might enable him to bestow?

Oliver had resolved not to make known to Mr. Purvis and his daughter all the interesting facts that he and Dr. Graves had discovered, until he had seen how he was received in his old character of a mere friend. He did not wish to owe any of their kindness and favours to the knowledge that he was allied to them by any other than voluntary ties; and had he seen again in Blanche the same coldness that he had imagined at Croydon—had he again fancied that she had betrayed a preference for Harry Morant, he would probably have gone back to London without even telling her that he was her cousin.

But she looked so kind and so gentle—she so ingenuously disclaimed all interest in Harry, that he could no longer refrain from telling his cherished secret.

"Do not think me presuming, Miss Purvis," he said, "if I confess the great joy that I feel at hearing that declaration, the truth of which I cannot doubt. Since Harry Morant has no claim to hinder it, I would fain ask to share your confidence and your friendship, on the plea of relationship."

"Of relationship! how can that be?" exclaimed Blanche, with surprise, but not with displeasure.

"I am your cousin—your own cousin. Our mothers were sisters, Blanche; and you have no nearer relative on earth—except your father—than myself."

Blanche was greatly moved. She frankly gave her hand to Oliver, saying,

"Cousin Oliver, I accept the relationship. But you must explain it to me. Does my father know of it? and was that the reason why he spoke of your taking care of me?"

"No; Mr. Purvis does not yet know anything of this discovery, and probably he will not readily understand it. But it is quite true, Blanche, and I will soon make it all clear to you: but it is a long story, and I have something that I want to say to you first. Will you listen to me?"

Here Blanche tried to withdraw her hand, but it was forcibly retained: and, willing or not, she was compelled to listen to all that Oliver Wyndham had to say.

No doubt every one of our readers would form a different idea as to what Oliver ought to have said at this particular juncture, and in what manner Blanche should have replied to him; so we will leave each one to imagine the conversation that ensued to have been exactly such as he or she would have wished it to be, only stipulating that the result shall be the same; and that at the close of the conference, a very happy and contented expression shall be found on the countenances of both the interested parties—for such was assuredly the case.

They had relapsed into silence—a silence more expressive than words—when they saw the head of Rupert appear at the top of the flight of steps that led to the landing-place. They had not observed his boat approaching the shore—perhaps they had not been looking for it.

"We have been waiting for you here, Rupert," said Oliver, as he rose and approached him. "I wished to tell you that I have been so happy as to discover my lost friends; and I knew you would be glad to see Miss Purvis again."

Rupert's honest face beamed with satisfaction as he looked from Oliver to his fair companion, and saw that an unwonted expression of happiness dwelt on both their countenances.

"May God bless her, and reward her for all that she has done for me and mine!"

said the waterman, as he came towards the little boat on which Blanche was seated. "I know you will be glad to hear, lady," he continued, "that my wife has recovered rapidly during the last week, thanks to all your kindness, and the blessing of God upon what you sent her. And all the children are well now. It does my heart good to hear their merry laugh once again, and to see the colour coming back to their pale faces. Will you kindly come to the stone, Miss Purvis, while I lay my little stores on it? and I will call to Rachel to come out with the children. I know you will see the change, and be glad."

And the poor fellow wiped a tear of joy and gratitude from his eye with the back of his hard hand.

"I will go with you with pleasure," replied Blanche, readily. "Come, Oliver," she said, turning to her cousin.

It was the first time that she had called him by his name; and it sent a thrill of joy through his heart. The fact was not unmarked by Rupert either; and he smiled, but he said nothing, and led the way to the stone.

At his call Rachel and the children appeared and approached some steps towards the stone. There was indeed a decided improvement in their appearance and also in their clothing; and the poor woman poured out her thanks and blessings so eloquently, that Blanche laughingly begged her to desist, and bidding her farewell, left the spot.

When she and Oliver were gone, Rachel came nearer to the stone, for Rupert no longer feared to meet her in the open air, although he did not yet think it right to return to his home.

"What a beautiful couple!" said Rachel to her husband. "And they are as good as they are handsome. It is a pity that Mr. Wyndham is lame."

"He would be too perfect to my fancy, if it were not for that little lameness," replied Rupert. "I do not think the young lady minds it much. How happy they both looked!"

"And they deserve to be happy!" said Rachel fervently, as she began to carry her

stores to her little dwelling, assisted by the children.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Blanche and Oliver re-entered Mr. Purvis's sitting-room, they found him looking unusually well and animated, and occupied with reading, which he was not often able to continue for any length of time.

"Why, Blanche, how bright and rosy you look!" he exclaimed, as she approached him, and bent down to kiss his forehead. "You must walk out every day now. Our friend's society seems to have done you as much good as it used to do to me in London!"

Blanche laughed and became still more rosy.

"I have found a new relative, father," she replied. "And it is such a pleasant discovery, that it has made me quite happy. Let me present to you my cousin, Oliver Wyndham."

"Your cousin, Blanche! His name Wyndham! What do you mean?"

"I mean that Oliver Wyndham, our kind friend, is the son of my aunt Mary Wyndham, of whose sad history you have told me."

"Is he indeed poor Mary's son?" said Mr. Purvis, looking rather confused. "Come here, Wyndham, and let me look in your face. Can you be the son of James Wyndham, who broke his poor wife's heart? You must be like her, not like him. He could not have had your open countenance and clear ingenuous eyes. I never saw him or your mother; but my wife loved her sister, and mourned over her fate. She did not know that Mary had left a son behind her when she died. Is your father living?"

"No, he died many years ago, when I was a boy. I have thought myself alone in the world. I little dreamed that I should find relatives in the friends who have shown me more kindness than I have ever met with elsewhere. May I look on you as my uncle?"

Mr. Purvis took the young man's hand, and pressed it warmly—

"You must look on me as your father, Oliver, and on Blanche as your sister. You will be a brother to her, will you not, and a protector when I am gone?"

"The office of Blanche's protector is that

which I was about to petition for," replied Oliver, smiling. "But not as a *brother*, Mr. Purvis. May I not aspire to a still closer relationship? May I not ask you to let me become your son as Blanche's husband?"

Mr. Purvis looked from one to the other as they stood before him, and he seemed to be satisfied with what he read in both their countenances. He was still grasping Oliver's hand, and he took that of his beloved child, and joined them together in his own.

"You are the only man I ever knew who was worthy of her. God bless you both, my children! And may she be to you as a wife, Oliver, all that she has been to me as a daughter! But what shall I do without her?"

"Dear father, I will never leave you," exclaimed Blanche, as she kissed him fondly. "Oliver would not even wish to take me from you. He will help me to nurse you while you are ill; and when you are well we will talk of the future."

Blanche left the room to lay aside her hat and mantle, and to recover from the agitation which the recent conversations had excited. She was very happy. A bright light seemed to be shining all around her, and she forgot even her anxiety respecting her father in the blessed feeling that she would no longer have to bear that anxiety, or any other trial, alone. She did not forget *Who* it was that had guided all the circumstances connected with herself and Oliver in so wonderful a way, and had so overruled what seemed very calamitous or very fortuitous events, as to lead to the present happy state of things; and she thanked the Giver of all goodness for the light that had sprung up in her dark and troubled path.

When she returned to the sitting-room, she found her father had fallen into a quiet sleep, and the expression of his fine features was one of perfect peace and contentment. She and Oliver seated themselves near the window, and they were soon in deep conversation as to the events of the past. An explanation was entered into with respect to Harry Morant, and Oliver was easily convinced of the mistake into which he had fallen. Blanche also became acquainted with all that had

ed between him and Oliver; and she his simple and unaffected narration s, how noble and disinterested a part usin had played, and how he had to promote her happiness to the utter fulness of his own.

rejoiced in the proofs which Oliver er of the change that had taken place ry's feelings and opinions on the most and momentous of all subjects; but joiced even more at the evident growth e, and in spiritual knowledge, that had affected in Oliver's own soul since the ays of their intimacy in her father's er of sickness. All the best points of aracter seemed to be strengthened and ped, and all the little weaknesses and to be subdued. She felt that he now sympathize with her in all her religious feelings, and all her bright tions for a world of purity and joy, s sincerely as she had ever sympathized im in his intellectual powers and his ful and original thoughts.

h day added to Blanche's happiness that related to her betrothed. But lay did not lessen her anxious fears er father. He continued calm and , and ever seemed contented when he is daughter and Oliver by his side. stlessness had passed away, but strength t returned to take its place; and both ie and her cousin were desirous that ould again be under the care of Dr. s.

er had already written to the Doctor, to m of his happiness, and to request o break to Harry Morant the circum- s of his engagement with Blanche. ow proposed to go himself to London, ring Dr. Graves down to Greenwich the invalid.

s was agreed on; and so promptly was it l out, that soon after noon on the follow- ay Oliver had returned to Greenwich, ith him Dr. Graves and Mr. Trehern. tter gentleman happened to be at Dr. s's house when Oliver arrived there, e was greatly interested in all that he of the Purvises, and of their connec- rith his late wife. He therefore pro-

posed to go down and see them, in order to renew the acquaintance that had been commenced at Croydon, and also to make arrangements for the payment to Blanche and her cousin of the sum of money to which they were clearly entitled.

Mr. Trehern explained to Blanche the reason why he, like Dr. Graves and others, had been so much struck by her countenance at first seeing her; and he kindly promised that as soon as she and her father were again settled in London, the portrait of her mother should be sent to her.

"You have the best claim to possess it," he said; "and in a little time, no doubt Mr. Purvis will learn to look at it without injurious excitement."

Dr. Graves was not satisfied with the state of his former patient. He desired to watch him daily; and in order to do this, it was necessary that he should reside near him. It was therefore arranged that he should engage a good and airy lodging for Mr. Purvis and Blanche not far from his own residence, and that Elsie Crowther should prepare it for their reception on the following evening, and should continue to reside there as Blanche's assistant; while Oliver should return to his quarters in the doctor's house, and give up his old lonely dwelling, and with it his old lonely habits.

All this was effected, and a time of comparative rest and peace ensued—a happier time than Oliver Wyndham could ever remember, or than he had ever dared to hope for.

The pestilence had died away, and an entire security had succeeded to the terrible alarm and panic. It was said that nearly one hundred thousand persons had been carried off by the plague; and yet London now seemed as populous as ever, and as busy and as gay. Thousands had been ruined, and thousands had been left destitute and helpless by the ravages of the fell disease, and the total cessation of business; but trade and commerce were now resumed, and great efforts had been made during the spring for the alleviation of the unprecedented distress which reigned in many of the poorer districts.

The king had set a noble example in this

one respect; he gave a thousand pounds a week for a considerable time for the relief of the poor; and the entire subscriptions were estimated at one hundred thousand pounds a week. So far the surviving inhabitants of the city showed a becoming sense of the mercy which had been vouchsafed to them; but in other respects there does not appear to have been any great reformation in the conduct of the people; or any indication that God's severe judgment had brought them to repentance and amendment of life.

In a material point of view they sought to purify their infected city; and no expense or pains were spared in cleansing and fumigating not only private dwellings, but also all public buildings, especially hospitals, and all such places as had been used as receptacles for the sick.

Of all these places St. Paul's Cathedral was the most spacious and the most important, and it underwent the most thorough and oft-repeated cleansings. No means were left untried to free it from pollution and infection, and no costly remedies were grudged to restore the stately pile to a fit condition for the resumption of its sacred uses.

It happened that Oliver Wyndham was passing near the Cathedral one day, when some of the most effectual of these processes were going on. The floors and pillars had been washed with vinegar, and the strongest scents had been plentifully used, and at last several large casks of pitch had been placed in the different aisles and set fire to.

The mingled smells that issued from the building were almost overpowering, and the smoke that came rolling from the open doors and windows, had a strange and a very picturesque effect. Oliver paused to gaze awhile, and he thought, "What if the building itself should take fire, and our venerable cathedral should thus be laid low!"

While he was picturing to himself such a calamity, he was startled by some one laying a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and, looking quickly round, he beheld a strange gaunt figure, of almost gigantic stature, dressed in a flowing robe, and his long hair hanging matted on his shoulders.

"Young man," he said in a deep sepulchral voice, every tone of which could nevertheless be heard to a great distance, "young man, do you gaze on this purification of the polluted temple? You shall live to see a better purification than this—one that shall search it from the roof to the foundations. Then only will it be effectually cleansed!"

The stranger ceased, and strode on regardless of the observation and the whispered remarks of the passers-by, and he was soon out of sight.

"Who is he?" asked Oliver of one who stood near him; but he guessed what the answer would be, for he had often heard of the wild prophet, who for more than a twelvemonth had gone about denouncing judgments and woe upon the city, and who still continued his weird and ominous denunciations, although London had already been wellnigh desolated, and the Lord had but just removed His chastening hand.

"He is Solomon Eagles," replied the bystander. "Have you never seen him before? All through the last sad year he has roamed the streets, sometimes almost naked, and with a brazier of burning coals upon his head, but always grave and severe as you saw him just now, and always with a woe upon his lips. Truly the evils that he foretold last year have come to pass in a fearful manner. The Lord grant that he may not again prove a true prophet, and that the woes he now denounces may never be fulfilled!"

"Amen," said Oliver, fervently. "Our city has had one striking call to repentance. May she not need a second!"

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE summer passed tranquilly away. Oliver Wyndham found employment suited to his talents, and he worked diligently and cheerfully; always rewarded by Blanche's approving smile when he told her of his successes, and always looking forward to the day when Mr. Purvis's improved health would free her from her constant attendance, and when she would consent to become his bride.



Dr. Graves had, since their return to London, made known those benevolent plans to which we have already alluded. He had declared his intention of making Oliver Wyndham his heir, and of settling upon him a very comfortable income on his marriage; and the good man's happiness at having effected this arrangement—and thus having removed all possible scruples on Oliver's part on the score of his own comparative poverty—was so evident and so genuine, that it would have been cruel and ungenerous to demur at accepting his generosity.

All was prepared,—even a home for the young couple, in which the pleasantest apartment was arranged especially for Mr. Purvis's comfort, and which Elsie Crowther was never weary of beautifying and superintending. Yes, all was ready—but the desired change in Mr. Purvis's health did not appear, and Blanche would not hear of entering on her married life while he continued in so precarious a state.

Often her father urged her to fulfil her engagement to Oliver; but she always parried his arguments, and declared that she could not agree to become a wife until her father could accompany her to the church, and himself give her away.

To her surprise he one day informed her that he had, during her temporary absence from the house, gone with Elsie's assistance to the neighbouring church, and had given orders for all the necessary preparations to be made for a wedding which would take place four days hence. It was on the last day of August that Mr. Purvis made this announcement to his daughter, and she no longer opposed his wish that she should be married on the 4th of September.

How happy was Oliver when he came in that evening, and was exultingly told by his uncle that all was settled! and how heartily did Dr. Graves, who accompanied him, congratulate all parties, and enter into all the arrangements!

When Mr. Purvis retired early to rest, as was his custom, the doctor assisted him into his bed-chamber, which adjoined the sitting-room.

"Look, my friend," said the invalid, as he took his seat opposite to a lovely and well-known portrait that hung over the chimney-piece; "look at that face: I can now do so with calmness, for I know that I shall soon follow her, and see her in all her heavenly beauty. It is very lovely, Doctor, is it not? I see that you can appreciate it; and I charge you to see that it is carefully removed to our new residence. In three days we shall go there—my last move; and I would have that picture there to receive me when I enter the house. You will take care of it, will you not?"

"I will guard it as the apple of my eye," replied the doctor. And the invalid went to his rest well contented with his friend's assurance, and little guessing that the picture was as precious in his estimation, as even in his own.

On the following day Oliver left London for Croydon, in order to visit Mr. Trehern at the Priory, and complete all the necessary business relative to the will of his and Blanche's uncle. He intended to remain at the Priory for two days, and return to London on Monday, the third day of September, hoping that the next morning would usher in his happy bridal day. But "Man proposes, and God disposes."

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Sunday, September the second passed with its usual tranquillity. Blanche and Dr. Graves attended the church in their vicinity, of which good Mr. Manvers was the minister; and Blanche thought, with some emotion, of the next occasion on which she would enter that sacred building, to pledge her faith to Oliver Wyndham, and unite herself to him for life.

Mr. Purvis was remarkably cheerful that day. The prospect of Blanche's marriage greatly occupied his mind, and kept it from desultory wandering. He was pleased at the thought of his child's soon being settled in a permanent home, and of sharing it with her and Oliver for the short time that he expected to remain with them on earth; and his health and spirits had both improved since all was so pleasantly arranged. A deep peace had settled on his fine counte-

nance; and Blanche looked at him with love and admiration when she took leave of him on that Sunday night.

Yes, there was peace and joy in that little household, and Blanche's heart was lifted up in gratitude for the many mercies that were granted to her.

But the same peace and tranquillity did not reign throughout London on that eventful night. The Great Fire had commenced: and early in the following morning Elsie came to arouse Blanche with the fearful tidings that many streets were already blazing fiercely.

Blanche hastily arose, and hurried to her window. But the streets on fire were at some considerable distance from that in which she dwelt, and she could only see the smoke rising up in thick dark ominous clouds. She dressed herself quickly, and went to her father, and very quietly informed him of the fire; but at the same time she assured him that it was not yet approaching their district, and that there was every hope that it would ere long be extinguished.

All that day the thoughts of Mr. Purvis and his daughter were engrossed by the sad news that reached them continually. More than once Dr. Graves came in to tell them of the progress that the fire was making, and to assure them of their own personal safety. But the good and active Doctor was much engaged in assisting and prompting the efforts that were being made to stay the fiery torrent as it flowed onwards down Thames Street, Cheapside, and many of the adjacent streets; and he could only pay very hurried visits, and charge Blanche to remain calm, and to keep her father as far as possible from excitement and alarm.

Several times Blanche went with Elsie to the roof of the house, and gazed with awe and wonder at the scene of devastation that was rapidly extending across the city. She could now see the flaming houses, and hear the rushing sound of fire and the wild din of the falling walls and roofs, mingled with the cries of the terrified people, and the rattling of vehicles and horses along the streets. It was hard to come down from such a spectacle, and join her poor father with a calm unruffled brow, and speak words of hope and

encouragement. But Blanche possessed a brave heart. Not even the view of this dire calamity could shake her trust in God: and she was endued with strength according to her need.

The hours—the long dreadful hours—passed by. Why did not Oliver return? Had he been by her side, Blanche felt that she could better have endured the trial and the responsibility that now pressed heavily upon her.

But Oliver did not come; and her last visit to the roof showed her clearly that the flames were advancing, slowly but steadily, towards their residence. Already many of the inhabitants of the street were packing up and removing their more valuable articles of property; and the landlady of the house informed Blanche that ere long she should do the same, and she advised her to make arrangements for taking her father to some safer situation.

What could Blanche do? She knew that it would be a hopeless attempt to procure a carriage; and she dreaded the effect on her father's mind of any announcement of immediate danger. Surely Oliver would soon arrive; or at all events Dr. Graves would come again, and give her counsel and assistance. So she and Elsie decided that they must wait yet awhile, and keep a constant and vigilant watch upon the advances of the devouring element.

Night set in—if that could be called night, which the flames made as light as day in the city and for miles around. Mr. Purvis expressed a wish to go to rest; and Blanche did not oppose it. She and Elsie would watch; and it would be well that her father should get some hours of repose, which would strengthen him to bear any sudden remove that might be necessary.

Before he laid down, he looked at the cherished picture, and said,

"Dr. Graves promised to remove that picture to your new house to-day, Blanche. I fear he has forgotten it, or he has been so busy looking at the fire, that he has not had time to do so."

"He will not forget, dear father," replied Blanche. "That portrait shall be

moved when we go to our home." And she left him with a sigh; for she thought how little prospect there was of all the happy anticipations for the morrow being realized!

Sadly she sat in the deserted sitting-room, or wandered from room to room, consulting with Elsie; for undoubtedly the danger became more urgent. The landlady and her family were gone, carrying such valuables as were portable, and no one now remained in the house except the lodgers.

Elsie proposed to go to Dr. Graves's residence, which was situated more out of the line that the fire seemed to be taking, and if he should not have returned home, to request his trusty man-servant to come to their aid. To this Blanche consented; and then she softly re-entered her father's chamber, and sat down by his bedside to watch his quiet slumbers.

How long she had remained thus she could not tell. Her thoughts had been too long fixed with straining earnestness upon one fearful subject; and now they involuntarily sought rest in other and more peaceful visions: and she almost forgot the awful reality that surrounded her.

Suddenly a loud crash aroused all her faculties, and awoke her sleeping father. The sound was followed by a strong smell of fire; and smoke was seen to enter through the half-open door, while bright gleams of red light shot in through the chinks of the shutters, which she had closed to induce her father to sleep.

She was instantly by his side. With haste she assisted him to rise, and partly to dress; and she enveloped him in his ample black velvet gown. Then she placed him in his chair, and flew to ascertain the exact nature of the peril to which they were so suddenly exposed.

It was indeed as she supposed and dreaded. The flames had come on more and more rapidly as they gained breadth and strength; and they had reached the adjoining house, which was already deserted by its inhabitants. Thence the fire had broken into their own dwelling, through the slight partition wall of the lower floor; and it was the falling of a part of that wall which had

alarmed Blanche, and admitted the smoke and flames.

The lower part of the house was now burning, and their situation was most perilous. Loud shouts from the watchmen and others in the now crowded street, called on any inhabitants to show themselves; and Blanche threw open the sitting-room window, and replied in a clear voice,

"Only my father and I are here. Save him for the love of God!"

There was a great stir among the crowd. The sight of Blanche had aroused a strong feeling of sympathy and pity; and many hasty suggestions of aid were uttered. But no ladders were at hand, the staircase was blazing, and flames were shooting forth from the window beneath that at which the fair young girl was standing.

"Blanche, Blanche! Come back to me!" cried the agitated voice of her father. And she instantly left the window, and returned to his room. He had placed a chair before the fireplace; and had with difficulty climbed upon it, and was trying with trembling hands to take the portrait from the wall. But his head grew dizzy, and he would have fallen if his daughter had not been at hand to support him.

She again made him sit down, and then she knelt before him; and clasping his hands in hers, she hid her face upon them, and shed some tears of agony.

"Oh, Oliver—my own Oliver! Why are you not here to save us?" she cried.

"I am here, my beloved! God be praised, you are yet unhurt!"

And Blanche looked up to see that face she loved so dearly—that being she trusted so entirely—at her side!

"Come!" he cried, "there is hope, but not a moment to lose!" and he threw around her slight form a wide woollen cloak, and was about to bear her from the room.

"Save my father first!" she exclaimed; and attempted to disengage herself from his arms.

"Take her, Oliver! she is yours!" said Mr. Purvis. And Oliver raised her from the ground in an almost senseless state.

But he was not alone. Two others had followed him, and were now beside Mr.

Purvis's chair. Harry Morant drew a blanket from the bed, and enveloped him from head to foot, while he said,

"Trust to me, Mr. Purvis. Blanche's father shall not perish if I can rescue him with my life!"

And throwing his strong arm round his waist, he supported him towards the sitting-room, from whence only there was any hope of escape.

Dr. Graves was ready to assist him; but Mr. Purvis turned his eyes imploringly towards the picture, and said,

"You promised to take care of it, Dr. Graves."

"And I will do so!" replied the Doctor.

So saying, he sprang on a chair, and removed the precious portrait, which he wrapped in a thick coverlet, and then hurried to the window. A ladder had been placed there just after Blanche had left it; and those who brought it were those who entered to save the lives of the father and daughter.

It was a service of peril and of difficulty, to carry down the treasures they had rescued; but these three brave men were well seconded in their efforts by the crowd below; and though the flames and the smoke scorched and almost blinded them and those they bore so steadily, yet they were otherwise uninjured; and they were received in the street with loud shouts and acclamations.

Blanche quickly recovered her senses and her presence of mind, and was able to attend to her father, whose state was far more pitiable than her own. He was quite unable to stand, and he evidently had a very confused idea of all that had happened, and of his present situation. A sort of litter was hastily formed of a shutter supported upon staves, and on that he was laid, his only remark being, in a low voice to Blanche, as she wrapped his coverings around him,

"He has saved the picture, as he promised!"

Harry Morant had not seen Blanche since the day that she visited his dying sister. He knew that she did not wish to see him, and he had forbore to intrude himself upon her presence. Now she approached him,

and extended her hand to him, saying, warmly,

"God bless you, Harry! You have rendered me a service to-night that I can never forget."

Harry did not reply—he only pressed her hand, and turned away to take his place at the head of Mr. Purvis's litter.

"Who will help me to carry him?" he asked; and as he spoke, a stalwart waterman pushed through the crowd, and exclaimed,

"Let me assist—I would carry him till I dropped, for his daughter's sake, as well as his own."

And Rupert took up the staves, and he and Harry moved slowly through the crowd, followed by Blanche and Oliver, and led by Dr. Graves, who insisted that his patient should be taken to his own house.

Just then Elsie Crowther appeared in a state almost of distraction. She had been making many and ineffectual efforts to procure assistance to remove Mr. Purvis; and she had been so detained by the obstructions in the streets, and in such perils from falling houses and heavily-laden waggons, that she feared she should never accomplish her return to the lodging. On her way she heard that the street in which Mr. Purvis resided was on fire; and knowing the solitary and helpless condition in which he and his daughter were left, she had been in the greatest alarm for their safety.

What was therefore her joy and thankfulness at finding them safe, and in the care of their friends! Ruin and destruction and death were all around, and the fell destroyer was still going on his way, and lying all low in his track; but Oliver Wyndham and Blanche Purvis were safe, and she could not repress her joy.

"The Lord has had you both in His safe keeping!" she exclaimed, as she seized their hands. "Blessed be His name for this signal mercy! How came you here, Master Oliver? and why did you not come sooner?"

Oliver could not forbear a smile, even under present circumstances.

"I am truly thankful to have arrived when I did, Elsie," he said. "Half an hour more of delay, and I should have been too

late—*too late!*” and he shuddered at the thought. “Had I remained at Croydon to-day, I should have seen the light that this awful fire has cast for many miles around, and I should have hastened back. But I was obliged to go into Kent very early this morning; and I knew nothing of the fearful calamity until I returned to the Priory, some hours later than I intended. Then Mr. Trehern had left home, and journeyed to London, and I had great difficulty in procuring a horse to carry me to the city. But it has passed now—my anxiety and the danger have both passed now—and my treasure is saved! We must think of the sufferings of others, and endeavour to alleviate them.”

“I make no doubt, Master Oliver, that you will put yourself into peril again as soon as you can; and Dr. Graves is about as foolhardy as you are. I can say nothing however against your both trying to be useful to-night, for I saw many a fearful sight of desolation and suffering as I came back from searching for the Doctor.”

“Perhaps my good old Elsie was somewhat foolhardy herself, in venturing where she did,” replied Oliver. “But we will not dispute on that point; I trust we are both of us ready to encounter danger and fatigue for the relief of our fellow-creatures; and I fear we shall have a full opportunity of doing so now. Never was there known such a destructive fire as this appears to be; and it is said that the worst is not yet over.”

They reached the Doctor’s house in safety, though not without many delays and much difficulty. It required all Harry Morant’s and Rupert’s strength and activity to convey Mr. Purvis through the crowded and disorderly streets, and to save him from rough and painful shocks. And Blanche was glad to cling to Oliver’s arm, and to shroud herself beneath his wrapping cloak from the rude gaze of the rabble that rushed in every direction, bent on plunder and violence.

It was therefore with sincere thankfulness that they found themselves beneath Dr. Graves’s roof; and no time was lost in getting Mr. Purvis to bed. He asked no questions—he seemed spent and exhausted; but he

smiled when Dr. Graves unfolded the picture, and placed it opposite to him, and he said,

“Thank you, Doctor; you have redeemed your pledge.”

In a few words Blanche was informed of the reason of Rupert’s opportune appearance. He had seen the lurid glare and the smoke that hung over London in the morning; and he observed that it increased, and spread towards Whitechapel. This determined him to go to the city, and led him to search for Mr. Purvis’s residence.

Harry Morant and Dr. Graves had also been drawn in that direction by the same observation. They had been engaged all day in various parts of the blazing districts; and it was not until late in the evening that either of them became aware of the approach of the flames towards the dwelling of Blanche and her father. Then they turned their steps thitherward; and it came to pass that they met each other, and also encountered Oliver, as all were hurrying in the same direction.

Soon Blanche and Elsie were left to seek needful repose, while Dr. Graves’s servant watched Mr. Purvis; and the three gentlemen, attended by Rupert, went out to try and help their fellow-citizens in this time of distress.

It was indeed a calamitous spectacle that met their eyes in whatever direction they turned. All the sky was of a fiery hue, even like a burning oven, and the light of it was visible for upwards of forty miles. It was supposed that on that night there were ten thousand houses in flames; and still the fire went on and increased, for the heat became so intense, that at last no one could approach to attempt to check it, and it spread to a length of two miles, and nearly one in breadth.

All the two following days the conflagration raged unchecked. Churches, public buildings, magazines, bridges, and shipping—all were destroyed, to the computed value of ten millions six hundred and eighty-nine thousand pounds sterling! Upwards of thirteen thousand houses were utterly destroyed, including many that were blown up in the hope of making breaches to stop the

progress of the flames; and eighty-seven churches were laid low.

But nothing seemed to affect the citizens of London so much as the destruction of their noble cathedral. The news that St. Paul's was in flames was heard with dismay; and multitudes thronged to witness the grand but appalling sight.

The fire had spread all round the cathedral, until it was hemmed in by a circle of flame, and stood in the midst uninjured. But at length the intense heat caused a part of the roof to ignite, and quickly the beams fell in, and then the ruin spread wide and fast.

Oliver and Harry had approached the spot; and where the fire had burnt itself out they made their way to the building, just as a stream of molten lead poured like a glittering cascade from the roof. This occurred in several places, and the burning lead flowed along the aisles of the church, or trickled down the steps.

Through the open doorway the young men gazed on the strange and fearful sight. The choir was all wrapped in flame, and the beautifully carved wood-work acted as a ready conductor of the fire from one part of the building to another. As they looked around them, Oliver observed the same strange figure that he had seen once before, moving along one of the galleries. He pointed him out to Harry, but he was quickly out of sight, and the increasing heat warned them to retire to a distance. They did so, and then turned to look again on the burning pile; when to their surprise they beheld Solomon Eagles appear at the foot of one of the pinnacles, where he stood erect, and, extending his arm, he began to harangue the crowd below, and to proclaim the fulfilment of his own prophecy in the second woe that had overtaken the city, and the purification by fire of the grand temple of God. Many called to him to come down and save himself; but he gave no heed to their entreaties, and continued to maintain his position, until the flames approached and almost wrapped him in their tongues of fire. Then he turned, and raising both his arms, he sprang into the burning gulf below and was seen no more.

Oliver's heart sickened at the awful fate

of this strange enthusiast, and he and Harry hurried from the spot.

On Thursday, September 6th, it pleased God to put an end to this most fearful judgment; but London was in a state of unprecedented ruin and desolation, and it seemed that years must elapse ere the *once joyous city* could rise from her ashes and *sit again as a queen*, after the two awful visitations that had befallen her.

\* \* \* \* \*

But there were still some homes unscathed; and in those homes were loving hearts, and human feelings, and family anxieties.

Mr. Purvis was sinking. He knew—and Dr. Graves knew also—that he had but a few days to live. This last shock had been too great for him, and his powers of rallying were gone. He did not shrink from death, but seemed even glad and thankful to leave this world, and go to rejoin her he had loved and honoured so truly, now that he knew his child would not be left friendless and alone. But he had one wish yet ungratified—one wish that he must see fulfilled ere he could close his eyes in peace; it was to witness the marriage of Blanche, and to give her himself to her betrothed husband.

Blanche was not readily persuaded to accede to this arrangement. She was so deeply depressed at the prospect of so soon being separated from her beloved father, that she could not bear the idea of celebrating her marriage under such painful circumstances. But Dr. Graves pointed out to her the awkwardness of her position if she were indeed to be left an orphan before she became the wife of Oliver; and with *tearful eyes* she consented.

On the day following Mr. Manvers came to the chamber of Mr. Purvis, where he had paid a daily visit ever since the invalid had been in Dr. Graves's house. He knew the purpose for which he was this day specially summoned, and he found the apartment arranged decorously for the ceremony.

Only Dr. Graves and Oliver Wyndham were by Mr. Purvis's bedside when Blanche entered, attended by Elsie Crowther.

It was a very simple wedding, and not a joyous one in the common acceptation of

m. But love and joy and peace were, in the best and holiest sense; vows were made that came from the heart and that were never broken.

When the ceremony was over, Blanche never knelt together at the bedside of the dying father, and reverently received his blessing; and as they rose, he smiled at them and said—

"How I can depart in peace, *perfect* peace!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
The night after this event, Oliver Wyndham and his wife might be seen walking on the grounds of the Priory near the church; not in bridal attire, but in deep mourning,—for Mr. Purvis was gone to his rest, and they both felt they had lost a father. Within a few days after his child's marriage, and when the funeral was over, Mr. Purvis offered the Priory as their temporary abode, an offer that was gladly accepted.

The old gardener and Mrs. Saunders, the housekeeper, received them with the greatest cordiality, for they knew of Blanche's relationship to their late mistress, and they understood the mystery of the portrait, which now again for a time occupied its accustomed place.

Elsie Crowther also accompanied them, and it did her heart good, after all the trials and anxieties that she had encountered, to sit quietly in Mrs. Saunders's pleasant room, and sing the praises of her dear young master and his peerless bride.

"They have done their duty, Mrs. Saunders; they have done their duty to God and their fellow-creatures, and the Lord has rewarded them. They never thought of themselves if they could do good to others; and now the Giver of all goodness has thought of them, and has made their cup to run over with blessings!"

FINIS.

## A CHRISTMAS INVITATION.

"Let us now go even to Bethlehem."—LUKE ii. 15.

BY THE EDITOR.

The birth of Christ constitutes the fame of the world. The advent of the Messiah, the Son of God, in the manger of Bethlehem, has given to the otherwise obscure and insignificant village, a name in the world's chronicles above that of the most illustrious cities under the broad sun.

Deep interest ever attaches to the birth of the great and the noble. A halo of glory circles the spot where their existence began.

Poetry and history unite to render the birthplace of the Saviour more interesting to the associations and reminiscences of the locality suggests. Enthusiastic and pilgrims journey far to plant their feet on the renowned of earth's children. This is most natural; and it is at it should be thus: especially when peace and goodness have been allied in the character. But in these recollections, even of the most excellent, we are

constrained to acknowledge that the glory with which they are invested is at best a tarnished glory. They were but sinners like ourselves: we can attribute no perfection to them. The glory of their fame may be visible from a human stand-point, but in the light of the Divine brightness, as stars at the dawn of day, the earthly glory fades from view.

Not so is it with the fame of Bethlehem, the scene of the Saviour's Incarnation. Around His birthplace there is thrown a halo of Divine glory—"the glory that excelleth"—the glory of infinite perfection, untarnished holiness. The devout and lowly Christian who in sacred meditation visits Bethlehem, can testify of Him who was born there. "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Some of the rays of this glory may fall

upon our path, if in spirit yielding ourselves to the shepherds' invitation, "*Let us now go even to Bethlehem,*" we ponder, in the presence of the infant Saviour, **THE LOWLINESS OF HIS GREATNESS**, and the **SELF-SACRIFICE OF HIS LOVE**.

How manifestly we behold, in the manger at Bethlehem, **THE LOWLINESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S GREATNESS!**

He who in after days could say, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," began life in a manger. "There was no room for Him in the inn." Whilst we recognize the harmony of fitness, we are lost in wonder at the infinite humiliation! How should the pride of human littleness shrink abashed from such a spectacle!

It need not have been thus with the Saviour. The hearts of all were at His disposal. The houses of all were His property. He came unto "His own," though "they received Him not." The Holy One might have been born in a palace. This had been unparalleled humility. But when He "took upon Him our nature, and was made in the likeness of man," He condescended to the extremest circumstances of human humiliation; and He chose for His birthplace the manger at Bethlehem. Thus He exemplified the Lowliness of His Greatness.

We say, "the Lowliness of His **GREATNESS**," for be it remembered, this lowliness did not in any measure affect, diminish, or take from, His essential dignity and glory. Christ was great even in the manger at Bethlehem. We know the greatness of our humanity does not consist in, or depend on, outward circumstances or advantages. In a true sense—perhaps the truest sense—we are none of us so great now as when we were little children. We may have attained much wealth—"laden ourselves with thick clay," and men may "call us Rabbi:" but would not the Great Teacher, if He were again on earth, still take the "little child" and "set him in our midst," as the model of human greatness? Add, then, to this con-

ception of human greatness the consideration of the *sinlessness* of Christ's infant humanity, and was He not "great" as the Babe of Bethlehem?

And if this be true of His human nature, how shall we express His greatness as God—God manifest in the flesh! In our nature—"yet without sin"—He was great—great beyond the greatness of the "little child" of fallen humanity; but when "the Word was made flesh," He ceased not to be God. The Godhead, though veiled, was still there—there in the manger: and that humble resting-place of the infant Saviour was therefore the palace of "the King, eternal, immortal, invisible!"

We marvel not that it did not stay the carol of the angelic host because Christ was born in so mean a place; for they beheld this unveiled glory! We marvel not that the wise men from the East presented to the infant child their worship and their gifts, for they discerned the Christ of prophecy beneath this humble guise. But in the presence of this "mystery of godliness," recognizing the majesty of the Babe of Bethlehem, we may well marvel at the pride of our poor fallen hearts—pride which is ever prompting us to seek the highest place—pride which is so ready to take offence if our dignity be compromised or questioned, if we experience aught of slight or neglect from our fellow-man!

Christ in the manger at Bethlehem exalted what we are prone to despise. He ennobled what the world accounts meanness of circumstance. He threw as it were cloth of gold over the garment of poverty. If our eyes are not dimmed by carnality and pride, we shall see that "the mind that was in Christ Jesus" dwells now in the meek and lowly, the gentle and "poor in spirit;" and, emulating the possession of these graces, we shall show that we have learned rightly to appreciate the Lowliness of the Saviour's Greatness.

But we ponder also, in the manger at Bethlehem, the **SELF-SACRIFICE** of the **SAVIOUR'S LOVE**.

The birth of Christ was but the inaugu-



ration on earth of His Self-Sacrifice for man. That inauguration was planned in Heaven. In Heaven the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father loved us, and in Heaven in purpose He gave Himself for us. In the manger we behold the purpose visible—the self-sacrifice began.

Genuine sacrifice for others is but seldom witnessed in this selfish world. We are apt to call that a sacrifice which costs us but very little; and we are often mistaken in our estimate of what is sacrifice, and what is not. Genuine sacrifice springs from that charity or love which “vaunteth not itself.” It is the widow’s munificent offering, cast into the Lord’s treasury—all that she had, yet accounted by herself as only “two mites which make a farthing.” It is the abnegation of thought of self and selfish ease in the mother who watches, in the chamber of sickness, with untiring love—an eye that will not sleep—the sinking frame of the child of her affections. It is the ministry of that which “costs us something.” It is the devotedness of a Florence Nightingale, the unflagging energy of a Howard, the noble benevolence of a Wilberforce, the fervent zeal of the missionary of the Cross who “counts not his life dear to him.”

This is genuine sacrifice—the “labour of love,” which truly indicates the presence and the power of spiritual motive in the human heart. Christ’s sacrifice was all this; but it was far more. His was a sacrifice prompted by LOVE DIVINE—“all love excelling.”

It is not easy for us to rise to the contemplation of this “Love of Christ which passeth knowledge.” Strange though it be, yet our hearts tell us it is true, we are naturally indifferent, insensible to this love. In our fallen, alienated estate, there is “nothing,” even in Christ, that we should “desire” or esteem Him. The representation of prophecy is sadly realized—He stands pleading with men as with those who are unwillingly convinced of His deep interest in their welfare—“Was ever love like Mine?” But if we are submitting ourselves to the teaching of the Divine Spirit, whose

office it is to “take of the things of Christ, and show them to us,” we can, at least, discern *something* of the wonderful character of His sacrifice, planned in Heaven, inaugurated at Bethlehem, consummated on Calvary.

We see it was a sacrifice prompted by love in all its freeness. The love of Christ was not merited, not even desired by those who were its objects. It waited not to be bought or won, or even asked. And the Sacrifice itself was not merely sacrifice: it was SELF-Sacrifice! It was not the yielding up of any personal possession, however priceless: not simply the labour and toil of a life devoted to beneficence: but Christ gave HIMSELF. “We are redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.” Observe the expression, “*We* are redeemed.” This marks an essential characteristic of the Saviour’s sacrifice. It was Self-Sacrifice *for us*: it was not designed to glorify Himself. Indeed, to His glory, the glory which He “had with the Father before the world was,” nothing could be added. “For *our* sake He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.” Mysterious interchange, which only the principle of Gospel substitution can explain! And then, the *manner* of the gift. What infinite compassion and tenderness the Giver displayed! We often rob a gift of its value by the manner in which we bestow it. We are evidently thinking of our own liberality instead of being absorbed in pity and compassion and sympathy towards those whom we assist. Not so was it with Christ. At every step of His self-sacrificing life men saw—

“His heart was made of tenderness,  
And overflowed with love.”

In the immediate prospect of His Cross and Passion we hear Him tenderly bidding the disturbed and anxious disciples, “Let not *your* hearts be troubled.” *His* heart was “straitened,” but He would not have their hearts “troubled.” How truly was it “the law of CHRIST”—the law of His life, and the law of His death when He “bore our sins in His own body on the tree”—as well as the

law of His GOSPEL, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Thus have we glanced, and only glanced, at two most fitting topics for Christmas meditation: THE LOWLINESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S GREATNESS, and THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF HIS LOVE. We stay not to dwell upon the many lessons of practical exhortation which these topics must suggest to every teachable mind. Suffice it to say, we shall not have hearkened

in vain to the invitation of the shepherds, "Let us now go even to Bethlehem"—we shall possess no uncertain pledge of a holy and happy Christmas—if our contemplation of the Lowliness of the Saviour's Greatness prompts the humble and heartfelt confession of our sinfulness; and the spectacle of the Self-Sacrifice of His love, constrains from our lips the language of adoring gratitude—

"THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE GIFT."

### CHRIST INCARNATE.

"JAM DESINANT SUSPIRIA."

AWAY with sorrow's sigh,  
Our prayers are heard on high;  
And through Heaven's crystal door,  
On this our earthly floor,  
Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.  
  
In dead of night profound,  
There breaks a seraph sound  
Of never-ending morn:  
The Lord of glory born  
Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.  
  
O sight of strange surprise,  
That fills our gazing eyes!  
A manger coldly strew'd,  
And swaddling bands so rude,  
A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless lies.  
  
Art Thou, O wondrous sight,  
Of lights the very Light;  
Who holdest in Thy hand,  
The sky and sea and land;  
Who than the glorious Heavens art more exceeding bright?  
  
'Tis so; Faith darts before,  
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,  
She sees the God of all,  
Where angels prostrate fall,  
Adoring, tremble still, and trembling still, adore.  
  
No thunders round Thee break;  
Yet doth Thy silence speak  
From that, Thy Teacher's seat,  
To us around Thy feet,  
To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors to seek.  
  
Within us, Babe Divine,  
Be born, and make us Thine;  
Within our souls reveal  
Thy love and power to heal;  
Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy shrine.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

# STICHERA FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

By ANATOLIUS, Patriarch of Constantinople, A.D. 419—458.

Music by S. G. HATHERLY, Mus. Bac. Oxon.  
Composer of the Oratoriette "BAPTISM."

A great and mighty wonder The foetal makes secure: The

Vir - gin bears the IN - FANT With Vir - gin hon - our pure. The WORD is made In -

car - nate, And yet re - mains on high: And Che - ru - bim sing

an - thems To shep - herds from the sky. A - - - men.

*After last Stanza.*

And we, with them triumphant,  
Repeat the Hymn again:  
"To God on high be Glory,  
And Peace on earth to Men."

While thus they sing your Monarch,  
Those bright Angelle bands,  
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!  
Ye oceans, clap your hands!

Since all He comes to ransom,  
By all be He adored,  
The Infant born in Bethlehem.  
The Saviour and the Lord! •

And idol forms shall perish,  
And error shall decay,  
And CHRIST shall wield His sceptre,  
Our Lord and God for aye. Amen.

## THE HOLLY.

"With holly and ivy,  
So green and so gay,  
We'll deck all our houses  
As fresh as the day."

Spence, 1695.

HOLLY, originally called *holy*, from its being used in sacred celebrations, owes its importance in the Christmas festivities to paganism.

Tree-worship was a very early form of superstition, prevailing in most of the ancient heathen countries; holly and mistletoe were particular objects of it among the northern nations, whence we English have our ancestry. And when systems of mythology became more developed, the superstition lingered still in an altered shape. A great feast to Saturn was held in December, by the Romans; and as his temples were always built among oak trees, the worshippers made up their deficiency of foliage by hanging evergreens upon the boughs. And at the New Year, when the Romans sent gifts to their friends, with each went a holly-branch, emblematic of good wishes for the season.

It would seem that the early Christians first decked their houses with holly branches during their celebration of the Nativity, in order to screen themselves from persecution. And that the decking of houses with green boughs at Christmas was considered the remnant of a heathen custom, appears from the numerous fulminations of the earliest councils against it. The popular habit, however, prevailed against the ecclesiastical edict, and at last the Church was compelled to sanction it by admitting the objectionable holly-boughs into her own bosom. A sacred symbolism was then discovered: the sharp leaves were said to be emblematic of our blessed Saviour's crown of thorns, and the scarlet berries of His "great drops of blood."

Our forefathers bear witness of the repute of the holly in England, regarding it as "the holy tree." It is so styled in Turner's "Herbal," date 1557: likewise in an earlier ballad of Henry VI.'s reign. Through Sweden and Germany it is called "Christ-dorn," the Christ-thorn-tree.

The value put upon it is testified by a forest law of Canute the Dane's, who decreed that any person cutting a holly tree should be punished by a fine of twenty shillings to the

king, as guilty of a breach of the laws of the royal chase.

Stow says in his old book, the "Survey of London," that "Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, are decked with holme, ivie, bayes, and whatsoever else the season of the year afforded to be Greene: the conduits and standards in the street were likewise garnished." And an old chronicler relates an accident that happened to these last: "In the yeare 1444, by tempest, thunder, and lightning, towards the morning of Candlemas-day, in Cornhill, a standard of tree being set up in the pavement fast in the ground, nailed full of holme and ivie for disport of Christmas to the people, was torne up and cast downe, so that the people were sore aghast."

For a modern picture of indoor decorations at Christmas, see what the poet Clare has written in his homely style:—

"Each house is swept the day before,  
And windows stuck with evergreens;  
The snow is besomed from the door,  
And comfort crowns the cottage-scenes:  
Gilt holly with its thorny pricks,  
And yew and box with berries small;  
These deck the unused candlesticks,  
And pictures hanging by the wall."

Both poets and prose writers have often sung the praises of holly, as the most picturesque of Christmas trees. "Among all the natural greens that enrich our home-borne store," writes Evelyn in Charles II.'s days, "none certainly is to be compared with the holly. I have often wondered at our curiosity after foreign plants and expensive difficulties to the neglect of the culture of this vulgar [common] but incomparable tree, whether we propagate it for use and defence, or for sight and ornament." Again he says, "Is there a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable holly-hedge of about 400 feet in length, nine feet in height, and six in diameter, which I can show in my now ruined garden (thanks to the Quar of Marston).

at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral? It mocks the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers." Nevertheless, that imperial navvy, Peter the Great, while working at Deptford, found time to trundle a wheelbarrow every morning and evening through this unrivalled hedge! Hence no trace of it now remains. The finest holly in England is said to be one at Claremont.

Most people have read Southey's beautiful poem, beginning—

"O reader, hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly tree?  
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives  
The glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries."

The poet alludes thus to the well-known fact that the higher branches of the holly-tree are without spines—the corners of the leaves rounded off, as if they belonged to a different species—

"And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree."

Another poet deduces a higher lesson still from these spineless branches—

"As though to teach thee they designed,  
With earth we leave the thorn behind."

More beautiful is the parallel with which Southey concludes:—

"And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The holly leaves a sober hue display  
Less bright than they;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?  
So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng;  
So would I seem among the young and gay,  
More grave than they;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly tree."

C. A. H. B.

## THE FAMILY BIBLE.

FROM THE DIARY OF A GERMAN PASTOR'S WIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the times which followed the Reformation, it was the custom among pious Germans to write down their family history in the blank leaves of their Bibles; a subsequent generation wrote it in their almanacs; but the present generation, who are far better skilled in writing, scarcely ever write it at all. The well-educated peasant of the olden time wrote about his harvest, his flocks and herds and poultry, in the almanac, but all concerning his family he wrote in the Bible, the Book of Divine grace and eternity—not in the almanac, the book of changing time. It is a good thing, and calculated to have a blessed influence, when the father with his whole family stand written in the Bible; when he sees before him at a glance his birthday and wedding-day, his children's birthdays, and, perhaps too, the days of their death, and thinks that, perhaps as the friend who in the last leaf of the Pentateuch wrote the account of the death of Moses, so his eldest son will write at the bottom of the page the day, the hour, and the particulars of his own departure to his better home.

A very excellent illustration of this time-

honoured custom is to be found in the following pages, written by Anna Maria Gerhardt, the wife of the celebrated hymn-writer and pastor, Paul Gerhardt, in the blank leaves at the end of their Family Bible.

"On Sunday, 19th May, 1623, I was born. 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' Lord, grant that Thy kingdom may come to me!

"On Tuesday, May 21st, I was received into the Church of Christ by baptism. 'Ye are all the children of God through faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ' (Gal. iii. 26, 27). Lord, grant that I may be Thy child!

"14th Dec., 1651.—My dear blessed mother was buried at St. Nicholas. After five years of severe sufferings, the Lord has released her from all her pain, and received her into His heavenly kingdom. 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' O Lord, shall

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I again behold my good mother! Grant that I may be, and continue, 'pure in heart.'

"11th Feb., 1655.—Septuagesima Sunday. The much-esteemed Pastor Vehr celebrated in my father's house the union of my heart with my beloved Paul Gerhardt. 'Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you' (2 Cor. xiii. 11).

"The next day, journey to Mittenwald, and settlement there. May God bless our going out and coming in.

"19th May, 1656.—Our child, Maria Elizabeth, was born on my own birthday, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour: for He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name.' Ah, how can the Lord make us poor sinners so unspeakably happy!

"10th October, 1656.—My dear and greatly esteemed spiritual father, Pastor Vehr, went to his long-desired rest. To me it is as if I had lost my second father, for he has acted towards me as a spiritual father in Christ Jesus, through the Gospel, and loved and tended my soul till Christ was formed in me. 'Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation' (Heb. xiii. 7).

"14th January, 1657.—Our child, Maria Elizabeth dies, scarcely eight months old. Lord, wherefore dost Thou take away from me the desire of my eyes and the joy of my heart? Yet I will not murmur and weep. Sleep well, my child, in thy little bed of rest. Few and evil have been the days of thy pilgrimage, thou dear fleeting guest, upon the earth. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord' (Job i. 21).

"28th April, 1657.—My dear brother-in-law, the Archdeacon Joachim Fromm, dies, sixty-two years of age. Be not dismayed, dear sister Sabine, God is the God of the widow and the Father of the orphans. As long as I and my dear Gerhardt live, you and your children shall never suffer want. 'Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching' (Luke xii. 37).

"28th May, 1657.—My dear husband is called to Berlin as Deacon to St. Nicholas. Beloved home of my fathers, I shall see you again: from this exile I shall return to you. I can again stand and pray at my mother's grave. How good and gracious is the Lord! 'This also cometh from the Lord of hosts, who is

wonderful in counsel, and excellent in wisdom' (Isaiah xxviii. 29).

"12th January, 1658.—Our second child, Anna Catherina, is born, and on the 15th baptized by Archdeacon Rainhardt. Thus, Lord, hast Thou healed the wound which Thou hast made. If it be Thy gracious will, grant that this child may be blessed to us. 'It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish' (Matthew xviii. 14).

"25th March, 1659.—Our Anna Catherina has been carried to her rest. Ah, must I then be like one who is robbed of her children? Wherefore, O Lord, dost Thou chasten me so severely? How have I sinned, that Thou changeest this joy into sorrow of heart? My Gerhardt comforts me, and says, 'Why dost thou weep? the child is not dead, but sleepeth.' Yes, indeed, but so fast asleep that it can never again wake to the sound of its mother's voice! I know, Lord, that Thou hast a right to do what Thou wilt with Thine own, but permit me to weep and lament. 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven' (Mark x. 14).

"30th November, 1660.—The day of the birth and death of our third child, Andreas. Life and death, joy and suffering, raised up and cast down; both in a few hours. Lord, Thou knowest what a mother's heart can bear; therefore will I lay my hand upon my mouth, and be silent. Thou hast said, 'A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come:' but when the child is born, she thinks no more of her anguish, 'for joy that a man is born into the world.' Yes, Lord, the anguish is over, but the sorrow will not be alleviated! Must I not say with Jacob, 'We have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also: all these things are against me?' Lord I know that I am not worthy that a child should call me mother! Oh, forgive me my sins, but the anguish of my heart is great. Oh, deliver me out of my distresses!

"25th August, 1662.—The Lord has had mercy upon my affliction, and has not regarded the guilt of my sin. To-day our fourth child, Paul Frederick, was received into Christ's Church by holy baptism. My joy, I fear, is greater than my gratitude. The weakness of my body is indeed great; my strength is broken! O Lord, I entreat Thee, suffer this child to live; but not as I will, but as Thou wilt. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and

hteousness; and all these things shall be into you' (Matt. vi. 33).

*1 October, 1664.*—Now hast thou entered the joy of thy Lord, my beloved, blessed

To-day have they borne thee, pious of God, into the chamber of death. With thee the gratitude of thy child, affections to her sainted mother! It seems to me as if I should very soon see again, good and much-loved parents. The will of the Lord be done. 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up' (Psalm xxvii. 10).

*February, 1665.*—To-day our fifth child, a Christian, was baptized. May the merciful God forgive me my sins! But grief is mingled with grief and sorrow. I trust that this child will not remain with the seeds of death which rest in my body. 'That which is born of God overcometh the world,' and 'This is the victory which hath overcome the world, even our faith' (1 J. 4).

*14 September, 1665.*—Sleep in peace, my Christian. I knew that thy cradle was made in Heaven. Now thou liest and sleepest with thy three brothers and sisters, my dear grandparents. How will they miss thee when thou comest: and thy mother will miss thee.

O Lord, Thy hand is not shortened from these tears. Behold, Lord, one child more, and has remained longer with us than the other four. Should Thy angel of mercy again enter our house, Lord, send him to me. I am very weak and weary. I waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.

*February, 1666.*—My dear husband is deprived of his cure. Still another child my strength is weak; but the Lord will how much I can still bear. Continue thy cure, my beloved Gerhardt. Be not

'ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,' and bear 'a good testimony before many witnesses.' In thy distress I follow thee into the wilderness, into trouble and death. 'Fear not those who kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul.' Gerhardt, I know that thou never boastest of thyself, for thou art humble and meek in heart; but now boast confidently and in a loud voice—boast thyself in the Lord Jesus Christ. Remain faithful; regard not me and my child. Without God's will not a sparrow falleth to the ground. We shall not perish of hunger. Be faithful, my Gerhardt, till you 'come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem—to the innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in Heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of 'just men made perfect,' and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. God bless thee, my Gerhardt! I now feel how great thou art, and how small am I, thy humble handmaid."

A day before her death, we have the closing entry from the pen of this noble woman:—

*"29th February, 1668.*—Yesterday evening I threw up some blood, which much frightened my dear friends. I calmed them, because I felt no particular pain. But to-day I feel it. My strength is departing every moment. A dreadful shiver, which freezes me, is passing through all my limbs. It is doubtless the messenger sent to call me from hence. If it is so, Lord, grant me grace to overcome the weakness of my heart. To Thee I commend my dear husband and my only child, which Thou of my great mercy hast left to me, poor sinful woman. Into Thy hands I commend my soul and body. I can write no more; my hand trembles. 'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain' (Phil. i. 21)."

J. F. C.

## HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

### THE LESSON OF THE INCARNATION.

Incarnation, the mysterious embodiment of the Divine in the form of the human, meets a deep necessity of our nature; and, as it does, to our feeble apprehension, is a visible, palpable object on which we may fix in the effort to think of God, our sympathies and affections in the

endeavour to love Him. For every one must have felt how difficult it is to form any conception of a pure and infinite Spirit, on which the mind can rest with satisfaction: how much more difficult so to realize such a Being, as to cling to Him with a simple human love! We need the thought of God to be to

us a thought of power and persuasiveness—an idea, not after which the mind, even in its loftier and more reflective moods, must strain with conscious effort, but which can be summoned up instantly at any moment—a spell of potent influence amidst the pressing temptations of the world. But the idea of a pure Spiritual Essence, without form, without passions, without limits, pervading all, comprehending all, transcending all, is too vague and abstract for common use. It may furnish lofty exercise for philosophic minds, but it eludes the intellectual grasp of those of rougher mould; it may visit the soul in quiet and meditative hours, but the ethereal vision vanishes when we turn where its presence is most needed—amid the coarser cares and conflicts of our daily life.

Besides, as I have said, the mere abstract conception of the Spiritual God is not less foreign to our human sympathies and affections, than remote from our finite apprehensions. The devout heart yearns after a Personal God. It craves for something more than the works of God, however replete with proofs of His power and glory; it wants to get near Himself. Its instinctive desire is after a Father and a Friend—a loving ear into which its sorrows may be poured—a loving heart on which its weariness may rest. But Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience; Being without form or place; Existence without beginning or end; Eternal Rest without change or emotion—these in their very sublimity constitute a notion which tends to repel rather than to attract—to overwhelm and crush, rather than gently to raise and foster our human sympathies and desires. Our mortal feebleness shrinks from it in trembling awe. The heart cannot feed on sublimities. We cannot make a home of this cold magnificence; we cannot take immensity by the hand. The soul, lost in such contemplations, like a trembling child wandering on some mountain solitudes, longs amidst all this vastness and grandeur for the sound of some familiar voice to break the stillness, or the

sight of some sheltered spot in which it may nestle with the sense of friendliness and security.

Now that which is thus the deep-felt want of our natures, is most fully and adequately met in the Person of Jesus Christ. For here is One whom, while we may reverence and adore as God, we can think of as clearly, and love as simply, trustingly, tenderly, as the best known and loved of our earthly friends. Here is a point around which our shadowy conceptions may condense—a focus towards which our aimless aspirations may tend. Here we have set before us the Boundless limited in form, the Eternal dwelling in time, the Invisible and Spiritual God revealed in that Word of Life which human hands have handled.

No longer, when we read or muse or pray, need our minds be at a loss—our thoughts wander forth through eternity in search of a Living God. To Him who lived among us, breathed our common air, and spoke our human speech, loved us with a human heart, and healed and helped us with human hands—to Him, as God, every knee may bow, and every tongue confess. No longer in our hidden joys and griefs, in our gratitude and our contrition, in our love and in our sorrow, when our full hearts long for a heavenly confidant, to whom, as to no earthly friend, we may lay bare our souls, need we feel as if God were too awful a Being to obtrude upon Him our insignificance, or to offer to Him our tenderness or our tears. “Come unto me” is the invitation of this Blessed One, so intensely human though so gloriously divine—“unto me,” in whose arms little children were embraced, on whose bosom a frail mortal lay—“unto me,” who hungered, thirsted, faint~~ed~~, sorrowed, wept, and yet whose love and grief and pains and tears were the expression of emotions felt in the mighty heart of God—“Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

JOHN CAIRD, M.A.



# Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

## HEERA AND MOTEE; OR, ELLINOR GRANTLEY'S FRIENDS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS;" "MABEL AND CORA," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

**W**HAT was the cause of Motee's depression?

Hurt-feeling at Nellie's unjust coldness, and suspense at the non-arrival of an answer from Lord Morbury, had something to do with it, but there was another and a chief cause. Motee had now—she had had for some days—a deeper source of real distress. Again and again she had striven to combat the thought, and to deem herself fanciful and suspicious; and again and again it had returned with overpowering force. She could not suppress the fear, amounting to strong conviction, that the mystery concerning the letter was in some way owing to Heera.

The reader will perhaps remember that when Mr. Cowley had written the letter, he brought it into the drawing-room to show to Nellie and Motee; and that from talking of Lord Morbury they had passed to the story of Mr. Cowley's younger days; in the interest of which the letter was for the time forgotten. Motee's last impression of it was that it lay before him on the table; she now thought, unfastened—though but for subsequent events he idea would probably not have remained in her mind, or have occurred to her afterwards, indeed it did not till some days later.

She recollected vividly, however, the next link in the chain of events—Heera going into the drawing-room to see if the letter was posted, and coming back after some minutes with such a flushed, disturbed face. Any one else might have thought little of it, but it had struck Motee forcibly at the time, knowing as he did every turn of her sister's countenance. The impression had not lasted, but it had been revived by the delay of an answer, and the scene on the day of their adventure among the cliffs. Heera's quotation of the exact words contained in the letter, and her subsequent start and

confusion, strongly confirmed the impression in Motee's mind that in some underhand manner she had become acquainted with its contents.

Unhappily, her knowledge of Heera's character could not but favour the supposition. Heera might, indeed, and doubtless would, shrink from flagrant deceit or falsehood, but she was not quite truthful in all her assertions, not quite honourable in small matters. Motee would not have liked to say this, in so many words, even to herself; but she felt it; she knew that her parents grieved much over it; and to her own upright, trustworthy, honourable nature, it was peculiarly painful and saddening to observe marks of this grave fault in her sister.

Her chief feeling of perplexity, when she considered the matter, arose from the question, what could Heera have done with the letter? If she really had delayed its transmission in any way, what could have been her object? For surely if she had made herself acquainted with the contents, as Motee feared to be the case, she would hardly have willingly put any hindrance in the way of its departure, and so prevent Randolph's obtaining such an appointment. The mystery of the whole affair, looking upon it from this point of view, was more than she could solve.

Two days passed, and when evening arrived, and post time drew nigh, Mr. Cowley again appeared in a fever of irritation with every one but Motee. He "snapped at all round indiscriminately," as Reginald expressed it in a whisper to Nellie, and grumbled in the same breath at the postman for being behind time, and at Nellie for suggesting that he certainly was behind time.

"Rat-tat!"

The sharp, clear double knock was audible through the door, which Mr. Cowley had in reality opened on purpose, though ostensibly on account of the heat of the room. Reginald

strode out into the hall, and returned with a bundle of letters.

"Three for you, uncle," and Mr. Cowley, with visibly trembling hand, subsided into his arm-chair, while Reginald distributed the rest.

Motee, sitting on a sofa, with her arm in a sling, and her cheeks rather pale, but otherwise much the same as usual, watched Mr. Cowley's face, as if her life depended on its changes of expression. A look of exultation was succeeded by one of disappointment and indignation, and his first exclamation was,

"Those wretched post-offices!—he never had it at all!"

"I thought so," cried Reginald.

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Grantley, pitying Motee's fluttering colour and wistful eyes.

"You shall hear;—Heera may as well too, now it's settled. It is too late, Motee. I declare I shan't forgive the post-office in a hurry. Talk of the advantages of a penny post!"

"My dear Cowley,—I regret exceedingly to have to announce the impossibility of meeting your wishes, as I should so gladly have done, by recommending your young friend for the appointment in question. If I had heard from you ten days or even a week ago, I could have complied with your request, but the appointment is now promised. Should it be again in my power, however, in any way to forward the interests of young Mr. Beverley, you may depend that I shall not forget your wishes. Excuse a hurried answer, and believe me to remain, &c.

"There! did you ever hear of anything so atrocious?" concluded Mr. Cowley. "Motee, I'm very sorry for your disappointment. But you see Lord Morbury has not been to blame. If I had not been a simpleton, I should have written again in time."

"It can't be helped," said Motee, falteringly, struck painfully by the nervous burning flush and conscious expression of Heera's face, which seemed to confirm her worst fears. "Thank you very much for all your kindness about it."

Very little more was said then upon the subject. Heera presently made some slight excuse for leaving the room, and Motee was not long in following her sister. She found her in their bedroom, gazing out of the window, unusually grave and thoughtful. Heera faced round when Motee entered, and asked, in a voice that was intended to be unconcerned,

"What is all this about Lord Morbury and Randolph—I mean, is it Randolph, or who is this young Mr. Beverley?"

Motee was silent a minute, and then said slowly,

"Don't you know anything of it, Heera?"

"Of what?—the letter? Of course I heard it read this evening."

"I thought you might know more," said Motee, gravely. "Did you not know that Mr. Cowley wrote to Lord Morbury some days ago about Randolph—asking about an appointment?"

"No," said Heera, looking for a moment rather bewildered, then colouring. "No;—what appointment?"

"You know what he said in the letter about our names, Heera—our barbarous names?"

"I—I—what do you mean, Motee?" asked Heera, with a faint attempt at a laugh; "what are you talking of?"

"Of you," said Motee, coming to her side. "Oh, Heera, I can't tell you how frightened I have been the last few days—and how puzzled! But it can't really be true. You cannot really have had anything to do with it," she added, imploringly. "Do tell me I am mistaken!"

"Really," said Heera, rather coldly, though her face bespoke her excited feelings; "if you have had such suspicions, Motee, I wonder you did not speak sooner."

"I could not. I had promised not to mention the subject to you. Say I have been mistaken, Heera dear!"

"You are making a great matter out of nothing, I think," returned Heera, striving to speak carelessly, and then adding with some curiosity, "Besides, I don't know what it is all about. What has Lord Morbury to do with Mr. Cowley? and what is this about an appointment for Randolph?"

Then she did not know the contents of the letter. Motee looked unspeakably relieved.

"Did you not know, Heera, that he is a friend of Mr. Cowley's?" she asked.

"Yes—no—yes, I mean," said Heera, confused again. "I don't know much about it. But this appointment, Motee——"

"It was one which Mr. Cowley thought would be just the thing for Randolph, and he wrote, the day after we came, to Lord Morbury, asking him to use his interest in Randolph's favour. But from some cause the letter never reached him, and Mr. Cowley did not write again until two days ago, when it was too late. If he had only had the first letter—if Lord Morbury had, I mean—Randolph would have most likely had the appointment, and what a

relief it would have been! It would have done papa more good than anything else."

"He is better," said Heera in a low voice.

"Yes, but I think he worries himself about Randolph, and that keeps him back. But it is no use thinking about this disappointment any longer, and I am very grateful to Mr. Cowley for the trouble he has taken."

"I didn't know the letter was about that," said Heera, after a short pause. "I remember it's going—I mean, I remember hearing you speak of it."

Motee was silent, but her tender anxious gaze was more than Heera could withstand. For a minute she bore it with apparent unconcern, and then, averting her face, she said abruptly,

"There! I suppose you must know it!—you seem to have guessed it already. I did not mean any harm, but I took a peep at the letter was open—and—and it caught fire at the candle! I hope you are satisfied now."

Motee made no answer at all, and Heera turned round and faced her.

"Are you not? I thought that was all you wanted to find out. What are you crying for, Motee? Because I'm so wicked?"

"Won't you tell me all about it?" said Motee gently—very gently, for she knew that was the only way to win her sister to anything like serious thought. "Don't go away yet, Heera. Please sit down here, and tell me a little more."

"And receive a lecture," said Heera—complying, however, with the request. "Don't look so melancholy, Motee. One would think I had done something awful—housebreaking or stealing."

"Oh, Heera, don't trifle about it," said Motee sorrowfully. "What would papa and mamma think?"

Heera's countenance changed involuntarily.

"They need not know—you won't tell them, Motee. I know I have been careless and thoughtless—and—and dishonourable too, I suppose. But I'm not so bad as to have done it on purpose. I do mind—but it is of no use to make a fuss. The thing is done now, and can't be helped—only I hate to see you cry about it. I'll tell you how it happened if you wish, though it won't do any good to talk about it. I overheard you and Nellie discussing the letter, you know, and that made me curious. I did not see why you should know what was hidden from me. Then when I went into the drawing-room to see if it had

gone to the post, I found it lying on the table, the envelope unfastened, and the letter half out; so, without thinking, I just pulled it quite out, and opened it, to see what the secret was. I looked down the first page, and saw the words about our name, and then I turned over the leaf—and somehow the corner went into the candle which I had put down close by. It was in a blaze in a moment, and I had only time to run across the room and throw it into the fireplace. It couldn't be helped then, so I burnt the envelope, too."

Heera paused, with burning cheeks; and Motee said slowly, "I am very sorry—I don't know how you could—Heera, dear, I wish you had told at once—"

"Told Mr. Cowley!" cried Heera, drawing away her hand. "Thank you, Motee! I only know that if I had, I could never have stayed in the house another week. He would never let a day pass without referring to it. Motee—even you wouldn't have done it."

Motee might justly have said that there was not much fear of her being in a similar predicament, but she only answered humbly,

"I daresay I might not, Heera. It is so difficult to do right always. But still, Heera darling, don't you mean now to let him know it all?"

"What for? What good would it do?" asked Heera. "He blames the post-office now, and I had rather he should do that than blame me."

"You don't seem to mind much about it, I think," said Motee sadly.

"I do, though. I mind very much that I have distressed you, and that I have done anything towards preventing dear old Randolph from having such an appointment—I do care for that, Motee," repeated Heera, and the tears that glistened in her eyes fully testified to the truth of her words. "I know you think me terribly unfeeling, but I'm not quite so bad as that. Only, Motee, I really can't make up my mind to publish what I am so ashamed of—what I wouldn't willingly tell to a creature but yourself—without any real reason."

"Only if it is right," pleaded Motee.

"But why should it be right?—why necessary, I mean?" asked Heera with unusual gentleness.

"I think if one does another a wrong, it is only simple justice to confess it to him. I think it is due to him to tell him and ask his forgiveness. And then one would be less likely to do such a thing again."

"I don't think you need fear *that* with me," returned Heera. "I know it was a mean thing—deceitful, and all that."

"I wish you thought more about it's being so," Motee said, in a low voice.

Heera was silent a moment, then proceeded:

"Yes—and I know I haven't always been so truthful as I might perhaps have been—in little things. But I don't think I have ever done anything mean or underhand before, and I never will again—never, Motee."

"If God will help you," said Motee softly.

"One thing leads to another, you know."

Heera was silent again, and presently asked suddenly,

"By-the-by, what has made Nellie so stiff to you the last week, Motee? *She* can't have suspected anything about this."

"No, not exactly," said Motee, gently. "Or rather, she only suspects *me*."

"You! Nonsense, Motee! Why you saw the letter of course, and she knows you did."

"Yes, but I promised not to mention the subject to any one, and your quoting those words about our names made her think I had broken my word," said Motee, in a low tone.

"I wish I had never been so stupid as to say them," said Heera in vexation. "I quite forgot at the moment, and thought I had heard Mr. Cowley use them. It was just like me! I suppose now there's nothing for it but an explanation. I thought it would come to this."

The tone was childishly petulant. Motee laid her hand on her sister's.

"Not for my sake, Heera darling. Only because you *ought*. You know it is only right to confess when we have wronged any one," she said again.

"I don't care if it is—no, I don't mean that," said Heera, breaking off and bursting into tears. "It's no use talking about it, though. Go downstairs, Motee, and tell them all about it, and have a regular scene, and get Nellie to make it up with you."

Motee sat still.

"Heera, how can you?" she said in a pained tone. "You seem to think I shall find *pleasure* in it."

"I don't, then," said Heera, raising her face, and giving her sister a kiss. "I'm only cross and vexed—and sorry, too, though not so much as you would like. I hate scenes, and begging pardon. But I mean to do it—I couldn't make up my mind to see Nellie treating you like that, when I've the power to stop it. After all,

it's no more than I deserve. I shall go at once, before my courage fails."

She stood up as she spoke, and Motee did not attempt to stop her, but gave her an earnest kiss that spoke volumes. Heera ran downstairs, looked into the drawing-room, but found the object of her search was not there, and in another minute she was standing face to face with Mr. Cowley in the library.

How she told him what she had to say, she had afterwards no idea. She said it very rapidly, with scarcely a pause, and then stood upright before him, with a half-contrite, half-defiant look in her pretty blue eyes, and round her small rosy mouth. A word of harshness, and she would have been impenetrably cool and hard. But after the first look of amazement, Mr. Cowley's face assumed an expression of almost fatherly tenderness, as he took her hands between his own, and asked,

"My dear, how could you do such a thing?"

Heera's tears came directly, and she whispered, falteringly,

"I am very sorry—I had no intention. Will you forgive me?"

"I have not much to forgive, Heera," said Mr. Cowley kindly. "You have punished yourself, and your parents, and your brother and sister, far more, by your deceitful act—well, it *was* deceitful and sinful, my dear, so don't wince at an old man's speaking the truth. Is it not best to look it in the face at once? Or would you persuade yourself that what you did was of no consequence?"

Heera shook her head.

"Tis only for *your* sake that I say another word about the matter. You need never think again of the wrong you did to me. I daresay I should have been angry if I had found it out accidentally, but now you have come and told me so frankly, I shall never allude to it again. But, my dear, I should be glad to know that you have thought of what is infinitely more important—that you have asked forgiveness of our Heavenly Father. You won't be happy until you have His forgiveness. No mere human pardon can suffice for any of us. We all need His pardon through Christ. And you will never be able to overcome your faults without the help of His Spirit. My dear, will you remember my words? Will you think over them?"

Heera answered by a motion of her head, too much overcome by his gentleness to trust her voice to speak. He said very little more, and she soon went back to her own room, to tell Motee how relieved she was after all that

Mr. Cowley knew it, and to expatiate on his generosity and benevolent kindness. He had even offered not to mention the subject to any one, when she was leaving him, but she had begged him to make her aunt and cousins acquainted with all she had told him, as she particularly wished Nellie to hear, on account of her suspicions of Motee.

About ten minutes later, Mr. Cowley strode into the drawing-room, evidently in a state of considerable excitement. His wig was awry, his hands trembling, and his first word was—"Incredible!"

"What's the matter?" asked Reginald.

"Matter, indeed! Talk of common honour and honesty!—(I suppose I must tell you, for she wishes it)"—this was uttered parenthetically, in a different tone.

"What has happened, uncle?" asked Mrs. Grantley, while Nellie listened with rather widely-opened eyes.

"Perfectly incredible!" repeated Mr. Cowley. "Such an audacious act—prying into *my* letter!"

"Who?—not Heera!" cried Nellie.

"Who else? *My* letter!" repeated Mr. Cowley, as if the emphasis increased his sense of the wrong done. "*My* letter to Lord Morbury! Opening it—burning it—accidentally, to be sure!—leaving me to imagine Lord Morbury neglectful, and Nellie to imagine Motee incapable of keeping her word—and never uttering a syllable of explanation until now! Does it not seem incredible?" and Mr. Cowley wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Did Motee tell you?" cried Nellie.

"Motee! no! Heera came herself, knocked at the library door, walked in, said she had something to tell me—and tell it me she did, without a word of softening or extenuation of her own conduct. I must say *that* for her."

"And what did you do?" asked Reginald.

Mr. Cowley's face broke into a smile.

"Well, in fact—I don't think I was very severe on her. Poor Heera! I was more sorry than anything else; and really it is a very sad thing to see a girl capable of such an act. But it won't do to be hard on her—it won't do to be unmerciful. All of us have our faults, and if some are more disagreeable in appearance than others, they may be no worse in reality. We can't estimate the amount of temptation that leads in each case to a fall, or the amount of strength there was to withstand it."

A silence followed, broken by Reginald in a tone of exultation,

"Now, Nellie! what do you say now? You see Motee had nothing to do with it!"

Nellie's face was flushed, and her eyes downcast with regretful shame at her unkind doubts of her cousin. Motee at this moment entered the room, grave and pale. Nellie started up, went forward, and took her hands, exclaiming,

"Motee, I can't tell you how vexed I am with myself."

Of course Motee knew to what she alluded, and gave her a kiss.

"Never mind, dear Nellie," she began; "you had reason——"

"Not real reason," said Nellie, drawing her towards the window, and continuing in a lower tone: "Motee, did *you* think all the last week that I had changed in my feeling for you—I mean that I had grown capriciously cold?"

"Of course not," said Motee simply, as if surprised at the question. "I know you too well. I knew it was only a mistake."

"Did you know what the mistake was?"

"I had an idea of it—I was afraid it was this. But it would have made no difference. Why, Nellie," she said gently, "what do you think of me? I *could* not doubt *you*—your love, I mean—any more than I could Heera's. It is out of the question."

"Bravo, Motee!" said Reginald, overhearing what was certainly intended for no ears but Nellie's. "That's what I call something like a friend! Give *me* one that won't turn the cold shoulder every time he's a little puzzled by my words and deeds."

Nellie coloured, but as Reginald, with a smile, retreated farther away, she went on in a lower tone,

"Motee, if you suspected the reason for my behaviour, why didn't you speak to me and have an explanation?"

Motee answered, almost reproachfully, "O Nellie! as if I could ever have exposed Heera even if I had been certain—as if I *could* have suggested such a thing, when I was not certain."

"No, you could not," said Nellie gravely. "I see. And you forgive me, Motee?" she added, half in a whisper.

"I don't know how you can ask such a question," said Motee affectionately. "Nellie dear, I want to ask you one thing. You will be kind to Heera about this?"

"I hope so," said Nellie, her tone and manner changing a little. "There's nothing very surprising in her conduct to any one that knows her."

"Indeed, she is really very sorry," said Motee gravely. "I don't think you do really know her very well. You think she has no feeling, but she has a great deal, only it is not easy to get at it. She was quite crying when she came upstairs from Mr. Cowley—he was so very kind and gentle, she said."

"His bark is worse than his bite," said Nellie musingly. "However, I know one thing—I have no right to find fault with Heera. If she has been so—if she has not acted quite honourably, I have been hard and unjust, and it is difficult to say which is really the worst. Motee, if I only had some of your humility, instead of my own pride and temper, I should not be so quick to suspect evil, and to take offence. That's the one thing in which you are like Reginald. Neither of you have such a high opinion of yourselves, that the least appearance of neglect should affront it—like me."

"I don't know about myself," said Motee seriously. "You think much better of me than I deserve. But there is only one cure, you know, Nellie darling, for all our faults, whatever they are. We must go to Him who can change and renew our *hearts*, and then our outward conduct will change too. And, O Nellie! I think the more we know of our Saviour's grace, and the more we trust Him as our *best* Friend, the more ready we shall be to trust and hope the best with our earthly friends."

She had spoken in a whisper, but Nellie heard all distinctly, and pressed her hand as she gently answered,

"You must pray for me, Motee. I am sadly ignorant, but I think I *have* learnt to know more about myself in the last few weeks."

One day, about a month later, a carriage drove up to the front door, laden with boxes and packages. A gentleman and lady descended—Colonel and Mrs. Beverley. The latter was strikingly like Heera and Motee—resembling both in feature, but Motee chiefly in manner and expression. They were received most warmly, not only by their own daughters, but by Mrs. Grantley, Reginald, and Nellie. And when these first welcomes were over, while they were still in the hall, Mr. Cowley came out of the library, his face composed and benevolently kind. Whatever his feeling a few months ago had been towards Anna Grantley, his cordial greeting indicated how completely and unreservedly he had forgiven Anna Beverley now, for the grief she had caused him in her girlhood.

Colonel and Mrs. Beverley were soon informed of all the events of the last few weeks. Heera herself told them frankly of her own share in what had passed, and the injury her thoughtless conduct had done to Randolph. And if they were disappointed by their son's losing the appointment, and grieved to hear how painfully Heera had been the cause, yet not a little hope and even rejoicing mingled with their sorrow; for they had never before seen her so softened and humbled, and they knew that this was the surest pledge they could possess to encourage them to trust that it would be well with her in the future.

We have only to add that this expectation was realized. Heera became increasingly watchful over her spirit, and especially in matters pertaining to integrity and uprightness of character learned the *importance of strict adherence to the truth in so-called little things.*

FINIS.

## THE MOST EXCELLENT GIFT OF CHARITY.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE charity of the rich is much to be commended; but how beautiful is the charity of the poor!

Call to mind the coldest day you ever experienced. Think of the bitter wind and driving snow; think how you shook and shivered—how the sharp white particles were driven up against your face—how, within doors, the

carpets were lifted like billows along the floors, the wind howled and moaned in the chimneys, windows cracked, doors rattled, and every now and then heavy lumps of snow came thundering down with a dull weight from the roof.

Now hear my story.

In one of the broad, open plains of Lincolnshire, there is a long reedy sheet of water, a

its resort of wild ducks. At its northern end stand two mud cottages, old, and in need of repair.

A bitter, bitter night, when the snow lay deep on the ground, and a cutting wind was driving it about, and whistling dry frozen reeds by the water's edge, ringing the bare willow trees till their leaves swept the ice, an old woman sat in one of these cottages before a brightly cheerful fire. Her kettle was on the coals; she had a reed-candle, made of rushlight, on her table, but the moon shone in, and was the brighter light of two. These two cottages were far from the road, or any other habitation; the old woman was therefore surprised, in an old country song, by a sudden knock at the

door as loud and impatient, not like the knock of her neighbours in the other cottage; but the door was bolted, and the old woman rose, and opening the window, looked out and saw a shivering figure, apparently that of a man.

"Who are you?" said the old woman, sententious; "tramping folks be not wanted here;" and then, seeing she went back to the fire without answering the door.

The youth upon this tried the door, and finding it locked, he began to knock, and to her to beg admittance. She heard the snow from his shoes against her door, and again knock as if he thought she would not hear, and he should surely gain admittance if he could only make her hear.

The old woman, surprised at his audacity, and at the casement, and with all the pride of a woman, opened it and inquired his business. "Good woman," the stranger began; "I want a seat at your fire."

"You say so," said the old woman, giving effect to her words by her uncouth dialect, "thou'lt not shelter here; I've nought to give thee—gars—a dirty, wet critter," she concluded, wrathfully, slamming to the window, wondering where he found any water, too, it freezes so hard; a body can get none in the kettle, saving what's broken up with the wet."

The stranger turned very hastily from her and waded through the deep snow to the other cottage. The bitter wind drove him towards it. It looked no warmer than the first; and when he had opened the door, and found it bolted and fast, he sank within him. His hand was so

numbed with cold, that he had made scarcely any noise: he tried again.

A rush candle was burning within, and a matronly looking woman sat before the fire. She held an infant in her arms, and had dropped asleep; but his third knock roused her, and, wrapping her apron round the child, she opened the door a very little way, and demanded what he wanted.

"Good woman," the youth began, "I have had the misfortune to fall in the water this bitter night, and I am so numbed I can scarcely walk."

The woman gave him a sudden earnest look, and then sighed.

"Come in," she said; "thou art so nigh the size of my Jem, I thought at first it was him come home from sea."

The youth stepped across the threshold, trembling with cold and wet; and no wonder, for his clothes were completely encased in wet mud, and the water dripped from them with every step he took on the sanded floor.

"Thou art in a sorry plight," said the woman, "and it be two miles to the highest house: come and kneel down afore the fire; thy teeth chatter so pitifully, I can scarce bear to hear them."

She looked at him more attentively, and saw that he was a mere boy, not more than sixteen years of age. Her motherly heart was touched for him. "Art hungry?" she asked, turning to the table. "Thou art wet to the skin. What hast been doing?"

"Shooting wild ducks," said the boy.

"Oh," said the hostess, "thou art one of the keeper's boys, then, I reckon?"

He followed the direction of her eyes, and saw two portions of bread set upon the table, with a small piece of bacon on each.

"My master be very late," she observed, for charity did not make her use elegant language, and by her master she meant her husband; "but thou art welcome to my bit and sup, for I was waiting for him. Maybe it will put a little warmth in thee to eat and drink." So saying, she placed before him her own share of the supper.

"Thank you," said the boy; "but I am so wet, I am making quite a pool before your fire with the drippings from my clothes."

"Ay, they are wet indeed," said the woman, and rising again, she went to an old box, in which she began to search, and presently came to the fire with a perfectly clean check shirt in her hand, and a tolerable good suit of clothes.

"There," said she, showing them with no small pride, "these be my master's Sunday clothes, and if thou wilt be very careful of them, I'll let thee wear them till thine be dry." She then explained that she was going to put her "bairn" to bed, and proceeded up a ladder into the room above, leaving the boy to array himself in these respectable garments.

When she came down her guest had dressed himself in the labourer's clothes; he had had time to warm himself, and he was eating and drinking with hungry relish. He had thrown his muddy clothes in a heap upon the floor. As she looked at them, she said,

"Ah, lad, lad, I doubt that head had been under water: thy poor mother would have been sorely frightened if she could have seen thee awhile ago."

"Yes," said the boy; and in imagination the cottage dame saw this same mother, a careworn, hard-working creature like herself; while the youthful guest saw in imagination a beautiful and courtly lady; and both saw the same love, the same anxiety, the same terror at sight of a lonely boy struggling in the moonlight through breaking ice, with no one to help him, catching at the frozen reeds, and then creeping up, shivering and benumbed, to a cottage door.

But even as she stooped, the woman forgot her imagination, for she had taken a waistcoat into her hands, such as had never passed between them before; a gold pencil case dropped from the pocket; and on the floor, among a heap of mud that covered the outer garments, lay a white shirt sleeve, so white, indeed, and so fine, that she thought it could hardly be worn but by a squire!

She glanced from the clothes to the owner. He had thrown down his cap, and his fair curly hair and broad forehead convinced her that he was of gentle birth; but while she hesitated to sit down, he sat a chair for her, and said with boyish frankness,

"I say, what a lonely place this is! If you had not let me in, the water would have frozen on me before I reached home. Catch me duck-shooting again by myself!"

"It's very cold sport that, sir," said the woman.

The young gentleman assented most readily, and asked if he might stir the fire.

"And welcome, sir," said the woman.

She felt a curiosity to know who he was, and he partly satisfied her by remarking that he was staying at Deen Hall, a house about five miles off, adding that in the morning he had

broken a hole in the ice very near the decoy, but it iced over so fast, that in the dusk he had missed it and fallen in, for it would not bear him. He had made some landmarks, and taken every proper precaution, but he supposed the sport had excited him so much that in the moonlight he had passed them by.

He then told her of his attempt to get shelter in the other cottage.

"Sir," said the woman, "if you had said you were a gentleman——"

The boy laughed. "I don't think I knew it, my good woman," he replied, "my senses were so benumbed; for I was some time struggling at the water's edge among the broken ice, and then I believe I was nearly an hour creeping up to your cottage door. I remember it all rather indistinctly, but as soon as I had felt the fire, and had eaten something, I was a different creature."

As they still talked, the husband came in; and while he was eating his supper, it was agreed that he should walk to Deen Hall, and let its inmates know of the gentleman's safety. When he was gone the woman made up the fire with all the coal that remained to the poor household, and crept up to bed, leaving her guest to lie down and rest before it.

In the grey of dawn the labourer returned, with a servant leading a horse, and bringing a fresh suit of clothes.

The young gentleman took his leave with many thanks, slipping three half-crowns into the woman's hand, probably all the money he had about him. And I must not forget to mention that he kissed the baby; for when she tells the story, the mother always adverts to that circumstance with great pride, adding that her child being as "clean as wax, was quite fit to be kissed by anybody."

"Missis," said her husband, as they stood in the doorway, looking after their guest, "who dost think that be?"

"I don't know," answered the missis.

"Then I'll just tell thee; that be young Lord W——; so thou mayest be a proud woman; thou sits and talks with lords, and asks them in to supper—ha, ha!"

So saying, her master shouldered his spade and went his way, leaving her clinking the three half-crowns in her hand, and considering what she should do with them.

Her neighbour from the other cottage presently stepped in, and when she heard the tale and saw the money, her heart was ready to break with envy and jealousy.



"Oh, to think that good luck should have come to her door, and she should have been so foolish as to turn it away! Seven shillings and sixpence for a morsel of food and a night's shelter—why it was nearly a week's wages!"

So there, as they both supposed, the matter ended, and the next week the frost was sharper than ever. Sheep were frozen in the fenny field, and poultry on their perches, but the good woman had walked to the nearest town and bought a blanket. It was a welcome addition to their bed covering, and it was many a long year since they had been so comfortable.

But it chanced one day at noon that, looking out at her casement, she spied three young gentlemen skating along the ice towards her cottage. They sprang on to the bank, took off their skates, and made for her door. The young nobleman, for he was one of the three, informed her that he had had such a severe cold, he could not come to see her before. "He spoke as free and pleasantly," she said, in telling the story, "as if I had been a lady, and no less! and then he brought a parcel out of his pocket, saying, 'I have been over to B—, and brought you a book for a keepsake, and I hope you will accept it;' and then they all talked as pretty as could be for a matter of ten minutes, and went away. So I waited till my master came home, and we opened the parcel, and there was a fine Bible inside, all over gold

and red morocco, and my name and his name written inside; and, bless him, a ten pound note doubled down over the names! I'm sure, when I thought he was a poor forlorn creature, he was kindly welcome. So my master laid out part of the money in tools, and we rented a garden; and he goes over on market days to sell what we grow; so now, thank God, we want for nothing."

This is how she generally concludes the little history, never failing to add that the young lord kissed her baby.

But I have not yet told you what I thought the best part of the story. When this poor Christian woman was asked what had induced her to take in a perfect stranger, and trust him with the best clothing her home afforded, she answered simply, "Well, I saw him shivering and shaking; so I thought, Thou shalt come in here, for the sake of Him that had not where to lay His head."

The old woman in the other cottage may open her door every night of her future life to some forlorn beggar, but it is all but certain that she will never open it to a nobleman in disguise!

Let us do good, not to receive more good in return, but as evidence of gratitude for what has been already bestowed. In few words, let it be "all for love, and nothing for reward."

"The most excellent gift" is "CHARITY."

## LIVES THAT SPEAK.

### VI.—SARAH TRIMMER.

(Concluded.)

BY THE REV. ERSKINE NEALE, M.A.

IN 1780, soon after the publication of Mrs. Barbauld's "Easy Lessons for Children," Mrs. Trimmer was urgently importuned by a friend to write something of the same kind, from an idea that she would be successful in a similar style of composition. Encouraged by this opinion, she began her "Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature," which was soon completed, and speedily became popular. "The Teacher's Assistant," "Companion to the Book of Common Prayer," "Sacred History," and other publications, followed in rapid succession; one and all adapted for the young, and

having one common aim—to popularise religious instruction. In the year 1786, "The Economy of Charity" appeared. The origin of this publication, among the most useful that fell from her fertile pen, is thus detailed in her private correspondence:—

"As you express your approbation of the 'Economy of Charity,' I will give you a little history of the occasion of my writing it. Some time in the last autumn I received a message from the Queen, desiring me to attend her at a certain hour. I accordingly waited on Her Majesty, who received me with the most condescending kindness, and told me that she had heard of

the success of the schools under my inspection; and being very anxious for their establishment at Windsor, desired to have information from me on the subject. I was honoured with a conference of two hours. It is impossible to do justice to the charming manner in which the Queen expressed the most benevolent sentiments, and the tenderest regard for the happiness of the poor. My 'Economy' was written in consequence of this interview, and I was allowed to dedicate it to Her Majesty."

"The Economy of Charity" was followed by "The Two Farmers." The latter work had its origin in a suggestion of a very venerable and benevolent lady, Mrs. Denward, who hinted to the authoress that her pen might be advantageously employed in "conveying to the lower orders of the people proper sentiments respecting the treatment of animals."

Mrs. Trimmer at once acted on the suggestion; wrote her volume; and begged that she might be allowed to dedicate it to the humane and generous friend who had furnished her with the idea. Mrs. Denward declined the compliment, alleging as her reasons, "I am a being much too insignificant to be noticed. Born and bred in the shades of life, living always recluse, I am unknown, except to the little humble village adjoining; and am the widow of a clergyman unpreferred, except to a laborious curacy of £25 per annum."

Mrs. Trimmer thus deals with the mooted point in her correspondence:—

"I have at length completed the tale of 'The Two Farmers,' into which are introduced, I hope, all Dr. Primat's sentiments respecting mercy and cruelty to brutes, which are level with the capacities of the lower ranks of people, and as much religious and moral instruction as I could well add without making the work too grave. I shall put it into the printer's hand to-morrow, and have an assurance that he will print it without delay. It is a great disappointment to me not to be allowed to dedicate it agreeably to my wishes; but I would by no means draw you from the retirement you seem to delight in, and therefore yield the point to your better judgment, yet I cannot help repeating that I would not have hurt your delicacy by flattery."

This lady merits distinct record in any account bearing upon the labours of Mrs. Trimmer. To Mrs. Denward she was probably more indebted than to any other individual for encouragement and counsel in her benevolent course. The lady of Hardies Court had the means and heart to give; and in Mrs. Trimmer's private journal, repeated mention is made of remittances received from her vene-

erable Kentish friend for the sick and aged poor of Brentford.

Mrs. Trimmer's pen continued in constant exercise. "The Family Magazine," "The Guardian of Education," "Instructive Tales," "Annotations on Sacred History," among other publications, were at this time given to the world. While this amount of literary labour was planned and achieved, incessant attention was bestowed on the schools, the high efficiency of which at length attracted the attention of royalty.

Her journal records:—

"Nov. 19.—I have this day had the unexpected honour of attending Her Majesty, and had inexpressible pleasure in her sensible, humane, and truly Christian conversation. May her pious design of establishing Sunday-schools at Windsor be put in execution!"

Nor were other triumphs wanting. Her publications were deemed deserving a place on the list of "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;" and the prelates of that Church to which she was so fondly attached, admitted, in most gratifying terms, the value of her exertions. Thus cordially was she cheered and gladdened in her course by the exemplary Porteus:—

"Fulham, June 20.

"Madam,—Be pleased to accept my best thanks for your very valuable and obliging present. At my leisure I shall look over all your tracts with care; but from what little I have been already able to read of them, they appear to me extremely well calculated to answer the pious and benevolent purposes you have in view. The youth of this country are under infinite obligations to you for the pains you have taken in various ways to instil the principles of true religion into their hearts; and I am particularly happy that my diocese is likely to be so much benefited by your instructions. That God may give His blessing to your laudable exertions in so good a cause, is the sincere prayer of,

"Madam,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"B. LONDON."

But commendation, however kindly expressed, was not all she was to receive from this watchful and discriminating prelate. The rectory of Heston, in the Bishop's patronage, was presented to Mr. Kirby Trimmer. It seldom happens that a mother is able, by her writings, to secure professional advancement for a son. This rare achievement, so gratifying to a parent's feelings, was won by Mrs. Trimmer. In bestowing Heston upon her son, the Bishop, in the kindest manner, designated it as a mark of the sense he entertained of the

services of his mother. To add peculiar grace and force to the compliment, Heston was advisedly selected as a benefice which would place her son for life near the aged authoress.

The last of her literary employments was a volume of "Family Sermons," abridged from the works of some of our most eminent divines. This production, intended for the use of those heads of families who read to their servants and children on a Sunday evening, attained considerable popularity.

Time sped on; and brought with it the evening of life, not unaccompanied with those trials which are thickly strewn in the path of a protracted pilgrimage. She alludes in her journal to the graves she had been called to weep over—those of her husband, her daughter, and her son—and exclaims pathetically,

"O my God, how comes it to pass that I, who can comfort others, cannot comfort myself?"

The perplexities and anxieties of a lawsuit menaced her in the decline of life; added to which, her schools, always a subject of engrossing interest, caused her infinite disquietude. She thus alludes to them in her journals:—

"Lord, I beseech THEE to guide and direct me in the management of the schools: suggest to me what I ought to do in my difficult situation, and keep me back from those measures whereby I may injure them. Oh, incline my heart in this matter to act from the best motives; let no resentful thought influence me: I earnestly desire to do what is right, and am content to sustain the loss that threatens me, if Thou seest fit it should be so. No difficulties within the compass of my abilities shall dishearten me."

Again—

"I am in very great perplexity still about the schools. We have already sustained a very great loss by them, and I fear there is a danger of losing still more. However, trusting in the goodness of God, that my own family will not be injured by it, I will cheerfully venture; all that I am able I will do for the benefit of these poor children, who are very dear to me."

Again—in the prospect of a removal from the dwelling in which so large a proportion of her life had been passed, and from the neighbourhood so familiar to her—the point productive of most anguish was the dread that the removal would inflict "great injury on the schools;" that "the schools would come to nothing!" "Would not the schools suffer deeply, and immediately, from that event?" Never was there a human being by whom the

moral and religious training of the children of the poor was made a matter of deeper interest.

Towards the last, a presentiment of sudden death more than once disturbed her. She writes:—

"The fears of sudden death have frequently assailed me, but, I thank God, I have no dread of an hereafter. I trust, whenever my Lord comes, He will find me watching: a *profitable* servant I cannot be, but I hope I am a *faithful* one.

"I have laboured under a most dreadful depression of spirits in the last week; the fear of sudden death assailed me in a violent and irresistible manner. I cannot think why I should be in such dread of that stroke which will release me from a state of anxiety and trouble, and bring me, as I trust, into a better state of existence. Nor do I dread it, I think, on my own account. Praised be the God of all mercies! adored be the Redeemer of mankind! I can look beyond the grave with comfort and hope. But the thoughts of what my dear children will suffer for their only parent, the thoughts that the school will fall to nothing, distress me beyond measure. But why should these reflections disquiet my mind to such a degree? God has many instruments besides such a poor, weak mortal as I am, to employ in those works which He approves. When my Master sees fit to call me away, let me not murmur. But I have formed an extensive plan for the improvement of the rising generation, and I wish to live to complete it.

"I will cast my care upon God: I will wait patiently for the Lord: I will not fear death, since Christ has taken away its sting!"

With so noble a confession, one so accordant with her creed and life, the journal of this exemplary woman may fitly close.

On the 15th of December, 1810, Mrs. Trimmer having nearly attained, what, in the language of the Psalmist, is called the age of man, was gently summoned into eternity, with scarcely an hour's previous indisposition, and without any symptoms of illness that could alarm her family. While sitting in her study, in the chair in which she was accustomed to write, she bowed her head upon her bosom, and yielded her spirit into the hands of her Creator.

Her children, who were accustomed to see her occasionally take repose in this manner, could scarcely persuade themselves that she was not sunk in sleep; and it was not till after some interval had elapsed, that they could be made to believe that it was the stillness of death.

She sleeps in Ealing churchyard. No inscription marks out to the stranger her place of sepulture, nor is there any mention of her

name, nor are even her initials graven on the family tomb of the Trimmers, within which she rests. She sleeps by the side of that husband whom she loved so well, and so long, and so fondly lamented. It is a crowded churchyard: but the companions of her slumbers forcibly recall the governing principle of her life. She sleeps surrounded by the youthful poor, whom it was her delight to teach; by the aged and necessitous, whom she gladly and readily relieved; and by the wealthy and influential, to whom she was a faithful monitor, that by them a stringent account must be rendered, and that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."\*

She lived and died a humble, believing, and devoted Christian—her example furnishing a practical comment on a prayer copied from her private journal:—

"Give me grace to live agreeably to Thy will. O Lord, teach me humility. Let me never lose sight of my own imperfections. What I am in Thy sight keep before me. Lord Jesus! give me an interest in the sacrifice which Thou hast made for the sins of the whole world, and seal me for Thine own."

She persevered in her self-appointed task to the last. On the Wednesday preceding her death, she was out in the parish ministering to the relief and comfort of a poor sufferer whose case she considered pressing. On reaching home, she complained of considerable fatigue, and remarked that she could no longer bear exertion with the same impunity as formerly; but added, as if in a spirit of self-correction, that personal inconvenience must be overlooked in these matters; the wants of the sick and suffering should have priority.

It is said of her, in a sermon preached on the occasion of her death, that "not one of her writings appears to have been undertaken with

\* When an urgent case presented itself which her own resources, always limited, were inadequate to meet, she judiciously, but unhesitatingly, applied to more affluent neighbours, to whom she represented the duty and privilege of giving, with a winning grace and good humour perfectly irresistible.

a view to promote her own fame, or to gain applause for herself; she never considered herself as aiming at anything beyond her duty;" a view of her character which has been perpetuated on a tablet raised to her memory at St. George's, Brentford, the inscription on which thus testifies to her ceaseless labours of love:—

To the memory of  
SARAH,  
Bellet of James Trimmer,  
Resident in this Parish nearly Fifty Years,  
During which she adorned  
The doctrine of God our Saviour in all things :  
By her practice,  
A constant attendant in God's house of prayer;  
In her own house an example to Christian matrons :  
In her neighbourhood,  
Ministering to the necessities of all,  
The destitute, the afflicted, the ignorant;  
Seeking their moral improvement  
By imparting Christian instruction,  
Both in private, and also in the Church school  
Raised by her exertions and fostered by her care :  
By her writings,  
Edifying the members  
Of that branch of Christ's holy Church  
In which she was born, and which she loved  
With an ardent but well-tempered zeal :  
She obtained rest from her labours  
On the 15th day of December, 1810,  
In the seventieth year of her age.

Also to the memory of  
Her three unmarried daughters,  
Sarah, Juliana Lydia, and Elizabeth,  
In piety, in humility,  
In zeal for the promotion of sound religion,  
Imitators of their revered parent,  
Whom they aided during her life,  
And succeeded in her labour of love for the spiritual  
And temporal interest of those around them,  
Until they departed hence in peace—  
Elizabeth on the 23rd day of April, 1815, aged 46;  
Sarah on the 7th day of February, 1839, aged 64;  
Juliana Lydia on the 6th day of December, 1844, aged 73.  
This tablet is erected  
By the contributions of the poor as well as of the rich,  
The grateful objects and affectionate witnesses  
Of their Christian exertions.


But after all, her career is best portrayed in the description given of one of the saints of old in a record which never flatters, and on an authority which never deceives—

"This woman was FULL of good works and alms deeds which she did."

# Science, Art, and History.

## INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.

### XI.—CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

HE increased interest that has of late years been awakened in the cause of missions to India, is matter of rejoicing to every Christian heart. The attention of our countrymen been hitherto mostly attracted by far other motives; and in pursuit of these, their footsteps of multitudes have been directed eastward. To the philologist, the long-ten archives of the East have unfolded ample treasures; the antiquarian has exulted with mingled feelings of wonder and delight at the splendid monuments of ancient India that are there so abundant, and has laboured with no small measure of success to decipher its time-worn parchments; the propriety of the vegetable and animal kingdoms has enriched the stores of the naturalist; few, impelled by the thirst for military glory, have grasped at the phantom they so eagerly pursued on the field of tinselled glory; the spice groves, the diamond mines, the fertile plains, and costly manufactures of India have laden many a richly-freighted fleet the merchant princes of Britain. We understand none of these motives, and we honour them, without dishonour to themselves, have laboured worth under their influence; but we say, that the Christian motives such as these are but a small dust in the balance" when compared with the infinitely stronger attraction furnished by the spectacle of millions of low-creatures sunk in the most degraded bondage.

There is a very decided improvement has taken place in the state of feeling in this country with regard to Christian missions to India, it can be regretted that so little definite action exists, at least in a comprehensive accessible form, regarding what has been attained and the amount of success that has attended the efforts hitherto put forth. No doubt,

were the whole truth known, the first thing that would strike a reflecting mind would be the utter disproportion that there is between the agency employed, and the vast work to be achieved. But so far from damping the spirit of missionary zeal that has been evoked, we are persuaded that the candid exhibition of this striking and painful disparity, would be a blessed means of stimulating Christian effort. But still, taking this into account, were the whole case fairly and fully stated, it would be found that, apart altogether from the Divine promise of ultimate success, there has been enough in the shape of actual results to warrant not only a continuance, but an immense increase of the agency at present in the field. Such a statement as we desiderate would not only help to encourage Christian liberality, but it would for ever expose the folly and the heartlessness of those who from time to time are either asserting or insinuating that missions in India have failed in accomplishing the end in view. Let it be shown, as it could easily be done, that not only have many thousands been rescued from the bondage of superstition, but that the whole fabric of Indian society is becoming pervaded with new and better elements; that the standard of intelligence, morality, and virtue is greatly elevated; that many of the most fearful evils that polluted the land are now swept entirely from its surface; that the strongholds of ignorance, prejudice, and error are shaking to their foundations; and that all this can be traced to the humble and self-denying labours of the Christian missionary,—and assertions such as these will recoil with infamy on the heads of those who make them.

We trust that some one competent to the task will yet undertake it, and thereby do good service to the cause of missions. Within the limits of this closing paper, we could not hope to supply such a statement as we feel is wanted. All we

can do will be to furnish a few facts from which some idea may be gathered of the present state and future prospects of missions in this vast and interesting portion of the British empire.

The first Protestant mission of any value was that established by the Danes. In the year 1706, Zeigenbalg and Plutscho, men of earnest faith and ardent zeal, commenced the work of preaching in the vernacular tongue in Travancore, in southern India. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge contributed of its funds to the support of this mission, and latterly took it entirely under its fostering care. It met also with the encouragement of royalty in the person of George I., who corresponded personally with the missionaries. His letter of 23rd August, 1717, closes in the following terms: "We pray that you may be endued with life and strength of body, that you may long continue to fulfil your ministry with good success, of which, as we shall be rejoiced to hear, so you will always find us ready to succour you in whatever may tend to promote your work, and to excite your zeal. We assure you of the continuance of our royal favour."

But coming down to more recent times, it was on the 2nd of October, 1792, that Carey and his friends met together at Kettering for the purpose of forming a society to carry the Gospel to the millions of India. Never did means seem more disproportionate to the end contemplated. Their first collection amounted to £13 2s. 6d. Truly it was the day of small things; but this neither quenched their zeal, nor dimmed their faith. They knew that He, in obedience to whose command they had entered on the work, would fulfil to them His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Nor did they trust in vain. Their faith was soon crowned with fruition. To this society the mission at Serampore owed its origin; a mission that, under the superintendence of the distinguished triumvirate—Carey, Marshman, and Ward—gained for itself a world-wide reputation.

But the Baptist mission was only one among a goodly number of agencies that were then eagerly pressing forward to the work of evangelizing India. It was honoured to lead the van; and nobly did it discharge the trust. But the evangelical Churches of England and America had at length awakened to a sense of their duty, and were seeking to fulfil it. The Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Scottish Missionary Society, and the American Board of Foreign Missions, one

after another sent forth labourers, not as rivals, but as fellow-workers in the same great cause. Station after station was planted, until all the leading cities of the empire were occupied, and became the centre of an influence which has ever since been gradually diffusing itself over the districts and villages around.

It is important in estimating results, to bear in mind that the earlier efforts of this missionary agency were greatly impeded by the opposition of the government. Ignorant of the spirit of the Gospel, as, alas! the rulers of this world too often are, they seemed to have feared lest the progress of Christianity would stir up a revolutionary spirit, and so lead to the loss of their eastern possessions.

"Never," says a writer on the subject, "in its introduction to a country, has the missionary enterprise met with greater difficulties than in India. As though it were not enough that we had fifteen thousand miles of ocean to traverse, and then contend with an insalubrious climate and a strange language; or that the heathen in their attachment to caste and other superstitions, or that our own countrymen in their infidelity and prejudice against the Gospel, or that the powers of darkness and spiritual wickedness in high places were against us; the *government*, in its policy and in its laws, was in direct hostility to our entrance into the field. It was impossible to go in a ship from Britain bound to any of our Indian-Presidencies. Dr. Bogue, Mr. Ewing, and other noble-minded and benevolent men, were interdicted from leaving our native country at all. Those who were not put under the ban, and whose zeal and intrepidity led them to brave every obstacle, had to find their way to Holland or to America, that from thence they might embark, and peradventure be smuggled like contraband goods upon the shores of Hindostan. The Baptist missionaries Carey and Thomas, on their arrival at Calcutta, were not suffered to remain on British ground, and were obliged to take refuge in Serampore, a Danish settlement. Messrs. Judson, Newell, and Hall, from America, whose names are embalmed in the memory of the Churches, were driven from Christian protection, and were exposed to a long night of trial, privation, and suffering."

But at length, through the labours of Wilberforce and others within and without the walls of Parliament, in the year 1813, a clause was introduced into the renewed charter of the East India Company, in virtue of which missionaries were permitted to propagate the Gospel throughout India, in whatever ways were not inconsistent with the peace of the country and the majesty of Government.

The policy of the East India Company, however, continued to be that of expediency instead

of principle. Christian officers were from time to time required to connive at, if not to sanction idolatrous services. The alternative was placed before them "either to attend heathen festivals or resign their commissions:" and amongst others Sir Peregrine Maitland, commander-in-chief of the Madras Presidency, withdrew from a post yielding an income of £15,000 per year, rather than give the weight of his influence to the prevailing system.

After much agitation the Court of Directors passed a resolution directing the discontinuance of all such attendance and military salutes at the idolatrous festivals; and a marked and progressive improvement in the character of government influence has since prevailed.

We cannot in this brief narrative furnish a detailed account of the various missionary agencies that are at present engaged in evangelistic work in India. But the statistical results of the combined labours of the various societies at work in Western India, are thus given by Dr. Mullens:—

" Principal stations occupied . . . . .	26
Outstanding ditto . . . . .	41
Missionaries . . . . .	40
Native ditto . . . . .	10
Native catechists . . . . .	53
Churches . . . . .	37
Communicants . . . . .	965
Native Christians . . . . .	2,231
Boys' schools of all kinds . . . . .	62
Scholars . . . . .	5,006
Girls' schools . . . . .	32
Scholars . . . . .	1,416 "

General summary of results for the whole of India at the close of 1862, taken from Dr. Mullens's table:—

" Stations occupied . . . . .	371
Outstanding ditto . . . . .	1,925
Missionaries . . . . .	519
Native ditto . . . . .	140
Native catechists . . . . .	1,365
Native churches . . . . .	1,190
Communicants . . . . .	31,249
Native Christians . . . . .	153,816
Vernacular day schools . . . . .	1,562
Scholars in vernacular day schools . . . . .	44,612
Vernacular boarding school . . . . .	101
Scholars in ditto . . . . .	2,720
Other day schools . . . . .	185
Scholars in ditto . . . . .	23,377
Girls' schools . . . . .	485
Scholars in ditto . . . . .	19,997 "

Total number of persons receiving Christian instruction, *two hundred and forty-four thousand, five hundred and sixteen.*

Another writer, Mr. Joseph Hassell, in his invaluable handbook of Christian missions, "From Pole to Pole," states that—

"Taking India, Ceylon, and Burmah together, there has been during the last ten years an increase of seventy-three additional principal stations occupied; whilst six foreign and thirty-five native missionaries, and one thousand and seventy-eight native catechists, have been added to those already at work. During the same period, the increase in the number of adults and children receiving Christian instruction was *one hundred and eighteen thousand, five hundred and seven.* The steady progress which the Gospel has made in India during the period mentioned above, will be clearly seen when we compare the proportion of the population who were receiving Christian instruction in the year 1862 with that in the year 1866. In the latter year the proportion was one in every 1,567 of the entire population; while in the former it was reduced to one in every 666."

These statistics thoughtfully pondered, show how great a blessing has rested upon the efforts put forth by the Christian Church. Looking at the number of actual converts, and the still larger number under regular Christian instruction; looking to the character of many who have died in the faith of the Gospel; looking to the vast amount of efficient agency now at work; looking to the deep and wide impression made upon the native mind at large; looking to the improvement in European society; looking to the removal of several of the most striking evils once prevalent in the land; looking to the large and valuable experience acquired by past labours, and to the preparation made by those labours for future success, we must allow that missions in India have accomplished much during the short period in which they have been efficiently carried on.

As furnishing remarkable indications of the present state of the native mind, Mr. Hassell quotes the following sentiments from the press of India:—

"Speaking of the Bible, a Bengalee native and heathen newspaper thus expresses itself: 'It is the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar-cane, from the foot to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instruction. A portion of that book would yield to you more of sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short if any person studies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is not another book more worthy of being read than the Bible.'

"Another journal, edited by a Brahmin, speaking of

the missionaries, says: 'It is evident to all that missionaries are doing a vast amount of work. These missionaries are the inhabitants of a far-off land. There, like our spiritual teachers, they generally abandon worldly avocations, and devote themselves to the things of religion. For the dissemination of their own religion they suffer much, go to distant lands, learn the languages of the people, mix freely with them, and by the manifestation of meekness and other virtues, easily accomplish their object. We must say, that by missionaries principally, English civilization, the English language, and English wisdom are diffused.'

"A third journal, when speaking of the mind of the people, says: 'With our converted countrymen, we are anxiously expecting God's day, when the hearts of many millions amongst us will be stirred, we may not say by the spirit of Christian, but by a strong religious agitation. Anything is preferable to this senseless sticking to old ways.'"

Probably no one is more entitled to bear testimony as to the aspect of the mission-field in India than the venerated Dr. Duff, the author and originator of the comprehensive system for the rearing of a native ministry.

At the last General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland in Edinburgh, after referring to "the prodigious work accomplished in the way of preparation, the relaxation of prejudices, the upsetting of old superstitions and obnoxious usages, and the opening up of the minds and hearts of numbers to hail something better that is coming," Dr. Duff gave an account of the origin, progress, and objects of the religious society of educated natives in Bengal, known under the name of the *Brahma Samaj*. He briefly indicated some of the transitional stages through which it had passed, and succinctly described its present doctrines, which are those of *pure Theism*. He then proceeded,—and we quote the entire passage because of its intense interest:—

"Many people in this country are apt to shrug their shoulders with a sensitive recoil from the very name of Theists or Deists. But they ought to try and realise the radical difference between the position of pure Theists in a land where the full light of the Christian revelation shines, and a land which for two or three thousand years has lain under the blighting mildew and shadow of the most frightful Polytheisms and Pantheisms under the sun. In the former case, if men born and brought up on heights illumined by the glorious sun of Heaven's own revealed truth, lapse into Theism, it is a melancholy *descent* half-way down the hill towards the nethermost abyss of error, delusion, and darkness. And were they to plunge into the morasses of Polytheism, or take refuge in the shadowy realms of Pantheism, with its dim and cold abstractions, its flimsy and meaningless platitudes, their case

would be sadder still. Deprived—though, alas! voluntarily deprived—of all faculty of spiritual eyesight, they made be heard, under the smiting of judicial retribution, as if dolefully exclaiming:—

"'Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day!'

How different, how opposite the position of those who have been bred and brought up among the jungly marshes of Polytheism, or the airy unsubstantial phantasms of Pantheism, when they have attained to an intelligent belief in *one God*, and that *one God* no longer an impersonal Essence, but an actual *Personality*, invested with all Divine attributes and perfections, as well as the Rewarder of all them who diligently seek Him! Surely theirs is a happy *ascent* half-way up the hill towards the sunshiny eminences of revelation. If, then, we have reason to believe them to be sincere, instead of denouncing or condemning them for their shortcomings when contemplated from the Christian stand-point, ought we not rather to congratulate them on the attainments they have actually made when contemplated from the Hindu point of view? Instead of coldly shunning or keeping aloof from them because of their errors and defects, ought we not warmly to hail and sympathise with them in their *upward struggles after truth*, which, if persevered in, may by God's blessing end in their reaching the highest summits of revealed truth?

"Viewed under this aspect, the present position of the Calcutta *Brahma Samaj*, with its 2,000 members, is fraught with special interest to all who long for India's evangelization. Now, about a twelvemonth ago, this important society separated into two. There was a conservative party, and a party of progress who were for acting out their anti-Polytheistic, anti-idolatrous convictions, and relieving themselves from the degrading and anti-social trammels of caste, as well as from many of the barbarisms of conventional and superstitious usage. At the head of this progressive party, which broke off by an action of disruption from the other party about a year ago, was a young man of very remarkable powers of intellect and of heart—Babu Keshub Chandra Sen,—a gentleman of independent means, who laboured for the elevation of his countrymen with all the zeal and enthusiasm that could be manifested by a Christian missionary. Some months ago, in a great hall in Calcutta, 2,000 educated natives listened to that man while for two or three hours he poured out a torrent of argument and of eloquence in the English language in favour of energetic action and onward progress. One of our missionaries, who happened to be present, in reference to the address of this young leader, writes, that some passages in which he denounced idolatry, were of prodigious and overwhelming force, and drew forth shouts of vociferous applause from the large audience assembled to hear him. The newspaper report, among other things, says:—

"'Keshub's quotations of the heroic words of Martin



duced frequent rounds of applause from his  
 ence: as when he said, "I will walk through  
 re, looking for no aid, except from Christ;"  
 , "Here I take my stand; I will obey con-  
 I can do no otherwise; so help me God!"  
 "said Keshub, "to carry out practically the  
 f modern reforms,—and to realise the true  
 s much sacrifice, so much success."'  
 des the names already mentioned, Keshub  
 s crowning example of self-sacrificing success,  
 of Jesus. "I have yet to show you the  
 ample in all history, of self-consecration to  
 e of God and man,—that of Christ Jesus.  
 r His life possibly better than I. The four  
 ou have often read. Imagine, if you can, a  
 rist afraid to meet public odium,—a Christ  
 y prepared to sacrifice personal interests to  
 od. Before you can deny this Christ, you  
 out all the nobler nations of history. Here  
 egement for you. He laid down His life for  
 Jesus Christ died for all men, and poured  
 blood like water. His preaching is full of  
 loquence. Many a nation loves and worships  
 e lives amongst us still, to bless us; and we  
 ink of Him but with profoundest reverence.  
 r Jesus, and Him crucified, and you will  
 great, how triumphant life may be, with no  
 ouragement, and without help, except from  
 you have read the Bible (and what Brahmo  
 ead it?) you see in Jesus Christ the grandest  
 ll models of self-sacrifice. How true His  
 f ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye  
 unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder  
 d it shall remove; and nothing shall be im-  
 unto you!" Who but must be stirred and  
 l by that crucifixion scene, where the Christ  
 mself to be sacrificed by an indignant and  
 ob. Jesus lived but to die: and dying for the  
 e lives eternally: nor even now lives for  
 to show that salvation, such as His, waits for  
 ill enter it by the love of man and the love of  
 u can believe in the simplicity of Socrates;  
 catch from Luther his boldness, his fierceness  
 ming religious liberty. You can learn from  
 ist not only a mountain-moving faith, but a  
 ence to bear opprobrium; even as He, in  
 ust, allowed Himself to be sacrificed with  
 If, as true Brahmoes, you have learned to  
 the dying Jesus to the Father, 'Thy will be  
 n you are not afraid of spilling your blood  
 You will freely scatter it over millions of  
 you have understood or caught *His* great  
 o said, 'Take no thought for your life, what  
 at, or what ye shall drink: nor for the body,  
 shall put on.' Say not that this spirit is  
 e to you, because it is practically ignored by  
 of the Christian world. Have in Jesus more  
 they. Then, giving up all for God and your  
 ood shall come down for you as dew for the  
 e that feeds the ravens will not forget you.  
 us to pray for the soul's good, but not for the

body. Deliver me, O Heavenly Father, from in-  
 glorious, mean, and sordid aims. Let me imitate the  
 wisdom and true greatness of Christ, and walk in His  
 spirit now and for ever."

"My missionary correspondent says Keshub re-  
 peatedly referred to Christ and Christianity,—and never  
 but in terms of commendation; and he did not know well  
 what to make of it, for these statements were received  
 with shouts of applause. Keshub concluded by saying  
 that the chief mission of Christ into the world was to  
 die for the iniquities of us all, and he craved an  
 interest in the prayers of the Christian community,  
 and especially of Christian missionaries."

As a fitting complement to the testimony  
 thus borne by Dr. Duff, we cannot refrain from  
 adding an extract from an address given during  
 the present year, by that eminent philan-  
 thropist and devoted Christian, Colonel Sir  
 Herbert Edwardes. We earnestly commend  
 this extract to the candid consideration of all  
 who have been led in any measure to doubt  
 the results of Christian missions.

"Momentous changes are going forward in the  
 social and intellectual habits of the people. And what  
 I wish to ask is, Whence do they spring, and whither  
 are they leading? I maintain that from Christianity  
 they come; and in Christianity they will find their  
 consummation. I do not deny that the secular  
 education imparted by the State has had a large share  
 in this good work, as well as direct missionary labour.  
 But what is the secular education of the nineteenth  
 century? It is an amalgam of ancient learning,  
 modern science, and Christian ethics. Alone it cannot  
 give the Christian faith; but neither is it hostile to  
 Christianity,—rather it prepares the way, and welcomes  
 fuller light and truth when it arrives. That secular  
 education and civilization will ever regenerate a nation,  
 I do not believe. It does not go to the root of the  
 matter. It is a police code at best. It does much to  
 suppress crime between man and man: but it does  
 nothing for sin between man and his Maker. Un-  
 doubtedly it softens what is brutal in human nature;  
 but it leaves untouched what is Satanic. It was well  
 said by one of the ablest missionaries in India (Dr.  
 Mullens) that 'He alone can make a new nation who  
 can form a new man.' That He is forming a new  
 nation in India is clear to every thoughtful mind.  
 While the Hindoos are busy pulling down their own  
 religion, the Christian Church is rising above the  
 horizon. Amidst a dense population of 200 millions  
 of heathen, the little flock of 200,000 native Christians  
 may seem like a speck; but surely it is that 'little cloud  
 out of the sea, like a man's hand,' which tells that  
 there is to be 'a great rain.' Every other faith in  
 India is decaying. Christianity alone is beginning to  
 run its course. It has taken long to plant, but it has  
 now taken root, and by God's grace will never be up-  
 rooted. The Christian converts have already been  
 tested by persecution and martyrdom in 1857, and

stood the test without apostasy. And I believe that if the English were driven out of India to-morrow, Christianity would remain and triumph.

"In conclusion, I would wish to guard all friends of Missions against valuing too little the results obtained. Do not be discouraged by the testimony of those faint-hearted witnesses who return from the promised land with the report that 'the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great: and moreover we saw the children of Anak there.' I too have gone up and seen it; and have hung at your feet a cluster of the grapes of Eshcol. It is but a 'cluster' it is true: for time and strength do not serve to gather more; but it testifies that the land 'floweth with the milk and honey' of Christian promise; and I would say with Caleb, 'Let us go up, and possess it: for we are well able to overcome it.'

"Put confidence then in your missionaries, and sustain their hearts. I feel ashamed to offer my poor testimony in behalf of such a band; but the questions that have been put to me in England compel me to say a word. I have been twenty-five years in the Indian Service, and have been thrown into contact with many missionaries of many Protestant denominations and from many countries. I have found no angel among them. They were all men. Some were gifted by God with very high powers indeed, and some with very humble powers. All had some share of human frailty. But I have never seen one who was not labouring with a single eye for the conversion of the heathen to the utmost of his ability, and setting the example of a holy Christian life. Well would it be for the State if in any department of its service, civil or military, it had such a body of servants as the missionaries in India.

"Do not discourage them then. Do not distrust them. Send out more to help them. Think how little can be done by 500 missionaries among 200,000,000 of heathen. I remember the two first Protestant missionaries who ever went to India—Zeigenbalg and Plutsch. They were sent by Frederic IV. of Denmark (great-great-grandfather of our Princess of Wales) in 1705. They found not one Protestant or Christian in India. Remember Schwarz, and Rhenius, and the long line of evangelists and martyrs down to Ragland, Dr. Cander, Jamier, and Robert Noble. These men ploughed and sowed, but only reaped their tens and hundreds. And where are they now? Absorbed like the souls of the Brahmins, or annihilated like the souls of the Buddhists? No! they are a portion of the 'great cloud of witnesses' who encompass you now, as Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob encompassed the Hebrew Church. And they are now thanking God for the 200,000 redeemed ones over whose scanty numbers you are murmuring with faithless discontent. Murmur no more, but urge your missionaries to develope and complete the native Churches,—to bring forward native Pastors for ordination; and where these have been secured, with vast congregations of native Christians, as at Tinnevely,

give no rest to the Bishops of India till they consecrate a native Bishop, and leave the native Christian Church to walk alone. Christianity will then be more indigenous in India than Mohammedanism has become in eleven centuries; for instead of being propagated by the sword of the stranger, it will be preached and evangelized by the natives of the soil. God grant that we may all live to see it!"

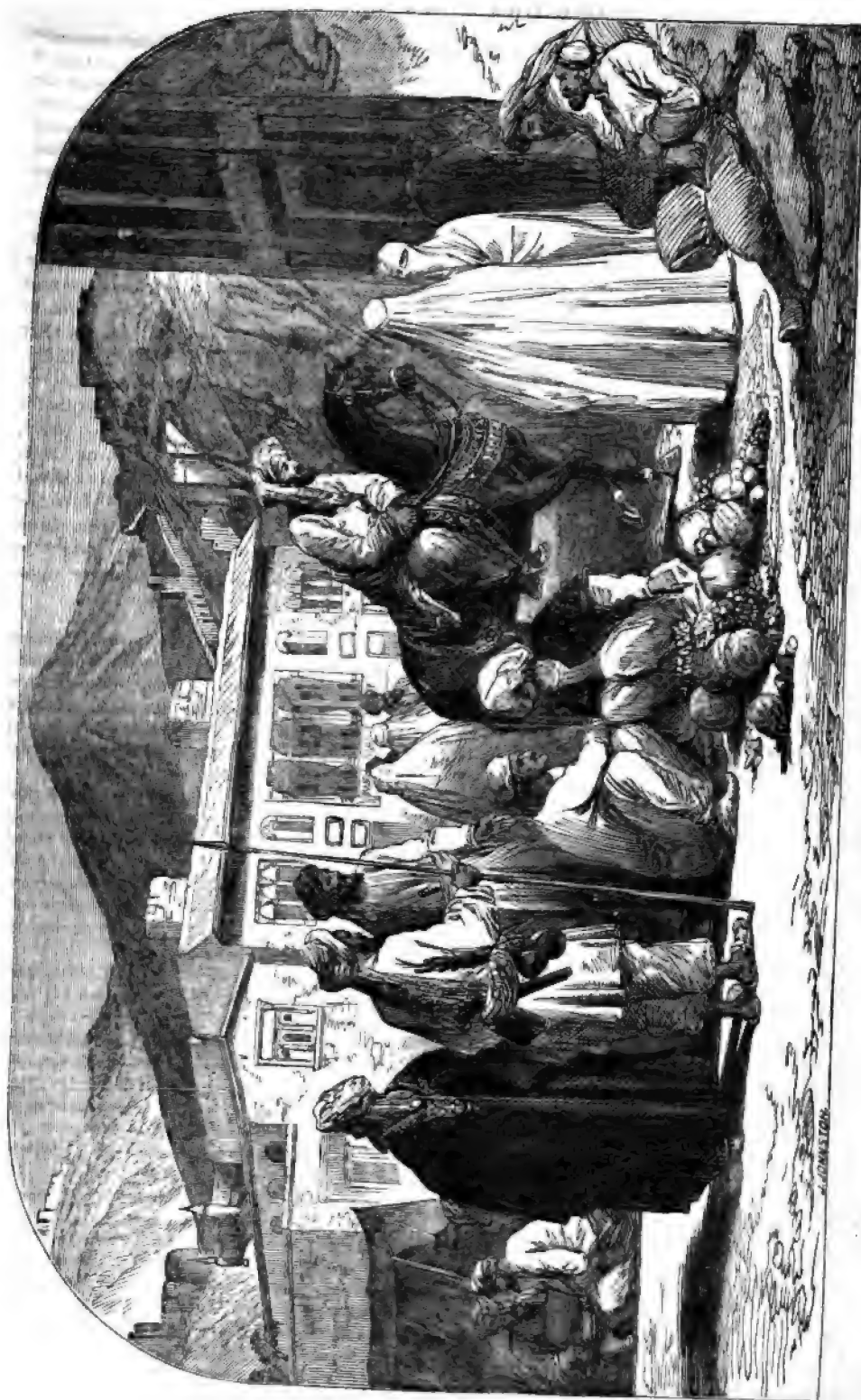
It is not our special object in this paper to plead the cause of Missions. We have simply sought to lay before our readers a few facts and testimonies which will enable them, we trust, to listen with deeper interest to the appeals that are from time to time made on behalf of India. But in concluding this series of articles on INDIA AND THE HINDOOS, we desire to transfer to our pages one appeal, which, for eloquence, pathos, and power, has rarely, we think, been excelled, if it has ever been equalled. It formed a portion of the address of Dr. Duff before the General Assembly of the Free Church, from which we have already quoted, and refers to the lack of men who are willing to enter upon mission work amongst the heathen.

"Why is it that there is no lack of men for ordinary secular enterprise? Where does science find her votaries? Where does commerce find her agents? Men are to be found ready to go into the burning deserts of Africa, or the icy Polar regions, in the interests of discovery and research. Why, then, can true religion not find her men?"

"There is something strangely anomalous in all this. Talk to a mother, a father, a brother, a sister, of one going out as a missionary, and a cry is at once raised against it. But talk to a father, or a mother, of a son going abroad in the military, or naval, or civil service, and instead of placing obstacles in the way, they would strain every nerve and move every power on earth, if they could, to get him the situation.

"I say solemnly that this is a state of things that ought not to be tolerated within the bounds of a Christian Church.

"But perhaps there are some who might turn round on me and say, 'Why don't you set the example, and go yourself?' Excuse me, this is an ecclesiastical assembly, but still it is an assembly of human beings—excuse me, therefore, when in my weakness or folly I speak as a man, since I believe this to be a vital subject to the well-being of the Church at home. The older members, the fathers and brethren here present, know me; I would not need to make such a remark to them, for they know me better. But others who do not know me may perhaps wonder that I am speaking here this night and not on the banks of the Ganges. Let me say then in one word, Renovate, if you can, a constitution which already has been repeatedly shattered in tropical climes; restore me, if you can, such a reasonable portion of health and strength as would



AFGHANS.

[From a Photograph.]

1

ably to expect to be able to work to see there again: do that, and I tell you there is not an amount of moral suasion, wealth, or wealth within the bounds of the hat could detain me in Scotland. I am in Scotland, and I know the poignancy, heart-breaking connected with tearing from these ties; but when my mind was seven years ago, that it was my duty with all its endearing associations, and he dark into the realms of heathenism, at into my mind, put it also into myself away from the sobs and sighs of, and brother, and sisters, and sur- And when compelled, against my turn for a season for the recruiting of I enabled me a second time to tear only from these, but from my own I have no such ties in this country now. I am still; but they are now grown up, they having graciously made them His for them; so that my mind is relieved of on that score. I have still many, is in this country; God be praised for ice across continents and oceans would bonds of true friendship. I have no country now. I feel as an expatriated native land; I never can feel myself links of the Forth as I was wont to do on ranges. I have no home, in the true and at expressive term. I have, through the Christian friends, a residence of my own, but a cold and desolate lodging-house. I have no ties to detain me a day in beyond the dust of my fathers, and of one, my bosom friend, my faithful in quiet, noiseless, and unobtrusive by and consolation, the light of my the very strength of my right arm! Little whether one's ashes repose in the by on the banks of the Forth, or in visits of Bengal on the banks of the resurrection morn, when the last that which was sown in dishonour and glory; this corruptible shall put on this mortal immortality. And then be verified, that 'death-divided friends to part no more.' Before no ties to detain me here now; ably will not help in getting the men to work—if the supply is exhausted to be found; if the Church is obliged to the Foreign Missions Committee that we had, and that therefore one or more stations must be abandoned—if this is acknowledged, and the proclamation is we can no longer get men to go forth to be satisfied to get men to go forth as martyrs, ready to die, and in dying to bear grandeur of the missionary enterprise; the announcement issued this night—

and if I know my own heart—I will be the first to offer my services; ready to start, and without delay—ready, like a celebrated countryman of our own, who when told by the Secretary of State that his services were wanted by his Queen in a desperate crisis of affairs in India, and was asked when he would be ready to go, with the promptness of a loyal soldier, answered, 'To-morrow;' and on the morrow he was off! So [turning round to the moderator] let it be authoritatively announced by you, sir, from that chair this night, that *workers* are not to be found, and that *martyrs* henceforth will suffice; and then, God helping me, I am ready to make the same reply as the noble soldier who now sleeps with his fathers, and to say, 'I will be off to-morrow.'

"I pray God this matter may sink deep into the hearts of many parents, that ministers may lay it to heart, that students of theology may know what the world is thinking of them, that professors of theology may know what the world is expecting of them."

We trust the impression which this appeal cannot but leave on the mind of every reader, may greatly tend to stimulate missionary zeal for the evangelization of the Hindoos.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Engraving of THE ROCK TEMPLE AT MAHABALIPURAM, NEAR MADRAS (page 632), is taken from a sketch on the spot, by the Rev. W. Knight. The date of this remarkable place, one of the most celebrated Rock Temples of India, it is difficult to ascertain, because the Brahmins have involved it in their mythology. The missionary Sartorius gives the following account of it:—

"I arrived at Mahâbalipuram, where there is much to excite admiration. Several pinnacles of rock stand out among the bushes, some of which are sculptured as elephants, lions, oxen, idol-cars with figures of the gods, all of their full size. Then comes a longer cliff, some bow-shots wide, in which are spacious rest-houses, chapels, and chambers, and in several parts columns in front, all hewn out of the solid. On one rock many gods, giants, women, children, and animals, are sculptured, together with the deeds of the giants. For example, in the fifth birth of Vishnu, named Vâmana-avatâram, when King Mahâ-bali-sackri-varti reigned, the king of the world of gods, Dêven-diren, is said to have caused a stone-rain (hail), by which man and beast perished. But Vishnu took up a rock, and with it covered the shepherds, with their wives, children, and cattle. Some of them are represented in the act of running, carrying their children, and dragging their cattle.

"A large mass of stone, hewn into an oval form, hangs poised on a sloping rock, eighteen feet high and very steep, and appears as if it must fall. The base of the stone itself is twenty-four feet in circumference,

the length thirty-six feet. It is as large as a peasant's house. This, they say, was once butter, which Kischten [Kriahna] stole from the houses of the shepherds, and deposited there; but a cat having come and eaten some of it, the whole was rendered unclean; so he caused both the butter and cat to be turned into stone, to be an eternal spectacle!

"Laedschmi, the wife of Vishnu, is represented with elephants bringing offerings to her in golden shells, borne on their trunks. Above, on the rock, are some slight remains of a chapel built of bricks. There is a small bath hewn out, in which the goddesses (probably the dancing-girls who ministered in the temple) bathed. The fire-hearth and conduit-stone of the god are also to be seen; perhaps heretofore there have been buildings and roofs over them.

"On the pinnacle of the cliff there is a chapel of some size, named Ema-Lôgam, i. e., Emen's world, in which Emen (the god of death) is represented sitting, while, with his scribe, he examines the reckoning of the actions and works of men, and the period of their deaths and recompense. Near him stand his angels, or slaves, who torture the impious. In the chapel is Kailâscham, i. e., Isuren's abode, or Paradise; and Veigundam, i. e., Vishnu's abode. These gods are of large size, and beautifully cut. In front of this chapel, on the point of a hanging rock, they had begun to sculpture an idol-car, with various small figures of gods, but

the work is left unfinished. It is probable that the kings and wealthy people of former times had these works executed from time to time, and made pilgrimages to the place. On the hill are thickets and bushes, inhabited by wild cats and porcupines. At the foot of the hill there is an idol-temple and many Brahmins' houses. Close to the sea there is a temple with lofty columns and of massive masonry, but the sea has beaten down the greatest portion of it. The Brahmins came in great numbers to solicit alms, but listened to what I said of the nothingness of their idolatry with levity and indifference."

Our second Engraving (page 673) shows the general appearance of the **AFGHANS**. The position of Peshawur, and the character of the Afghans, equally point to the important bearing which the evangelization of this remarkable people must have upon India generally. It has been supposed by many, that the Afghans are the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel. Their costumes are different from those worn in India, and the large turban and coats of skins are peculiarly suited to the tall, powerful frames of the men, and the marked and Jewish expression of their handsome and manly features.

#### FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"**ALL** is not gold that glitters" (Shakspeare). "**Make assurance doubly sure**" (Ibid). "Keep the word of promise to our [not *the*] car, but break it to our hope" (Ibid). "It's an ill wind turns no good," usually quoted, "It's an ill wind blows no one any good" (Thomas Tasser). "Christmas comes but once a year" (Ibid). "Look before you leap" (Ibid). "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind" (Lord Brooke). "What though the field be lost, all is not lost" (Milton). "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen" (Ibid). "Necessity, the tyrant's plea" (Ibid). "Peace hath her victories" (Ibid). "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us" (Roger l'Estrange, 1704). "When Greeks join Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war" (Nathaniel Lee, 1692). "Of two evils, I have chosen the least" (Prior). "Classic ground" (Addison). "A good hater" (Johnson). "My name is Norval" (John Hume,

1806). "Not much the worse for wear"—not "none the worse" (Cowper). "Wise and masterly inactivity" (Mackintosh, in 1791, though generally attributed to John Randolph). "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens"—not "countrymen" (resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, Dec. 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee). "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute" (Charles C. Pinckney). "In the wrong box" ("Fox's Martyrs"). The hackneyed newspaper Latin quotation, "Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis," is not found in any classic or Latin author. The nearest approach to it was, "Omnia mutantur," &c., and this is found in Barbonius, a German writer of the middle ages. "Smelling of the lamp" is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pythias. "A little bird told me," comes from Eccles. x. 20: "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

# Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE  
THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY  
PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

### THE CAT.

LXII.

We have a young cat in our house we call Toby, who, among other frolicsome tricks, exercises his sagacity by opening the doors. It was often a matter of surprise that the door which opens into the garden, should frequently be found open. The cause was soon discovered, for Toby was seen one day swinging into the passage suspended to the handle of the latch. It is really curious to observe the means used by the kitten to effect his purpose. He springs up to the latch, puts one paw through the handle, by which means he suspends his body against the door, and then with the other paw he pats the latch until the door opens. Toby seems fond of this sport, which he repeats many times in the course of the day. There is another door which he readily opens, we suppose by similar means. I should not have noted down the gambols of a kitten, had I not an impression on my mind that this species is capable of exhibiting a far greater degree of sagacity than is usually attributed to them, and which is more fully developed when the animal is kindly treated.

### CARP.

LXIII.

The more you feed in a particular place, the more certain will the carp be to resort to it, and by constantly doing so, you may get them to become nearly or quite as tame as barn-door fowls. I may instance those in the pond of the garden attached to the Kursaal at Wiesbaden, which are really a curious sight. Much more interest and amusement is to be derived from carp than people in general are at all aware of. It seems a pity that they should be so neglected as they are in England.

### THE SPIDER.

LXIV.

Both in the garden and the house-spider, it must, after all, require a great deal of labour and perseverance, and much danger too must be incurred, in order to fix, in precisely their proper places, the main cords of their webs. There is a well-known Scottish tradition, confirmed by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather," respecting this insect: "Robert Bruce, in order to avoid the pursuit of his enemies, had fled to the island of Rathlin. As he lay on his wretched bed, deliberating whether he should abandon his rights, or make another bold struggle for the Scottish throne, looking upwards towards the roof of the cabin in which he lay, his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread that it had woven, was endeavouring to swing itself from one beam of the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. It made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often foiled. 'Six times,' said the hero to himself, 'have I fought against the English, and have been, like this poor persevering spider, disappointed in the object at which I aimed. I'll see how he gets on in his seventh attempt, and if he succeeds, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland. If he fails, I'll to the wars in Palestine, and my native country shall never see me again.'"

### THE BLACKBIRD.

LXV.

Last year a male blackbird resided in my orchard, and, as it appeared, failed in finding a mate. As early as February he began building a nest under some long leaves by the side

of a fenny place in the orchard, having first scratched away a little earth, in order to make a level place for the nest to stand on. When the nest was finished, it was completely concealed from sight, and protected from the rain by the long leaves bending over it; so close was one of the leaves, that the bird had to lift it up every time he went in and out, a feat I frequently watched him perform. About two weeks after this nest was completely finished, the same bird built a second in another part of the orchard; and in this nest I often saw him sitting later in the season; and when the leaves were on the trees, he built a third nest in a thorn bush. During the time he was engaged on these three nests, he would continually perch on one of the highest trees in the orchard, and send forth his rich and melodious song, as if to invite a partner to join in his family cares, but without success.

## LXVI.

About ten days ago my eldest boy caught a young blackbird, barely fledged, in the grounds of Inverleith House, the residence of Cosmo Innes, Esq. The prize was carefully brought home, and for lack of a spare cage deposited in a covered wicker basket, and hung out of a back window. It had not been placed there above twelve hours when it was visited by two blackbirds, male and female, evidently the parents, who, with well-filled bills, fluttered round, and perched on the basket in great anxiety to administer the food which they had brought. The interstices of the basket being too small to admit of the bird being fed without the cover being raised, they were for a time in great distress; but on some of the willows being removed, the captive was able to communicate with the old birds. Since then their visits have been incessant, and the quantity and variety of food supplied is amazing—strawberries, cherries, currants, spiders, flies, and even raw butcher meat being amongst the daily contributions. Where they got the latter item I cannot imagine. The little prisoner is now placed in a cage, where a good view is obtained of all communications with the parents. On wet days, the cage being kept inside the house is no bar to their efforts to maintain their offspring, as the hen bird boldly flies into the house, feeds the young one quite composedly, and goes off again, to return in half an hour and repeat the process. The curious part of the matter is how the old birds found out the lost one. Did they follow the captor home, and watch where the little one was placed?

## THE MONKEY.

## LXVII.

Father Casaubon brought up an orang became so fond of him, that it seemed of accompanying him wherever he went became necessary to shut up the animal house when the service at church was performed. On one occasion, the whole congregation were laughing, surprised and confounded by seeing verely rebuked them for their misconduct to his astonishment and grief, they again. In the warmth of his zeal, her his vociferation and his actions, but from the desired effect being produced laughter now reached its greatest height mystery, by which he had been so perplexed, was not to be unravelled friend stepped up the pulpit stairs to him the solution. The orang had escaped from his prison, and followed father to the church, had silently moved sounding-board above the pulpit, where perfectly still, till the sermon was over. Creeping now to the edge of the balcony overlooking the preacher, he, in the grotesque manner, imitated all the father's increasing their number and earned proportion to the excitement of the people's feelings, and giving to them as they their acme the greatest force. As he left the pulpit, and looked upward sounding-board, such was the arch deceit of the orang, that it was with extreme he preserved sufficient gravity to direct servants to take the animal away.

## THE GULL.

## LXVIII.

In the "Naturalist," vol. iii., page 2 Donaldson, Esq., writes of a gull in his garden: "At this period, however, he has no taste for sparrows, and scarcely a day on which he did not regale himself with one or five of them. His system of catch was this: He was on the best terms with a number of pigeons which this gentleman and as the sparrows fed along with them mixed in the group, and by stooping as much as possible their appearance then set at the sparrows as a pointer to do at his game: the next instant he seized his prey by the back, and swallowed it giving it time to shut its eyes. The season began with him about the middle of July, as the young birds were leaving the nest."



and as numbers of them were produced Kemp's garden, and others came to there, they found it very slippery for the enemy was upon them in a t. At the expiration of three years his e was assuming a lighter shade, although y feathers on the under part of his body ite apparent. He pursued his old system hing and swallowing with great succ arrived at so much perfection in the t he caught his prey often while flying id occasionally sprang from the ground, uck a bird down with his wing, which no difficulty in afterwards capturing. occasion, while standing near a pump- the garden, he pounced upon a rat ad come there for the purpose of drink- squeaked on being caught, and Mr. who was standing close by, looked im- ly, and had scarcely time to see it y disappear head foremost,—a rule e had strictly observed with both the and the dead. Another kept by the gentleman devoured successively two s of young ducks,—the first nine in r, and the second five."

## THE ELEPHANT.

## LXIX.

Williamson tells an anecdote of an ele- who used to be called the Pangul, or fool, o vindicated his claim to another cha- in a very singular manner. He had to bear a greater weight upon a march is agreeable to him by constantly pull- t of the load off his back: and a quarter- of brigade, irritated at his obstinacy, t tent-pin at his head. In a few days s the animal was going from the camp r, he overtook the quarter-master, and him with his trunk lifted him into a umarind tree which overhung the road, him to cling to the boughs and get s well as he could. enant Shipp, to try this memory of , gave an elephant a large quantity of e pepper between some bread. The e was much irritated by the offence, and ix weeks after, when the unsuspecting onto fondle him, he endured the caresses icidly, but finished the affair by drench- persecutor with dirty water from head

## THE KESTREL.

## LXX.

In the summer of —, two young kestrels were reared from the nest, and proved to be male and female: they were kept in a commodious domicile built for them in an open yard, where they lived a life of luxury and ease. The following summer a young one of the same species, not unlike a powder-puff, for it was still covered with down, was brought and put into the same apartment; and strange to say, the female kestrel, conscious (as we may suppose) of the helpless condition of the new comer, immediately took it under her protection. As it was too infantine to perch, she kept it in one corner of the cage, and for days seldom quitted its side; she tore in pieces food given to her, and assiduously fed her young charge, exhibiting as much concern and alarm for its safety as its real parent could have done. If any biped or quadruped approached the cage, she expanded her wings, erected her feathers, and kept up an incessant clamour, as if to scare the intruder away. But what struck me as very remarkable, she would not allow the male bird —with whom she lived on the happiest terms —to come near the young one, being doubtful probably of its tender mercies; but be that as it may, she repelled all advances on his part. As the little stranger increased in strength and intelligence, her attentions and alarm appeared gradually to subside; but she never abandoned her charge, until it could care for itself and perch by her side,—on which occasions she seemed mighty proud of her foster child, and its sleek and glossy appearance afforded ample proof that it had been well cared for. The three are now as happy as confined birds can be, Mrs. Kestrel having laid aside all jealousy of her mate and apprehension from strangers.

## LXXI.

The kestrel often becomes an amusing bird in a state of domestication. I have had two that were perfect wags, and both ultimately proved tyrants. One that had been remarkably docile became the terror of cat, dog, and servants. It would make its way to the kitchen, and after driving puss from her snug berth in front of the fire, and a setter dog from under the table, would turn upon the cook herself, who was frequently obliged to summon me to expel the intruder.

# The Poetry of Home.

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## Christmas.

**T**HERE'S not a flower upon the hill,  
There's not a leaf upon the tree;  
The summer bird hath left its bough,  
Bright child of sunshine, singing now  
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,  
And ermine robes keep out the  
weather;

In poor men's huts the fire is low,  
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,  
And old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate!—

Its pains are many, its foes are strong;  
The rich man, in his Christmas cheer,  
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;  
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,  
With all his little children round,

Prays God that winter be not long.

MARY HOWITT.

## Bethlehem.

**L**ONELY voices of the sky,  
That hymned the Saviour's birth,  
Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?  
To us yet speak the strains  
Wherewith, in days gone by,  
Ye blessed Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams  
That hour Heaven's glory shed  
Around the plains and o'er the streams,  
And on the shepherd's head;  
Be near through life and death,  
As in that holiest night  
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,  
O clear and shining light!

FELICIA HEMANS.

## A Christmas Mission.

**R**AY, pray with spirit true,  
When ye hear the welcome chime;  
Praise, praise with reverence due,  
For the "good old Christmas time!"

But first go ye forth with sweet charity  
clad,  
And whisper kind words to the lonely  
and sad;

Despise not the erring, neglect not the old,  
But alight like a sunbeam 'mid suffering and  
cold;

And smile on the babes in their innocent play,  
For He was an infant ye worship to-day!

ELIZA F. MORRIS.

## November.

**L**ET one smile more, departing, distant  
sun!  
One mellow smile through the soft  
vapoury air,  
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud  
winds run,  
Or snows are drifted o'er the meadows  
bare;

One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,  
And the dark rocks whose Summer wreaths  
are cast,

And the blue gentian-flower, that in the breeze  
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last:

Yet a few sunny rays, in which the bee  
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,  
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,  
And man delight to linger in thy ray:

Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear  
The piercing Winter frost, and winds, and  
darkened air.

BRYANT.



## The Home Library.

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*Isle Annals Preserved in Proverbs.* By the author of "Wayside Pillars," &c. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THESE "Annals" go far to prove that proverbs "petrifications into language of old histories, new customs, and traditional philosophy." Several of these "fossil sayings" are translated by the Author into narrative stories, which, to be read, we trust, in many homes this Christmas-tide. "Have you heard the proud man's distaff?"—"I can't" lies at the bottom of the tree; "I will" climbs it"—"Who goes gathering finds violets in the lane;" are amongst the domestic proverbs thus illustrated. The book has the ring of genuine metal, and is not from sensational nonsense.

*Children's Hour Annual.* Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

CHRISTMAS Prize indeed! This volume is rich in illustrations, and in short articles on many subjects in prose and verse, calculated to delight and profit young readers. We have not particularly pleased with several papers "Adam White." There are two principal series, one entitled "Miss Matty; or, Our youngest Passenger;" the other, "Horace Selwood; or, Little Things." By R. H. Moncrieff. The binding is most elegant. We could have been young again, that we might be able to read "The Children's Hour Annual" with the zest of early days.

*Bible Vindicated.* By S. R. BOSANQUET, Esq. London: Hatchard and Co. A VERY powerful lecture, which deserved to be reprinted by request.

*Sea, The Railway Journey, and other Poems.* By the Rev. E. Dalton, D.D. London: Dalton and Lucy.

THESE poems indicate considerable power, and are creditable alike to the head and heart of the Author. We shall best express our judgment by quoting a few verses, suitable for the pages of OUR OWN FRESIDE.

### THE HAPPY FAMILY.

'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'—PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

Ah! who can tell what blessings dwell  
In fullest, richest measure,  
And brimming joy, without alloy,  
In broadest tide of pleasure,  
In that dear place where gifts of grace  
Descending from above,  
Strike deep their root and bear their fruit  
In unity and love?

Where home is bright with living light  
From Concord's smiling sun,  
Whose sacred beams and golden gleams  
All spirits blend in one;  
Where all in harmony combine  
With Love's unselfish arts,  
And like the vine their tendrils twine  
Around each other's hearts.

Where he who reigns, with love maintains  
His ever-gentle sway,  
And all with fleet and willing feet  
His slightest wish obey:  
His first great care, with ceaseless prayer,  
To form a home of love,  
Which, being such, resembles much  
The better Home above.

Where she who shares his joys and cares,  
With fond endearment strives  
To weave in one the threads that run  
Through both their blended lives.  
Her heart repays with fondest gaze  
The love of those who love it,  
As placid lake its glories take,  
From midday sun above it.

Where both preside and wisely guide  
Their children's footsteps right,  
With heart-warm praise in God's own ways,  
To walk by Wisdom's light;  
To know in youth the vital truth  
That home should ever be  
A peaceful nest of constant rest  
From storm and troubled sea.

*Scenes and Characters in a Scottish Pastorate.*  
By the Rev. J. R. M'GAVIN, D.D. London:  
James Nisbet and Co.

A VERY keen power of discernment and observation has enabled the author to present a most interesting selection of facts, discovering aspects of life and character rarely revealed in the walks of common life. We hope to refer to the volume again. The following will serve as a specimen of its contents:—

### "CHILDREN'S DOUBTS AND TRIUMPHS."

"'Charley,' said I to a little fellow of eight years, who was sinking fast into the grave, 'are you not afraid to die, when you know that death is at the door?' 'Oh no,' was the reply, 'I am glad "to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."' 'But how do you know that you are going to be with Christ?' 'Because,' was the immediate reply, 'I have sought Christ and found Him; and He says, "him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."' 'But,' said I, seeking to test the boy's notion of true faith, 'can you trust everything which Jesus Christ says?' 'Trust what Christ says!' said the dying boy with a look of indignant surprise, 'I never *kenned* that He could be doubted. Oh, minister!' said he (lifting his head faintly from his pillow, and looking at

me sadly and anxiously), 'ye dinna ken my Saviour if ye think He could deceive me or anybody else.' Happy, artless disciple, it had never occurred to him that a Saviour's testimony could be doubted, and he was shocked at the suspicion of it. 'And yet,' said he, after a pause, with a confidential air, 'I have one doubt that has given me a great deal of trouble. I cannot understand how this vile body (pointing to his own diseased and emaciated frame) can be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, after it has fed the worms, and yet continue to be my own same body.' I endeavoured, of course, to answer that Christ did not always explain things. It was enough to us if He said them, although we could not tell how they were to be accomplished; that Christ was able to do all this, for He who made the body at first was equally able to make it anew, and that we had His own word for it (Phil. iii. 21), that He would do this, 'according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.' Charles listened and reflected, but did not seem satisfied, until, at a subsequent interview, he said, 'I have got over all my difficulty now. I see I must just trust it all to my Saviour's word. And why should I not? Since I have given up my soul to Him for ever, I can surely trust my poor body till the judgment day.'

The reader will agree with Dr. McGavin that it would be well for older doubters if they sought their deliverance, as children find it, by large confidence in a loving God, and a willingness to wait for a solution until they have more understanding.

*Counsels of an Invalid.* By GEORGE WILSON, M.D. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

IF any of our readers are seeking a Christmas gift for relative or friend, "in time of tribulation," we most heartily recommend these truly invaluable "Counsels." The book is rich in the teachings of Christian experience, and evinces the eminent intellectual powers which distinguished its gifted author. We shall be glad if this strong expression of our opinion promotes its circulation amongst the "sons and daughters of affliction."

*Footsteps of a Prodigal; or, Friendly Advice to Young Men.* By WILLIAM G. PASCOE. London: Elliot Stock.

LIKELY to prove very useful. "The Earthly Story," with its "Heavenly Meaning," can never grow old, or lose its thrilling interest. We call especial attention to the sixth lecture, "Confession and Restoration."

*The Romance of Natural History.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. Sixth Edition. London: James Nisbet and Co.

"TRUTH is stranger than Fiction." We wish the readers of the sensational trash, which seems so popular just now, would save their time and improve their minds by turning to such books as "The Romance of Natural History." It would be quite a work of supererogation to speak of the merits of this volume. This is sufficiently attested by its author's name. We need simply state that

this edition is illustrated with first-class engravings. It would make an admirable present for "our sons and daughters."

*The Sheltering Vine.* Selections by the Countess of Northesk. With an Introduction by the Archbishop of Dublin. Eighth Thousand. London: Hatchard and Co.

PRINTED in large, clear type, these selections are adapted for the eye of the invalid; and we can with the utmost confidence commend them as equally adapted for the heart. The work consists of four divisions. The first treats of "Contrition and Repentance for Sin," the second of "Pardon of Sin and Justification through our Lord Jesus Christ," the third is designed for "Times of Dangerous Sickness," and the fourth for "The Dying Hour." Under each division we have "Texts from Holy Scripture," "Extracts from various Authors," "Prayers contributed and extracted," and "Sacred Poetry." The arrangement is as admirable as the selections.

*Plain Words; or Instruction, Comfort, and Encouragement for a Beloved Flock.* By the Rev. E. DALTON, D.D. London: Dalton and Lucy.

A VALUABLE little work, thoroughly answering to the writer's aim—namely, "to bring before his readers, in a plain way, the good old truths of God's precious Word." Evangelical, clear, and earnest, we hope it will reach many other readers in addition to those who form the author's "beloved flock."

*Brief Thoughts on the Things of God and the Soul.* By the Rev. E. DALTON, D.D. London: Dalton and Lucy.

THIS is a "New Edition Revised." The public have therefore already shown their appreciation of "Brief Thoughts." We may just say the "words" are "brief" as well as the "thoughts," being all "of one syllable." We scarcely think this is desirable; but it is certainly well managed.

*Home Piety: a Fireside Book for Old and Young.* London: Elliot Stock.

CONTAINS many interesting and profitable papers, chiefly of a religious character. It is well adapted for parochial and servants' libraries.

*Tracts for Children.* By the Author of "Peep of Day," &c. London: Hatchard and Co. THESE tracts contain "Fifty-two facts from the Bible, for the Fifty-two Sundays of the Year." Parents will need no other recommendation than the knowledge that they are written by the author of "Peep of Day."

*Questions and Remarks on the Pentateuch.* London: William Macintosh.

A LITTLE book admirably adapted to follow the use of that just noticed. The questions and answers are alike "suggestive."





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